

"SALADA" TEA

The Tea that comes to you,
"Fresh from the Gardens"

THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

SYNOPSIS

Henry Holt wishes his ward, Muriel, to marry the rickety little bridge-maker, Pycroft. Muriel, who lives at Kestrel House, Muriel and Holt are staying at Dartmoor Farm. Several mysterious disappearances take place. Muriel, the vicar's daughter being the last to go. Pycroft, who is a little man with a white beard and white hair, is seen walking on the moor. Muriel is attacked and thrown over a cliff. Muriel tells Mervin she does not love him and Mervin gets angry. Pycroft is up just in time.

CHAPTER VII.

Two days later a familiar figure was awaiting Pycroft on his return from the moor; no less a person than his chauffeur-valet.

"Hallo, Flack, so you've arrived all safe and sound. Have a good run down? Where's the 'bus'?" he asked.

"Dahn, in the garage, gov'nor."

"Good! Well, I'll just toodle along with you and have a peep at her."

"Wot's the matter, gov'nor?" asked Flack in a low voice as they left the farm yard. "Run into trouble?"

"Yes, m'lud, big chunks of it and I'm mighty glad you've come. Barnard is one the prod for one thing. He's been after me already."

"Blimey," ejaculated the valet, his small, ferrety eyes gleaming with interest. "Wot'd he want?"

Pycroft glanced down at the wiry little man walking by his side and appeared to consider the question:

"Information," he said at last. "Some bright boys kidnapped me as I told you in my letter. Incidentally, one as a pal of yours."

"Stralsh, gov'nor! Who was it?" Flack's lined, sallow face wore such an expression of astonishment that Pycroft laughed.

"Darkey Mullin," he replied.

"Darkey Mullin! No, gov'nor, you made a bloomer there. That bloke runs with the Bergen crowd."

Pycroft shook his head.

"He used to run with Bergen."

Flack took off his cap and scratched the grey stubble which adorned his head.

"Then who's he running with now?" he asked, puzzled.

"Ah!" breathed Pycroft, "that's what we have to discover, m'lud, and the sooner the better. Barnard, I believe, is concerned solely with the disappearances which have been living up this primitive community, and, I might add, that I am also after my little adventure of 'other night. I've got a fancy that there's a whole heap more in that than meets the eye."

"Looks like it may be a little printing job, gov'nor," said Flack.

"H—m," mused Pycroft, thoughtfully, "that occurred to me as a possible solution but it doesn't altogether square with my notions. Darkey Mullin is a specialist, as good a forger as any going, some of his fingers are works of art, absolutely wonderful. I've seen 'em. But this fellow they call 'The Doe' seems to me to be out on a different game. Maybe he is using Darkey's skill as an engraver for some purpose of his own."

"But wot's the big idea in pinching you, gov'nor?"

"Evidently that was a bad mistake."

to spot 'em and spill the beans afterwards."

"Yes, that's all right, but what happens to the car when the joy ride is over? They left it here when they carried me to the house, but they must have some means of getting it across there too. Anyway, that can wait; let's have a look at the old mansion first. Keep under the bank, Flack. I guess we can be seen from the upper rooms of the house."

In silence they came to the river and crossed the rickety little bridge and made their way up through the plantation. The ground was covered with a thick carpet of pine needles which deadened all sound of their footsteps, adding weight to the rather eerie atmosphere created by the gloom and melancholy rustle of the pines. Flack glanced about him uneasily; he was no lover of the country, much less of Dartmoor, a place which coincided very closely with his idea of Hell. The brooding silence of those barren wastes affected his nerves and stirred his mean little mind with morbid imaginings. Not that he was a coward, very far from it, but he shared with his class the superstitious fear of the unfamiliar. On occasions he had shown a tendency of purpose coupled with cool-headed courage and audacity which had made more than one police chief curse him with whole-hearted fluency.

Pycroft glanced at him and smiled; he knew just what this man was thinking.

"Not a bit like the Old Kent Road, eh?" he whispered.

Flack made a wry grimace.

"S'welp me, gov'nor, I'll be glad when we gets inside, outa this blasted wood."

"I don't know that we shall go inside. Perhaps it may be necessary to . . ." Pycroft stopped abruptly and, stooping, picked up something from among the pine needles.

"H'm a woman's locket and chain. Let's see if there's a photograph enclosed." With deft fingers he opened the locket, disclosing the picture of a man—a clerk in Holy Orders.

The Reverend Augustus Page, Pycroft said; "Father of Mona Page."

"Wot's 'going to do about it, gov'nor?"

"Give it to Barnard," smiled Pycroft.

(To be continued.)

"Boiling Ocean" Accounted For

Due to Drop in Air Temperature, Scientist Declares

A modern example of the remarkable phenomenon of the "boiling sea," responsible for many myths and superstitions among ancient and modern sailors, has been reported by the French physicist, M. Albert Nodon, who observed it at Biarritz on the west coast of France on January 6, 1931.

As seen from the beach, he describes the ocean seemed to be boiling vigorously, its surface hidden by puffs and clouds of steam. As each wave rolled up on the beach it was surmounted by a small steam cloud, as though the wave were made of boiling water. Unfortunately for any mystical interpretation, M. Nodon knew what to look for in weather conditions as an explanation of the spectacle. During the previous night, he reports, the temperature of the air had dropped suddenly to a degree or two below the freezing point. The change was too sudden for the ocean water to follow suit in cooling off. In the morning hours when the sea seemed to be boiling the real circumstances were that the ocean water was fifteen degrees warmer than the air immediately above it. More or less water vapor was given off by this relatively warm water and condensed immediately in the colder air above to form the layer of steamlike cloud resting on the sea.

At the crest of each wave this escape of water vapor was greater, thus explaining both the apparent boiling of the sea and the steam clouds accompanying each wave up the beach.

The Conqueror

Not easily does infant Spring pursue Up frosty slopes her new and untried way; Through these unanswering woods there is no clue To guide where all was silence till today.

She stabs the hardened soil with feeble blades Of grass; she conquers shadow With a shower Of apple-blossom, and her fiercest raids Are made from ambush of a bush in flower.

And that ecstatic growth of perfume and flame Which later comes to birth are but the snows Which Spring's triumphant weakness overcame

Till from the heart of darkness dawned a rose.

—Margaret Sackville, in the Glasgow Herald.

"These hard times" "The hard times and scarcity of money makes it more important than ever to economize. One way I save on clothes is by renewing the color of faded or out-of-style dresses, coats, stockings, and underwear. For dyeing, or tinting, I always use Diamond Dyes. They are the most economical ones by far because they never fail to produce results that make you proud. Why, things look better than new when redyed with Diamond Dyes. They never spot, streak, or run. They go on smoothly and evenly, when in the hands of even a ten-year-old child. Another thing, Diamond Dyes never take the life out of cloth or leave it limp as some dyes do. They deserve to be called 'the world's finest dye'!" S.B.G., Quebec.

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World Grain Exhibition

His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to act as chief patron of the world grain exhibition and conference, which will take place at Regina in the summer of 1932.

One of the most attractive displays in the educational section of the exhibition will be that from the Province of Quebec. It has been decided to take a space of 200 feet frontage in the Exhibition building in order to give the thousands of visitors an idea of the agricultural activities of Quebec.

The centre feature of the exhibit will be a Quebec farm, complete with buildings, live stock, fields, sugar bushes, etc., flanked on either side with exhibits of natural resources of the province, including mineral, lumber, power development, handicraft and manufacturing products.

Argentina is the sixteenth country to officially accept the invitation of the Canadian Government to attend the Exhibition Conference. The complete list of participants at present is as follows: Italy, Peru, Yugoslavia, Guatemala, New Zealand, Czechoslovakia, The Netherlands, Belgium, Poland, Siam, India, Portugal, Switzerland, Estonia, The Philippine Islands and Argentina.

Agriculture is one of the chief industries of the Argentine Republic. Official figures recently issued for the 1923-1929 crop year showed nearly 30,000,000 acres cultivated to wheat, with a production in excess of 300,000,000 bushels.

PORRINGER SELLS AT \$7500

London—A silver porringer which was worth approximately \$90 when Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, used it, was auctioned recently for approximately \$7500.

The battle against illiteracy in Kansas has shown considerable progress in the last ten years. From a percentage of 8.4 illiterate the state has reduced the figure during the decade to 6.6 per cent. In totals this means that there are some 24,000 less over the age of ten illiterate than there were ten years ago.—Washington Star.

"The greatest of all censors—the public—is beginning to vote thumbs down on the 'hard-boiled' realism in literature and on the stage."—Will H. Ives.

"THESE HARD TIMES"

"The hard times and scarcity of money makes it more important than ever to economize. One way I save on clothes is by renewing the color of faded or out-of-style dresses, coats, stockings, and underwear. For dyeing, or tinting, I always use Diamond Dyes. They are the most economical ones by far because they never fail to produce results that make you proud. Why, things look better than new when redyed with Diamond Dyes. They never spot, streak, or run. They go on smoothly and evenly, when in the hands of even a ten-year-old child. Another thing, Diamond Dyes never take the life out of cloth or leave it limp as some dyes do. They deserve to be called 'the world's finest dye'!" S.B.G., Quebec.

Miniature Gardens Please Germans

City Folk, Especially Working Class, Enjoy Chance to Get Into the Open

Officials Encourage Move

Berlin—The war gardens of 1918, which appeared in every vacant lot on the North American continent and disappeared as rapidly as they came, have become a permanent thing in Germany. Over a tenth of the population are estimated to have one of these little plots of ground. For miles around the sprawling city of Berlin can be seen thousands of little houses, "big enough for two cats to dance in," each set in the middle of a vegetable or flower garden of some 500 square yards in area.

In all there are 1,500,000 such garden plots on the outskirts of German cities. Over practically every but or tiny house wares a flag. The houses themselves are often painted in fantastic patterns, and the owners let loose all their repressed yearnings for violent reds, blues and purples.

From April to October one is permitted to live in these little garden houses. The unemployed in particular have taken advantage of this permission and, where the land is good, by intensive cultivation they are able to grow a part of their food.

The "folks' gardens" however, exist chiefly to give the city workman a chance to play farmer. Not only flowers are planted. Not seldom all the planting is left to mother and the "farmer" throws horsehoes or sleeps in the hammock. It is the custom of workmen in the larger cities to spend Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday in the country on their land. "In the country" may very well mean nothing more than the big field over behind the gas works. Saturday and Sunday nights the whole family sleeps in its little house. In the evening the young people get together a collection of planks and build a dance floor. In almost every garden house belonging to a workman with a regular job a portable phonograph is available.

Until the last two years the "folks' gardens" were the scenes of one festival after another, but today only the harvest festival is celebrated. The present strength of the little gardeners is due largely to their co-operative associations. The German League of the Small Gardeners has 420,000 members. The Berlin League has 7,000 members. These leagues have had the building tax removed from garden houses. They furnish supervised playgrounds where the children can enjoy themselves without tramping all over the family radishes. They build drains, give courses in gardening, issue the thirty-eight gardeners' magazines over which their members can philosophize to the content of their German hearts over the joys of rural life. They reduce to a minimum the grafting of the city officials.

The yearly rent for the average garden is \$2. The first cost of putting the land in condition and building a very simple house with a tiny veranda is \$150 or \$200. This latter sum is of course prohibitive for the unemployed, so that only those who were fortunate enough to have been able to get a garden during the better times in 1925 or 1927 are able to live now, practically rent free, in their garden houses during the summer.

Sonnet
(To George Santayana)
(From The Adelphi)

My spirit is a candle-fire at night
Fed by the wax that is the body of man,
And as the candle drips, a questioning light
Sifters the void where noiseless atoms ran.

I know the fire of thought is white and brief
And consecrated to a hostile world—
A world of trampled dreams where roses of grief
Bleed as their delicate petals are uncurled.

But God is blind without a wistful flame
To lift His iron eyelids for an hour,
And of the lighted moments I would claim
Only a bird-song—and one shining flower.

One strong rose blooming on the edge of pain
When the light sputters in the crumbling brain.
—Daniel Cory.

Tracking the Milk Bottles
In England the humble milk bottle isn't quite so unimportant a thing as most people think. Over there it is sufficiently valuable to give permanent employment to no fewer than seventy detectives and inspectors.

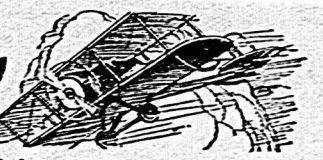
These officials are at work all over the country tracking down milk bottles or churns which have been lost or stolen.

They are employed by the milk trade itself—and they earn their keep. During last year their activities restored no fewer than 6,600,000 milk bottles and 22,000 churns to their owners. And though the value of a single milk bottle may not be large, when such huge numbers are involved they become a very heavy item on the expense side.

Many, people of course, don't realize that milk bottles are as much private property as purses or jewelry. In a number of cases they are used as flower vases, and they have even been found in cemeteries holding bunches of blossoms.—London "Answers."

"I dream calls our mind's attention to the body's instinctive feeling." —Dr. Carl Jung.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before? Captain Jimmy and Scottie are flying over China. They are lost in the darkness between the lines of two warring armies, with Scottie on both sides in their plane. Suddenly one of the Chinese attacks Captain Jimmy.

For a moment I was paralyzed. My fierce attacker raised his weapon to strike. Then before I could move, a thin spare form hurled itself at my assailant, careless of the dangerous knife point. It was one of the three men we had rescued from the tree on the day before. I held my breath, amazed at the timid, shrinking Chinese should display such nerve. Springing to help him, I hit the big fellow on the chin with all my strength.

By this time the plane was in a spin, and we were so near the ground that there was no way but to land. I had lost all sense of direction for the moment, and had no way of telling whether we were over enemy territory or not.

Scarcely had the wheels stopped rolling before an excited Chinese sentry showed up and challenged us. "Ask him where we are?" I directed the interpreter.

"Him say much bad Chinese boy—him belong enemy!"

"Tell him I belong enemy, too," I said.

"He say you crazy—you make much noise—wake Colonel—gette velly mad—shooote bang—all done."

By which I gathered we were in the enemy camp, that the Colonel would hear the plane, get mad at being disturbed, and have us shot. Not a very encouraging prospect.

Then a Chinese sergeant and a squad of soldiers appeared out of the inky darkness. When he saw the three deserters from his camp he raised a terrible rumpus. First he accused us of stealing his men, then after a long pow-wow with the three, they evidently convinced him that they had been taken prisoner, and we had helped them to escape.

Anyway he took them back—and probably they were far better off in their own army than among the enemy.

So much for the three captives, but our own position was extremely dangerous. Something had to be done quickly, or soon we would all be marched to headquarters.

"Tell the sergeant that I brought this plane to give General Ming," I said. "Tell him to march two soldiers ahead and keep the road clear."

Then I turned the searchlight on and talked along the road behind the two soldiers. After a few minutes the road straightened out for a stretch of a quarter of a mile or so. Now was our chance!

In an instant I snapped off the searchlight and opened the throttle full. With a roar the plane flurried leaped forward and rushed down the road on the two soldiers who fed in panic.

Bang—Bang—went the rifles of the soldiers who followed us, and a few bullets ripped through the wings; but we were gathering speed rapidly. A moment more and we were in the air, free as a bird.

Gas was running low, however, so we headed back for our own lines, with the help of our searchlight we picked out a railway line. Spiraling down, we bumped to a stop on the rough ground and scrambled out. While the unknown Chinaman who had tried to knife me followed cautiously.

Guess who it was? The last person I ever expected to see—Colonel Tien of General Lu's Army. A fine chap—that Colonel Tien. Three times I had to knock him out to make him behave.

Then he explained that he thought I was trying to take him over to the enemy camp. In that case I could understand why he was so desperate, for it would have gone hard with Colonel Tien to be caught by the enemy.

Far to the north of us a locomotive whistled. A little clump of bushes grew beside the railway track, and toward these we pushed and nudged our plane, to get it out of sight. After a few minutes more and a freight train rounded the curve stopping not over two hundred yards from our hiding place.

(To be continued)

Drivers' Calendar

Keep Rear Light Gleaming
Now that the season of spring rains and spring mud is under way care should be taken that tail-lights shine clear to avoid accidents.

Keep Spare Tire Inflated
Do not neglect the spare tire. Keep it properly inflated at all times, for none can tell when it will be needed for road work.

Heavier lubricants as a substitute for replacement of parts that have worn would be a good idea if all the parts affected by the lubricants had worn evenly. They have not, and, once the heavier lubricant does not reach those which have worn the least, it actually causes more wear.

Cleaning the spark plug is a task to which the car owner may set himself. The plus core usually is scraped out in this process. A better method of cleaning is to soak the core in a solution of 60 per cent. household ammonia and 40 per cent. water. This will dissolve the carbon.

Keep Grip Firm
Modern automobile steering systems are so efficient that the slightest touch turns the car. In consequence, drivers are prone to relax their grip on the steering wheel. In this connection it is well to remember that the front wheels also deflect more easily and that too light a grip on the steering wheel may result in a mishap. This does not mean to clutch the wheel stiffly, but a firm hold will prove a good precaution.

Songsters
The Viking doorman scorns fatigue Humming a marriage march from Greg.
The Italian bootblack's brushes ply To an aria from "Butterfly."
The German florist sprays the palms Crouching a lullaby of Brahms.
The French chef seasons a rich filet A broken phrase of Charpentier.
The Russian lifeman signals off Whispering Rimsky-Korsakov.
The American guest in his gilded suite Sings, "She's my baby; ain't she neat?" —The New Yorker.

SKELTON CENTURIES OLD FOUND
Rome.—Workmen engaged in restoring the ancient Pantheon, built in 27 B.C., discovered thirty skeletons buried beneath the ruins.

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