

# "SALADA" TEA

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

## THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

Henry Hot and his ward, Mariel Malheur, are staying at a Dartmouth farm. Holt has a friend, Monsieur Mouton, who is a Frenchman and is desirous that Mariel marry Mouton's nephew, Mouton Mercier, whom she dislikes. A series of mysterious disappearances have been alarming the neighborhood. Mouton Mercier, the vicar, and also Mouton, the vicar's daughter, are the latest victims.

Another boarder at the farm is Percival Pycroft, who is notoriously a lousy fellow, and who is also a miser. Pycroft finds a locket belonging to Mouton Mercier, and also a secret underground passage. Afraid of discovery, they return to the farm.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"Did you meet or see any person?" Barnard demanded.

"Not one solitary soul," lied Pycroft, blushing. "Of all the gloomy, dismal, deserted houses I've ever struck that place is the worst. It's enough to give one the creeps to stand and gaze upon it. Reminds me of that bit of poetry, how does it go—'Under some prodigious ban of excommunication...'"

"I've seen it," interrupted Barnard hastily.

"Seen it?" ejaculated Pycroft. "I suppose you've been all over it and admired the work of art, eh?"

"Not yet," snapped the chief inspector grimly.

Mr. Pycroft having no further information to impart he thanked him, wished him "good night," and with his subordinate strolled on towards the Blue Bear.

"Chief!" exclaimed Trotter with suppressed excitement when they were cut of ear-shot, "Did you recognize the little one?"

"No," said Barnard, "who was he?"

"Freddy Flack."

"What the Bank Smasher?"

Trotter nodded his head in affirmation and Barnard glanced over his shoulder to where the two figures were still visible.

"Are you sure?" he asked sharply.

"Absolutely, Chief. I pulled him over the Southern Joint Stock job. He

## LUMBAGO?

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"Did Miss Page accompany you?"

"On the second visit, yes. Why do you ask?"

"The locket was found close to the bridge. I was wondering if she may have intended calling there on her way home."

The vicar shook his head with slow deliberation:

"I do not think so, Mr. Barnard. As a matter of fact she was rather afraid of Mouton. He is an extraordinary old gentleman," he added by way of explanation, "and, I fear, not a Christian."

The chief inspector did his best to reassure the vicar before he left, but he was not the sort of man to give false hope under any circumstances. It was with very definite feelings of relief that he took leave of the vicar, after promising to keep him posted with the latest information, and walked back to the Blue Bear, where he found Trotter waiting for him.

"Well, Chief?" asked the sergeant tentatively, folding up the newspaper which he had been reading and fixing the bowler more firmly upon the back of his head, as he prepared to accompany his senior officer.

"Pycroft was right, the locket belongs to Miss Page. According to the parson this Mouton fellow is an unpleasant customer."

"That's the bloke at Kestrel House."

"Yes, where we are going now."

"Do you think that Pycroft was kidding us, Chief? Where he found it, I mean."

"Quite possibly, but it'll be an excuse to get into the house."

A cool, refreshing breeze was blowing across the moor as the two policemen set out. Everywhere the golden gorse made brilliant patches of color against the dull green of the coarse turf, blending with the purple heather to form a huge expanse of delightful coloring. The only living things visible were a few sheep grazing on a torsiade, tiny spots of white in the blue distance.

Detective Sergeant Trotter gazed around with admiring eyes.

"Dog bite me, Chief," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "I could live here for the rest of my natural!"

"H—m, see it in winter, and you'd change your mind," snapped Barnard. He was in no mood to appreciate the wild beauty of Dartmoor.

They descended into the valley, and followed the same route as Pycroft had taken on the night before. When they came to the edge of the plantation the chief inspector stopped.

"I'm going on alone," he announced.

"I want you to scout around the grounds. According to Ford they do not own a car; yet they must keep one somewhere. Map out a general plan of the house, ground floor windows and that sort of thing—understand?"

"Sure, Chief."

As Barnard walked up the path between the pines he became more certain that for some inexplicable reason Pycroft had spoken the truth. What the devil was that fellow's game? He was frankly puzzled and uneasy in his mind, he could not place him in the scheme of things, and yet he felt convinced that the man was closely connected with this riddle he had been set to solve. It was not chance which had brought Pycroft to Barrows Farm, but design.

And where did Flack the bank smasher, come in? Did Pycroft know the history of his valet? Everything pointed to him being well aware of the fact because of Flack's skill that he was employed by Pycroft.

Mentally conning things over, he walked on until the outlines of the house became visible through the trees. Standing in the cover afforded by an overgrown rhododendron, he surveyed the place. Anything more utterly desolate, he thought, would be difficult to imagine. The absolute eerie silence of the place seemed to possess actual weight. He thought of Pycroft's quotation, and found himself repeating the words, "Under some prodigious ban of excommunication"—gad, it was apt!

Suddenly the dead silence was broken by a muffled sound, distant and indistinct. Barnard mentally shook himself, and listened, but it was several minutes before he came to any decision.

"Some sort of machinery, by the sound of it," he muttered. "Well, here goes!"

Squaring his shoulders, he walked manly across the ragged lawn. He gave two sharp, authoritative raps on the knocker, and waited expectantly.

(To be continued.)

### Camp of the Fallen

Better to face the goal beyond our scaling  
Quiet at last, knowing the end has come,  
Rather than with our lowered banners trailing  
To take the paths of safety leading home.

In vain shall any lesser lights be burning  
For us who glimpsed the Vision from afar;  
We shall go down the road of unreturning,  
Broken and spent but faithful to a star.

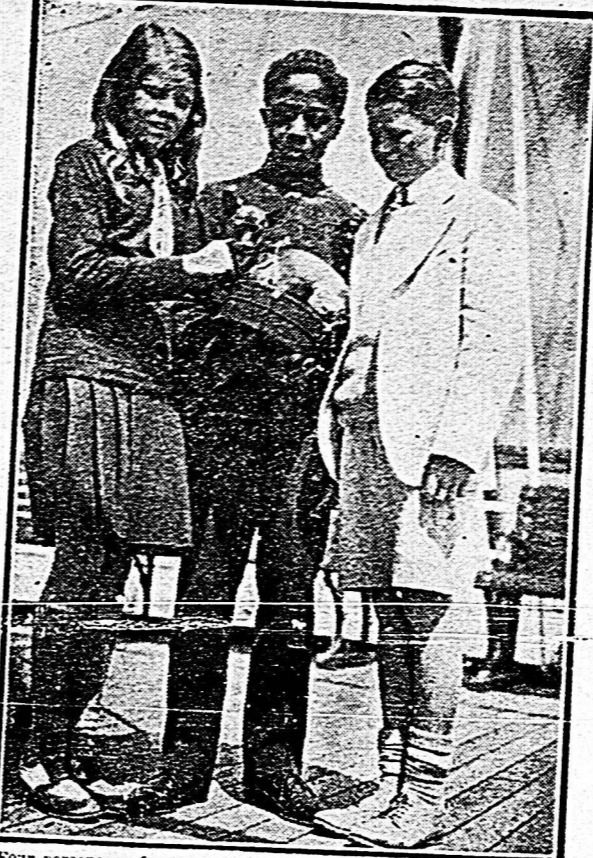
Oh, let them say when men shall tell our story:  
"True was their quest, deep-loved, though unattained;  
Their futile striving held some seeds of glory,  
Their shattered dreams the heights they never gained."

—Jack Clark.

### Trail Rides in the Rockies

Trail trips, both short and over a number of days, may be taken in the Canadian National Parks in the Rockies where there are experienced packers and guides familiar with all the main routes of travel. These guides can be relied upon to take any party to outstanding features and points of interest that do not lie on the regular beaten tourist path.

### "Mickey" Returns



Four personages face press cameras as the C.N.S. Lady Somers arrives at Montreal from the West Indies, opening the route for 1931. Norma, daughter of Col. C. MacLean, Pointe Claire, Montreal; Sam, Ubiquitous bell-boy of the Lady Somers; Ian, brother of Norma; Mickey, property of Norma and weight one pound and a half, is escorted in Sam's cap.—Photo

### Radium Research Is Notable Service

#### Ontario's Lead Lauded By Montreal Daily

"Ontario is doing great service to suffering humanity," declares the Montreal Daily Star in an editorial, in undertaking to learn as much as it is possible to learn about the use of radium in cancer. The appointment of a small but strong committee which will make a painstaking and detailed study of the subject has just been announced. This committee is not to be confined to an investigation of the subject on this Continent alone, but will visit Europe and see for itself what is being accomplished in the hospitals and institutions in and near the centre where radium was first discovered.

The committee has manifestly been very carefully chosen. Under the chairmanship of the eminent Canon Cody there have been appointed on it several outstanding men. The Premier of Ontario has, perhaps wisely, refrained from giving the committee an exclusively scientific personnel, since there will be a practical application to its findings.

It is a splendid thing that Premier Henry has undertaken to do and Ontario is setting a stirring example to the other provinces. It is not so many years since the name of an Ontario world in connection with one of the greatest medical discoveries ever made and the magnitude of work now in the fight against diabetes is an earnest of what might conceivably develop in another field from assisted research of which the formation of this committee may very well be only the first step. Governments reach their highest and finest functions in giving a lead in the fight against disease in every form.

### Crabs Cut Fishlines

Hamburg—Fishermen and bathers in the Elbe are being annoyed by the East Indian crab, which has what amounts to a pair of bony shears. Not only does this crab, which is approximately the size of a man's fist, cut fishing lines and nets, but it also is reported to cut through the leg muscles of careless bathers.

The crabs were brought to Hamburg by ships returning from the Far East and seem to thrive in the Elbe, increasing rapidly in numbers. They are seen by the hundreds clinging to the underpinnings of wharves. Anxiety has been aroused by the possibility that the crabs may invade the North Sea and Baltic resorts.

### Freedom

To have freedom is only to have that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess.—C. Rahel.

Civil and religious freedom go hand in hand, and in no country can much of the one long exist, without producing a corresponding portion of the other.—Colton.

Nursed in freedom, unconquered unconquerable, let us show these usurpers what manner of men they are that Old Calcedonia shelters in her bosom.—Galgacus.

### Love of the World

The love of the world takes away from men a desire after and relish for heavenly things. None of the billion guests were kept away by any occupation in itself sinful, while yet all became sinful because allowed to interfere with higher objects, because the first place, instead of a place merely subordinate, is given.

### Faults

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,  
And these reciprocally these again:  
The mind and conduct mutually imprint  
And stamp their image in each other's mint.—Cowper.

"The Supreme Court of the United States is very quiet, but it is the quiet of a storm centre."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Whenever any of the characters in Shakespeare go mad, they immediately speak prose."—Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson.

"Now that I am retired, I am building buildings in the morning, running banks in the afternoon and making speeches at night."—Alfred E. Smith.

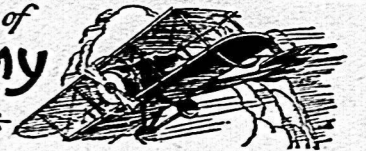
"The size of the leading successful corporations today makes it almost impossible for any individual to own even a controlling interest in any of them."—Charles Schwab.

### Honor Railway Hero



W. J. Hilton, assistant chief clerk of the wharf freight office, Canadian Pacific Railway (left in photo), being presented with the bronze medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Society by His Worship L. D. Taylor, Mayor of Vancouver. Mr. Hilton earned this reward for heroism in rescuing a woman from drowning in the icy waters of Burrard Inlet last January. His feat involved a 45-minute struggle in the water.

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before? Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie got lost in the darkness. They were captured by bandits and separated. Captain Jimmy makes his escape and plans to search for the faithful Scottie.

Yes, sir. Just as I crowded the old Chinese interpreter into the freight car to hide from those pursuing bandits, a black object came hurtling in and struck me square in the belt.

"Scottie!"

"We untangled ourselves, and there was a great reunion. But there wasn't any time to waste. The bandits were following closely on our trail. Some place must be found to hide.

In the corner of the car were piled a number of tea chests. These I shoved out so the Chinese could hide in them. Over the top I spread some old straw matting.

If only the train would move along before the bandits caught up, we would be all right, but it seemed to be waiting on the switch until a train coming the other way had passed.

Suddenly the sound of hoofs rang on the rocky railway siding, and a score of bandits began running up and down the train peering into the cars. Things looked pretty serious, especially when a big Chinaman began rummaging around among the tea chests. Luckily he did not notice our hiding place.

Something had to be done quickly, however, or the outlaws would return and find us. Quietly I signalled Fu Hsu and Scottie to follow me. We dropped out of the car and crept softly along the side of the train away from the bandits, and groped our way in the dim early morning light toward the engine.

The engineer and fireman leandered out of their cab anxiously, wondering what was happening down along the track. I slipped in behind them and gave them a good shove. Off they went—end over end into the ditch.

Promptly I threw the reverse.

led to me a startling story. He had a brother, Guy, engaged in Chinese famine relief work. A bandit gang had passed through the country raiding and plundering the pitifully scant supplies of the people. Guy followed the bandits for days, and tried to reason with the chief. Making no impression he finally lost control of himself, and before anyone could interfere, soundly thrashed the villain.

(To be continued.)

Note: Young readers wishing photo of Captain Jimmy may have same by writing "Capt. Jimmy", 2010 Star Bldg., Toronto.

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Gems From Scott

Sensibility is nature's celestial spring.

Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligation of gratitude.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

There is, perhaps, no time which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wilder dreamer.

"People could be aroused to fight as loyally for peace as they are for war."—General John F. O'Ryan.

"A vacation is something you take to get away from what you don't like doing."—Channing Pollock.

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