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Salada Tea Company of Canada, Limited

## THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

### SYNOPSIS.

Henry Holt and his ward, Muriel Mainwaring, are staying at a Dartmouth farm. Holt has a friend, Moineau, living at Kestrel House, and is certain that Muriel's marriage to Moineau's nephew, Hayden Mercer, whom Muriel dislikes, has been a series of mysterious disappearances have been alarming the neighborhood. Muriel's father, who is a doctor, being the latest victim.

Another source at the farm is Percival Pycroft, who is mysteriously attacked while walking on the moor. Then he and his valet, Flack, set out to discover the mystery of Kestrel House. They discover a secret underground passage and a locked door belonging to Muriel's father, which they turn over to Inspector Barnard.

Barnard visits Kestrel House and questions Moineau. He hears nothing. Flack follows Holt on the moor and deliberately assaults him and Pycroft, then extracts a packet from the unconscious man's specimen case.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)  
"There y'are, gov'nor, nor did I say? See, I was right," Flack exclaimed triumphantly.  
Pycroft nodded, taking the parcel and slipping it without examination into a capacious inside pocket of his coat.  
"Spoken correctly, my dear old scout. Now, let's have a run over the victim of this dastardly outrage." Knudging beside the prostrate Holt he rapidly explored his pockets, but finding nothing of any consequence he gave a brief examination to the man himself.  
"He's all right," he announced, "he'll come to his senses soon, and be ready to raise merry hell. It would have been devilish unfortunate m'lud if you had been over-zealous when you bilked him."  
Flack grinned again.  
"No fear of that, gov'nor, it's a stone-wall cert, that is. Hit 'em fair and square on the spot and out they goes. But it ain't risky, that's the beauty."  
"I'll take your word for it," smiled Pycroft, leaning down and delving ately smashing Holt's wrist watch by the simple process of dropping his hand upon a stone. Then carefully lifting it again he set the hands forward some twenty minutes.  
"All right," he said, rising swiftly

to his feet, "beat it, we've got to establish the alibi."  
Flack took a hasty glance around to assure himself that he had left no traces, and followed his employer over the heather to the place where their car was standing concealed by a long fold in the moor.  
Fifteen minutes later they drew up before the Two Bridges Hotel, and Pycroft jumped out, Flack following. He nodded pleasantly to the landlord, and, glancing casually at the clock compared it with his own watch.  
"Is that the right time?" he asked.  
"Five minutes past, sir, near enough."  
Pycroft turned to Flack:  
"Good going, m'lud," he remarked, "we were beating out seventy-five across Yelverton Downs. Gee, I didn't think the old 'bus had it in her!"  
Flack nodded his head gravely.  
"She can go, sir. I've done over eighty in her before now. That's a good road across them moors and I oughter have got more than seventy-five."  
"Pinc read, eh, gentlemen?" chimed in the landlord as he set out drinks and accepted one for himself. "Proper speedway for the young bloods from Plymouth; wonder to me is that there aren't more accidents, especially the way the ponies stray over the road."  
Pycroft remained chatting with the landlord for half an hour before he turned to Flack:  
"Well, time to be moving, m'lud," he announced. "Good night, landlord."  
"Good night, sir."  
"Guess he'll remember us again," remarked Pycroft, as they sped along the road to Barrows. "Barnard and his hound will be checking up the alibi tomorrow. Let's hope that Holt doesn't tumble to the watch. Flack he was dodging about in the valley for a goodish time before he came up so it's quite likely that he won't be able to fix it to a quarter-of-an-hour or so."  
"Don't see that it matters much, gov'nor," said Flack. "He ain't likely to spill the beans about it."

"Why not?" demanded Pycroft.  
"S'truth, would you?"  
"Yes, of course, it's the obvious thing to do."  
Flack looked puzzled but made no comment. He never understood the reason for half the things the governor did, but he was satisfied to follow and trust blindly to his judgment.  
Pycroft got out at Barrows Farm after instructing Flack to garage the car and upon certain other matters. Muriel Mainwaring met him at the door.  
"Hullo, Mr. Pycroft," she smiled, "have you seen anything of Guardy?"  
Pycroft gazed down at her with appraising eyes. He could not have told her what especially appealed, whether it was the English clarity of skin, with its warm, delicate pink; her eyes, blue as an Italian sky, that looked so directly into his own; the corn-gold hair, or the slim boyish figure; he knew only that she appealed to him vastly and in a way no other girl had ever done. That he was in love did not occur to him; his mind, normally so keen and critical, failed to grasp or make any attempt to determine the meaning of the interest which she aroused so unmistakably. He smiled down at her, a winning, comradely smile, in direct contrast to the silly, insane smirk.  
"Why no, my dear old thing," he said, "as a matter of fact I've been doing a trifle of road-hogging over the moor. Nothing wrong, I hope? Professor not lost, eh?"  
Muriel shook her head and smiled, but her eyes held a lurking hint of anxiety which Pycroft did not miss.  
"Guardy's late, that's all," she replied, "I was wondering what was detaining him as he did not expect to be late."  
"Oh, I guess the old lad's chasing the elusive wingsters and forgotten the time. But, I say, I'll have a walk out a couple of miles and scout around if you like. How about that, eh?"  
Muriel's eyes lighted up.  
"I'll come with you," she said.  
Pycroft smiled delightedly.  
"Jolly good scheme. Just wait a couple of shakes while I dash up and change these shoes. Do you mind? They've developed a nail or something, equally uncomfortable."  
Five minutes later he was down again, having changed his shoes, which were totally unnecessary, and deposited the parcel in a safe hiding place, which was necessary and the real reason for the excuse to go to his bedroom.  
Muriel Mainwaring was waiting for him at the gate, and together they crossed the white road. Neither noticed the furtive figure, lurking in the shadows by the barn, who watched them out of sight before he glided soft-footed as a phantom across the yard and into the house. One long, tense minute he listened and then swiftly and silently he mounted the stairs to Pycroft's room.  
As Pycroft walked over the moor he was acutely conscious of an ever-growing displeasure at the life he was leading. Before he had found it vastly thrilling, absorbing, testing his keen wits and strong body to the utmost, but now the spice had gone from it. Somehow the sordid side was coming uppermost, distasteful and unattractive, the desire to be free from it was growing more insistent.  
No woman had ever seriously disturbed his equanimity, and up to the time of coming to Barrow's Farm he had deliberately avoided them. Now he was aware of a new sensation, warm, uplifting, coupled with a powerful urge to protect the girl who walked by his side. Little did he guess the sinister web which spread its fold around her, and which at any time might enmesh her in its evil coils. But he knew, and he swore to himself that he would save her, even at the cost of life itself.  
He wondered what she thought of him, and realized how much he desired to stand well in her estimation; yet he was at that very moment deceiving her outrageously. For her guardian, Henry Holt, perhaps still unconscious where he had been felled, he had not the slightest qualm, but his con-

science stirred uneasily when he thought of the manner in which he was abusing her trust. Softly he cursed to himself at the necessity for so doing. For one wild moment he was tempted to make a clean breast of everything, but the words which rose to his lips were stifled by a sudden cry from the girl. He glanced up to see a little group of men coming over the rise. He recognized them instantly as Barnard and Trotter supporting Holt between them.  
"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "looks as if the professor had met with an accident, had a fall, perhaps. That's the Scotland Yard sleuths with him, I think."  
Muriel hastened forward to meet the party, and Holt forced a cheery smile when he saw her anxious face.  
"It's all right, my dear, don't be alarmed," he said. "I've met with a slight accident, but fortunately these gentlemen found me, or I might have been still crawling home like a lame duck."  
"Oh, Guardy, dear, however did it happen?"  
Holt glanced enquiringly at Barnard, who replied.  
"It's one of those accidents which are becoming common around here, miss," he said, with the nearest approach to a smile he could manage.  
"Mr. Holt has been sandbagged, but fortunately was not further molested."  
"It's absolutely . . . er . . . nothing, my dear," Holt put in, reassuringly, "quite an exciting little adventure, that's all."  
"Jolly old body-snatchers been up to their little pranks again, what?" grinned Pycroft, but nobody answered him. Quite unabashed he tried again. "Nasty lump coming up under your hat, professor, looks quite funny from the back."  
Holt swung around on him, his little body quivering with indignation, and his bright eyes glistening behind his spectacles.  
"Your humor is not appreciated, sir," he snapped icily, "and I do not wish to have any conversation with you."  
Pycroft pushed his long fingers through his auburn locks and grinned again, but an appealing glance from Muriel checked the remark he was about to make.  
(To be continued.)

## Consequences

Rebecca Dunlap

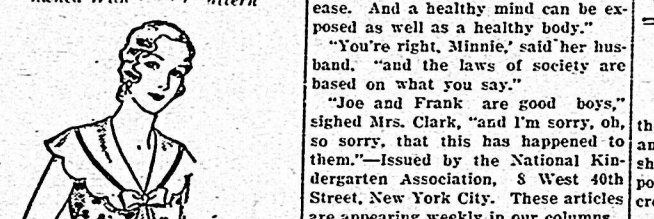
"I'm surprised that you let your Joe and Frank go with those Allen boys and that crowd, since you realize how rough the crowd is."  
"Oh, I'm democratic. I don't believe in keeping my boys in a hand-box. Let them rub elbows with all kinds, and learn life from the contact. Hard knocks are good for boys. I don't want them to be snobbish."  
And Mrs. Harris sewed happily away as she spoke. She was a rather untidy looking woman, who seemed loosely put together. Her petticoat was apt to show and her hair wisped about. Her companion was a neat little woman with a sweet mouth but a firm chin. She bent over her own sewing and said no more.

And then the Allen boys and their gang were caught stealing an automobile and Joe and Frank were implicated.  
Their "democratic" mother nearly had hysterics. "Oh why, why did you get yourself in such a mess?" she moaned.  
"But, Mother, we didn't have anything to do with it. We didn't know anything about it."  
"But they were caught stealing the automobile and Joe and Frank were implicated."  
"Well, Mother, you knew they were friends of ours. You never minded our going with them. You said for us to go with them, you thought it right."  
Mrs. Clark talked it over with her husband and I am sorry for her," she said, "but I told her once I was surprised she let her boys go with that crowd and told her why. So even if she didn't know before, she knew then what kind of boys they were, and that was months ago."  
"I'm not sorry for her," said Mr. Clark, "because her boys are fine fellows, upright and steady, in spite of the careless way she brings them up. In fact, she doesn't bring them up, she just lets them straggle up."  
"She means to be kind to them, and she seems to be kind to such as that crowd, but it is mistaken kindness," continued Mrs. Clark, as she darned a stocking for her own son. "If Joe and Frank could influence such a crowd, I'd say, let them do it. But they can't. They belong to a different world as far as general behavior is concerned. I do not think throwing a gentlemanly boy into contact with a 'tough' does any good—except, perhaps, to show him what to avoid. And naturally he would avoid such things anyway. Just because my child is healthy is no reason why I would expose him to measles or any other disease. And a healthy mind can be exposed as well as a healthy body."  
"You're right, Minnie," said her husband, "and the laws of society are based on what you say."  
"Joe and Frank are good boys," sighed Mrs. Clark, "and I'm sorry, oh, so sorry, that this has happened to them."—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

What New York Is Wearing  
BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fashioned With "altera"

3006  
The pattern provides for long cuffed sleeves as seen in small illustration. The bindings are in plain colored crepe in the deepest tone of the print, while the collar used the palest shade.  
HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.  
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.  
A Little Circle  
Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—Dean Stanley.  
Bad Dispositions  
Bad dispositions require some time to grow into bad habits, but it takes sometime and pains to undo ourselves. We fall not from virtue, like Vulcan from heaven, in a day.  
Virtuous Fear  
There is a virtuous fear which is the effect of faith; and there is a vicious fear, which is the product of doubt. The former leads to hope, as relying on God, in Whom we believe; the latter inclines to despair, as not relying on God, in Whom we do not believe. Persons of the one character fear to lose God; persons of the other character fear to find Him.—Pascal.  
An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.—Thomas Fuller.

Remember  
1. Airguns are so much misused that they are almost altogether bad. If an animal must be killed a better gun should be used. Therefore, never point an airgun toward any living creature.  
2. Never throw stones at any living thing.  
3. Never stick pins in live butterflies or other insects.  
4. Never carry poultry with their heads hanging downward.  
5. Remember that most snakes are harmless and useful.  
6. Remember that toads and frogs are harmless and useful.  
7. When the owner does not object, give a lump of sugar, apple core or grass to the horse that comes to your gate.  
8. Trained animals in shows are nearly always cruelly treated and must live a life of misery. Don't spend your money to see them.  
9. Listen to the call of distress from any creature and find what you can do to relieve it.  
10. Champion the cause of those who cannot speak for themselves.  
11. Report serious cases of cruelty to the Humane Society or proper authorities.  
12. Try to provide food or water or other help to animals in need.  
13. Never cover ears or dock tails of horses, dogs or other animals.  
14. If you own a horse or drive one write a letter to our address for helpful suggestions about horses.—"Animal Life" (Toronto).  
"My father was a man of mark."  
"Couldn't sign his name, I suppose?"

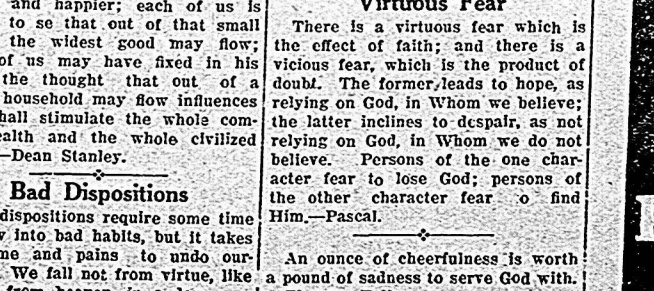


Miracle  
To fleeting beauty, man can give  
A lasting home in rime,  
And make what is so fugitive  
Contentment of Time.  
The lilies that a lover passed:  
A violet's stratagem  
Of hoarding Heaven . . . All will last  
If man will look at them.  
From crimson leaf, man lights the fire  
That glows into a morn  
To shed its beauty of desire  
On hearts as yet unborn.  
Until all loveliness must tell  
What seems the strangest myth,  
And what must be the miracle  
Man's doom is haloed with:  
That man, ephemeral, is free:  
As any fabled elf,  
To lavish immortality  
On all except himself!  
—Louis Ginsberg, in Plain Talk.

Wild Horses in Arkansas  
Little Rock, Ark.—Southwestern Arkansas is being troubled with wild horses. Herds numbering several hundred have been encountered along the valley of Little River in Nevada County and are offering a serious obstruction to eradication of the cattle tick. For before an area can become completely ridden of the unfortunate parasites, it is necessary that every horse, mule and cow be dipped into a solution vat.  
County and government agricultural agents are now waging a widespread round-up of the wild horses as a part of their final State-wide campaign for tick eradication.  
The mavericks are proving difficult to catch and in no notion of being rounded up. An improvised party of hunters under the direction of W. A. McDonald, a field official of the Federal Bureau of Animal Husbandry, have thus far been able to corral ten of the horses with the aid of hounds, nets and trap corrals.  
The wild horses are fleet as deer and so sure-footed that an average mount cannot overtake them. A majority of the equine fugitives are mustangs. The belief is that the original herds were made up of domestic horses which straggled off from isolated farms, joined in herds and during subsequent years multiplied rapidly.

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Made in Canada

IT'S CLEAN AS CHINA CAN'T HARBOR DIRT  
SANITARY and HYGIENIC  
NO CHANCE OF INFECTION



SMP  
ENAMELED WARE  
18

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before: After many adventures in China, Captain Jimmy saves an old friend, Lieut. Stone. The two escape from bandits in a freight train, which is wrecked in enemy territory. Finding the soldiers, they set out to find a place they had hidden in the woods.  
By the time I had forced my horse through the mob, Scottie had got himself untangled from the officer and was in pursuit of Jed Stone who had a horse for himself and was busy getting Fu, our interpreter, on another.  
Such yelling and such shrieking! Every man for himself. We were a hundred yards or more away before a single shot was fired and at that distance we might as well have been home in bed for all the danger of those soldiers hitting us.  
Except for a lot of shouting, there was little attempt at pursuit. We strode through the woods, going a few miles, turned out again to the railway tracks. Turning the corner of a thicket, I was suddenly confronted with the most welcome sight of my life. Giving a great war whoop I started forward.  
There, just as we had left it, stood our old plane. A hurried check up showed that it was just as we had left it—but no gas, no oil, no anything! A fine situation. There we were, with a perfectly good plane, powered with a tremendous engine that used so much fuel it called "Gas! Gas!" every time it went by a gasoline station. And we had just about enough in the tank to clean a grease spot in a suit of clothes.  
"We'll borrow some from the soldiers," Jed Stone suggested.  
"Ha, Ha, Ha," I laughed, "and while you're at it, just borrow a ten course dinner for each of us. My stomach is so empty it's digesting itself."  
"Quite right," he said. "Well, just do that. Of course, it may not be a

ten course dinner, but we will eat shortly—and fly soon after—just as soon as it is dark."  
Our plan was perfectly simple. If it worked, it was grand. If it didn't—we wouldn't need any more gas and oil. We settled down to rest for darkness: a long, hungry wait it was, too, till near midnight.  
We were mounted, Lieut. Stone, Fu Hsu (the interpreter) and I—Scottie trotted along on foot. With every possible precaution against making any unnecessary noise, we circled the water where the old engine lay on her back. About a mile below that spot we crossed the tracks and shaped our course for the sleeping camp—a couple of miles away.  
Perhaps half a mile from the camp, we dismounted. Fu Hsu and Scottie stayed with the horses—Lieutenant Jed Stone and I went forward to reconnoiter. All was quiet in camp. Sentries pacing to and fro were all that we saw. We crept as close as we dared.  
On our left, a large roomy tent stood out against the sky line.  
Back at the horses once more we arranged our plan. Fu Hsu, on pain of death, agreed to stay alone with our horses.  
Jed Stone mounted his horse, circled back and to the right so as to reach a point of the camp as nearly opposite the large tent we had seen, as possible. Under compulsion, Scottie went along with him. He much preferred to stay with me, but Jed Stone needed him to help him carry out his part of the plan. I crept quietly back towards the big tent.  
(To be continued.)

Note:—Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2019 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

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18

Crisp.....  
Salty....  
Crunchy

Christie's  
O-SO-GUD  
BUTTER  
PRETZELS