

A cup of Salada Green tea invigorates and refreshes

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

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, Minceau, living at Kestrel House, and is desirous that Muriel marry Minceau's nephew, Hayden Kestrel, whom she dislikes.

A series of mysterious disappearances has been alarming the neighborhood. Mona Fare, the vicar's daughter, being the latest victim.

Another boarder at the farm, Percival Pycroft, is mysteriously attacked while walking on the moor. He and his valet, Flack, discover a secret underground passage to Kestrel House and a locked door leading to Mona Fare. Pycroft and Flack deliberately sabotage Holt and escape, but Flack is killed. Pycroft afterwards finds the stolen parcel has disappeared. Kestrel steals into Kestrel House alone and runs into a creek, Slim Samuel, who gives him interesting information. Ten hours later Samuel is found stabbed to death.

CHAPTER XV.

"By gad!" murmured Pycroft, "marvellous!"

Muriel Mainwaring came closer and side by side they stood watching the sun sinking to rest far over the distant hills, their eyes dazzled with the wondrous beauty of the flaming heavens.

The dark, gust taut stood out silhouetted against the gold, like the battlements of walls of some enchanted city of the clouds, great erinbanks of splendor, golden edged and deep purple lined, which floated above them.

Over the rolling moor settled the profound hush which precedes the last few minutes of the sunset hour, as if ever living creature was silent in reverent homage to The Giver of Light and Life.

Motionless they stood until the last gleaming edge flamed up ere it sank behind the tors. Immediately the mystic hush was broken, a light wind whistled among the loose stones of the torside and the murmur of the river came up distinct on the evening air.

Pycroft drew in his breath as he turned away:

"Jolly fine, what?"

"It's wonderful!" breathed his companion.

Pycroft paused and stood looking at her, his hands thrust into his trouser pockets, his eyes wistfully tender. But a great hunger was in his heart and a flicker of pain crossed his face. He yearned to take care of her, to find she was a rare flower in a bed of foul weeds, something sacred which he craved to protect. Impulsively he thrust out his hand and laid it upon her shoulder, drawing her closer to him and a sudden thrill of passionate excitement and exultation swept through him.

She glanced up, then swiftly away, the color mounting to her cheek, but from that flush and those faltering eyes Pycroft learned the truth; stupendous, almost unbelievable.

The last barrier was down, gone all the grim resolution he had made, swept away in an irresistible flood. He stopped swiftly and caught her in his arms. The red lips pressed upon his own in complete surrender.

No word was spoken as they turned slowly and commenced to walk along the homeward track. Pycroft's mind was a riot of conflicting emotions. Now was the time to tell her the truth, now while that first kiss still burned upon his lips. But the cold, relentless voice of common sense snarled in his ear. "Wait, wait, don't be a poor fool, the time is not yet ripe."

His fingers closed upon her arm with an almost savage force.

"Will you believe in me—and wait for me—whatever happens?" he asked pleadingly.

She met his gaze unfalteringly, though she was conscious of a chill at her heart.

"Whatever happens," she affirmed bravely.

"My dear," said Pycroft tenderly, "your faith is wonderful. Much may happen soon, events which will shock and disappoint horribly. Perhaps those whom you love and respect may prove to be unworthy of your affection. I cannot tell you all the truth now."

"Do you mean Guardy?" she asked quickly.

Pycroft nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," he replied. "There is something which you ought to know, and I suspect that you are in ignorance of it. Let me just say this much, when your father died he left you a very considerable fortune."

The girl stared up at him in surprise.

"Do... do you mean that I am wealthy?"

Pycroft nodded, and was about to explain more when a voice hailed him, the loud booming voice of Sergeant Trotter.

"I've been looking for you every where, sir," announced the policeman, as he came up.

"Evening, miss."

Pycroft frowned.

"Well, now you've found me, what do you want?" he demanded.

Ancient Incas Are Declared Modern

Very Little Behind European Conquerors in Culture

Berkeley, Calif.—The culture of the ancient Incas was as advanced as that of Europe in the sixteenth century, with the exception of only three essential discoveries, says Dr. Ronald Olson, assistant curator of the American Museum of Natural History, and an associate professor at the University of California for the 1931-32 scholastic year, according to a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor.

Dr. Olson's conclusion is contained in a statement concerning these ancient rulers of some 2300 miles of the western coast of South America, issued by the University of California.

"Splendid as were the achievements of the civilizations of prehistoric Peru in the way of agriculture, the arts, and political and social schemes," Dr. Olson said in the statement, "they were hindered by ignorance of these basic traits. Except for these they were perhaps as

But take these traits—writing, iron, the wheel—out of our own culture scheme and we find ourselves unable to carry on our modern life. The wonder is that the ancient Peruvians, lacking these ideas, had progressed to far."

The article by Dr. Olson is the first of a series of studies on the reconstruction of the cultural history of Peru, and is based on the Myron I. Granger expedition, in which he took part.

He says: "When Pizarro and his band of 190 doughty warriors landed at Tumbes in 1532, the greater part of the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile was a powerful empire—the dominion of the Quechua people. Over it ruled the Inca, supreme emperor, demi-god, offspring of the sun."

This empire, it is explained, was about five centuries in building, and for 1000 years before that time the culture on which this civilization was built was in process of development among the southern Nazca people and the northern Shima. Concerning the early beginnings of these peoples he says:

"As far back as the days when the mammoth, the mastodon, and other now extinct animals roamed the Andes, man came on the scene. This was 5000, possibly 10,000 years ago. It may be that these animals of the Pleistocene survived in certain favored regions until well into the recent period."

"These early human inhabitants were probably very primitive in culture. We know that they hunted the mastodon and other animals for food, and that they knew the art of pottery making, but here our knowledge ends. The remains of these pioneers are either difficult to find or we have not yet learned how to locate them."

Argentina Advised To Store More Grain

Buenos Aires, Arg.—Recommendation for construction of more than 600 grain elevators by the Government has been made in a report submitted to the Public Works Department.

The report, written by a special commission, suggests that elevators be built in all zones which normally produce 5000 tons or more of grain annually.

"There was!" Pycroft nodded his head slowly.

"So it was Slick Samuels, was it? Advance guard of the Bergen crowd?" he mused. "Now I wonder where you met him, Barney? A guess I'll say it was when you broke into Kestrel House last night, and then you learned a bit, if Slick talked. By the way, old fella, you made it awfully uncomfortable for me. Cleared off and left me to fend for my little self with all that gang chasing around like a lot of demented hounds."

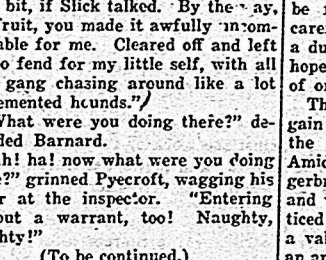
"What were you doing there?" demanded Barnard.

"Ah! hal now what were you doing there?" grinned Pycroft, wagging his finger at the inspector. "Entering without a warrant, too! Naughty, naughty!"

(To be continued.)

How Golfers Play in the Heat

Heat encountered by golfers participating in United States open golf championship at Inverness Country Club, required drastic measures for immediate relief. Here is Billy Burke, Greenwich, Conn., being doused by Willey Cox of N.Y.



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What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fashioned With Every Pattern



2628

It's most unique and slender too. The Princess Lodi has a deep French V at front with ruffled collar that tends so much to detract from breadth. The inset vestee has the becoming Vionnet neckline. Grouped horizontal tucks give a fitted lengthened line at the front with a softened effect at either side.

The attached skirt flares youthfully at hem.

Style No. 2628 is silk crepe in mahogany brown with turquoise blue contrast.

It may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

No. 2628, size 36, 3/4 yards 39-inch material with 1 yard 39-inch contrasting and 2 1/2 yards binding.

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.

Popular Fair Enlivens Streets of Munich Suburb

The normally peaceful square surrounding the Marihilf Church in Munich, writes a correspondent of "The Christian Science Monitor," has re-echoed with the chatter and laughter of an eager, good-tempered crowd and the persistent sally of a host of cheap-jacks. The occasion for this was the "Auer-Dult," a popular fair which derives its name from the Au, an ancient suburb of Munich on the River Isar.

The Auer Dult is one of the city's oldest regular events. There are rifle-ranges, photographic studios, Punch-and-Judy shows, and many other forms of popular entertainment at the fair, but the majority of those who visit it go there not to be amused, but with the fixed intention of making a good bargain.

The scores of gayly decked booths offer for sale every variety of article from apples to zinc! Crockery, household fittings, table linen, pots and pans and secondhand furniture are to be found in abundance, and every careful Munich housewife considers it a duty to go to the Auer-Dult in the hope of picking up some cheap object of ornament or utility for her home.

There is also another type of bargain hunter to be observed at the Dult, the eager collector or curio seeker. Amid counters stacked high with tin, gerberand and toys, old clothes, boxes and window blinds, a keen and practiced eye may pick out some rare book, a valuable piece of old furniture, or an ancient breastplate or sword.

London.—The man who has not set his eyes on a gold coin for many a long year finds it difficult to believe that today there are no less than 1,800 million pounds' worth of gold in circulation. In various parts of the world—Belgium, in fact, to provide a sovereign for every inhabitant of the earth.

Of this colossal sum—more than 1,100 tons' weight of gold—£150,000,000 is held in reserve by the Bank of England to meet its own notes to the value of £145,000,000, which are in the hands of the public. The Bank of England will pay gold across the counter in exchange for these notes to any amount.

Since the first nugget was discovered it is estimated that the world's mines have produced gold to the value of nearly four thousand million pounds—more exactly £3,506,000,000. As only £1,800,000,000 of this gold is in circulation, and as the metal is imperishable, £2,000,000,000 must still be in existence in other forms than currency.

Roughly half, it is calculated, exists in the form of jewellery of various kinds—rings, bracelets, watches, and so on—and in such articles as gold plate. The remainder—more than £1,000,000,000 worth—is said to be jealously hoarded. Of this hoarded gold probably the greater part is in India, whose inhabitants, from Maharajah to peasant, have a positive mania for jealously treasuring the metal. There are few women in India, even among the peasants, who do not possess ornaments of solid gold, from bracelets to nose rings. Millions collect gold in any form, and bury it in the earth; and there is no native Prince whose palace does not contain countless ornaments and articles of furniture.

One Maharajah owns gold plate alone valued at well over a million pounds; another has several vaults packed with gold in almost every conceivable form to a similar amount, and a third has his horses shod with gold, and his state carriages are aglitter with it. Gold, too, of the estimated value of over a hundred million pounds has been used to decorate the temples of India.

In the United States it is said that there is considerably over a hundred million pounds in hoarded gold—£45,000,000 of it held by foreigners who, according to the Actuary of the United States Treasury, "decline to trust it to the custody of the bank"; £25,000,000 by farmers for a similar reason; and £10,000,000 by miners who "live in squalor and sloat over their hoards hidden in stockings and coffee-pots, or buried at the foot of trees."

The peasants of France own at least £50,000,000 worth of gold, melted down and buried in the earth where, at least, it is safe. Kaffirs, too, take high place among the hoarders of gold. Indeed, it is said that in a single recent year they were known to have buried gold to the value of £16,000,000. In China buried and hidden gold is estimated in scores of millions of pounds.

London.—Hunting for art treasures in London's junk stalls is the unusual occupation of Watson Bradshaw of Southwark, writes a correspondent of "The Christian Science Monitor." For the last ten years he has regularly visited the Caledonian Market, Tower Bridge Road curbside market, and other pavement booths, and has amassed in his attic studio a collection of curios worth a small fortune. But none of them are for sale. The Caledonian Market, situated in one of the poorest parts of Islington, is well known to most Londoners for the wonderful bargains that are frequently found there. Antique furniture, much sought-after fireplace tiles, and varied bric-a-brac, salvaged from rubbish piles in slum districts, adorn the rooms of some of the smart houses in Chelsea and Westminster. For a shilling (20 cents) Mr. Bradshaw one day bought an etching which turned out to be an original by Raphael. Another picture, by the Italian master Annabale Caracci, he found by the light of a dim gas jet in a little antique shop in Southwark and secured for 18 pence. But one of his most romantic finds was a set of Delphic classics, bound in Russian leather, which he noticed in a broken-down perambulator. The books had previously belonged to his father, who had collected a valuable library, which had subsequently been sold. But it cost Mr. Bradshaw only half a crown a volume to get them back again.

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Men are always discovering things that women knew long ago.

Where Is World's Gold Supply Kept?

Little Seen of Actual Coin—Half Supply Exists in Form of Jewellery

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The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before: Captain Jimmy

Largely on the exchange for help in getting up his plane to the hands. He is about to start on his long trip across the Chukchi Sea.

General Lu sent for us in haste. He wanted to start at once. He had sold out his position as General for a huge sum of money, which had just arrived, and he was anxious to be off before any of his officers found out and made him divide up his wealth.

The following night we bid Good-bye, and Jed, Scottie, and I, ran our trip under cover of darkness. Six hundred miles or more across the Chinese Sea was no joke. Many bad storms and typhoons sweep the waters, and heavy sea fogs make flying dangerous.

Once off the ground I could see we were in for it. The air was just full of bumps, and General Lu and his faithful servant grew nervous. We tried a thousand feet higher up, and it was even worse. The plane tumbled like a boat riding on a rough sea.

The sky gradually clouded up and the wind grew in volume. The darkness and fog seemed to crowd us down to the water. Long curling waves with sharp white crests made any chance of surviving impossible, should we be forced down.

Hour after hour we flew along, steering by the instruments. A cold wet drizzle blew right through our coats. I wrapped a blanket around Scottie, but the poor little chap still shivered. The past few days had been strenuous, and we were about fagged out. Most likely I dozed, for the next thing I knew I was banking furiously.

Right under our wheels the waves lapped angrily. I nosed the plane up. The gasoline slished around in nearly empty tanks. Flying against the wind had exhausted our supply. We might have enough for another fifty miles.

The dawn broke in a cold grey streak. I strained my eyes to see a large black object through the mist. Then a rocky headland emerged from the fog on our left.

Carefully I banked the plane and nosed her down as close to the rocks as I dared. It was a sheer precipice. At its foot the angry waves dashed themselves into white fury. Gradually the cliff descended within fifty feet of the water. Surely there must be a sand beach somewhere.

Imagine my despair when the cliff began to rise again and ended in a steep crag without a single inch of sandy beach. Soon we circled the island, and it was simply a tremendous volcanic rock with straight, high sides.

Suddenly we noticed a line of white breakers a mile or two away. The water seemed shallow. As a last chance I followed it—two miles, four miles, six—our gasoline was almost spent, when right below appeared the finest sand beach you ever saw, sloping gradually up to a little island.

Like a great many beaches, this one looked much harder and smoother than it really was. With the motor cut out we felt, rolled a few feet in the soft sand, and then the plane went over on her nose. During all this time General Lu was splendid.

Never did I utter a complaint. Never an argument, he sat quietly and calmly waiting for what might happen.

Soon we kindled a roaring fire from driftwood, and dried ourselves out. To our surprise, General Lu began peeling off one suit after another, until he had taken off about six. Then I remembered that some of the Chinese had a way of putting their suits on in layers. General Lu could afford plenty of suits, so why not have them?

Meanwhile the question of food and water became pressing. We set out to search without delay.

(To be continued)

Note: Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy," 2010 Star Building, Toronto, will receive signed photo of Captain Jimmy, free.

So They Say

"To weld the diverse peoples of the world into a single tribe is one of the most glorious ideals which has ever seized the imagination of man."—Sir Arthur Keith.

"Birth and death—they are the essence of life, and it is there that woman is great."—Will Durant.

"Money in itself means little, but money is the badge of accomplishment."—Charles M. Schwab.

"England wears a moral Burberry against the rain of American ideas."—Andre Siegfried.

"In comparison with the American, the European is inclined to pessimism."—Albert Einstein.

"It is evident to all informed people that no country in the existing state of the world can be self-contained."—W. W. Atterbury.

"Biography has suffered from being like club sandwiches—toast on top and underneath, with irrelevant matter in between."—Phillip Guedalla.

"A machine age cannot be a stupid age. It has to be a highly intelligent one."—Thomas A. Edison.

"He must be blind and deaf and dumb who cannot see and hear the signs of the times."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"Two-thirds of the professors in our colleges are simply cans full of undigested knowledge, mechanically acquired."—H. L. Mencken.

"Every right is something which we have at other people's expense."—Alfred Huxley.

"I, being a modern creature, believe in government rather than in revolutions or dictatorship."—Ramsay MacDonald.

"We must take human nature as it is, with all its absurdities, and try to divert them into harmless channels."—Dean Inge.

"My idea of Socialism is to bring about a state of things in which every man in the country will be a possible husband for every woman."—George Bernard Shaw.

Spiders Go To Russia For a War on Vermin

Athens.—A precious cargo of five bedbug-killing spiders left this city recently by special courier for Soviet Russia. The order was filled, on request of the Soviet Embassy at Athens, at one of the refugee camps on the outskirts of the city, where the value of the spiders was first demonstrated strikingly about six years ago. Each spider was placed in a glass with ten flies (no bedbugs could be found at the time) for food.

More spiders were desired but only five could be found at the Kaisariani camp.

The spider, known under the dignified name of T. Flavivius Simon, is a remarkable creature. Soon after refugee camps were established here following the war, hordes of bugs appeared in the wooden barracks. They kept increasing and grew so obnoxious that many of the refugees moved their cots outdoors.

Suddenly in a few months, the number of vermin diminished till practically all were gone. Some of the more observant refugees noticed that in their place appeared spiders which were seen to capture their prey, paralyze them in some way and then devour them.

Dr. N. T. Lorando, formerly associated with American Near East Relief as physician and now chief physician at the Evangelismos Hospital here, sent some of the spiders to the British Museum at London, where they were classified. When the success of the spiders became known, so many requests for samples were received from all over the world that not all the orders could be filled.

Once in Italy, during an epidemic of plague, Greece, according to ancient chronicles was petitioned to provide a cure. From Epidaurus was sent a cargo of snakes, which ate the rats that bore the germs and thus ended the plague.

Italian Hens Grew Lazy After War, Expert Finds

Rome.—Italian hens are loafing on the job. Their lazy production of eggs, says an Italian economic expert, is a considerable factor in Italy's world trade deficit.

Before the war Italy was a heavy exporter of poultry and eggs. Now she is a large importer. Her imports have been growing larger every year with a consequent depressing effect upon Italy's trade balance.

Before the war Italy exported eggs worth 48,313,395 lire, while those imported totaled only 4,065,930 lire. Her egg exports were more than ten times greater than her imports, while export of live and killed poultry was approximately four times greater than imports. In the first two months of this year Italy paid 16,044,138 lire for foreign eggs, compared to 12,067,150 lire for the corresponding period in 1930 and 8,082,184 lire in 1929.

The same ratio of increase is remarked for both live and dressed poultry, purchases of live poultry increasing from 2,022,000 lire in 1929 to 12,884,435 lire for the first two months of 1931.

Bearer Finds Bangles Heavy

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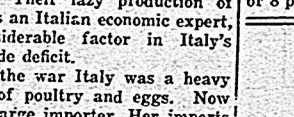
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Scotland's Population Falling

Glasgow.—Scotland's population is falling. Census returns showed 4,842,554 inhabitants, against 4,882,497 of ten years ago, a decrease of 39,943 or 8 per cent.

Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Aspirin tablets break up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.



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