

To make ICED TEA—Brew tea as usual—strain off leaves—allow to cool—add lemon and sugar to taste—pour into glasses half full of cracked ice

ICED "SALADA" 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, Monsieur Pycroft, who lives at Kestrel House, and is desirous that Muriel marry Monsieur's nephew, Hayden Mercer, whom she dislikes.

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

Another boarder at the farm is Percival Pycroft. He and his wife, Flack, discover a secret underground passage to Kestrel House and a locked belonging to Muriel Page.

Inspector Barnard steals into Kestrel House alone and runs into Slick Samuels, a crook, who gives him interesting information concerning Pycroft. Ten hours later Samuels is found stabbed to death. Barnard accuses Pycroft.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

Barnard jumped up, thrusting the chair from him with violence.

"Are you coming quietly?" he demanded aggressively.

"Just as well, I suppose," grinned Pycroft, rising lazily and stifling a yawn. "You're aching for an excuse to get your little hands on me."

Trotter opened the door and preceded them down the stairs.

Pycroft followed with Barnard behind him. They walked out of the Blue Bear in leisurely manner and the landlord nodded pleasantly to them, little suspecting the relationship of the policeman and the prisoner.

As they crossed the yard and were almost on the road Pycroft dropped his cigarette case. Trotter stooped to pick it up and a second later was rolling on his back, nearly thrown by a well-placed knee.

Swiftly Pycroft leaped over him, dodged his outflung hands, slipped out of Barnard's grapple and sprinted down the road.

A fast-moving car passed the Blue Bear in a cloud of dust, slowed sufficiently to allow Pycroft to spring aboard, and was gone around the bend before either Barnard or Trotter had regained their feet.

CHAPTER XVI.

Chief Inspector Barnard, a very wrathful and disappointed man, slumped down in the chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Sergeant Trotter regarded him with sympathy as he leaned against the bed and sucked his ancient briar.

Barnard's first action had been to send out an "all stations" call to stop the fugitive. Now he had just concluded a thorough examination of Pycroft's bedroom with negligible results. He had found absolutely nothing which would incriminate the man at all. Who the devil was this fellow, anyway? A crook, self-confessed, a friend and associate of crooks, not the small fry of the criminal world either, a man quite unknown to Scotland Yard. One thing was certain, he had never been convicted or the Records Office would quickly have laid bare his history.

Barnard felt that he was held around with a ring of criminals who were laughing at his impotency. He had suspicions which amounted to certainty, but not a shred of evidence which would bring anything when held to the searching lights of the courts.

A smart advocate would probably knock the bottom out of the case against Pycroft in a very brief while. What did it rest on? A torn strip of handkerchief which unquestionably belonged to the man and found caught in a bush near the body. His knowledge that Pycroft was in Kestrel House last night, knowledge which he dared not reveal. The probability that Slick Samuels went back and met him somewhere near the house and tried to blackmail him. The suspect's own highly suspicious conduct after he had been arrested.

Convincing enough for Barnard, sufficient to justify arrest, but with serious limitations for presentation before a judge and jury. He had hoped to startle or bluff the truth out of him, now he realized that Slick had spoken wisely when he described him as a mustard. He was! Too hot for him, thought the chief inspector ruefully.

He inclined to the opinion that Pycroft had acted alone last night. Flack, according to his landlady, had remained in his lodgings most of the evening and gone to bed soon after ten o'clock. Possibly he had slipped out again, but Barnard did not think so. It rather pointed to the fact that the co-operation between the two men was not as complete as he had supposed, and yet Flack had somehow been on hand ready to effect a rescue. That again lent support to the belief that Pycroft was guilty and was prepared for arrest.

Barnard cursed softly to himself. He was no nearer to the solution of the Kestrel House mystery. The information he had obtained from Slick Samuels rather tended to add further mystery to the business. If this iso-

lated house was being used simply as the headquarters of a gang of bank-note forgers, what was the reason for kidnapping and murdering persons who could have had no possible connection with them? That they had done so he knew, for he had identified the portion of a jaw-bone found by Trotter as that of young Abbott.

Was Pycroft, as Slick had suggested, merely playing the same game and endeavoring to steal the secret of the new printing process? Murder is the most accidental of crimes. Eighty-five per cent. of the persons charged are making their first appearance in a criminal court. As a class they are not criminals. Pycroft was a criminal, obviously a very cunning, cool-headed man; would he have committed a murder except under stress of circumstances which left him no other course? Barnard felt that this big, auburn-haired fellow, who could look such an utter fool when he so willed, would have smiled at Slick's attempts at blackmail.

The genial voice of Henry Holt came up to him from the farmyard below, and it brought a momentary flash of anger into his cold eyes. Another mystery man of whom the Records Office had no knowledge. If it wasn't for the infernal, old-womanish restrictions he would have knocked the truth out of him somehow; but he'd gone about as far as he dared already.

Without something more definite than his suspicions the knowledge he had gained was useless. Slick Samuels could have helped, but Slick was dead; murdered, by whom?

With a sudden gesture which betrayed his irritation, he jumped up. Trotter smiled cheerfully.

"We'll have him before the night is out, chief," he remarked.

Barnard shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly, I haven't much faith in these country clods, they're mostly dead from the neck upwards. But even if we do get him, Trotter, how much better off are we?"

"Meaning Kestrel House, eh? Not a lot, unless he talks, which he won't. If you ask me, the best thing to do would be to pinch the whole bag of tricks up there and chance to luck what turns up. Pretty well bound to find something useful."

"Yes, printing plant, perhaps, but that's not what we are after, it's only a side issue which has cropped up since. Last night at this time we hadn't the least idea what was happening in this respect. They didn't murder Abbott and burn his body to provide material for printing dead notes."

"No, chief, but that bloke might have stumbled on something which was dangerous. Slick did."

"But according to our theory Pycroft murdered him," replied Barnard, his own doubts making him more inclined to listen to his subordinate than was usual.

"Yes, that's true," admitted Trotter, thoughtfully. "But say he didn't. Say Slick was such a mug as to have gone back there after you let him go and they nobbled him. They'd know who he was and pretty soon tumble to his game. Darkey Mullen would, anyway. Slick's a tough customer, and they'd reckon he was best put quiet. Say then they knew that Pycroft had been in the house as well as you and Slick, and decided he'd be a useful bloke to fix the job on. Perhaps they know a darned sight more about him than we do. Easy enough for them to have got hold of one of his handkerchiefs through Holt or Mercer, and easy to fake evidence as we found it. Even if he didn't swing it would get him out of the way for the present. If you ask me, Pycroft is a pretty hot member, for all his half-boiled, daft expression and balmly manner."

Barnard considered the suggestion for several minutes. It was one which had occurred to him and had been lingering in his mind from the beginning, but he had rejected it for want of evidence. Everything pointed to Pycroft; if he didn't get him, whom would he get?

Trotter made the suggestion which finally settled the matter: "Why not have another look over Slick's body? It was a pretty quick run over we gave him; there may be something useful which we missed. In any case we can't do anything more with Pycroft."

of his success in the past was due to his prompt determination.

Half an hour later the two policemen were standing in the dismal little mortuary at Princeton, having made the journey in the one hired car which the village boasted.

Trotter watched as his chief re-examined the deceased man. He had been stabbed four times between the shoulder blades with a thin, narrow-bladed weapon, probably a hunting knife, driven in with brutal violence.

"Blimey, Chief!" commented the detective sergeant in a subdued voice, "the bloke who done that must not to finish the job properly. He stabbed him twice when he lay on the ground; see the way the blood has run, two lots down his back and two lots across. I've never seen a worse case!"

"The man was either mad or in a paroxysm of rage which placed him in the same category, for the time at least. Well, I don't find anything further. Any suggestions to make before we go?"

(To be continued.)

Height of Aurora Figured By Camera

The Aurora borealis, least understood of heavenly phenomena, is not so distant from the earth as we used to think.

Fifty to seventy-five miles from the ground is the height fixed for the very flashes of light in a report made to the Royal Society of Canada, at its recent meeting, by members of the physics department of the University of Toronto.

Says Science News Letter, a publication of Science Service (Washington): "Utilizing the fact that the northern lights are visible farther south in eastern Canada than anywhere else in the northern hemisphere, the physicists photographed displays last January and February. They set up two observing stations near James Bay. One was located at Blacksmith Rapids, fifty miles from Moose Factory, and the other at Coral Rapids, thirty miles farther south. The stations were connected by telephone lines, and each was provided with cameras similar to those used in aerial surveying.

"When the aurora was visible from both stations, the photographers focused their cameras on areas of the sky selected by telephone, and took simultaneous pictures. The exact times were compared by telephone and checked against a master clock. Reference points in the heavens were provided by the stars, photographed on plates at the same time.

"When the plates were developed, the heights of shafts of light recorded at both places were calculated by the same triangulation methods used in surveying. In this case, instead of a horizontal triangle, the physicists computed a vertical triangle with one side as the line joining the observing stations.

"The results show that the auroral flashes may occasionally lie 155 miles over the earth. Less than 100 miles is the usual height, however. This result agrees with similar measurements obtained in Scandinavia."

Curious Weights Used By British Trade

London.—No country in the world has such an array of mysterious weights and measures, known only to the members of various trades as England. Each trade has its own measures, and these often vary according to the district which has used them for a long time.

Covent Garden buys celery by the "roll" and sells it that way. There are eight heads in a "roll"—if they are washed, but twelve if the celery is sent to market covered with dirt. That solves the mystery of why most greengrocers prefer to sell you a head of the latter category. Twelve profits are to be made on a "roll," instead of eight—and you have the fun of washing your purchase.

There is a fine mixture of ways of selling apples and pears. When sold by the "sieve" in the North of England the buyer ought to get 56 lbs. But the South of England "sieve" yields only 52 lbs.

The West, East and Midlands "sieve" may be one or the other, or neither; if you are a wholesale buyer of apples you have to live and learn. One of the chief Covent Garden firms appealed, a few years ago, to growers to discard "sieves," as in some districts they were found to signify as little as a bushel, or even half a bushel.

Large quantities of apples, too, are sold by the "bag." A "bag" is not a bag but a sack, containing a hundred weight.

Fish may be sold by the "trunk" or a heavy trunk, too, weighing from ten to fourteen stone, "all according," as they say at Billingsgate. Or it may be sold by the "quintal." Or by a standard-sized cub called a "kit," or in other ways.

The fisherman had returned with his day's catch.

"Why don't you fish for something better than gudgeon or roach?" asked his wife. "You know I don't like them. Why don't you try to catch some trout or salmon?"

"That's right! That's right!" snapped the indignant husband. "Don't you know that trout and salmon cost four bob a pound?"

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Pattern Furnished With Every Pattern



A printed crepe silk in yellow and brown, features the moulded bodice with curved seaming that slenderizes the hips. The skirt with snug shapings, shows a gradual widening with graceful fullness at the hem.

The collar and flared cuffs show smart contrast in plain brown crepe. The self-fabric belt uses two brown buckles.

It's a stunning dress for immediate wear that will prove its economy for it may be worn all through the Fall season.

Style No. 2636, may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Flat crepe silk, printed chiffon, voile, linen, shantung and men's silk shirting are attractive for mid-season wear.

Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch material with 3/4 yard 39-inch contrasting.

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.

Reflection By Sydney King Russell, in "The New Yorker."

Remembering words We had together Concerning chance And we and weather, Concerning pathways Lately lost And seas uncharted Or uncrossed, Concerning moods And motercars, Anemones And shooting stars.

I have discovered Two can chat An hour or more Of this and that And part assured And comforted For having left love Well unaid.

T'owd Tea In the days long ago when tea was too expensive for the children of agricultural laborers in Essex and Sussex, a beverage was given them made from the scalded raspings of over-baked bread, called "T'owd Tea" (the Old Tea). The stimulating qualities of tea were well described by an old woman, who said: "It must be a bad complaint that a cup of tea didn't cure." In those days also, poor men often smoked dried willow leaves in place of tobacco, which they could not afford to buy.

Clay fingers have been found near mummies interred centuries ago, presumably for the use of the dead when the real fingers had deteriorated.

Only Child Princess Ragnhild, only child of Crown Prince and Princess of Norway, has her first birthday party day.

Excavations Prove Man Was Existent Before Ice-Age

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Pattern Furnished With Every Pattern

Nevada Cave Yields Prehistoric Evidence on Presence of Lost Race

Washington.—Scientists digging carefully into the prehistoric debris that forms the floor of Gypsum Cave, in Nevada, are continuing to pile up evidence that man may have lived in America before the great glacial tides ceased to ebb and flow over much of this continent, 15,000 to 20,000 years ago.

This evidence, chiefly the intimate association of human objects with the remains of the big ground-sloth, Nothrotherium, that is believed to have become extinct in the Pleistocene period, or Great Ice Age, has not been accepted as a conclusive proof that man existed here at that time. Added to archaeological discoveries made elsewhere on the continent, however, it is regarded as most suggestive of a conclusion. Dr. John C. Merriam, paleontologist and president of Carnegie Institution of Washington, has described the accomplishments in Gypsum Cave as ranking "among the most interesting discoveries in archaeology in America."

Cornegie Institution is co-operating in the work, which was initiated by M. R. Harrington, curator of the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles. Mr. Harrington made his initial discoveries in 1924, while searching for traces of the Early Basket Makers, a race that preceded the Pueblos in the Southwest long before the Christian era. The cave, a deep, dry cavern of irregular shape, 300 feet long by 120 feet wide, is about twenty miles east of Las Vegas in the foothills of Frenchman Mountain, overlooking a wide stretch of desert and the distant gorge of Black Canyon, the site of Boulder Dam. In the five chambers of the cave Mr. Harrington was surprised to find that the deposits consisted in great part of masses of manure, well trodden, down, much like old horse corral, and that numerous relics of the Basket Makers lay on the surface.

The situation puzzled him, for he knew that horses could not have got through the cave's entrance and, furthermore, that the modern horse was not introduced into America until the Spaniards came, long after the time of the Basket Makers. He was sent back to the cave with an expedition in the spring of 1930, and soon a member of his party found an animal skull, which Dr. Stock, an authority on ground-sloths, identified as that of Nothrotherium. Soon Dr. Scherer, Dr. Stock and Mr. Furlong were hurrying to the cave, and instead of spending only a few days there, as they had planned, they extended their stay to work out a plan for thorough excavation.

It was not the discovery of the remains of ground-sloths, not the finding of objects of human workmanship, primitive though they were, that aroused the intense interest of these scientists, but the fact that both were found associated in such manner as to indicate that man may have been contemporaneous on this continent with the ponderous, slow-moving beasts.

Had a discovery of this nature been made in central or western Europe under conditions pointing to contemporaneous existence of man with animals existing in Pleistocene time, no great excitement would have been aroused, for the fossil records of those regions already have established the presence of man there before the ice cap ceased to thrust itself back and forth into regions now temperate. In America, however, such early traces of man have been meager, and the opinion has been held by many that this continent was not peopled until a relatively late time by races that presumably emigrated from Asia by way of the Bering Straits.

The Quarrel in the Garden The petulant petunia grew purple in her rage; "I might as well be sepia—I might as well be beige," she said, "near that striking scarlet sages!"

"It's plain that silly gardener forgot that I was red. When he planted those petunias along beside my bed, I might as well be forage grass!" the angry salvia said.

"My neighbors greatly try me," fumed stately hollyhock. "Those impertinent petunias and that salvia by the walk. They quite spoil my pinks and yellows—I might as well be dock!"

But Jack Frost, one chilly evening, came flying by that way. And when the garden awakened to another autumn day The quarrel was quite over—for every flower was gray!

Hot Springs in Iceland Reyjavik, Iceland.—Year-round bathing in comfortably warm water, either salt or fresh, is now possible in this land of the chilly name.

The sea bathing may be had at a spot where the Atlantic washes through a lava ridge filter, so hot that a lagoon of warm water forms behind it.

The fresh-water swimming is in a pool just opened here, the water being pipe from near-by hot springs. It comes in at about ten degrees below boiling.

The hot springs are used also to heat some of the city's homes and the pipes lead to a laundry, school, hospital and other public buildings.

The country is volcanic and it has been noticed that the location of the hot springs points to a connection with clefts in the earth.

Honestly brings terrific isolation in life.—Rev. F. A. Fadden.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Pattern Furnished With Every Pattern

What came before: After many adventures being over China, Captain Jimmy agrees to try General Lu to Japan. He takes out of existence, he is forced to land on a lonely island.

There we were on that lovely little island; General Lu, the Chinese War Lord; Chung, his faithful servant, Fu the interpreter, Scottie and myself. Rank and fortune suddenly counted for nothing. We were four hungry men—and a dog. Even General Lu's huge fortune, which he had stored away in our plane would not buy us a square meal.

The sea stretched away on every side like a flat mirror. The island was back four or five miles and ended. Above, the sky rose in a pale blue.

"Look here General," I said, "you and I are going rabbit hunting." After that we tramped and hunted for hours, but never found a rabbit. In fact, we never even saw a mouse or a squirrel. The island rose to a peak near the spot where we had landed. The remainder was covered with stunted brush, often burned brown from the sun's heat. The rocks were blazing hot.

More serious than the lack of game, was the absence of water. Hour after hour, we searched for fresh water, but not a drop could we find. As we walked home over a flat sandy place, General Lu suddenly gripped my arm.

In the sand was a long, streaky track, as if you had drawn a stick along. At first I could make nothing of it, then it suddenly occurred to me that the mark was made by the tail of some animal, while the sand was wet during the rain of the night before. A lizard, or a turtle might have made it, but because the track appeared so far inland, it seemed probable that the creature was heading for some known water hole.

The track faded out after a few hundred yards, but soon another appeared. This in turn faded out. We continued to follow in the direction the last track had pointed. Some large sand dunes rose in front of us. Climbing to the top of these, a very small, green valley appeared below.

Hurrying down, we found a deep rocky dell, from which came the distinct trickle of water. Out from between two rocks poured a clear, cold spring!

General Lu drank so much, I really feared he would drown. Then we filled our water can and walked back to the plane, where Chung and the interpreter anxiously waited for us.

Meanwhile Scottie had gone on up the beach, and was busily digging the sand, and half grunting to himself. "What's that?" I asked. "Then he came racing back to me. Sure enough, he had found a nest of eggs buried in the sand. His rough methods had ruined some of them, but there were almost a dozen left. I put the good ones in my helmet and back to the boys I went. The Chinese seemed delighted, and sat about baking them by the fire. Well, perhaps I am not a very good judge, but to me these eggs surely seemed terrible.

The interpreter looked at me questioningly. "No likee eggs?" Then he pointed meaningfully to the sea. "Fish, he go mightee since—easy catchee, but!"

(To be continued.)

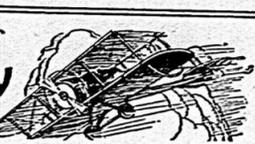
Writing: Any of our young readers noting to "Captain Jimmy," 2010 Star Building, Toronto, will receive signed photo of Captain Jimmy, free.

Wind O the green of the woods, and the green of the grass With rustle of all of the winds that pass. And the brilliance of sunshine on brightest green Like flashes of gold in the leafy screen!

The Summer is green; no lovelier hue Spreads itself under the heavens of blue; The vagrant wind turning each leaf as it blows The lining of silver joyously shows.

Winds can be furious, winds can be gay, These winds come dancing the long summer day To pry into shadow, to revel in shade, Enhancing the beauty of all that is made.

Caroline Hazard, in "Songs in the Sun."



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Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. - Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

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Yoho Valley One of the most spectacular drives in the Canadian Rockies is that through the Yoho Valley in Yoho National Park, British Columbia. This valley is fourteen miles long and more than one mile deep, walled in by at most perpendicular mountains covered with primeval forest. Six waterfalls leap down the mountain side within a distance of ten miles, some of them ending in a cataract of spray. The most spectacular of all is Takakkaw, which in three different drops falls to the floor of the valley 1,650 feet from its crest above.

Self-Made Martyrs Anyone who is disposed to be a martyr can find stake and faggots awaiting him at every cross-road. Start out in the morning expecting to be abused and you will have wounds and ill usage in plenty before the day is done. Self-pity is a magnet that always attracts hardships and troubles; it draws to itself all that is bitter, unkind and hard in life, and makes its possessor miserable because he expects to be. We find what we look for, and it is the doors at which we knock that are opened to us.

A Thought It is a fine thing to be able to rub a few dry words together, and to see the spark of a thought flash out.

The time has come. The right has found its formula—human federation.—Victor Hugo.

English-Universal Organ of Expression

John Galsworthy in "Castles in Spain" gives us a view, or shall we say "hearing," of why the English language is the chosen speech medium of the world at large. He writes:

"I often wonder, if only I didn't know English, what I should think of the sound of it, well talked. I believe I should esteem it a soft speech very pleasant to the ear, varied but unemphatic, singularly free from guttural or metallic sounds, restful, dignified, and friendly. I believe—how prejudiced one is!—that I would choose it, well spoken, before any language in the world, not indeed as the most beautiful, but as the medium of expression of which one would tire least. Blend though it be, hybrid between two main stocks, and tintured by many a visiting word, it has acquired rich harmony of its own, a vigorous individuality. It is worthy of any destiny, however wide.

The mind, taking a bird's-eye-view of the English language from Chaucer to this day, noting the gradual but amazing changes it has undergone, will find it impossible, I think, to give the pair to any particular period in all those centuries. As with the lover of flowers who, through the moving seasons of the year, walks in his garden, watching the tulip and the apple blossom, the lilac, the iris, and the rose bloom in their good time, and cannot tell when most delights his eyes, nor when his garden reaches its full sweetness, so it is with us who love good English. Chaucer, Shakespeare, the makers of the Authorized Version, Deafe, Swift, Addison, Johnson, Burke, or Bright, you cannot crown the English of any one of these and say: "Here the pinnacle was definitely reached." They were masters of expression, they used supremely well the English language of their day, tuning the instrument for their contemporaries, enlarging it for those who came after them. But the possibilities of this great organ of expression transcend even Shakespeare or the Bible.

I, at least, like to regard the English language as still in the making, capable of new twists and bold captures; and yet I think our attitude toward it should have more reverence; that we should love our mother tongue as we love our country, and try to express ourselves with vigor, dignity, and grace."

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