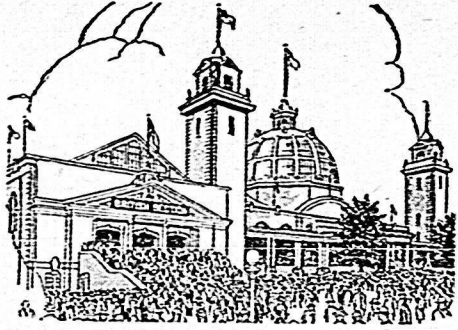


To make ICED TEA—Brew tea as usual—strain off leaves—allow to cool—add lemon and sugar to taste—pour into glasses half full of crushed ice

ICED "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"



The Dominion Government Building will be the centre of strong foreign exhibits.

Meeting Place For Canadians

The Only Place Where Canada May Be Seen As a Whole

"It is," said the revee of an Eastern Ontario township when discussing the Canadian National Exhibition, "the greatest meeting place for Canadians from every community. There are many gatherings of representatives of the Canadian people as a whole, for representatives of various sections of the Dominion; places where Canadians bound together by their special interest in special things, meet; events which bring together Canadians on some particular common ground.

"But there is no other spot in the entire country where one sees Canada as a whole except at the Canadian National Exhibition, and no other time in the year when every shade of Canadian opinion is focussed unambiguously on one thing as it is at Exhibition time.

International as it is a great show window of all nations, recognized as a potent force in world trade by governments scattered throughout the entire world, mecca for thousands of visiting Americans, a great panorama of progress which is watched by servers who cross the seven seas to view it, the Canadian National Exhibition is, nevertheless, the Dominion's great annual celebration of her belief in her self. Paradoxically, it is perhaps the most Canadian of Canadian institutions, since it is unique and alone, a development which is entirely our own, which may be copied in certain of its aspects by other national expositions elsewhere but which can be duplicated nowhere else since the basic thing which sets it apart is its fundamental Canadian spirit.

For 53 years now it has been without equal and steadily growing. No small degree of its success is traced by the Exhibition's own officials by the support of Canadians in rural sections and in smaller towns and villages. Some may overlook this fact but not those who are most closely linked with the direction of the great exposition itself.

It is only necessary to interview either the President, Mr. Sam Harris, or the General Manager, Mr. H. W. Waters, to understand how keenly these directing heads are aware of it and to learn what great value they place on this loyal co-operation. Significant of the importance they place in this is the huge expenditure on the agricultural prize list each year when \$125,000 is devoted to this item. Equally significant is the fact that the new and one of the most striking of the great institution's modern edifices is the million-dollar Horse Palace which is being opened in 1931 for this first time. Nowhere else in the world is there as magnificent a structure devoted solely to the exhibition of a country's prize livestock. The most

The PRINCES' GATES



Throngs will soon be pouring through this beautiful entrance to the world's largest exposition, Toronto, the dates for 1931 being August 23 to September 12.

THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

SYNOPSIS

Henry Holt and his ward, Muriel Mainwaring, are staying at a Dartmouth farm. Holt's friend, Mordant, living at Kestrel House, is desirous that Muriel marry Mordant's nephew, Hayden Mercer. A series of mysterious disappearances has been alarming the neighborhood. Mordant, the vicar's daughter, being the latest victim.

Another boarder at the farm, Percival Pycroft and his valet Flack discover a secret underground passage to Kestrel House. Inspector Barnard steals into Kestrel House and runs into a crook, Slick Samuels, who gives some interesting information. Later Samuels is found stabbed to death. Barnard arrests Pycroft, who effects an escape. When Barnard returns that night he is assaulted by a masked man. Muriel tells her guardian that she detects Hayden Mercer.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"Stop, Guard, you don't know what you are talking about," Muriel turned angry eyes and flushed face towards him. It seemed to Holt that he was staring at a stranger, the school girl had vanished, in her place had come a woman, who regarded him with such a comprehensive look of scorn that he felt uneasy. Vaguely he wondered what was responsible for the transformation. His ward had suddenly grown up, and he was startled at the change.

"But, my dear—" he began in tones of conciliation when she again broke in.

"In marriage love is everything, Guard. Without it marriage cannot last and, to think of marrying Hayden Mercer, or anyone else, when I did not love him, would be madness. I did not love him, you do not realize it."

Holt leaned forward, his plump hands resting on his knees. He smiled a little uncertainly.

"My dear, I'm an old man, and it is my dearest wish to see you settled and well provided for. You are young and—er—romantic, if I may use the expression. Marriage should be founded on mutual respect, I know, but when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window. Hayden loves you with all his big heart and soul. If you married him, my dear, you would soon learn to love him in return. I've not many years left to me, and I should like to see you settled before I am taken."

There was something almost comical in the manner in which Holt solemnly shook his head. Muriel, despite her anger, had difficulty in suppressing a smile.

"Nonsense, Guard," she retorted, sharply. "You are not an old man, or anywhere approaching it. Why do you speak as if I should be destitute when you . . . die? What of the money my father left me, was it so very little?"

Holt's merry blue eyes narrowed slightly, and some of the good humor faded from them as he regarded his ward.

"The money your father left has all been absorbed in your education," he replied slowly. "While I am alive, my dear, you will never want, but you see, mine is only a life pension, and goes with me."

Instinctively Muriel knew that Holt was lying to her. Even if Pycroft had not told her the truth about her heritage she would still have known. She was beginning seriously to mistrust her smiling, mild-mannered guardian. Behind the jovial exterior she sensed hidden depths of character which would not be nice to explore. He had some powerful reason for this constant urging of marriage. Suddenly she felt alone and trust was a fugitive from justice, a hunted creature who could not help her. But even as the feeling came, the thought of Pycroft thrust it aside, and her little chin set defiantly, a new light of determination came into her eyes, for his sake she must keep a brave heart.

"Oh, I see," she murmured, "my father, then, was a poor man?"

Holt nodded, watching her intently. This was the first time they had definitely discussed the matter, and he wondered how much she really knew about her affairs. Was it possible that Pycroft had told her anything? If he had, and Holt had a strong suspicion that such was the case, how had the fellow made the discovery?

"I thought you were aware of the position, my dear," he said, in tones which conveyed a mild reproach. "Has someone been . . . suggesting otherwise?"

"Good gracious, Guard! Whoever do you think would do that?" demanded Muriel, in feigned surprise, which to some extent deceived and reassured Holt.

"Well, er . . . nobody, of course, my dear," he said, hastily. "Hullo, here comes Hayden!"

Hayden Mercer came striding up the garden path to the open French windows. He greeted them with a cheery smile, and shook Holt warmly by the hand. But Muriel, watching him critically, saw the look which he flashed to her guardian. It was a command which said, "Clear out" as plainly as if he had uttered the words.

Holt arose lazily from his chair, folded up the morning paper, and went to the door.

"There's a little job which I must attend to," he murmured, not looking at his ward. "I'll be back again presently."

Mercer sat down in the chair which he had vacated, and taking out his case, selected and lit a cigarette. Muriel sensed that he was ill at ease; she noticed the slight trembling of his fingers as he held the match, and the nervous twitch of his mouth. Suddenly he leaned toward her, his eyes affectionately tender, his voice low and just a trifle husky.

"You realize the truth now?" he asked.

Muriel braced herself for the fight which she knew was coming. His eyes looked searchingly into her own, but she felt none of the vague fear of which she had in the past been conscious. Whatever power Hayden Mercer might have exercised over her, that power was now gone. His strength and courage of her love was as a shield protecting her. She felt strangely calm.

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"That your guardian was right concerning Pycroft. You have heard that he is wanted for the murder of one of his criminal associates?"

Mercer's cultured voice held no hint of triumph, rather did his tones convey a measure of sympathy.

Muriel nodded.

"Yes, I have heard," she admitted. "What of it?"

"I think that you were growing fond of that man, Muriel, the fatal charm of the background for a pure woman. I seemed helpless to warn you, you heeded not your guardian's kindly, but I'm afraid rather tactless, remonstrances. My heart was torn with bitter jealousy, my love for you seemed hopeless."

Muriel half rose from the chair as if he would come to her, but he had little heed she gave stopped him.

Hayden was the kind of man whose heart is governed by his head, and if people are like that it really means that they have no heart at all. You referred to the fatal charm of the background for a good woman; there is also the fatal charm of money for some men. Why do you want to marry me, when you know so well that I do not love you and never shall?"

Mercer sat back in his chair, breathing hard. This was a new Muriel and he did not like the change. What did she mean about the charm of money? With an effort of will, he controlled himself.

"Why do I want to marry you? Because I love you with every atom of my being," he cried, passionately. "Life without you is impossible."

Mercer was a good actor, but his voice lacked the force of real sincerity, his manner was a trifle too theatrical. Muriel, who knew real love, detected the false strain. She shook her head and smiled, a little grimly.

"That is not the reason, Hayden, the true reason," she said quietly.

Mercer made a gesture of repudiation; he reached out and caught her wrist.

"There is only one reason, and that is my boundless love for you," he declared, slowly and impressively, looking straight into her eyes, exerting all the power of which he was capable to break down this new-found strength.

Muriel regarded him steadily, wondering what it was that so oddly repelled her. It was, she decided, his pale eyes and thin lips, outward signs of a soul which was not true. There was something lacking in him, as in her guardian; the real character was hidden behind the veil of their pleasant manners. It was not so pronounced in Holt as in Mercer; the latter, she thought, was a much stronger character, but there was a lurking, furtiveness about them both, as though they were constantly on guard against something. It would never have been noticed by the casual acquaintance, but lately she had studied them both very closely, especially her guardian, and being constantly in his company, this hidden streak was becoming very apparent. Mercer's voice came to her, strangely distant, and she realized that she had not replied.

"I'm sorry, Hayden, but I cannot marry you, and that is definite."

There was a finality in her tone which had dismissed his passionate pleading as if they were commonplace utterances unworthy of serious consideration. The pupils of his pale eyes contracted, his thin lips drew into a bloodless line, and the muscles of his face twitched. When he spoke his voice was calm, almost silky, but there was a menace in its quietness.

"Very well, my dear. I must accept defeat . . . for the present."

Muriel, in spite of her outward coolness, trembled at the smooth tone which he adopted. She knew that he was raging and guessed that it was only by a strong effort that he kept control over himself.

She hastened to end the dreadful interview. Rising from her chair she was about to make some remark which would close the matter when the door opened and Holt, smiling beneficently, came into the room.

Muriel had the impression that he must have been outside, like an actor waiting for his cue, his entry was so well timed as to be theatrical.

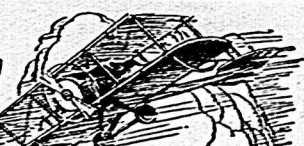
With a little nod to Mercer she fled through the windows to the garden, where she went quickly to her favorite spot, a tiny summer house, almost entirely covered with roses and hidden behind a hedge of privet. Neither of the men noticed where she had gone.

Ten minutes later they passed her; Mercer was speaking:

"I'll give you another seven days, Holt, to get that girl to make up her mind, and then, if it's still 'No,' I'll give her to the Doc to play with, damn her, I will!"

(To be continued.)

The ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before? Captain Jimmy is seen down in his plane on a desert island, while flying from China to Japan. Night after night he builds a fire to hope of attracting a passing ship. Then one evening he hears a steamer whistle in the darkness.

Night can't last forever. Gradually a faint light showed in the East. There we sat, all huddled around the fire, waiting. A dozen times I thought I made out a ship—only to find out that it was my imagination. Then came an excited yell from Chung.

"Lockee, lockee. Bigee Boat!"

There sure enough was a good sized freight steamer, anchored a few miles from shore.

Just about sun up, a boat put off and a little while later it was beached about where we landed our plane. The Captain, whose name was Bueno, had seen the faint glare of our fire and decided to stand by and investigate in the morning. The crew were all Filipinos and spoke not a word of English.

I explained to him that we must take the plane apart and bring it with us, and after a while we dismantled it, and carried it aboard. General Lu had gone with the first boat to the ship, from which he refused to budge, but Chung stayed with Scottie and me and went in the last boat.

"Chung," I said when leaving. "What shall we call that island of ours?"

Chung gave it a scornful look. "Call him EGG" and so Egg we called it, which after all was appropriate, for it was nearly egg-shaped.

It was hazy and growing towards dark as we stood on the bridge of the Madrigal peering by turns through the telescope at the vessel which lay on the very horizon. Now and then we could see faint flashes as though

a small gun was being fired.

Through the glass we could make out the ship as a small steamer, while dead ahead of it, and partly hidden from us was a second boat that we couldn't see clearly.

It was late in the afternoon of the first day out from Karatsu, Japan, with a full load of coal bound for Manila. Scottie and I were making the trip with Capt. Bueno and planning to spend some time on the islands. Securely lashed on deck was our plane, the Borden Eagle.

At Karatsu, we had built her some pontoons and we had rigged a derrick and sling so that in a very short space of time we could launch the plane, overboard.

The Captain was intently examining the strange ship through the telescope when, Chung rudely interrupted. "Chung lockee through longee stit," he announced.

That China boy was all a quiver to get the glass into his hands. Never had he seen one before, let alone hold one, and he was all excited. With one hand he held the eye piece to his eye and grasped the other end of the telescope firmly. The very next minute there

was an exclamation of surprise and the crew stood with the telescope all collapsed. He had pushed the two ends together and instead of a telescope about two or three feet long he held in his hands one that was only about eight or nine inches long. You should have seen the surprised expression on his face.

(To be continued.)

Note: Any young reader writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo, free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

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



Orderly parking of cars at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

Programs Issued For C.N.E. Meets

Athletic Events Scheduled on August 28, 29 and September 5

The Canadian National Exhibition will be the scene of three track meets during the Exhibition period.

On Friday, August 28, the Ontario Athletic Commission will hold their final meet, which will bring together the leading schoolboy athletes of the Province of Ontario.

The Exhibition officials, having in mind the fact that all of these winning schoolboy athletes will be here for the Friday meet, have decided to hold their junior meet on Saturday, August 29. Probably the feature event at this meet will be a special relay race in which the famous Central Collegiate relay team from Hamilton will compete against the best available school relay team in the United States.

The following is the complete list of events for Junior Athletic Day: 100 yards, boys under 12 years; 100 yards, boys under 14 years; 100 yards, boys under 16 years; 100 yards, boys under 18 years; 100 yards, boys under 20 years; 200 yards, boys under 20 years; 400 yards, boys under 20 years; 800 yards, boys under 20 years; 1 mile, boys under 20 years; 100 yards, girls under 14 years; 100 yards, girls under 16 years; 100 yards, girls under 18 years; 400 yard relay (110 yards each); 800 yard relay (220 yards each); 1 mile relay (440 yards each); 2-mile relay (880 yards each); medley relay (220, 440, 880, and 1 mile); 4-mile relay (1 mile each).

The relay events will be open to all schools or bona-fide athletic clubs, Y.M.C.A.'s or athletic organizations, and all competitors must be under 20 years of age on date of competition.

The annual Canadian National Exhibition Athletic Day, which is Canada's oldest track fixture, will be held on Saturday, September 5. The program will include the following events:

Canadian National Exhibition modified marathon (12 miles on Exhibition track). Starting at 1 p.m. sharp.

Dominion championship tug-of-war. Starting at 2 p.m.

Dominion championship tug-of-war for teams weighing under 1,300 pounds total weight (10 pounds clothing allowance per man). Gross weight, 1,330 pounds. Starting at 2 p.m.

100 yards, boys under 18 years; 1,000 yards, boys under 18 years; 100 yards, handicap; 220 yards, handicap; 440 yards, handicap; 1,000 yards, handicap; one mile, handicap, 2-mile walk, handicap; 440 yards, relay, open (110 yards each); 1 mile, relay, open (440 yards each).

Women's events—100 yards, under

18 years; 100 yards, open; 60 yards, hurdles, open; 440 yards, relay, open (110 yards each).

On Friday, Sept. 4, the junior gymnastic championships of Canada will be decided before the Grandstand, and on Saturday afternoon during the track meet the senior gymnastic championships of Canada will be held.

These two championships will include the following events: Parallel bars, tumbling, all-round, championship, horizontal bar, side horse, team championship.

Entry forms for these events are now available at the Exhibition offices, Lumsden Building, Toronto 2.

British Picture Causes Controversy

Cause of more controversy than any other British work of art in recent years, Mark Symon's famous painting, "My Lord I Mee," is to be on view at the Art Gallery of the Canadian National Exhibition.

The huge canvas, most discussed of modern masterpieces, depicts Christ, with St. Peter and St. John, in a modern English street, surrounded by crowds of present-day people in modern dress. Despite unquestioned artistic merit, this treatment of a religious theme caused its rejection by the Royal Academy. Shown later at a dealer's gallery, it drew mobs of art-lovers and ordinary citizens.

Symon, the artist, an intensely religious man, first planned to become a clergyman but later decided to convey his spiritual messages through his brush. His technique revives the intense religious painting of the Renaissance and his style is that of the early era. All his works are religious in character. Hours could be spent studying the detail in this, his most famous study. A sick child is being carried from a motor, in one corner. In the background are store windows filled with manikins, a steam-roller; on all sides, every-day men and women of all kinds. The artist has even included in the throng a picture of himself wheeling a baby carriage.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO



ONE WORLD EXPOSITION

"One seeing is worth a hundred tellings," a Chinese proverb extremely apt in its application to the Canadian National Exhibition.

Huge, costly, permanent buildings housing displays from the ends of the earth are set like gems in an exquisitely landscaped 350-acre park along a mile and a half of Lake Ontario's shore. Over ten miles of paved highways wind about the many beautiful structures and the hundreds of engaging attractions.

Throughout the entire fourteen days of the fifty-third Canadian National Exhibition there will be features, displays, sport affairs and ashore, art, music and performances of magnitude and diversity.

Make Toronto your rendezvous during the Canadian National Exhibition, Aug. 28 to Sept. 12. Ask travel agents about special reduced rates by boat, train or bus. Send for literature describing this year's exposition.

Reservations now being accepted for "ORIENTIA," glamorous spectacle of the Eastern World—mighty grandstand pageant; also for the 4 concerts by internationally famous EXHIBITION 2000-VOICE CHORUS in the Coliseum.

GRANDSTAND PAGEANT "ORIENTIA"—Reserved seats \$1.00, Box seats \$1.50 each (5 or 6 chairs in each box).

EXHIBITION 2000-VOICE CHORUS Sat., Aug. 29th; Thurs., Sept. 3; Tues., Sept. 8 and Sat., Sept. 12. Ground floor reserved, 75c. Box chairs \$1.00.

AUG. 28. to SEPT. 12. 1931 WORLD'S GREATEST PERMANENT EXPOSITION

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