

A cup of Salada Green tea invigorates and refreshes

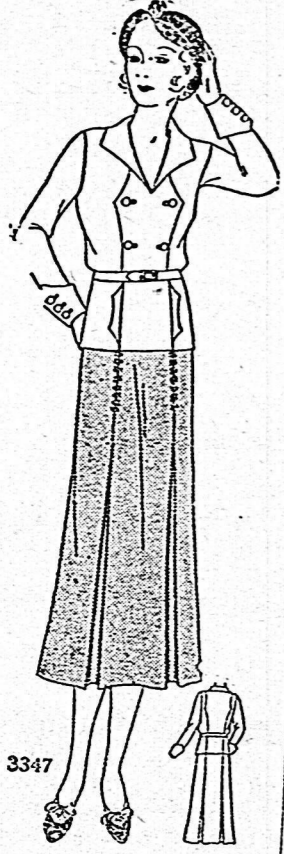
"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



A new waistcoat type that expresses school girl chic in black and vivid, red, woaden, a smart rich combination, a Paris favorite.

Don't you love the double-breasted bodice effect and side trimming pieces below the waistline impressive of pockets? The buttoned cuffs are snappy.

Another interesting scheme is plain brown used for the skirt with brown and red plaided worsted bodice. Canton-faille crepe is also chic in rich wine-red shade.

Style No. 3347 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 26 and 28 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 2 yards 30-inch or 54-inch for skirt, with 2 yards 30-inch for blouse.

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 (cash preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Patterns Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Fireworks The red-faced colonel was sitting in the first-class carriage reading his newspaper. Presently the guard's whistle sounded, and the colonel smilingly congratulated himself on securing an empty compartment for his long journey.

Just as the train began to move the door of the carriage burst open and another passenger scrambled in. The colonel clenched his fists irritably.

When, however, the newcomer had regained his breath he drew out his pipe and was about to light it, when he noticed that he was in a non-smoking carriage.

"For a moment or two he looked wonderingly at his fellow-passenger. "Eer, pardon me, sir," he said at last, "but do you mind if I smoke?"

The colonel gave him a withering stare. "No, sir!" he barked back. "You can burst into flames, for all I care!"

Cellar or basement dwellings in London number 30,000. They provide homes for 100,000, including 7,800 families, each of four persons, who live in one-room dwellings.

"Whenever I do indulge my sense of humor, it always gets me into trouble."—Calvin Coolidge.

FASHION HINT "Low to make my old short skirts conform to the new length was a problem to me until I hit on this plan. I dropped the hems, and as the part that had been turned under was darker than the rest, I redyed the entire dress, after having bleached the goods, following directions in the Diamond Dyes package.

"I used Diamond Dyes for the redyeing, of course. I have dyed many things with these wonderful colors. They have saved me many dollars and have never failed to give perfect results—smooth, even colors—fast to wear and washing. Friends think my things are new when I redye or tint them with Diamond Dyes. They do give the most gorgeous colors!"

Mrs. G.C. Levis, Quebec.

ISSUE No. 39—31

Notes of Science

Hen's eggs weighing four ounces are reported from Manchuria, and experiments are now being made to produce even larger ones by the Agricultural Experiment Station at the South Manchurian Railway.

It is known that the domestic fowl existed in China at least 4,000 years ago, and that such breeds as Cochins, Brahmas and Langshans originated in the southern part. The common Manchurian breed is not especially large and its eggs weigh about two ounces.

Some time ago, however, there were rumors in Manchuria of another type of hen which has a very large body and lays extremely large eggs. It was said that the hen weighed about nine pounds and their eggs to weigh fully three and one-half ounces. To locate this breed, and to improve its quality the station began work in 1928.

The native locality of this hen is very restricted, being the northern part of the territory of Hsichikwa (Pilsu) in Kwanto Province (Japanese-leased region), the eastern part of Fushien and the western part of Chuan-hou-shen, both Chinese districts. The type had not been popular because the Chinese sell eggs by number and not by weight, and as the hens were not good layers, the breed had nearly become extinct. But the experimenters managed to collect thirteen cocks and thirty-two hens in two years from these regions.

At first the eggs produced were not remarkable, only three being as large as three ounces. But in 1928 one pullet laid eggs having an average weight of about four ounces, and she laid one double-yolk egg weighing five ounces. In 1930 there were four pullets that laid eggs averaging about three and a half ounces.

It is said among Chinese farmers that the hens that lay large eggs are the case. In the station's flock the number of eggs produced by the pullets that laid eggs about three ounces in weight was less than eighty a year. One pullet, however, laid 136 eggs averaging nearly three ounces.

"Fire-Resistant" Wood Recently there has been a revival in research aiming to make wood more "fire resistant." Lumber industries are concerned because of the trend in the building industry toward cement and steel, the so-called "fireproof" construction; architects, contractors and builders are seeking cheaper and more adaptable fireproof building material. The public in general is interested in the reduction of fire losses, while wood-preserving and chemical industries see in fireproofing a field of enlarged activities.

No treatment of wood, so far as is known, protects wood from destruction under high temperatures, so the term "fireproof wood" is not strictly accurate. The words "fire retardant" or "fire resistant" express better the properties of wood treated with fireproofing chemicals.

Statistics show that from about one-third to one-half of the annual fire loss to property in this country occurs in frame buildings and their contents. Undoubtedly the use of more fire-resistant materials would reduce these losses to some extent.

There are two general methods of increasing the resistance of wood to fire; the use of surface coatings and treatments and impregnation processes.

Most coatings do not increase the fire resistance materially, and their effectiveness has generally failed to impress engineers. But they are cheap and are easily applied. Impregnation methods are of fairly recent origin, although the commercial treatment of wood with fire retardants by pressure methods was undertaken in this country about thirty-five years ago.

Fireproofing studies were undertaken at the Forest Products Laboratory of the Department of Agriculture about 1913.

Hardness I have seen them, men and women standing the things they had to—Sold, heat, the failure of sun and rain. And the walls about those they loved, I have seen them standing the things they had to, And growing harder, like iron drawn from the forge.

I have seen how men turn from them To those who are soft as April after the winds go down. But I say to you who pass by them, seeking a fleece for yourselves, There is the way of trumpets ringing across the hills, There is the way of stars on glittering winter nights, There is the way of men who have lasted down to today. —Harriet Plimton, in Scribner's Magazine.

The Wrong Word Toogood's face wore a worried frown as he approached Butler. "I say, old man," he said, "I am sorry, indeed, that I called you a rhinoceros yesterday."

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 five-year-old son, Kestrel House, is a very interesting character. He is a very intelligent boy, and he is very fond of his father. He is also very fond of his mother, and he is very fond of his sister. He is also very fond of his dog, and he is very fond of his cat. He is also very fond of his horse, and he is very fond of his bicycle. He is also very fond of his books, and he is very fond of his games. He is also very fond of his friends, and he is very fond of his teachers. He is also very fond of his school, and he is very fond of his home.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.) Barnard pulled open the door, revealing some old clothes hung on pegs, but nothing else. For several moments he stared into the cupboard and then, sweeping aside the coats, gave a grunt of satisfaction as he discovered a knob at the back. Taking hold of it, he turned it about. There was a soft grating noise and the whole of the rear slid down disclosing an aperture just large enough for him to squeeze through. Motioning Trotter to remain where he was, Barnard pushed ed into the cupboard and with some difficulty got through the opening. He found himself in a small chamber totally devoid of furniture and smelling strongly of some chemical which he could not identify.

While he was standing in the middle of the room searching the walls for the secret exit, which he knew must exist, the grating sound was repeated. Before he could take a step forward the back of the cupboard shot up into place again. He heard Trotter give a yell of mingled pain and rage, and the revolver crashed twice.

Barnard leaped at the door of the small chamber and hurled his shoulder against it, but he might have discovered with equal success to batter his way through the outer walls of the building, for that sliding door was made of steel. He realized that he was trapped, and he himself in the gravest possible danger, but it was characteristic of the man that he remained dandy calm without the smallest hint of panic.

The chemical smell became more pungent; it filled the room and made him cough painfully. He guessed that the place was full of some poisonous gas, increasing in density every second. He slipped his torch from his pocket and saw that his surmise was correct, the beam shone through a greenish haze. A violent fit of coughing took him; he felt his senses reel as he staggered to the wall for support. He felt something seemed to burst in his head and he fell in a crumpled heap upon the floor.

When Barnard returned to consciousness he found himself lying upon something hard, raised several feet from the ground. All around him was chemical apparatus and electric plant. In one corner stood a metallurgist's furnace, which was giving out considerable heat. But the object which attracted his attention most was a large cylinder, some seven feet long and four feet in diameter. He noticed that it was connected by a series of fine wires to a large box beneath. There was something strangely sinister about this cylinder, and the action revealed the fact that both the table and wrists were tightly bound to the table on which he was stretched.

He heard a shuffling step behind him and the harsh, cracked voice of Andre Moineau spoke. "Ah, so you have recovered consciousness, Mr. Barnard. Good! I was hoping that you would not delay my experiment too long. One day I promised to show you my apparatus; did I not? Well, here we are, wonderful, is it not?"

Barnard could see him now, and again he shivered. The terrible old man with his vulture-like face and black skull cap drawn over his ears moved into his range of vision and stood staring at him with a fearful inhuman expression in his bright eyes.

"You don't say anything," he complained. "Perhaps you are wondering where you are. Somewhere where I'm afraid that your friends will not find you, Mr. Barnard. You are, in fact, underground, as safe a retreat as one could imagine. They will never solve the secret of your disappearance and never find their way down here. But that is beside the point. Let me now give you a brief explanation which you will no doubt find interesting and which, perhaps may make you more reconciled to the part which you are destined to play in the sacred cause of science. I will endeavor to be as non-technical as possible."

Barnard felt the sweat breaking on his brow as he stared back at those bright, unwinking eyes regarding him with such horrible detachment. Somehow he seemed half-hypnotized, and made no attempt to speak.

"In my younger days," continued Moineau, drawing the shabby dressing-gown closer about his frail figure, "as he leaned against a bench, "it was the custom among scientific men to deny the existence of a soul. I don't know to which of the many sects of that amazing imposture, Christianity, you yourself adhere; but doubtless it has taught you to believe that you have a soul. Now just what do you understand that mysterious thing to be? Don't trouble to answer, you will tell me some nonsense you learned parrot-fashion as a small boy. Nevertheless, however confused and fantastic your ideas may be, you are

actually possessed of a soul, and it is your soul with which I am concerned. I must leave it. I am in fact, Mr. Barnard, a good thief."

The harsh crackle which Moineau gave as he made this astounding confession jarred every nerve in the chief inspector's body. "He was a madman, something so foul that he was conscious of nausea. Moineau grinned evilly as he watched the effect of his words, then he went on again. "Modern science teaches the real constitution of matter and reveals that the atom of every element of matter is a particle of electricity. Behind all physical and mental phenomena, conscious or unconscious, there is which are termed physical and mental are merely different sides of the same coin."

Do You Know?

So-called China isn't really China at all. China is just a name given it by the Malays. "Tehina" is what the Malays called it centuries ago, and to the outside world the name has stuck, but not to the native.

Up until a few years ago, when the country became a republic, its name was constantly changing to fit the name of the King's family. "Thising" was its name a hundred years ago, while just before it was called "Tarsing," and before that was "Tehsing," and that was how the Malays got their "Tehina."

Funeral is a common word, but the origin of the word is decidedly interesting as showing how funerals were held in olden times. Most ancient peoples cremated their dead, but about two thousand years ago the Romans began to bury their dead.

Getting rid of a body was not considered a very pleasant sight, so the friends of the dead buried the bodies at night. In order to see just what they were doing the friends carried big torches, which were called "funes," from the Latin word "funis."

That word "funes" has stuck all through the centuries, so when we speak of a funeral we really speak of torches. Scissors were unknown two thousand years ago, and previous to that era all cutting was done with a knife. Some knives were made especially sharp and were called razors because they were used by men for cutting hair and beards.

Beards and hair were allowed to grow quite long, but when they became too long they were cut down with these razors. Shaving the chin did not come into fashion until nearly a thousand years ago, and then men shaved only their chins, evidently to keep their whiskers out of the way.

Chinese races, Indians and Eskimos at first did their cutting with sharp stones, and as these would not cut the various razors pulled the hairs out as fast as they appeared. This discouraged the hairs of the face and Nature began to stop making facial hairs.

And this, by the way, is one of the most interesting things about Nature. Tails of rats are usually long, acting as rudders as well as balances. In the scientific University building known as the Wistar Institute, in Philadelphia, Dr. Greenman, probably the greatest living scientist biologist, has kept thousands of rats for a score of years.

Once Dr. Greenman took a number of rats and carefully and painlessly cut off the tails of all rats as they were born. He kept doing this for many years, and each new generation came to life with shorter and shorter tails.

Now this great scientist has a race of tailless rats, because nature has become so discouraged that she stopped putting tails on them. Why should cats, squirrels, foxes and such animals have such big and long tails? Because they need them in their business.

Cut the tail off a cat and he can't walk on the top of a fence to save his life. He can't balance himself. Cut the tail off a squirrel and he would fall from a tree the first time he tried to run along the branches.

Watch a cat as she strolls along on the thin, narrow top of a fence. Watch his tail swing from side to side as he balances himself, just a little twist, but enough to keep him from falling.

Dogs and foxes, as well as many other animals, run very rapidly and turn corners at full speed. Turning sharp corners is the greatest stunt of the fox, who suddenly

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before? After the rescue of the crew of the burning ship, Captain Jimmy decides to try over the island of Formosa and visit the country of the Stuart take as early in the morning. But don't think that the Taiwans are not still headhunters. They're just as savage as ever, and all efforts to civilize them have failed. Every young boy is taught to steal through the woods and make his kill. Then he brings back the head of a fallen enemy — for what Taiwan girl would have a youth who had not proven his bravery by bringing her back a head?

Yes, sir, they still hunt heads in the mountains of Formosa. So dangerous are these savage men of the hills that the Japanese have placed a wide road through the island, guarded by soldiers and a high fence charged with electric current.

Now and then the savages tunnel under the fence and attack some outlying camp where camphor is made. One or two of the Japanese are always killed before the headhunters are driven back, yet they continue to push right up to the guard line, for the best camphor trees are found on the mountain slopes and the industry is very profitable.

Flying low over the island, we were struck by the wonderful beauty of the country—also we were impressed to see a couple of planes hurriedly leave the ground to investigate us. Maybe those Japanese army planes were investigating us. They came up so quickly it made it feel as if we were tied to a post. We knew that we could not get away from them, so we spiralled down into the harbor and landed on the beach. Dozens of people crowded down to the water front to meet us, curious to see what was going to happen. Then a big automobile, driven by a chauffeur in uniform rolled up to the water front and stopped. From it alighted the snappiest Japanese officer you ever saw.

He certainly looked like trouble, for we knew we shouldn't have down over the island without permission. Anyway, there we were, so we might as well make the best of it. He waited until we came within speaking distance—but before he had a chance to say a word, I asked for the Governor of the island. In very precise English, he replied: "I have the honor to present His Highness, Count Ogachi." I introduced Stuart and myself and explained that we were anxious to visit the camphor camp and see the article being made. By this time, the two Japanese army planes had arrived and two very hot, irritated army officers were on the scene. They all seemed put out—probably because they hadn't found an opportunity to shoot us down or place us under arrest.

They all asked us a flock of questions. When one would run out of ideas another would take it up. Finally they brought us before a magistrate and we answered all the old questions and a lot of new ones as well. Then, all of a sudden, they decided we were all right. We could go where we pleased. Visit the camphor camps—and they gave us an official guide and a car! We were too surprised for words. After a drive of fifty miles or more we came to the end of the good road. We stepped path into the mountains. On both sides were evidence of great camphor trees having been chopped down; here and there stumps dug up. The roots, you know, are the richest in camphor.

(To be continued.) Note: any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy," 2010 Star Building, Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

Making the Most of It George had become the very proud owner of a pig. It was a gift from his father, and the boy insisted on caring for the animal himself. Some weeks went by, and the boy's father agreed that the pig did not appear to grow. He decided to mention the fact to the youth. "George, my boy," he said one day, "you are not feeding your pig enough. It doesn't seem to be fattening a bit." George smiled artfully. "That's all right, father," he replied. "I don't want to fatten him yet. I'm waiting until he gets as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."

It took eleven months to prepare the grass courts at Wimbledon, England, for the recent lawn tennis championships, but in two weeks the grass was worn and yellow. The groundsmen are already at work on them for next year's matches. In seed and manure alone the renovation will cost well over \$5,000. Stowaways are becoming increasingly numerous on board vessels leaving Australia, a dozen or so being the usual number found in one ship.

OSTRICH FEATHERS COME BACK Fashion is reviving the ostrich feather, but the supplies are very restricted. There were 750,000 ostriches in South Africa in 1913, but less than half that number in 1923.

MUSIC SPEEDS THE SUM! Sotly played gramophone music is said to speed up the working out of arithmetical sums. Schools under the London County Council have the services of 115 doctors, 350 nurses, and 64 dentists.

You'll like this tempting MAGIC MENU

Look for this mark on every tin. It is a guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

Try this Recipe for *ALMOND CAKES

1 cup butter	11 cups flour
2 cups sugar	2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 cup milk	1 cup almonds, blanched and cut in pieces

Mix ingredients in order given, and bake in individual cake pans, or small paper containers, as shown in the illustration.

This recipe together with those used in the Magic Menu, and dozens of other equally delightful ones, are all listed in the New FREE Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, and a copy will be sent to you.

BUY MADE-IN-CANADA GOODS

MAGIC Baking powder ensures better baking results

Keep a copy of the New Magic Cook Book handy and you'll never have to worry about thinking up suggestions for attractive meals. Here, for instance, is a delightful menu selected at random from the dozens of interesting recipes it contains.

DINNER MENU
Cream Frangaise Soup
Orange and Cheese Salad
Swiss Steak
with browned potatoes
Muffins—Caramel Pie
Almond Cakes*
Chazé & Sanborn's Tea or Coffee.

Canada's total wool clip is about 21,000,000 pounds annually, while Canadian mills use at least twice as much as this every year and Canadian consumption of manufactured woollens equals about four times the clip.