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Powers
Live while you live, Life calls for all your powers;

This instant day your utmost strength demands.

He wastes himself who stops to watch the sands,

And, miser-like, hoards up the golden hours.

—William Henry Hudson.

A New Kind of Bird

Flying, in 1903, did not mean specially constructed helmet, leather coat, parachute, and goggles. Wilbur Wright, in cloth cap and his working clothes, climbed onto the lower wing of the plane. The pilot was to lie prone, as in the gliders. A kind of "cradle" fitted his hips; by its movement he manipulated the flexible wings and the rudder. In one hand he gripped the elevator lever. The motor clattered and roared. Everything was ready.

Wilbur released the catch by which the restraining wire was held, and with a rush the machine darted forward.

The landing was disastrous. The left wing swung down too late for Wilbur to regain balance by use of the rudder and wing-warping, and scraped along the ground. The machine swung around, dug the skids into the sand and broke one of them. Other minor parts of the framework were broken. Flying was ended for that day.

But it took more than that to discourage Wil and Orv Wright.

Late in the afternoon of December 16th, two days later, the skid and other damaged parts were repaired and final adjustments were being made. The machine was standing on the track in front of the shed which had been built for it, and Wilbur and Orville, by themselves, were working over it. A stranger, a man who had never seen the curious craft before, came past. Silently he surveyed the machine from this side and that. At length he spoke:

"What kind of contraption you make?"

"One of the brothers looked up. Wil and Orv were always glad to answer questions.

"It's a flying machine—an airplane." The man squinted his eyes. It was a new kind of bird to him.

"You mean it goes up in the air? You ain't really goin' to fly in it?"

"Just what we think we're going to do," laughed the other, "if we get a suitable wind to-morrow."

The stranger stared. He stroked his chin, swept his glance over the maze of wing and wire, and gulped.

"Wal," he commenced, "looks to me 's if she oughta fly, er somethin'—if she gits a—suitable wind."

Then, shaking his head, he went on. And Wil and Orv stopped work to chuckle.—Mitchell V. Charnley, in "The Boys' Life of the Wright Brothers."

Throughness
Lord St. Leonard's once said to Sir Powell Buxton, "I resolved when reading law to make everything acquired perfectly my own. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but having fairly mastered it, what I read was as fresh at the end of twelve months as when I read it, while others had glided from recollection."

A Summer Victim
He was sure that everything he knew. Poor fellow, his way was grim. He tried to paddle his own canoe before he had learned to swim.

THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

SYNOPSIS

Henry Holt and his ward, Maribel Mainwaring, are staying at a Hartwood farm. Holt's friend, Montagu, living at Kestrel House, is desirous that Maribel should marry his nephew, David Mercer, whom she dislikes. Several mysterious disappearances have been startling. Another boarder at the farm, Percroft Pycroft, and his valet, Flack, try to unravel the mystery of Kestrel House. Hayden Mercer threatens Maribel who refuses to marry him. Inspector Barnard rescues her when she is attacked on the moor by Darryl Mullen. Hayden Mercer and Trotter enter Kestrel House and are trapped by Montagu in his underground laboratories. Pycroft effects a rescue.

CHAPTER XXIII. (Cont'd.)

Barnard stared hard at his subordinate.

"So you're not dead, as I thought," he said. Trotter grinned, and removing his shabby bowler, revealed two splits in the crown.

Barnard realized the secret of that ancient headpiece—it was steel-lined, and to this the sergeant owed his life.

The man who bore such a remarkable resemblance to Pycroft glanced at his watch.

"What about getting back?" he suggested. "We can explain as we go along. Feel like it, Barnard?"

Barnard nodded, but he was glad of a supporting hand as they walked through the plantation down to the bridge, where a car was waiting. He noticed that the driver was Freddy Flack, but made no comment. He had exhausted his capacity for surprise.

"Now," said Pycroft, "I guess you want to know the story, eh?"

"I suppose you are aware," continued Pycroft, "that both Holt and Kohn, alias Mercer, are dead. Fought it out in the valley apparently."

Barnard shook his head.

"I did not know it," he replied, "but I guessed what would be Holt's fate when Miss Mainwaring told me that he had gone gunning after Mercer. So he actually did get his man, did he?"

"Sure, he got him. But let me begin at the beginning. Slick Samuels told you that Mercer and Mullen were printing forged notes, but Slick was not aware of the extent of the business. Those two fellows were flooding certain European States with dud money and the consequences were getting so serious that international trouble threatened on a large scale. The job was given to me to trace the origin of those notes. I examined specimens and concluded that Mullen was the only man with sufficient skill to carry out such clever work. After a number of false starts I traced him to Dartmouth and then I found that I was running across your trail and that something other than printing was taking place in Kestrel House.

"Holt puzzled me at first, but I raided his room and discovered that his trunk had a false bottom. There was nothing in it at the time, but the peculiar smell of new notes was very apparent. He was acting as their dispatching agent but I doubt if he was really in their confidence. Mercer had some hold over him, which must have been pretty strong."

"After the episode of my kidnapping and attempted murder, I sent for Flack. By the way, I have a number of crooks on my payroll. They all fancy that I'm a sort of super-crook, but they don't know who I am—any more than you do," he added with a smile.

Barnard smiled in return.

"I've seen you before, somewhere, sir," he said, "but I can't place you, even now."

"No? Well, never mind, let's get on with the story. Flack's a stout little fellow and has paid pretty heavily for his lapses from the path of virtue. I took him over to Kestrel House and we discovered their back entrance, a tunnel leading up from the gorge, the track of an ancient underground river, I think. While we were there we had a fright. Some ghastly creature which closely resembled Ford's Hell Hound appeared and fairly put the breeze up us both."

Barnard nodded grimly.

"I'll tell you about that poor devil later, sir."

"Good, I should like to hear the truth about it. . . . one of Montagu's experiments, eh? I thought so. Well, to continue, Mercer was another who puzzled me. I did not at first attribute to the fact that he had dyed his hair to a rich golden and had allowed it to grow long and wavy. I obtained his finger prints by means of a simple little trick with a cigarette case and when they were identified, I was on a safer ground. I knew the type of rascal I had to deal with and what to expect from him. All the while I was acting the drunken fool and generally making myself an idiot. I often wondered if it was deceiving you—did it?"

"At first, yes," admitted Barnard, "but not later."

Pycroft smiled.

"Sorry I had to lead you up the garden as I did, but it was of the utmost importance that my true position should not be suspected. Obviously there had to come a time when the silly-ass stunt would be spotted by the Kestrel House gang, and the only safe alternative was to be a brother crook. If I had taken you into my confidence you would never have acted so convincingly as when you really did suspect me. But, by gad, it was not all beer and skittles having you on my trail. I had so many things to watch at once.

"Mercer, for instance, was desperately anxious to marry Miss Mainwaring. This intrigued me, as there seemed no object. Affection with such a cold-blooded criminal being out of

the question, of course. I set enquiries on foot through certain channels of my own organization, and I learned that Mainwaring had left his daughter considerable land in Africa. He had made Holt his executor and trustee for the girl. At one time they had had business relations of a very close order, and apparently he entertained perfect confidence in Holt. At heart Holt was not a bad fellow, but somehow Mercer had him absolutely under his thumb. I suspect that it was a matter of I.D.E. Anyway, a rich seam of gold has recently been discovered on this land, and it may prove to be worth a huge fortune to the owner. That is what Mercer was after, and Miss Mainwaring would have lived exactly long enough to sign over the deeds to him."

"Ah, so that was it!" exclaimed Barnard. "I wondered what the real game was."

Pycroft nodded, and continued: "After I had fled from justice, assisted by the noble Flack, plucky lad, we parked the car in a cave, well out on the moor, and hid there ourselves. We never lost sight of either Mercer or Mullen when they left Kestrel House, day or night one of us was on guard. Several times we actually entered the house itself, and learned most of its secrets, the traps and secret doors, I mean. Freddy Flack is a wonder, Barnard."

"Too wonderful," snapped the chief inspector, "he's a public menace."

"You'll laugh if I tell you he's going straight in future, so I won't say it. Well, now we return to the business which actually brought me here. The process of printing the notes was perfected by Moineau, who at one time was a pretty well-known chemist in France and Italy until he became associated with an Italian secret society. He appears to have been one of the leading lights, and when the gang was broken up he was forced to flee for his life. Naturally he came to England; they all do. Mercer was, I believe, a nephew of sorts, and probably assisted him in his electrical research. What that actually was doubtless you will be able to tell me later."

"I shall!" replied Barnard, between his teeth.

"It was that research work which brought him down. Apparently it was necessary for his experiments to be done on human bodies—we found evidence that he had burned human bones in the furnace—and, of course, the difficulty of procuring human bodies alive for experimental work made kidnapping necessary. This was carried out by Mullen and Mercer, who used a car, which, incidentally, Flack destroyed. Moineau would have been very much safer to have stayed in London, where the disappearance could not have been so quickly noticed. Anyway, the remains that he did come here for the reason of his own and made a mess of it. When I saw that things were coming to a head, I wired for Sir Harry and met him at Totnes, where he got Flack out of prison. Apart from the fact that he ought not to have been there, he was necessary to us. There's no body quite so good as Freddy when it comes to locks and bolts. He worked mightily hard to reach you tonight, and I guess we arrived not a second too soon, eh?"

"You did not, sir," replied Barnard, emphatically. "Another minute and that lunatic would have found me."

"An, well," smiled Pycroft, "it's all in the day's work. Now let's have your side of the yarn."

"One moment, sir," said Barnard quickly. "May I ask you are?"

Sir Harry Chamberlain leaned forward.

"Let me introduce you to Captain John Fortescue, of the Foreign Office Intelligence Department. His identity and his many adventures in the service of the Crown are known only to a very selected few. But, as he is shortly to resign and embark upon the more perilous adventure of Holy Matrimony, there's no harm in your knowing."

"By gad, sir," exclaimed Barnard, as he grasped the firm hand extended to him, "and I thought you were a criminal! I've got to thank you for my life."

"Nonsense, old fellow," smiled Fortescue. "If you've got to thank anyone, thank Freddy Flack, he dug you out."

Barnard and the Assistant Commissioner were walking up the hill to Barrows Farm with the object of arranging certain matters with the Secret Service Officer. As they came over the crest Sir Harry seized Barnard's arm and halted him. On the edge of the moor against the moonlit sky two figures moved, a moment later they were merged into one in a close embrace.

"Brrrr! hump!" exclaimed Sir Harry, turning about: "Some other time, I think, Barnard. . . . Captain Fortescue appears to be engaged on pressing business."

(The End.)

Brevities
Socrates said: "I know this, that I know nothing."

Every man knows just what he remembers.—Latin Maxim.

Life without cross-examination is no life at all.—Socrates.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.—Publius Syrus.

He that does good to another man, does also good to himself.—Seneca.

'Tis rarely that men have respect and reverence enough for themselves.—Quintilian.

Striking Similes

1930's crop of the "East Indies of the year," gathered by Frank J. Wilstack, is unusually rich in up-to-the-minute allusions. For example:

This world of ours has been constructed like a superbly written novel: We pursue the tale with avidity, hoping to discover the plot.—Sir Arthur Keith.

A smear of snow hung like torn wool on the mountainside.—Sinclair Lewis.

Dancers have knees like oranges.—Alexander Leftwich.

As ridiculous as an elephant in a bird cage.—Lester Laming.

He is so low that it would take a special dispensation from heaven to raise him to the level of total degradation.—Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Light as an angel's feather.—William J. Locke.

Will perish as surely as the eggshells of yesterday's breakfast.—Robert Littell.

Flicker of remembrance—like a shimmer in waves of wheat.—O. O. McIntyre.

Crisp as a full-dress shirt.—Donald Rose.

Garrulous as a pinch of snuff.—Henry Morton Robinson.

As uneasy as a man meeting easy payments.—Robert W. Rogers.

As mysterious as chop suey.—Chas. G. Shaw.

Long solos curved upward at the top like the rockers of a Summer hotel chair.—Owen Wister.

She coughed like a shyster banging in the dark.—Paul Francis Webster.

Forward as a radiator cap.—Terry Ramsaye.

Clean as an operating room.—Elsie McCormick.

Three Factors Stressed In Quick Stopping of Car

If the motorist would avoid "driving too fast for conditions," he should bear in mind the three main factors involved in stopping a car, according to Motor Vehicle Commissioner Harold C. Hoffman of New Jersey. The factors are the driver himself, the brakes and the road.

Much depends, Mr. Hoffman says, on the driver's alertness in seeing an obstacle for which he must stop, no less than on his "reaction time"—the interval between the moment he perceives the obstacle and the moment at which he brings the brakes into play. This is estimated normally at from three-fourths of a second to a second and a half.

Following application of the brakes, the stopping distances at various speeds, given well adjusted brakes and a level, dry road, are estimated by Mr. Hoffman as follows: at 10 miles an hour, 6 feet; at 15 miles an hour, 13 feet; at 20 miles, 24 feet; at 25 miles, 35 feet; at 30 miles, 51 feet; at 35 miles, 73 feet; at 40 miles, 95 feet; at 45 miles, 121 feet; at 50 miles, 150 feet, and at 60 miles, 216 feet.

The degree of levelness of the road is considered by Mr. Hoffman its chief influence upon stopping distance. A 6 per cent. grade, he says, increases the stopping distance at 10 miles an hour to 10 feet; at 30 miles an hour, to 95, and at 60 miles an hour, to 377 feet.

A Flower Sermon

In the soft dusk before the night The lilies gleam like flowers of light, Reminding us that there may be Some brightness in obscurity; And all the sweetness of the rose The tender power of love forshows, Unselfish love that is content With spending, yet is never spent, Nor can its firmly-planted seed Uprooted be by word or deed.

Dark pansies in a shady grove Bid us have patience with our lot, While marigolds tell us to bless Our own small worlds with cheerful thoughts.

Daisy and pink and pale sweet-pea Alike enjoin humility; Bright sunflowers in corners stand Like golden angels, hand in hand, Calling on grateful hearts to raise With them to heaven a psalm of praise.

So if their message we discern, Grace from each flower we may learn.—Kathleen Lee, in "The Times," London.

World's Oldest Wheel

The oldest wheel yet found, dating from about 3,000 B.C., has been discovered in an ancient site in Southern Babylonia, it is announced in the annual report of the Archaeological Survey of India. It formed part of a two-wheeled cart and is believed to be about 1,000 years earlier than the earliest wheels found in Egypt.

The find is of especial significance since the wheel is one of the fundamental inventions of mankind. The discovery of its principle greatly altered the course of history.

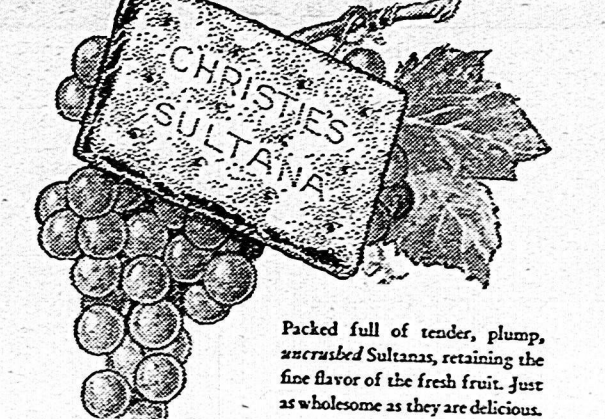
On the same site, the report states, were found the ruins of houses of burned brick and a large walled excavation with a drain which evidently was used as a bath by the ancient people. They also were fine cotton materials. Skeletal remains show that they were a narrow-headed group, perhaps distantly related to the Mediterranean peoples of Europe. Approximately 1,000 seals with undecipherable pictographs were found. Evidence was found of a religion based upon worship of the great Mother God, with cults recalling those of Babylon and Crete.

Up Against It
I have made up my bed and on it I must lie, However uncomfortable it may be, My wife and all the servants are away And there's no one home to make the bed but me.

Peace
Peace cannot be established on the point of a sword. It must be based upon the will of the people.

Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.—Thomas Carlyle.

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"Knock Him Down"

Lenora M. Bailey

"Knock him down, Mary! Turn around and give him a good one when he hits you like that. Just what he needs, if you ask me."

Mary Nyberg looked at her sister-in-law in surprise.

"Oh, no. You don't mean that, Tilly. Why, Raymond was only wanting to play, I'm sure."

Raymond had come into the living room as Mary stood before the piano and had hit her rather hard on the back.

"Play, nothing!" returned the mother. "He's just mean and rough. I can't do a thing with him and I should love to see some one else handle him and give him what he needs."

"I can't think that my little nephew is so bad," said Mary. "Come on, Raymond, let's have a swing on the porch while your mother takes a little rest before it is time for your father to come home."

Little Raymond followed his aunt to the porch, where they proceeded to get better acquainted.

Mary had but recently married into the Nyberg family so she had visited these new relatives only a few times. She was very much surprised and somewhat bewildered at the attitude taken toward the five-year-old Raymond.

To be sure the two older children were treated in much the same way, but they seemed to have learned to take it as a matter of course. They could understand that their mother did not mean just what she said. But Raymond, who had lived much with his grandmother, seemed more sensitive. He opened his large black eyes in wonder every time his mother raised her voice sternly and impatiently.

"Raymond, why don't you try to please your mother by doing just as she wants you to do, so she won't have to get so cross and impatient?" Mary finally asked.

"I don't know, Aunt Mary, but I don't think Mother ought to yell at me like she does. Grandmother doesn't—and Mrs. Wall doesn't and we mind Mrs. Wall all the time."

"Who is Mrs. Wall, dear?"

"She is our kindergarten teacher. She sure is nice to us. She talks nice and soft and never does yell or talk loud and ugly no matter what we do. She says, 'Raymond will you please set these chairs all in a nice circle for me?' and I do it just as fast as ever I can. I don't even say 'I don't want to' like I do to Mother."

With that Raymond jumped down from the porch swing where he had been sitting beside his aunt. "There is Anna Lee," he said, and ran to meet a playmate who had just entered the yard with some gay balloons.

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