

Salada Orange Pekoe is a blend of fresh young leaves



'Fresh from the gardens'

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



3068

When you study this smart frock, you'll see it's really very simple to fashion. It's stunning too. Diagonal seaming emphasizes the smooth fitting neckline. The bodice cuts in one until it joins the skirt.

It's so thoroughly wearable in dull black supple woolen, the smartest idea for town wear.

Crepe satin, flat crepe canton-faite crepe and wool-fleeced rayon voile are exceedingly lovely ideas for its development.

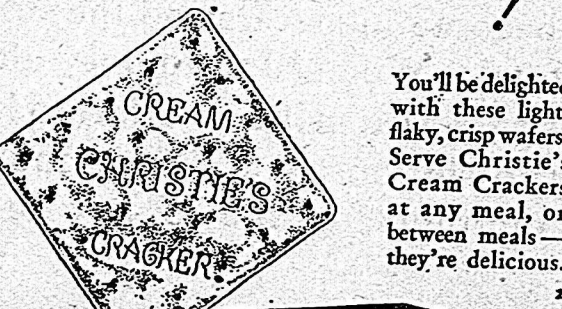
Style No. 3068 comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 1 1/2-inch lace and 1/2 yard of 18-inch contrasting.

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.

A Writer and His Dog

In a brief article syndicated by the McNaught Synd., Inc., Will Rogers said of his friend, O. O. McIntyre, "He gives, I have often thought, more space in his column to his little dog than I do to the United States Senate. He knows that everybody at heart loves a dog, while I have to try and make converts to the Senate." Then he further says, "In London, five years ago, old Lord Dewar, a great humorist and character actor gave his children a little white dog (Sealingham), saying 'If this dog knew how well he was bred he wouldn't speak to any of us. We have petted him, complained at him, called him a nuisance, but when we buried him yesterday, we couldn't think of a wrong thing he had ever done. His bravery was his undoing. He lost to a rattlesnake, but his face was towards him.'—Our Dumb Animals.

Here are the NEW Christie's Cream Crackers



You'll be delighted with these light, flaky, crisp wafers. Serve Christie's Cream Crackers at any meal, or between meals—they're delicious.

JIM THE CONQUEROR

By PETER B. KYNE  
Illustrated by Allen Dean

SYNOPSIS

Roberta Antrim has just received word of the death of her uncle, Tom Antrim. She reads the message to Bill Latham, an uncle-in-law with whom she makes her home, and to Glenn Hackett, a suitor whose suit is not progressing any too favorably.

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"Nonsense, Uncle Bill. He's young. Of course he is. There's no note of a relative's youth in this telegram, and I'm surprised that you have overlooked it. He is very handsome, with raven-black hair and white teeth; he is about six feet tall, has small hands and feet, and sings and plays the guitar under ladies' windows. When he greets a lady he bows over her hand and kisses it, oh, so lightly and respectfully! I adore him like that."

Glenn Hackett fidgeted uncomfortably. He knew he was under fire, but from ambush. However, he decided to try a chance shot. "If he should ever meet you, Bobby, he would undoubtedly tell you that you, of course, would tease him on, for the mere joy of the conquest, and when he awakened to the true state of affairs his love would turn to hatred and he'd tuck you away in the local cemetery with your late Uncle Tom."

"That's right, Hackett. A girl can't play fast and loose with her Mexican sweetheart. They have their women trained down there and lead them in the way they should go. I wish Higuera had informed us who killed Cock Robin. He merely says it was a crowman."

"I wonder if he got hurt?" Roberta murmured.

"Does it matter particularly?" For a reason he had not even tried to analyze, but which had been born of a subconscious resentment of the man who had made it possible to interject Jaime Miguel Higuera into Roberta Antrim's thoughts, Glenn Hackett spoke.

"Ten thousand cunnings, imps peeped for an instant from Crooked Bill's old eyes. "No, he didn't get hurt—at least, not very badly."

"How do you know?" Hackett demanded, and Roberta looked at her uncle inquiringly.

"I don't know. I just feel it, bud. Did I ever tell you that I am the seventh son of a seventh son and that I was born with a veil?"

"No, you did not, and this is the first I have heard of it." Roberta challenged. "I believe you know Jaime Miguel Higuera."

"I couldn't make an affidavit to that, Roberta. I cannot recall having met him or even heard of him, so help me!"

"You're somewhat mysterious." "That's why he's called Crooked Bill," Hackett informed her.

"I'm not at all mysterious," the old rascal protested.

"I know you're not, Uncle Bill. You're perfectly obvious, but you adore appearing mysterious."

"And just then the butler entered to announce dinner."

"Better reconsider your decision and break bread with us," Crooked Bill urged their guest.

"Yes, do," Roberta pleaded. "Thank you; I think I shall not."

"Harms, will you be good enough to get my hat and coat and telephone the garage for my car?"

When Glenn Hackett's car had rolled away down the driveway, Crooked Bill turned to his ward. "Round two for little Bright-eyes. I'm playing my money on the red."

"Who," the girl demanded firmly, "is Jaime Miguel Higuera?"

"I don't know, honey. I can only suspect, and some day I'll verify my suspicions and tell you."

"Please tell me your suspicions now, there's a dear," and Roberta smiled her most coaxing smile and put her arms around Crooked Bill's neck.

"Ah," he murmured, "a man can struggle along under a mystery but it drives a woman crazy. A moment ago you stated I adore being mysterious. Honey, I'm an old man with only you and my love of appearing mysterious making life worth the living, so I'll not tell you what I suspect and you are perfectly powerless to drag it out of me. Moreover, you've treated that boy scandalously, because he's much too fine a young fellow to be accorded the same treatment the sprays of sweet clover you've been accustomed to, have received at your hands."

"Don't scold," Roberta pleaded. "Then don't try to pry out of me things I cannot tell you."

"For two cents," Roberta threatened, "I'd go down to Los Algodones and investigate Jaime Miguel Higuera personally."

"If you do, you'll get the surprise of your sweet young life, my dear." Roberta's brown eyes danced. Nobody knew better than Crooked Bill how she cherished surprises. Eagerly speaking she would swim a muddy river if a surprise awaited her on the opposite shore.

"I think I should go down to Uncle Tom's funeral," she suggested. "I'm the last of the Antrims and it would be rather indecent of me to permit strangers—and not very sympathetic strangers—I fear—to bury him."

Crooked Bill was always practical, even if mysterious. "I wouldn't do that, honey. I'm afraid Uncle Tom won't keep until you get there. I have never heard of ice or undertakers in Los Algodones and as for hermetically sealed caskets, there just aren't any. I have a friend down there, however, and I'll wire him to attend the obsequies and send flowers for you and a wreath of cactus for me."

"Why have you always disliked Uncle Tom so?"

"Because you're his niece, not mine, and he's never showed the slightest interest in you, except to send you five dollars at Christmas and

on your birthdays; because I staked the unholy wretch in the cow business and he sold out the cows, refused to pay the loan, went to Mexico where I couldn't collect and set up in the sheep business; because he was ornery from birth and looked it; because, from the day I married your aunt until the day of her death Uncle Tom gratted off me on the strength of the fact that I was a relative-in-law; because it was his nature to approach every proposition in life from the side or the rear, never from the front. Your father was not what I would call a mental giant, Roberta, but he was kind and amusing and on the square, whereas your Uncle Tom was a throw back, a black sheep."

"Every family has them," the girl defended.

"Well, honey, you haven't yours any more!"

The following evening Glenn Hackett, having recovered marvelously from the suspension of the day before, called for dinner. "The bank gives the man Higuera most flattering recommendations, Mr. Latham," he announced. "He has plenty of cash and worldly assets and his record is clean. He is known as a man of honor and can be trusted implicitly."

Crooked Bill nodded, as if this report was not a matter of surprise to him. Hackett resumed:

"I cannot go to Texas to attend to this matter of yours, Roberta. It will be necessary to engage a lawyer down there to handle your affairs there, and I suppose Higuera can direct you to a good one. I imagine you will have to proceed to Los Algodones immediately, and I suggest that when you do you provide yourself with a birth certificate and affidavits proving your relationship to the deceased."

"I shall start to-morrow," Roberta decided, and added maliciously: "I can hardly wait to meet that adorable Jaime Miguel Higuera!"

CHAPTER III.

A sabbath calm lay upon the hacienda of Don Jaime Miguel Higuera, lord of the Rancho Valle Verde, notwithstanding the fact that it was not Sunday. The splash of water in a fountain, the occasional complaint of a disturbed calf lured, rather than disturbed, the half-furred dreams of the temperamental Don Jaime, where he stretched in a long chair in his cool, red-tiled veranda, and gazed out through the arched entrance of his patio toward the distant blue, serrated hills where the United States of America ended and the Republic of Mexico began.

The smoke from a fragrant cigar curled lazily around his dark countenance, from time to time he reached forth to the little table at his side and helped himself to a sip from a highball.

"I wonder," thought Don Jaime presently, "what is going to become of the Higuera family?"

The problem proving too much for him, Don Jaime did that which all of his race do with the utmost ease and without preliminary notice. He fell into a gentle slumber. And while he slept a man on a honey-colored horse with a dark stripe running the length of his backbone rode up to the hacienda entrance, dismounted, dropped his reins over his horse's neck and strode stiffly through the arched entrance and down the flower-bordered gravel walk to the veranda. Observing Don Jaime at peace in the arms of Morpheus, the stranger removed a full cartridge belt, with two pistols, and hung his arms on one of a row of huge spikes driven into the adobe wall of the house. Quietly he drew another chair alongside Don Jaime, disposed his tired body in it, sighed, caught sight of Don Jaime's highball, which was at least three-quarters present, helped himself to it and drank slowly and with much appreciation.

"That's good liquor," he murmured, setting down the tall glass.

"You bet your sweet life that's good liquor," Don Jaime murmured, without troubling to open his eyes. "Who are you?"

"Wake up, you lazy greaser, and see," the visitor retorted.

"Now that you speak in your naturally loud, vulgar and irreverent tone have to look." Don Jaime spoke perfect English, but the faintest clipped accent denoted it was not his mother tongue. He added in Spanish: "Welcome to my poor house. It is yours, gringo."

(To be continued.)

Bare Hill Road

We live in the heart of a bowlful of sun  
Way up in a ragrant sky  
And the rim of our bowl is encircled around  
With trees that lift ever so high.  
We stand in the sunlight and watch every cloud  
And rest in its consummate ray.  
The breezes all burst with a rattling sound.  
As they jostle the trees on the way.

And with face in the mist and hands in the dew  
We fathom the symbol of dawn,  
As her translucent crystals of nebulous hue  
Ignite when the shadows are drawn.

—Amy Crocker Leighton, in "Candles in the Dark."

The lion-tamer's charges had been restive, but ultimately the snarling beasts were driven to their corners and the hero stepped out of the cage, a tall, well-set-up figure in resplendent uniform. A dear old lady approached him.

"What an awful job yours must be. You must find it trying?" "Yes," replied the trainer, starting to cough. "What with these here draughty cages and my bronchitis, I've often felt like chucking it."

Science Notes

Hidden faults in castings, welds and various parts for machinery are now being bared by the X-ray. The General Electric X-Ray Corporation has recently installed a 500,000-volt X-ray tube, said to be the largest available for commercial purposes. In the specially prepared room which houses this powerful apparatus anything from a small mechanical part of a few ounces to a casting weighing several tons can be explored internally for defects which otherwise would be impossible to detect. Thus the analyst can literally look inside the metal. This is of great utility in examining welds to see if they are perfect. And by taking two X-rays from slightly different angles a stereoscopic effect is obtained, enabling the analyst to examine the structural details of the subject in their proper relative positions.

New Fog Device Tested

Tests of the frequencies of fog signals were made last week in New York Harbor with a view toward enabling the captain of a fog-bound vessel to locate his position with precision. Ordinarily there is such a great variety of fog signals that the measurements of the frequencies of the foghorns through a noise meter are designed to pick out of this confusion only the waves emitted by the horns and thus notify the captain of his position, which will be determined by the precise volume of sound. The results of the experiment have not yet been published.

Colored Glass and Insects

A series of experiments to determine whether rooms glazed with a colored glass are likely, by virtue of the special properties of the glass, to be free from insects than are rooms with ordinary glass have been carried out at the Imperial College of Science and Technology of Great Britain. The glass used was of a pale greenish-blue tint, designed to afford protection from excessive solar radiation by strongly absorbing infra-red radiation while transmitting in a useful degree the radiation within the visible spectrum.

House flies, bees and wasps, exposed to sunlight in a box, one-half of which was glazed with the special glass and the other half with ordinary glass, showed a marked preference for the latter.

That an effect can definitely be ascribed to the color of the light passing through the special glass was shown by an experiment in which bees were enclosed in a glass cylinder, one end of which was closed with this special glass and the other with ordinary glass. By interchanging the glasses an immediate reaction was obtained.

Automobile Pedal Will Be Replaced by 'Clutch Control'

A despatch from South Bend, in the Cleveland News, describes in detail a new device, known as the "clutch control." This, it is claimed, will eventually be as universal a feature in motor cars as the self-starter and four-wheel brakes. It will enable drivers to go through traffic, starting, stopping, shifting gears without the necessity of touching the clutch pedal. The News description says:

Instead of using the left foot to engage and disengage the clutch the driver of any motor vehicle equipped with clutch control operates the clutch mechanism entirely with the accelerator.

When the foot is lifted from the accelerator the clutch is disengaged, gears can be shifted, and the clutch is again engaged the moment the driver presses down on the accelerator.

The left foot need never move from the floor.

This new device is the result of some three years' experimentation by the engineers of a South Bend corporation, where the new device is now being manufactured.

Clutch control can be installed on any automobile, truck or bus that is accelerated with a foot throttle.

Waste Power from the intake manifold is utilized to create a vacuum which is the basic principle behind clutch control. The vacuum is created the moment the engine reaches idling speed—the gap between closed throttle position and the point where the foot accelerator starts down—and is maintained as long as the motor is turning in that range.

A vacuum cylinder is connected by a metal tube through a valve to the intake manifold—and a piston in the vacuum cylinder is connected to the clutch pedal by a cable.

When the vacuum is "on" it draws the piston and pulls the pedal down, disengaging the clutch. When the vacuum is "off" the piston returns, and the clutch pedal comes up, engaging the clutch automatically with perfect timing far more smoothly than can be accomplished by the most expert drivers.

The vacuum is turned "on" or "off" by the valve in the vacuum line between the vacuum cylinder and manifold. This valve responds only to the up or down movement of the accelerator to which is connected by a short cable.

Coupled with these features is the fact that clutch control provides all advantages of free wheeling. With clutch control the driver merely lifts his foot from the accelerator and the vehicle coasts with a minimum fuel consumption and wear of parts. Furthermore, clutch control operates in all speeds, forward and reverse.

It's hard to say which we'd rather not listen to, a man singing his own praises or one walling his troubles.

"There are two ways of meeting difficulties; you alter the difficulties or you alter yourself to meet them."

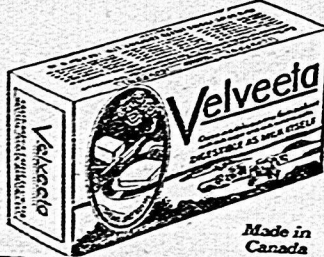
—Phyllis Bottoms.

ISSUE No. 45-'31

A HEALTHFUL FOOD

for all the Family . . .

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The St. Lawrence

If there is a river in the world haunted by old ships and old adventures, surely it must be the St. Lawrence. I am quite sure that there are still summer nights when ears delicately attuned to the things of long ago may hear the sweep and splash of Viking oars, or late sunsets when they may hear the rustle of Baroque sails, lowering for the night. There is no doubt whatever that there are still echoes of the old songs of Normandy and Brittany as they were sung from sea-washed decks, and even lusty tunes that came from Devon with Saunders' sea songs.

Of all Canada, the lands lying on the shores of the St. Lawrence are the most characteristic. Nowhere in the world can these river-born towns and cities be duplicated, for they are the essence of the spirit of this great river.

On many counts the St. Lawrence can claim to be exceptional. Its very volume is overwhelming. Its beauty is full of variety and surprises, its traditions romantic and inspiring. Ships may travel a thousand miles eastward and a thousand miles westward and still be upon the tributary waters of the St. Lawrence. Montreal is a seaport, and one of the greatest in the world, yet it is on an island in the St. Lawrence, far, far beyond even the salty perfume of the sea. The river thrusts itself like a spear head far into the continent, with Montreal upon its tip.

Here from the shores of the St. Lawrence went the discoverers of the continent, LaSalle, Du Lu, Marquette, LaVerendrye and their kindred spirits.

The river has a personality and it has impressed itself upon its people. The valley has been the cradle of the Canadian people, a kind nesting place for those who, in pioneer days, had the courage to cross the sea to new and untried lands, or those who sacrificed everything but their loyalty in the revolution of the American colonies, and trekked north to live under the flag to which they had been born. More than a dozen generations have used the broad river as a highway to adventure, and from the metropolis to the tiniest hamlet that clusters in the fold of a hill each and all have taken on something of their character from the river.—Blodwen Davies, in "Saguenay."

Conditions in the West

Saskatoon Star-Phoenix: The misconception of conditions in the prairie provinces is largely due to lack of knowledge of the country. Residents of Ontario do not realize, in many instances, that the west is an enormous area, that it is as far from the Manitoba boundary to the Peace River country as it is from Windsor to Halifax, and that in such a territory there must be a wide variance of climate in one section while comparatively uniform conditions prevail elsewhere. This is something which should be more thoroughly understood throughout eastern Canada.

A Tree in Winter Garb

We have a large sugar maple in our yard which, since its mass of golden foliage almost intact till the end of October, and then yields it all to the Autumn rains and gales. Suddenly it rises in gray radiance against a gray sky, and what was a few days before the simple beauty of a great splash of color is now the complex and delicate beauty of a complicated structure, infinite in its ramifications, yet splendid in its strength and grace. Long before the crown of the tree is reached, the trunk has almost disappeared in a maze of branches, reaching upward and outward like the jets of a fountain, and when the eye finally follows them up to the very top, they, in turn have almost vanished in a delicate lace work of twiggery, which actually dissolves against the gray sky, so you cannot be sure where the topmost twigs do end.

Later in the year, this fountain spray pattern of springing and dissolving lines will be etched more clearly on the winter sky, and above the white snow. Also, we shall forget to look at it, perhaps. But just now, in November, as we go about the garden planting tulip bulbs, we look up every few minutes to see it traced, in delicate silver point, upon a pale background, and think that at no other season is the tree quite so beautiful.—Walter Prichard Eaton, in "New England Vista."

Little Things

O, elad am I for little things.  
For little feet, and little wings.  
For mossy nest in hollow root,  
For footprint of a midge foot

For soaring lark above the corn,  
For running wagtail on the lawn  
For lapping in a windy sky,  
For curlew's solitary cry.

—Robert E. Key.

If it wasn't for love, hate would be an unknown quantity.



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people home are forgotten half an hour after taking a few of these remarkable tablets. So are the little nagging aches that bring fatigue and "nerves" by day, or a sleepless night.

Genuine Aspirin tablets cost so very little after all, that it doesn't pay to experiment with imitations!