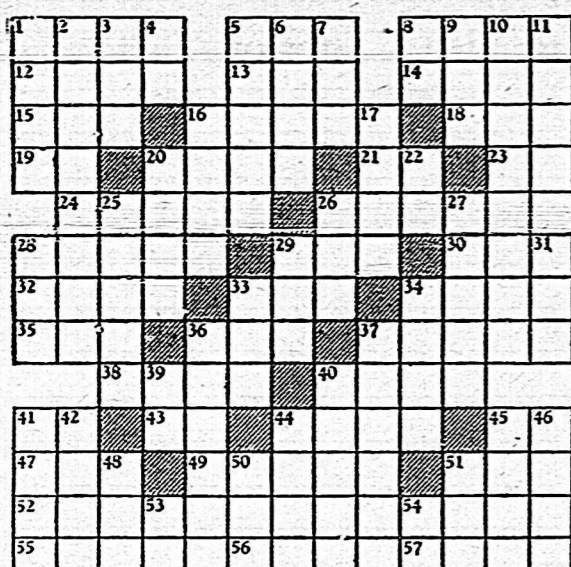


ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1—Famous traveller | 33—To ignore rudely | 16—Musical instrument |
| 2—Timid | 40—Confident | 17—Boom |
| 3—Steepleless garment | 41—Note of scale | 20—Role |
| 12—Word of sorrow | 43—From | 22—Symbol for gold |
| 13—Garden tool | 44—In addition | 25—Tops |
| 11—Sneak | 45—French article | 27—Limb of fish |
| 15—To stich | 47—Sphere | 37—Racket |
| 16—Soups | 49—Subject | 43—Mingrel spring |
| 18—To procure | 51—Because | 23—Profess |
| 19—Symbol for samarium | 52—Act of blessing | 31—Leander's sweetheart |
| 20—Small drink | 55—Mentally sound | 33—Idle talk |
| 21—Parent | 56—Scottish for "to" | 34—Leander's sweetheart |
| 22—Note of scale | 57—Remainders | 35—Civilian dress |
| 24—To court | | 37—Genus of flies |
| 25—Rural deities | | 39—Negative |
| 26—Rear | | 40—To cut |
| 28—Title | | 41—Watch charms |
| 29—Poetic; above | | 42—Scope |
| 22—Vegetable fuel | | 44—Samoan city |
| 31—Weapon | | 45—Plunder |
| 34—To employ | | 46—Egiles |
| 35—Ship | | 49—Inhibition |
| 37—In disorder | | 50—Poetic; frequently |
| | | 51—Comifer |
| | | 52—Symbol for tellurium |
| | | 54—Preposition |

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle



Eventide

The shadows slowly creep and fill the fields.
With mystic charm of eventide;
The dying day in crimson glory yields
Tonight the fragrant countryside,
And from beneath the dormant garden's shade
The nightingale begins his serenade.
The song is old, but its divine refrain
Finds echoes in responsive hearts,
And lingers there, reviving warmth again,
When summer's sun departs.
Then prosy days, monotonous and pale,
Still carry memories of the nightingale.
—George B. Gibson, Montreal.

Getting to the Bottom of It
Little Betty, watching the farm hands spreading out a stack of hay to dry, could contain her curiosity no longer, so she politely asked: "Is it a needle you're looking for?"

Don't Drag Around "Half-Dead"

If You Are So Weak, So Exhausted That Your Daily Work Is Too Much for You, LOOK TO YOUR BLOOD STREAM—The Trouble May Be There

Your Blood Stream is your Life Stream. It flows to every part of your body, reaches every organ. You simply cannot be well if your Blood Stream is thin, watery, unhealthy.

Incorporate and enrich your Blood Stream with more Oxygen and more Iron—and new energy and new life will flow to your weak and exhausted system. As many thousands of grateful letters prove, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to vigorous health "half-dead" people in 72 different countries in the world.

Recently a practicing physician—well acquainted with the formula of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—prescribed them for eleven patients after blood-tests indicated a deficiency of haemoglobin and red corpuscles in their blood streams. This doctor describes the resultant improvement in the health of these blood-tested people as "nothing short of marvellous."

New Strength and Vitality Follow Use

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills increase the amount of Oxygen in the Blood, and restore the Iron your Blood needs, making it rich, red and healthy. As Williams' Pink Pills from your Drug-merchant, take them regularly—and watch results. 50 cents a package.

THE... Mysterious Masquerade

By J. R. WILSON

SYNOPSIS.
At a London dance club Molly Carstairs meets Roger Barling, who promises to get her a job. The following morning Molly is stopped by a policeman who shows her a clipping which declares that Molly Carstairs is missing from her home. At the police station Molly is identified by a Mr. and Mrs. Silver as their missing niece and is taken home where she is treated with kindness, but she realizes that she is a person and is puzzled at the various types. She discovers a gambling den at the back of the house. The Silvers—at the time they are introduced her father, is on his way home from India.

CHAPTER III.

Never before had Molly Carstairs experienced such mental agony as she endured for the succeeding twenty hours after Paul Silver's bombshell. There were moments when she thought of making a last desperate effort to escape from the house as she had done a day or two previously. But there was another side to it which, if her surmises were correct, had to be considered. That was Major Carstairs' side. Here was a man coming home in the fond belief that he was, after a long absence, to be reunited to his daughter—a daughter he had not seen since she was a baby. One could rule out altogether the matter of recognition. The Major must accept the person presented to him as his daughter, and that he would do so in all good faith was all too obvious to Molly.

It was this sentimental side to her nature that would persist in obtruding itself upon her. It was this sentimental side to her nature that would persist in obtruding itself upon her. It was this sentimental side to her nature that would persist in obtruding itself upon her. It was this sentimental side to her nature that would persist in obtruding itself upon her.

When they returned to Hampstead, Molly felt that she had learned a great many things about the real Molly Carstairs. She had learned that she had been to a "finishing school" in Paris, and that she had only returned two London to months ago. Asked about letters to her father, Molly had been told that of course she had written to him often—at least twice a month. This letter idea intrigued Molly considerably, and she wondered whether it would be possible for her to see one of the letters Major Carstairs was reputed to have written to his daughter.

To that question Mrs. Silver looked thoroughly discomfited. They were having tea together in the lounge on a small wicker-work table with a circular glass top. "But surely, my dear, you can remember what you did with the letters," exclaimed the woman, in surprise. "You used to keep them in the little top drawer in your dressing chest, unless you threw them out when we had the clean-up a month ago." "I don't remember having done that," owned Molly, with equal seriousness. Flora Silver poured out a second cup of tea. She was telling herself that she wished this business was over; wished, too, that Paul hadn't bothered to see it through in this melodramatic fashion. She had been all for absconding while the going was good. She didn't believe in waiting for trouble; one ran into it quickly

enough. But when Paul Silver set his mind on anything, his wife knew better than to attempt even in the least to thwart him. Paul was pig-headed, that's what he was. He didn't mind how much this girl laughed at her, and she had long ago convinced herself that Molly was laughing at her. "I think I'll go upstairs and see if I can find them," Molly said, rising from her chair.

Flora Silver watched her go with a curiously mixed expression. But though Molly hunted all over her room, there was no trace of any correspondence from Major Carstairs, and though she was disappointed she felt that she ought to have known that it would be so. If, as she suspected, the real Molly Carstairs had been gone from the Silvers' protection some time, it was obvious that all the letters had been destroyed and also that the answers had been supplied either by Silver or his wife who, she was convinced, were both equally capable of any amount of artistic deceit. On her way downstairs to the lounge, however, a curious thing happened. From the direction of Paul Silver's office came the sound of men's voices, and the office being in the first landing Molly had to pass by the door on her way down to the hall.

The voices that she heard were angry voices—at least one of them was and at a few words she heard Molly's name mentioned in connection with the name of Roger Barling. "I tell you, Silver, it was suicide," she heard a man's outraged voice exclaim. "I'm not interested in the verdict of the Coroner because he's appointed for you, didn't know the facts. I'm telling you that Carruthers committed suicide; that he deliberately ran his car into that telegraph pole on the Brighton Road, and he did it because, to put it vulgarly, you'd cleaned him out. And what's more I hear you've got another partner into the business—a pretty girl decoy. Well, I'd walk careful. If I were you, Silver."

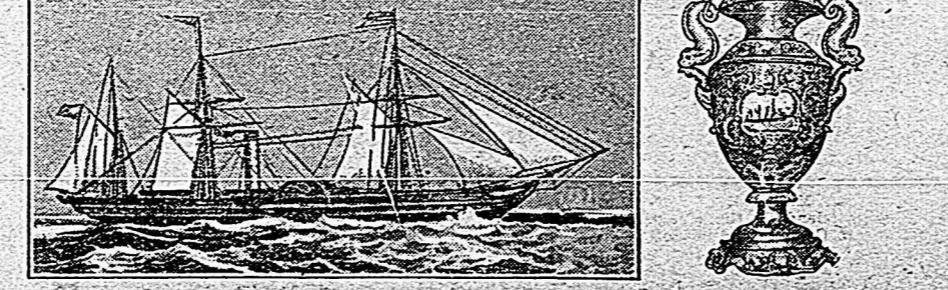
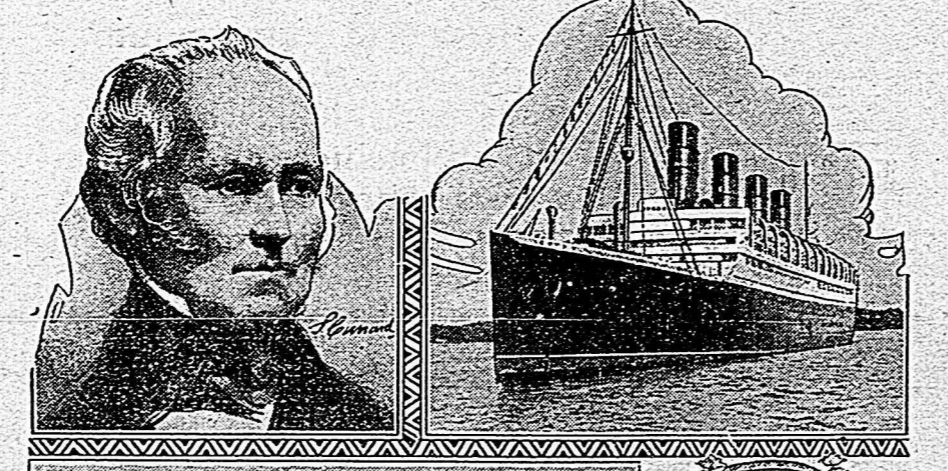
Molly was scarcely conscious that she was deliberately eavesdropping; and neither was it merely what the speaker had said that rooted her so. It was the man's voice. It had a curiously familiar ring about it. "May I remind you that blackmail is an ugly name for an ugly weapon, Mr. Barling?" "Mr. Barling!" Molly felt her body tremble at hearing the name. It was the young man—Roger Barling—whom she had met at the Cygnet Club. "D'you think I'd blackmail a swine like you, Silver?" she heard Barling retort. "Dammit man, I'm giving you a straight warning."

Before Molly had time to move the door was flung hurriedly open and she found herself gazing into the indignant eyes of Roger Barling. The girl's frozen lips thawed into a smile and she took a pace forward to greet him. For a split second Roger hesitated. The sight of Molly Carstairs standing there had shocked him. Then, his eyes still blazing with anger and with a little cynical curl to his lips he swept past her down the staircase, never troubling to look back. Molly watched him go and there was a stab in her heart. She had wanted to explain, but Roger Barling had made it plain that he had forgotten her. (To be continued.)

Dawn Notes of Birds Encircle Globe in Song

Glanton, Northumberland, Eng.—Mr. Noble Rollin, the warden of the bird station here, assisted by amateur ornithologists in many parts of the world, is engaged in the task of charting the dawn song of the bird: all over the globe. For over a year he has been working on his theory that the dawn song of the birds encircles the globe in a great wave of wild music which never ceases. Amateur enthusiasts are mailing him reports which will enable him, he hopes, to draw up a chart, timing the song of each species of bird.

Cunard Celebrates Its Ninety-third Birthday



When the Cunard flag-ship "Aquitania" sails into Halifax, N.S., this week on a cruise from New York, her arrival will mark the ninety-third anniversary of the first voyage of the pioneer Cunarder "Britannia" from Liverpool to America. The "Britannia" left Liverpool on July 4th, 1840, for Halifax and Boston, covering the route in 14 days and 8 hours; in the same year the "Acadia," her sister ship, made the same voyage in 11 days and 4 hours. This inaugurated the first regular steamship service across the Atlantic. Samuel (afterwards Sir) Cunard was a passenger on the maiden voyage and on his arrival at Boston he was presented with a silver cup by the merchants of Boston, commemorating the achievement, a trophy which is still in existence and valued at over \$50,000. The Samuel Cunard was born in Halifax in 1787 and even before founding the Cunard Line in England had, by the year 1830 amassed a huge fortune and was head of a fleet of sailing-ships plying between Nova Scotia and the West Indies. He was knighted in 1859 for outstanding service in the Crimean War and died in London in 1865 in his 78th year. In contrast to the 1,500 gross tons of the 1840 "Britannia," is the 45,000-ton liner "Aquitania" of today.

Powerful Flashlight FREE for POKER HANDS!

ONLY four complete sets of poker hands will secure you this handy flashlight (complete with batteries). Useful in the car or in the house and but one of the many valuable gifts given in exchange for Turret Poker Hands.

Sun ripened mellowness... rich aroma... extra satisfying flavour. That's the quality you want in cigarettes tobacco and that's the quality you get in every package of Turret Fine Cut. And there's genuine economy too. You can get all at least 50 cigarettes from a 20¢ package.

It pays to "Roll Your Own" with **TURRET FINE CUT** CIGARETTE TOBACCO. SAVE THE POKER HANDS!

A Party Frock For Wee Joan

By HELEN WILLIAMS
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



A darling little dress for wee maids of 2, 4 and 6 years in this new model with a cunning fichu collar. It's just the latest Paris has to offer. It's very easily fashioned. The skirt is laid in plaits and attached to a brief sleeveless bodice. Now all you've to do is to make the collar, trim or bias binds and stitch it at the neckline.

A pink and white dimity print made the original with crisp white organdie collar. Dotted batiste prints, tissue gingham checks, organdie, flowery voile prints and sprigged dimity are cool and dainty suggestions. Style No. 2963 takes but 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1 yard of 35-inch contrasting for the 4-year size.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (want preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Vista
Sara Van Alstyne Allen in the New York Sun.
As a young swimmer in the flowing sea.
Rises above the silver-crested swells,
Glimpsing beyond it vista yet more free.
Wherein the mystery of water dwells;
So do I rest upon each passing day,
Sensing a little where the white birds fly.
Standing where I can glimpse each lovely way
That lies beyond the heart's eternal cry.
And yet I know that I have never seen
Beyond the shadow of the endless screen.

"Beautiful Beards"
Mobilize for Picnics
Peiping, China.—Seventeen of Hangchow's oldest inhabitants have formed themselves into an old men's association under the felicitous title of the "Beautiful Beard Society." The ages of the members total 1205 years. Among other diversions, the society will hold regular picnics at the West Lake, one of the famous beauty spots of Hangchow.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

best for baby

...SMILES...

Professional Compliment
Two expert pickpockets were strolling along the road together.
Every now and then one of them would stop, take out his watch and look at it.
His companion began to get annoyed.
"I say, Jim," he said, "what's up with you? Why d'yer keep looking at your ticker? Ain't it going, or something?"
"I'm not looking at it to see the time," said the other; "I'm looking at it to make sure that it's still there!"

Tip For Dad
"Backache can easily be prevented," says an advertisement. All a man has to do when his wife looks meaningfully at the lawn is to creep into the barn and remove a vital part of the lawnmower.

Auntie—"Well, Junior, give me a kiss and you shall have a nice new penny."
Junior—"No, auntie, that's not enough; that's what I get at home for taking cod-liver oil!"
Some people have just returned from their vacations. Others are just naturally gloomy.

We've always noticed that when a boy gets up to his ears in love he's more careful about washing them. No matter how much a man may know, when he refuses to learn any more, he soon becomes ignorant. Those who saved money for a rainy day are earnestly hoping that the wet season is about over. Still another trouble is that one half of the world doesn't care whether the other half lives. There is more wickedness in the city because the small town man goes there to celebrate.

DRY REMARKS
The President—"This plan of re-organization is very ingenious. It does us credit."
The Director—"Also it does our creditors."
The man who says nobody appreciates him would be appreciated if he would keep his mouth shut.
Prospective Tenant—"I would like to see one of the bedrooms."
Owner—"Modern or comfortable?"

One More Harp Player
He is pushing up daisies now with his toes.
Raced a train to a crossing. Lost by a nose.
Ever notice that the man who boasts that he never reads the paper always knows instantly if it happens to contain something he believes contrary to his personal interests?
Women may not know much, but just about all of them that have any sense are pretty well on to the men.
Jack—"I'm going to kiss you until you yell 'Stop!'"
Pearl—"Well, I'm just as contrary as you are, young man."

Collecting Cobwebs
A Full-Time Job
York, Eng.—Gathering spiders' webs for use in making theodolites and other scientific instruments is the unusual occupation of Mr. John Spott, of York. Armed with a box, a fork and a pot of varnish, he scours the country in search of webs.
He finds that the best spider for his purpose lives on gorse bushes suspended in a wheel type of web from six to twelve inches in diameter. With the use of varnish on a fork he collects the webs and when the varnish is set puts them in boxes.
Lovers may refuse to say good-bye for ever and yet put in two or three hours at it.

Classified Advertising

GOVERNMENT APPROVED CHOICE
SALE OF GOVERNMENT APPROVED CHICKS. While they last: Leghorns \$6.50, Barred Rocks \$7.50 per 100. Two week old chicks \$2 more. One week old chicks \$1 more. J. G. Tweedie, Fergus, Ont.
NEWFOUNDLAND PUPPIES.
REGISTERED MALE NEWFOUNDLAND PUPPIES; sire Shelton Carlo, was "best of breed" London Canine Show, May, 1933. James Rogerson, Datton, Ontario.

FOR SALE

BLACKSMITH SHOP

Located in Toronto
Complete Equipment, Two Forges, Pneumatic Hammer and Cutter, Drills, Lathe and a very complete stock of tools, will sell as a going concern with favorable lease or will sell machinery separately, en bloc or piecemeal.
H. WEST KINGS,
73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

FARMERS

Oliver Adjustable Plows

Will reduce your costs for summer plowing, due to their remarkably light draft and good penetration, followed by O.L.V. DISC HARROWS and OLIVER SUPERIOR SEED DRILLS. ALSO OLIVER POTATO DIGGERS and GENUINE OLIVER FLOW SHARERS and BULPAINERS. NEW and USED GOODISON TRACTORS, TRACTORS, STEAMERS, SPECIALS, CRACKS, PICKERS. CONVENTS.
Write for particulars to:
THE JOHN GOODISON THRESHER CO. LIMITED
SARNIA, ONTARIO.

HELP FOR TIRED WIVES

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Wives get tired during those hard times. They are the ones who must bear the burden of the family. When the husband comes home with less money in his pay envelope... it is the wife who must struggle along and make the best of things.
If you are tired... worn out... nervous, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. What you need is a tonic that will give you the strength to carry on.
98 out of every 100 women who report to us say that they are benefited by this medicine. Buy a bottle from your druggist today... and watch the results.

for BRUISES

There's nothing to equal Minard's "King of Pain" Liniment. Antiseptic, soothing, healing. Gives quick relief!

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Keep fit!

Headaches, heaviness, depression—banish them all by keeping your system clean! Take Enos every morning.

TAKE ENOS' FRUIT SALT

ISSUE No. 29—33