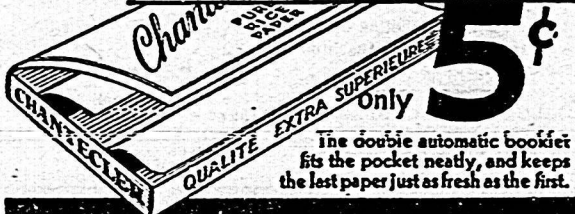


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TIDES of YOUTH

By the Author of "Pencarrow"
By NELLE M. SCANLAN

SYNOPSIS

Kelly Pencarrow is broken hearted when his uncle Michael offers Gentry, his daughter's husband, a share in the Duffield farm. Kelly feels Gentry will not appreciate the gesture. Kelly's father Sir Miles Pencarrow had wanted him to be a lawyer and his other son Pat to be a farmer.

CHAPTER II Cont'd.

No one had dreamt that Pat was a rebel too. They had not bothered much about the likes and dislikes of this fifteen year old schoolboy. His sudden departure came as a terrible shock.

Relief followed the first pang when a note to his mother revealed the fact that he had decided to become a sailor. He knew his father would not listen to him, or give his permission, so he had run away.

Miles made every effort to get the boy to come home, but, once away, it was easy to be firm. His vessel did not come into Wellington again, so Pat was spared a personal interview. In the end, when convinced of the lad's determination, Miles was compelled to give in. Patrick Aloysius Pencarrow was properly indentured for four years to the New Zealand Shipping Company's vessel "Waitangi." Sailing to London by the Horn, and coming out via the Cape, he was the first Pencarrow to return to Engiand.

Now Genevieve was showing signs of revolt. Mary had been gentle but firm in her desire to enter a convent. Kelly had been silent but stubborn—damned stubborn his father said.

Pat just took the matter into his own hands, and did not argue. He went.

Genevieve's revolt was incipient, but anyone could see that she had ideas of her own, advanced ideas not in consonance with her parents.

Norah saw it from both sides, and tried to keep peace among them.

Plump and matronly, she had lived her full life of domesticity and social activities without much change. She had mellowed, but neither weakened nor hardened under the constant friction of later years.

To mothers of her period their duties were clear-cut and inflexible, and the taint of modernism opened up terrifying prospects. She was shocked at much because she felt it her duty to be shocked. But why be shocked? This was the challenge that Genevieve was constantly flinging down.

Norah was shocked at her freedom of speech, her candour. Impudence, Sir Miles called it. That a

girl should openly demand reasons for her parents' action and opinions was preposterous. Why? That's why. But it was not enough for Genevieve. Perplexed, Norah turned to her husband to see if he could explain why they were objecting. Personally, she felt sure she ought. But Genevieve demanded to know why.

"Children did not ask why when I was a child."

This recurring way of Genevieve's irritated her father also. With a word he could silence the others, but Genevieve persisted.

"It's not ladylike," Genevieve laughed.

"How dare you laugh!" snapped Miles.

"Oh, I'll dare a lot more than that" As she drove to the station to meet Kelly her mind was busy running over the things she must tell him. He would want to know much all at once the things you can't put in letters.

As he stepped from the train, she thought he looked older, yes, distinctly older. And thinner.

"How is she?" he asked anxiously.

"Just keeping herself alive until you come. The doctor said she could not last, but I knew she would. She is marvellous."

"Poor Grannie! It doesn't seem possible. She was always..."

His voice trailed away. Kelly found it difficult to express in words his troubled emotional soul.

They drove on in silence. A wet wind came whipping across the harbour with a searching cold that was more penetrating than the hard frost of the mountain country. The sky was grey, and a gloomy shadow hung over the city.

The Hutt Valley, green under the veiling misty rain, opened before them. The familiar road was crowded with associations that linked him with the old Pencarrow home.

"Has—have any of the others come," Kelly asked, as they left Petone behind.

Genevieve knew what he meant.

"Uncle Michael and Ella came down three days ago and Aunt Hester is over from the Sounds."

Apparently Philip Gentry has stayed at Duffield. That was what he wanted to know.

Kelly's mind was a tumult. Not since his defiant departure to make his own way had he been back to Wellington or the Hutt. From the annual gathering of the Pencarrow clan each Christmas, Kelly was absent. It was a special grief to his

grandmother, the great matriarch on those occasions around whose table they assembled—three generations of them now.

Day was closing in and dusk was falling when Kelly arrived at the Home Farm. A rush of memories came crowding into his mind as he drove through the wide, hospitable gate. Grannie had insisted on a wide gate, and a wide door. She said that a narrow entrance had a grudging look.

He saw the orchard flushed with spring, the early blossoms and the tender leaves almost too delicate to face the ruthless lash of the spring storms. The reason for his coming made poignant all this loveliness. He could not imagine it without her. She was woven into the very fibre of it. At every turn he saw her hand at work, her thoughts and hopes and love were embroidered on the very surface of the land she had come to as a bride more than half a century before. It was then a new and savage land. She had given it the priceless example of her courage, and her faith, which was to be seen in the simple, great accomplishments around her.

When the warning was sounded to the little clan that Bessie Pencarrow the great little Grannie, was nearing the end, Norah went out weeping.

"Don't waste your tears on me, Norah. My day is over. I am old and tired, and God will rest my weary bones. I have had much to be thankful for, so much love and kindness from you all."

One by one, they had been in to see her, Michael, and Miles, Hester, and Kitty, and the grandchildren. Now Kelly had come.

"She is sleeping," Kitty said, as she met him at the door.

They talked quietly as they had tea. Kelly noticed how rapidly his aunt's hair was turning grey, that black, rebellious curly hair of the gay Kitty Pencarrow.

"Your father and Robin are coming out again this evening," Kitty thought it better he should realise that he must inevitably meet them all here at Grannie's bedside.

"How is Father?" Kelly asked.

"He's well, but—different."

Kelly understood, and knew that she blamed him.

"And Robin?" he asked.

Kitty's eyes lighted up at the mention of Robin.

"He is such a darling, Kelly. Not a bit grown-up, and yet he has only his final examination to pass."

A momentary twinge of envy darkened his mind. Here was he, Sir Miles Pencarrow's eldest son, a penniless farm hand, and his cousin, Robin Herrick whose father had been a failure, and ended by keeping a country pub, had stepped into his place as Sir Miles' successor. Yet it was his own fault. He knew that. He had sacrificed everything to go his own way.

He suspected there had been a lot of talk about his coming. Would Grannie insist upon a reconciliation before she died? Would Kelly, who was devoted to her, refuse such a last request, would Philip Gentry come to the Hutt? Would the gallant little woman still exert her influence over them from the grave, binding them by promise of forgiveness?

Of course they had talked of it.

Norah and Kitty had spoken of it every day since Grannie's illness.

"I'm sure it is worrying about Kelly that makes Miles so difficult. He imagines that all his children are determined to disobey him, and that Kelly is at the bottom of it. If only we could talk it over quietly, but they can't. Kelly is so obstinate. He won't say a word, and it drives his father to fury. Genevieve answers him back, and I believe he likes it better."

(To be continued)

"Ma" Ferguson Now Housewife

RETURNS TO CANNING AFTER FOUR YEARS AS TEXAS GOVERNOR

AUSTIN, Tex.—The House of Ferguson, nearing twilight of its political regime in Texas has cast its torch to younger hands.

Governor Miriam A. Ferguson will return to her canning, her home and garden at the end of her present term.

"I will have served four years as governor and will have presided over the Governor's mansion for almost seven years. This is enough honor for one family," she said.

Governor "Ma" Ferguson now is 59, a gray-haired woman, weary of political bargaining.

Twice she rescued the political fortunes of her husband, James E. (Farmer Jim) Ferguson, by going to the campaign stump herself. Ferguson was serving his second term as governor when the Texas Senate impeached him in 1917.

For nearly two terms "Farmer Jim" has sat beside his wife in the executive office while she held the title of governor in name. C. O. McDonald, a West Texan who stayed close to the Ferguson throne, will carry their banner in this year's election.

"SALADA"

Orange Pekoe Blend

TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

'Paddle-Wheel' Planes Seen For Future by Scientists

Berkeley, Calif.—Aircraft having neither wings nor screw propellers were pictured recently by the American Association, Society of mechanical engineers, as the possible aerial craft of tomorrow, by F. K. Kirksten, professor of aeronautical engineering at the University of Washington.

This prospect, the aeronautical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was told, is supported by principles of air mechanics developed in Germany, France and the United States, and is of proven practical value.

Professor Kirksten outlined the essential feature of this new type aircraft as resembling nothing so much as the time-tested ferry boat propelled with paddle wheels. Air instead of water would constitute its ocean.

Dealing with the characteristics of cycloidal aircraft and their performance and stability in flight, Professor Kirksten reached the conclusion:

"Idling cycloidal propellers should be superior to fixed wings in standard gliders of airplane form. Cycloidal

aircraft offer advantages for military duty in that there are no wings to obstruct the view or to interfere with machine guns. The cycloidal propeller has the important advantage of being noiseless.

"There seems to be no reason why this type cannot exceed the airplane in any manoeuvre now performed."

Unless technical improvements of present day aircraft are simplified it will soon be necessary for a pilot to gain a doctor of philosophy degree in engineering before he will be able to fly a plane. E. T. Allen, test pilot of California, informed the aeronautical engineers.

The task of the pilot has increased greatly during the shift to the new analysis meteorology in which he is rapidly becoming adept. Allen said.

The pilot must be able to meet the requirements of extensive blind flying operations and operate a highly supercharged engine with rigid limitations upon manifold pressure, power and engine revolutions which involve a whole new field of engineering. Allen pointed out.

Storing Lemon Juice An Old Art Well Worth Reviving

Method of "Putting Away" Fruit Described in More Than Century Old Cookery Book

When lemons were plentiful our great grandmothers used to preserve them and oranges in various ways for use when they were scarce. Their juice may be kept indefinitely by boiling it down with sugar to half its bulk and then bottling, but the fine flavor of the fresh fruit is lost.

In days gone by fresh lemon juice or some preparation of citric acid that preserved all its virtues for a long time was an absolute necessity for long sea voyages. Different methods were tried for this purpose, some of which are worth experimenting on today. In an old book dated 1807 the following is found:

To keep lemon juice buy the fruit when cheap, keep it in a cool place two or three days. If too unripe to squeeze readily roll each lemon under your hand to make them part with the juice more easily. Squeeze the juice into a china basin, then strain it at once through some muslin which will not permit the least pulp to pass. Have ready some perfectly dry, very small bottles, fill them at once with the juice so near the top as only to admit 1/2 or 1 teaspoonful of sweet oil into each (according to the size of the bottles). Cork the bottles and set them upright in a cool place.

Ready For Use.

The reason you must have small bottles is because, when once opened the lemon juice must be used the same day. When you want to use it, open the bottle, wash some clean cotton round a skewer and dipping it in the oil will be extracted, and when all is removed the juice will be as fine as when first bottled. Care must be taken to squeeze only sound fruit.

With a little trouble the entire lemon may be preserved for the longest cruise in air-tight casks as follows:

Take some fine sand and make it very dry. Let it get cold, put a quantity of it into the bottom of a dry cask or other clean vessel; then take the lemons and put a layer of them in, stalk downwards so that they do not touch each other, and strew in more sand, as much as will cover them two inches deep. Then set the vessel in a cold place, and the fruit will be in high preservation at the end of several months. Oranges may be preserved in the same manner.

Bottled Without Sugar.

Fruit juice may be bottled in fruit bottling jars without sugar. Squeeze

the juice and strain through muslin into glass bottling jars or fireproof bottles, put in the cork or cover lightly, put into cold water, bring it gradually to boiling, let it boil for fifteen minutes; press the corks in tightly, lift out the bottles and keep them in a cool, dark place till required.

The great point in preserving lemon juice is not to let it stand at all, because if it does a fermentation begins which very materially alters the acidity of the juice's antiscorbutic qualities.

Wealth From Canada's Mines

Ottawa.—Total dividends and bonuses paid by the Canadian mining companies during 1933 are estimated by the Department of Mines to amount to \$30,000,000, compared with \$26,500,000 in 1932. These totals are exclusive of dividends paid by petroleum companies, and are also exclusive of stock dividends. Metal mining companies contributed 91 per cent. of the total dividend disbursement in 1933. Gold dividends made up 67 per cent. of the 1933 total paid by all mines, and 74 per cent. of that paid by metal mines. The aggregate total of dividends paid in 1933 was approximately 13.6 per cent. of the value of the mineral output for the year. It is estimated that total dividend payments by Canadian mines in 1934 will probably exceed \$50,000,000.

Gold mines naturally play a large part in the production of new wealth from Canada's mining industry. The biggest dividend producer in 1933 was Lake Shore Gold Mines, Limited, which distributed \$6,000,000. Hollinger Consolidated was second with \$4,182,000, and Noranda third with \$3,359,700. Teck-Hughes paid \$2,884,300; International Nickel \$1,933,900 (all on the preferred stock issue); Dome \$1,716,000; Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company \$1,480,000 (including stock dividends); McIntyre \$1,197,000; Wright-Hargreaves \$962,500; and Falconbridge \$799,900. Official data as to total dividends paid are incomplete, as several companies do not publish financial statements.

Hitchinson, Kas.—Perhaps the old saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach had something to do with Alvin Allen's winning the title of the "most beautiful man" at the federal transient centre here.

Allen is the centre's chef.

A Smile

Teacher—Junior, give a definition of home.

Junior—Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car.

Dignity, Elegance Return to Dress

NOTED BACHELOR SEES WANE OF THE CARELESS MODE

PARIS—Says the most fastidious of Paris bachelors, M. Andre de Fouquieres: "Parisians definitely are abandoning that devil-may-care attitude in dressing, and are returning to the dignity, grace and elegance of other days."

Andre's brother, Becq de Fouquieres, is the "Chief of the Protocol" and regulates the deportment of presidents, ambassadors, ministers and even kings on occasions bringing them here. Andre sets the style for unofficial folk when it comes to fashion and social custom.

"Formal evening attire," continues the perfect bachelor, "is the sole attire which is correct for a big dinner, a soiree, or a gala ball, and it steadily is resuming its vogue here."

To be well-dressed is an expression of optimism, and also a courageous manner of combatting the crisis. To be well-dressed gives confidence to oneself and to others; it cheers and beautifies the atmosphere and clarifies the sky. We must defend Paris against the bad taste and pretentious ugliness of the hooligans who go about hatless, either to save money, or to avoid saluting women whom they encounter. We must protect Paris against such vulgar ensembles as gray trousers, a green vest, a red muffler, a brown coat, a black and orange checker suit."

The dinner jacket, he concludes, "is a masterpiece of vulgarity and ugliness when worn at a fashionable soiree." Tails and a high hat only harmonize with the beauty of feminine finery for evening.

Urges Nudism For Children

Vast Aid in Education Hillsdale Professor Contends

Iowa City, Ia.—Nudism has an educational value for the young and growing child, Dr. David M. Trout, professor of psychology at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich., asserted in a prepared address delivered before a prepared address delivered before the Iowa conference on child development.

Children should have the opportunity to see persons nude until they learn fully the anatomical differences," Dr. Trout said.

He further declared that it is unwise to require a child to say prayers, or to force any concept of God upon him.

He pointed out that children under six years of age were unable to conceive of God as a reality, and that if ideas were forced upon them they were most likely to become confused.

"If a child asks his mother, 'What becomes of us when we die?' the answer should be, 'We are just dead mother should explain that it is just like when you are asleep.'"

Dr. Trout advised parents to encourage the "lies" told by small children.

"Before the fifth year," he said, "the child is unable to imagine time or distance accurately, and for that reason the tales he tells are not lies but the products of an awkward imagination. Parents should treat this story telling as a game, and help the child play it."

SEASON'S BEACH SUITS KIND TO PLUMP FIGURE

The large woman outfitted in a bathing costume styled for her slimmer sister has long been an object of ridicule. Designers of beach wear for 1934 have come to her rescue, however. Not only do the new styles minimize her size, but they are good-looking, as well.

The trend is to wide shoulder straps and armholes cut to detract attention from the plump shoulder, also pleats on the side to decrease the width of



A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

I am a fair-minded guy, I reckon, in spite of what people sometimes say about speed-cops. But there is one thing that gets my goat sure and plenty.

What do you suppose we put up signs fore and aft of the country schools for Ornament—or something?

Know that stretch of highway beyond Johnson's farm, 'tother side of Jonesville? A couple of miles of straight-a-way with a little school house on the north side? Well, sir, week last Wednesday I happened along 'bout the middle of the afternoon when I see a commotion up by the school. I was not long getting there, and, believe me, there was trouble. Group o' little kiddies sobbing; teacher trying to calm them; a couple of ladies sitting on the side of the ditch, holding one another, and crying. 'oo; and on its side in the

ditch a light sedan with one of its wheels half a dozen yards away.

The story? Didn't take long to get that. Car comes bowling along—driver gossiping with passenger—too busy to see the school sign—bunch of kids came jumping out of the playground—driver scared of hitting them—loses her head—car wobbles over into the ditch—kiddies scramble for safety—nearly get run down and go into hysterics from sheer fright.

Sure, not much damage done, barring a broken-off car wheel, and a whole lot of jangled nerves but—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MAJOR TRAGEDY.

Why won't people understand that kids haven't got the sense of grown-ups? Why can't people give 'em a chance and slow down by the roadside schools? Well—I'll be seeing you.

FALSE TEETH

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Issue No. 29—'34

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