

# TIDES of YOUTH

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

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

The principal character in the story is Kelly Pencarrow. Kelly is the son of Sir Miles Pencarrow, a lawyer whose father and mother emigrated to New Zealand and brought up a family who are now the parents of the young people with whom the story is concerned.

Sir Miles Pencarrow wished Kelly to become a lawyer and to enter his father's practice. Kelly insists on becoming a farmer. He joins an uncle, Michael Pencarrow, who owns a big farm called Duffield, which the Pencarrows made from waste land into a thriving farm.

His uncle has a daughter, Ella, who falls in love with an Englishman named Gentry. Ella's father (whose wife left him when Ella was a child) is anxious to keep his only daughter at home, and, therefore, he offers Gentry a half-share in the Duffield Farm.

This infuriates Kelly Pencarrow. His pride in Duffield and the fact that the Pencarrows established it, will not allow him to work under this stranger. He quarrels with Gentry, assaults him and leaves Duffield to work elsewhere. When the story opens, Kelly received a summons to the bedside of his dying grandmother, the mother of Sir Miles Pencarrow.

Arrived at the bedside, he is asked by his grandmother if he will apologise to Gentry and thus give her, before she dies, the assurance that the family, which has been in a state of turmoil since his rebellion, a hope of reconciliation.

Now read on

## CHAPTER FIVE

The shadow of Grannie kept peace during the few days that Kelly stayed at home. A truce had been declared.

While Norah bought him a too-lavish outfit, heaping useless equipment with maternal desire to soften the harshness of his chosen life, Genevieve made a point of always being present when Kelly and his father were together. She had a gift for scenting danger between them, and diverting them from topics that might lead to friction.

Miles had clung to a faint hope that the hardships and buffeting would teach Kelly a lesson, and that he would eventually come to his senses, admit his folly, and join him in the firm. Miles was confident that he had the ability, but was too lazy. Up till his mother's death he had hoped that she would use her influence. Instead, she had encouraged him by leaving him enough to make a start.

Now he relinquished the last faint hope. He made no further protest, realizing that it was useless. But he took no part in Kelly's plans for the future. He had decided to go his own way. Well, let him.

After Kelly's departure for Tapuwai, life on the Terrace flowed on much as usual.

Kitty still lived at the Hutt with her father, while a manager ran the farm. Here the loss of Bessie was more acutely felt. They were sad days that summer, and little by little the old habit of "going out to Grannie's" dropped off. Robin alone spent a great deal of his leisure at the farm. He was devoted to his mother. When he could persuade her to go, he took Genevieve with him. They were a comradely pair, and having her with him always intensified Robin's pleasure. Robin, who had a keen analytical mind, enjoyed a bout with Genevieve; they might not agree, but they never quarrelled.

To Michael, out at Duffield, his mother's death had brought back sad memories. Whenever he thought of her now, it was as he had known her more intimately in his youth. It reawakened all the tragic misery of his foolish marriage, and the old wound quivered with stabs of pain as his mind drifted back. His solitary life made for introspection.

Michael had kept Ella with him.

She was still the central joy in his life, but as the years passed he saw her drifting from him. She had more of her mother than the slim, dark beauty. She belonged to a newer age which was bored by tales of its parents' hardships. She could see nothing heroic, but, rather, stupidity, in burying yourself alive in the backblocks when you could afford to live more comfortably in town.

Her husband, Philip Gentry, had a city soul, which encouraged that element in her. To him the country was a place where you made money, and the town where you spent it. All country was alike to him, provided it was profitable. He could never enter into and share those sentiments of Michael and Kelly which spread a special glamour over Duffield.

"I can't get lyrical about the place," he had said more than once. "Farming is a job like anything else; something you do to make money. If I could make more in town I'd sell out to-morrow."

Ella did not quite share this view. Yet, once removed from Kelly's eloquence, and curbed only by her father's silent rebuke, for he would not dispute the question with his son-in-law—she gradually fell under Gentry's sway.

Ella agreed with her husband, and Michael was driven more and more into a silent acceptance of the position. He might have asserted himself more vigorously, but he hated conflict. He had had too much of it already in his life. And he could see the consequences of it in Miles's household.

Gentry's lack of interest, his general apathy towards anything that would not bring in quick returns, soon dampened Michael's ardour. He needed the spark of Kelly's high hopes to keep the flame alive. Gentry was a wet blanket. Why bother? Why plant trees? Trees didn't pay. Why bother about show cattle and sheep? They were more bother than they were worth. Couldn't the men do this? Or that?

At first Michael persevered, but he was soon worn down. The Pencarrow name no longer headed the prize list at shows; nor did the Pencarrow brand fetch top prices. And Ella sided with Gentry.

This lack of interest in the place, and total indifference to his feelings in the matter, made him regret that he had sacrificed Kelly to keep them.

While Bessie lived she had managed to keep things in check. Respect for her opinion, as well as affection, permitted few breaks. Her death left breaks. Her death left Michael, always a little vacillating, without one firm anchorage for his lonely heart.

Hester had returned to her home in Picton Sounds. Now that Hector had his parish in Dunedin and Neil was finishing medicine in Edinburgh, there was only Jessie.

Macdonald's Scottish pride in intellectual achievements had found compensation for his sons' desertion of the land. Unlike Miles Pencarrow, he did not strive to force them, to hinder them in their choice of professions. But often he looked at the adjoining farm over which he had taken an option, the gift for his lads the day they left school. But they never knew. He hid his disappointment, surrendering them to medicine and the Church.

Jessie was more like the volatile Pencarrows than an offspring of this staid and virtuous pair. All the years

she would stay in the Sounds, working cheerfully. Riding over the bridge track or sailing the boat into Picton were her simple diversions. But when the summer holidays came round, even though it was the busy time on the farm, Jessie joined her cousins.

At one time, when Kelly was there, they went in force to Duffield. They were happy days for Michael, when the house rang with cheerful shouts and laughter. Jessie and Neil Macdonald, Genevieve, Kelly and Pat Pencarrow, Robin Herrick. It was before her marriage, and Ella and Gentry were then the "moony pair."

Since the quarrel, the house party had never again met at Duffield. Kelly was away inland, and Jessie, Genevieve and Robin had found a happy hunting-ground at Grannie's. This annual gathering of the Pencarrow young kept their interests centred in each other, though not to the exclusion of other friendships. Kelly had some personal quality he did not consciously exert which drew and held them, and it was to him now they turned.

The second summer after Grannie died, they all went up to Tapuwai.

Kelly had built a two-roomed house, and a large shed, and he was steadily clearing the land of its heavy bush.

(To Be Continued.)

## Doctor Says Exercise Doesn't Reduce Weight

"Some women, in addition to enduring the martyrdom of limiting food also engage in gymnastic exercises under the impression that exercise causes muscles to be used up, writes a doctor in the British New Health Magazine. This is very bad physiology, for exercise has the opposite effect. The more the muscles are exercised, the more they grow in bulk. It is a case of response to stimulus by functional hypertrophy. The biceps of the blacksmith (whether beneath a spreading chestnut tree or not) will thicken the more he hammers the metal, and the leg muscles of the ballet-dancer will bulge out the more vigorously she pirouettes. Only in physiological starvation, in disuse atrophy and in definite disease can muscles be made to diminish in size.

Another popular belief is that hot baths are "thinning." This also is not correct, the heat of the bath causes a great loss of body heat through the excessive perspiration, but this loss of water is compensated by the large quantity of water usually drunk during and after the bath. Neither baths nor massage cause muscles to diminish in size.

## Use Smart Buttons As Dress Trimming

Paris. — Flat disks of nickel or of brass as big as half-dollars placed in a row across the square neck and along the front of the belt of street frocks, or in a close row fastening the junger of a two-piece sports costume, two or three at the neck of a loose swagger coat and adorning the wrists and pockets of the jackets of the tailored suit. A plain black woolen frock is buttoned straight down, the back from neck to hem with disks of tiny black cellophane. And by the by, this same black frock can be transformed in several ways for different occasions the long sleeves with a scant puff at the top are in two sections, the lower being removable, leaving only the short puff. Furthermore, the flat and white pique collar may be replaced by a half-moon shaped piece of heavy gold embroidery is fastened with snap hooks across the front of the woolen belt. And there you are! Long sleeves and stiff white pique collar for the morning and short sleeves and gold embroidery for the afternoon.

Madame Lanvin's afternoon frocks are essentially distinguished in black silk crepe with big full-length sleeves of oyster white or pale ecru with the entire back of the bodice of the light color while the front is of black material quite plain and high in the neck.

## Cost To Drivers Is \$100 a Pole

St. Albans, Vt.—A lot of folk here frequently wondered who pays for the telephone poles bowled over by the skidding automobiles, and here is the answer. And official of the Green the company has been successful in collecting for practically all of its demolished poles and, what's more, the cost to erring motorists is seldom less than \$100 a pole.

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## Toronto Art Center Built by Students

Toronto—Toronto's new art centre is being erected by some 90 students of the leisure time activities classes, who studied last winter at the Grange under Mr. Arthur Lismer. The site was donated by the Board of Education, and these students are demonstrating their building abilities. The "shack" is said to contain an eight-foot stone fireplace, numerous windows, and much cupboard space. The work was sponsored by the central committee, and the Workers' Educational Association.

The need for an art centre for leisure time activities has arisen following the interest shown by these classes, which started last February, in sketching, drawing, oils and water colors, clay-modelling, linoleum block-printing and wood carving. Real talent has been found among these leisure time pupils, the majority of whom are men and it is probable that samples of the best work will be exhibited at this centre. In the fall the responsibility for these art classes will be assumed by the Workers' Educational Association, and it is hoped a community centre for the district.

## French Gourmets Eat - Exotic Meals

Paris.—French gourmets, members of the National Society of Acclimation, enthusiastically partook of the following exotic dishes at their annual banquet just held in this city:

- MENU
- Salad of Squid, Stuffed with Cuttlefish
  - Tcho-ton-soun-mool, a sort of Chop-Suey
  - Bolled Porpoise
  - (Served whole and brought in on silver platter)
  - Roasted Antelope Hips
  - Stewed Buffalo Garnished with Sow's Ears
  - Alpine Yarrow Ice Cream
  - Japanese Loguats
  - Gulianan Oranges

A special platter had to be made for the Porpoise six feet long, and carried into the dining room on the shoulders of six waiters. Porcupine quills were used mainly as trimming and later served as toothpicks.

The bizarre dinner was attended by several hundred members of the National Society who, having provided themselves with sandwiches before arriving, proclaimed the gourmet festival highly successful.

## Autumn Modes Feature Kerchief Neckline

The familiar kerchief draped neckline is so very much with us this season again that it must be mentioned in present records of fall fashions. Countless varieties of the new softly draped collars and necklines are in evidence, but the kerchief appears with a frequency that stars it as one of the important necklines of the season.

The fashion for rich fabrics in neckwear and in colors rather than white, makes the kerchief a plausible development and that classification applies to metals, velvets, taffetas and the soft furs like mole and lapin. A good many of the kerchiefs look a little newer by the mere use of adjusting them inside a V or square cut neckline, so that just the lines of swathed drapery that are so becoming to most women, appear. The general character of most of the kerchief necklines for this fall is that the kerchief is smaller but is draped closer and higher on the neck.

Women, says a psychologist, are now on an intelligence level with men. Goodness, they must have struck a seasonal slump.

## Ask Mother—She Knows

Mother took this medicine before and after the babies came. It gave her more strength and energy when she was nervous and rundown... kept her on the job all through the Change. No wonder she recommends it.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Issue No. 33-'34

## MORE DANGER FOR BABES IN WINTER THAN SUMMER NOW

Washington. — The "Dangerous days" for the baby have swapped seasons.

Children's Bureau statistics show that whereas mothers used to have plenty of cause to worry about getting infants through their first summer, the winter now has become the gravest cause for concern.

Back in 1921, gastro-intestinal diseases, which mothers called "summer complaint," accounted for 15 deaths per 1,000 live births. Most of these were caused by bad milk, bad water and flies contaminating food.

By 1930 the gastro-intestinal death rate slumped to eight per 1,000. This trend is continuing.

The respiratory diseases—the win-

ter grist of coughs, colds and pneumonia—remained practically unchanged, 10 deaths per 1,000 live births in 1921; 11 deaths for 1,000 in 1931.

Miss Katherine F. Lenroot, acting chief of the Children's Bureau, said vigilance should not be relaxed, summer or winter.

"Because the general peak has gone down does not mean that there are no longer summer peaks of disease in certain neighborhoods," she said. "For instance, the city of Cincinnati found in a certain neighborhood a summer peak, and this year launched a campaign reaching every home in that district. Arrangements have been made to get pure milk, pure ice, and screening into those homes."

## A Magician Tells About His Tricks

No mindreader or medium has ever performed any feat which cannot be duplicated by trickery.

Thus does Prince Allah, former mindreader and crystal gazer, define his views of the supernatural.

The Prince should know. Seventeen of his 35 years were spent as medium and as a magician. He has performed in virtually every state.

Now an Iowa business man, the former seer is a more than willing to expose the tricks of fake mediums. He declines to expose the tricks or illusions of reputable magicians.

Recently Allah drove a motor car through the Des Moines business district while blindfolded. The blindfold drive was one of his favorite methods of ballyhoo for his stage performance.

After hearing Allah's explanation if the blindfold drive, it seems impossible thousands of people actually believed he was driving with the use of "second sight."

Two blindfolds were used—one of them real and the other a fake. The fake eye covering has a space half an inch wide extending its entire length, of thin cloth. The fake blindfold is constructed so it can be folded two ways.

The side opposite and directly in front of the thin cloth (gauze) is loosely stitched so that an upward movement of the eyebrows pulls the stitches apart, leaving only the thin part over the eyes. When folded the opposite way the loose stitches are at the bottom, directly on the crease, and are not noticeable.

"I would hold the blindfold over the eyes of some people standing in front of the theatre where the drive started. They were asked whether they could see through it, and, of course, they could not," Allah said.

In his pocket reposed the good blindfold. Then as the drive ended in front of the theatre, the performer jerked the fake off his head and substituted the good one, with use of sleight-of-hand. Of course, the good blindfold, tossed to the audience, could be examined at length with no fault being found.

Allah mystified thousands in theatres and at banquets by reading through "second sight" paragraphs from a magazine, in the hands of some one in the audience. Copies of current magazines would be handed out. Some one was asked to turn to any page he chose and tell him when to start reading. Standing before the audience blindfolded, his hands at his sides, Allah "read" the magazine word for word.

After several paragraphs had been read from different magazines in the hands of persons known to others in the gathering, the audience believed Allah "had the power." This is merely a variation of other mind-reading feats, still being used by fake mediums today, Allah said.

Hidden by his turban was a small earphone, with wires running to his heels, hidden by his clothing. Metal plates on his heels rested on tin plates beneath the rug — to complete the

## Gold in Russia

During the past year the gold industry of the Soviet Union has been developed at an increasing tempo. Whereas in June, 1933, the rate of gain over the corresponding month of the preceding year was 13 per cent, by September the gain amounted to 73 per cent, and in December, 97 per cent. For the entire year the production amounting to 100 million rubles, was 42.4 per cent, above that of the preceding year and about double that of the pre-war years.

Last year the output of gold in Canada totalled 84,000 kilograms and in the United States 78,000 kg. This indicates that the Soviet Union has attained second place, following the Transvaal, in gold production, as against fourth place two years ago and before the war.

Moreover, production is continuing to show large increases. The program which was set at a very high figure, was overfulfilled in the first six months of this year. In the first quarter of the year the gain amounted to 67.3 per cent over 1933. Preliminary estimates for the half-year indicate an increase of 51 per cent.

## Beggars Get More Than Workers

Rich beggars are being investigated in foreign lands, and it has been ascertained that an Istanbul beggar can gain in an hour more than a factory hand makes in a day. A reporter disguised himself as one of the beggars so touching to Moslem Turkish hearts that all efforts of the Kemalist government to end almsgiving have failed. Begging for three weeks on Galata bridge and in mosque courtyards he averaged 93 cents an hour. Turkish factory workers average 75c a day.

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## A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

Some men forget fast. I know when I learned to drive I was mighty glad that some other drivers practised the "courtesy of the road." I know I appreciated it then, and I have not forgotten it now. For the life of me I can't see why anybody should forget.

After all, the courtesy of the road doesn't cost you anything, other than a thought for somebody's welfare and safety. Little things like carefulness in signalling an intention to turn, or slow down a bit when one is passing children, or going through villages, or giving the other fellow his share of the road, mean quite a lot to others. And they don't lessen your own self-respect or safety in any degree.

I see a lot of drivers—it's part of my job to watch them as they go by—and believe me, in the main the

drivers of this province are a pretty decent lot. That is what makes the exception stand out so badly.

When I do come across one of these road hogs, without consideration for anybody but themselves, I don't feel very friendly. You don't blame me? No, nor any other decent man.

I could give you quite a few instances of where inconsiderate drivers have been responsible for accidents, but they always get theirs in time.

The highway is for everybody, pedestrians as well as automobiles, and the man that co-operates in driving safely and who exercises the courtesy of the road when he is driving is the man who is liked by all.

I'm preaching no sermon—I'm just saying what I think.