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TIDES of YOUTH

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

Synopsis of Previous 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.
This infuriates Kelly, assaults him and leaves Duffield to work elsewhere.
When the story opens, Kelly receives 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.
By the will, Kelly inherits two thousand pounds, and purchases some bush land at Tapuwai.

Now read on
Kelly accepted Genevieve's challenge, rather than extended an invitation.
If you don't mind roughing it, come. You will have bunk beds of wire netting stretched between four posts,

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A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

Highway No. 11—Sunday night—south of Newmarket. The line of cars coming down from Lake Simcoe and Muskoka was almost solid. Once in a while the procession would open out. Gaps of a few car lengths would appear. The up traffic was light, but you could never tell when a north-bound car would be coming over the hill.
One driver got impatient. Five or six cars ahead of him the line opened up for a moment. He turned out and speeded up to make the gap. Just then an up-car mounted the hill a hundred yards ahead of him. He swerved sharply into the gap.
He was just in time. But even then here's what happened. He grazed the fender of the car he had cut in on, forcing it to check suddenly. The cars behind it put on their brakes, but not in time to prevent a crash between cars Nos. 1 and 2, which caused crushed mudguards and a broken

headlight in car No. 2. The north-bound car sideswiped the cutter-in, and was crowded into the ditch. Both cutter-in and it suffered crushed mudguards.
The whole line of traffic for half a mile back was forced to halt. At several points there were bumps where cars could not pull up quickly enough. Traffic was halted (both south and north bound) for fifteen minutes while I helped the north-bound car out of the ditch and took its number. Fortunately I had been trailing the northbound car, watching for just such an accident.
Believe me, cutting in doesn't pay at any time. Much less on a crowded highway. Much better to keep in line and lose ten minutes. You may avoid a fatal accident. At least you'll save the fine the magistrate imposed on this particular cutter-in.
Anyhow — I'll be seeing you.

father in a fierce discussion about ethics.
It was not without trepidation that Norah saw them off, with saddles and bridles, and boxes of bedding and food.

A fine, hot morning in late January cast a sparkling radiance over the harbour; the faint southerly breeze ruffled the surface which threw back the flashing sunlight like a myriad jewels.

They were all there, Genevieve and Pat, Robin and Jessie.

Kelly met them at the station. The heat of the day had passed, and the clear atmosphere of this higher altitude was like a long, cool drink after the smoky suffocation of a railway carriage.

"Oh, Kelly, this is heaven!" and Genevieve took a deep breath and flung out her arms in a gesture of freedom.

"Heaven, is it? Wait till you see what you have let yourself in for."
"I don't care how rough it is. It's heaven to get up here and away from town. It's stifling down there."

The boys greeted each other with the casual informality that cloaked real affection.

"Look at the circus!"
Pat was delighted at the sight of a string of hoses tied to the station fence. There was a horse each, and two for the luggage. They were a mixed team: a chestnut cob, a great saw-boned black, two shaggy ponies, and several nondescript animals with no particular characteristics.

"Where did you get them?" Robin pushed his Panama hat to the back of his head to accentuate his look of surprise.

"All honestly bought or stolen. Oh, Barker, this is the family," and Kelly introduced them to a tall, lean man who was apparently in charge of the horses.

Geoffrey Polthard Barker was an Australian, a typical Cornstalk in appearance. His ambitious mother, who had died during his infancy had been responsible for his names. Five minutes after he entered school, Polthard Barker died, and Potty Barker was born. The name stuck.

Over a couple of pints of beer and the buying of the chestnut cob, he and Kelly had struck up a casual acquaintanceship. Kelly wanted a man to help him, and Potty Barker, having no deep-rooted aversion to work in congenial surroundings, the bargain was struck.

He had a lazy grace of movement, the automatic response of a healthy body in fine fettle, and a lazy manner of speech. This lazy drawl, with flattened vowels, produced a peculiar twang.

"Did you have much trouble getting to this circus up from Tapuwai?" Genevieve asked, as the boys saddled up and strapped the luggage on to the two pack-horses.

"A fair cow," drawled Potty Barker.
Genevieve and Jessie had the ponies. Kelly gave Robin the chestnut cob. Pat climbed on to the big, bony black, and Kelly and Potty Barker rode two of the nondescripts and led the pack-horses.

"Potty, you go ahead and lead. We'll have to push on while it's light," and Kelly glanced at the sky.
"But there's a moon, Kelly; quite a big one."

"Yes, but moonlight doesn't penetrate this bush, fathad," slipping into a childish nickname for Genevieve. "It is dark in broad daylight in some thick patches. And it's only a rough track further on, mind you. But don't get scared, the nags know the way. They all belong to this part. Still, we had better get a move on."

A premature dusk shut down when they entered the heavy bush country of Tapuwai. The horses dropped to a walk and picked their way among the potholes and roots as the winding track led first along a sharp spur of hill then down into the Tapuwai Valley beside the stream. It was here that Kelly had cleared the first few acres and built his house.

The Tapuwai Valley was practically encircled by high, thickly-wooded hills, broken into ridges and spurs. Some faces lay well to the run, others had a chilly southern aspect, catching, at it were, the direct icy winds from the South Pole, and having small share of even the summer sunshine.

Kelly had been fortunate, and his land had, for the most part, a north-easterly aspect.

As they rode down the spur, they passed an old Maori.
"Day, Honi," said Kelly.
The old man stood aside to watch them pass. He did not answer, but shook his head.

"Not a very friendly greeting," said Genevieve.
(To Be Continued.)

Canada's Export of Eggs

The export of eggs, which dropped to 7,236 dozen in May, increased to 27,060 dozen in June. This export has advanced to 2,089,835 dozen valued at \$443,310 in the past twelve months compared with 281,625 dozen at \$69,245 in the previous twelve months. Great Britain is the chief purchaser, taking 15,000 dozen last month, but 5,460 dozen went to Bermuda; 3,870 to Alaska and 1,332 to St. Pierre.

"SALADA"

TEA

Delightful Quality Fresh from the Gardens

Daily Brushing Will Keep Hair Shining

There's a new school of thought on the subject of hair brushing, and since it sponsors treatments that are practically no trouble at all and which do not ruin finger waves, it's likely to please the woman who has a limited amount of time to devote to beauty routines.
The treatment requires a hair brush weighing no more than a large comb and containing fairly flexible bristles of irregular lengths. Instead of digging stiff bristles into the scalp, one merely touches it lightly, bringing up circulation and removing dead skin and flakes of dandruff. It is, generally speaking, a method to keep the scalp clean and hair shining in a painless simple sort of way. If the brush is held correctly and the wrist allowed to vibrate with each stroke a finger wave is not straightened out. Hold the brush lightly in your hand, and beginning just in back of your left ear, brush the hair upward from the nape of your neck to the crown of your head. Finish in back of the right ear. Then using quick upward motions, brush your hair upward from the hairline around your face. This removes powder and other make-up from hair near the forehead and in front of the ears.

Now taking one small section of the hair, put the edge of the brush against your scalp and, allowing the wrist to vibrate rapidly, turn the brush as you draw it outward to the ends of the hair. The edge catches all dirt and dust and the rest of the brush is left clean for polishing. Do not use more than one stroke on each section of the hair. Wipe the brush after each stroke and continue until every inch of scalp has been cleaned, every hair polished.

Skin Cancer

"Health" Again Presents An Interesting Article On Cancer

The author states cancer of the skin is practically limited to such regions of the body as the face, ears, lips and backs of the hands; in other words, the exposed parts. Among the many factors leading to skin cancer one is struck by two things, namely, sunlight and age. One must remember that it may be a long time between the damaging exposures to the sun and the appearance of the cancerous growth.

With some men smoking is almost a full time occupation which in time may damage the lower lip resulting in a fissure or small ulcer which is extremely dangerous. When a skin cancer has occurred there is no best methods of treatment. The physician who has had extensive experience in all methods used in the treatment of skin and mouth cancer is in the best position to employ good judgment and good treatment and will obtain the best results.

"Camille" Costume Worn At Fancy Dress Ball

At the costume ball given in Paris the other night by the Baron de Bunsbourg, the Hon. Mr. Reginald Fellows appeared in a Schiaparelli concocted costume — fascimile of La Dame Aux Camelias — in black lace with garlands of camelias shading from dead white to deep rose festooning the ruffles which billowed about over the gown.

Then there was a true "Belle of the Sixties." Schiaparelli exaggerated the shoulder straps so that they swerved out in gigantic curves.

A Paris bride-to-be is having a stunning outfit made by Schiaparelli for her civil marriage. It is in gillie-flower pink of that cobblestone-like material, with blue fox furs and a hat to match the furs. The furs are trickily arranged and they're extremely flattering.

Baby's Upset Stomach Relieved!

Often in hot weather and occasionally at other times, little stomachs turn sour and acid. "When I notice any sign of sick stomach," says Mrs. J. Alphonous Brown, Bayside, P.E.I. "I always give a Baby's Own Tablet." They quickly set things right, are very easy to take and quite safe. All common ailments of childhood including teething are promptly relieved with Baby's Own Tablets. 25c a package at drug stores.

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What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEO. ST. CLAIR
(Grapho-Analyst)
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(Editor's Note: Do YOU know what your handwriting tells about your character? And what your friends really are like? The author of these interesting articles will tell you things about yourself and your friends that will interest and surprise you. See the announcement following this article.)

I am going to devote my space this week to giving extracts from some of the interesting readings that have been mailed to readers in the past week. The problems they embrace will find a counterpart in the case of many of my readers and will, for that reason, prove particularly interesting and helpful.

J. S., Toronto—Your girl friend is very proud and sensitive. She is probably too solicitous of other people's opinions. She is loyal—intensely so to her own personal standards. And she will expect the same rigid code from you. She will be hard to live up to, because she is relentlessly opposed to human frailty. This is not because she is essentially harsh, or callous, or lacking in sympathy. But she has probably been brought up in an atmosphere of almost puritanical conduct. I am afraid that you are going to have a very difficult time convincing her that your attentions to the other girl were merely platonic and friendly. Just the same, I suggest that you be quite dignified about the matter. Perhaps, if you show her my letter to you it will be of some help.

Mrs. A., London—Your trouble with your husband arises from your lack of understanding and patience. You are invariably ruled by your mind. Your head dictates your views. And, so very often, it is necessary to show some of the milk of human kindness—and this comes from the heart. Do not be overbearing. Your husband is having a trying time, like so many other men today. He is undoubtedly doing his best to provide the things which you need. He is doing his best

for you. And because he is unable to provide you with everything you would like, you suggest that he is un-aggressive and lacking in ambition and push. Bear in mind that it is always easier to catch flies with sugar than with vinegar. Show your husband more sympathy and tolerance.

Miss C. W., Windsor—The young man whose writing you sent me is a procrastinator, he lacks driving power and accepts things as they are, without looking for or expecting any improvement. He is hardly the right type of man for an ambitious girl like you. Your doubts about him show that you have already thought along this line, and I suggest that you give up expecting the impossible. You are still young—only 19. There is lots of time for you to find a more suitable partner.

Miss G., Hamilton—I think you are troubling yourself unduly about your boy friend's feelings for you. He is not the remorseful type. He is rather reserved, somewhat backward in showing his feelings. And because he is not for ever telling you that he loves you is no reason for jumping to the conclusion that he is getting cool towards you. He is straightforward and sincere, is inclined to reticence, a trifle clammy by nature. He does not make friends easily, but will be very loyal to the few he does make. Don't worry yourself, Miss G. He would not see you so often if he did not think a lot about you.

Would you like to know the real YOU. Would you like to find out what your friends really like? Merely send a letter in your normal writing, and enclose 10c coin and a 3c stamped, addressed envelope. If you enclose more than one specimen of writing, please enclose coin for each. You will be surprised at the revelations an analysis will show. Address: Lawrence Hibbert, Grapho-Analyst, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Can Germs Change?

Check of German Experiments Reveals Faulty Research

The bacteriologists of the Hygienic Institute of Griefswald, Germany, created a sensation not long ago by announcing that they had seen yellow fever germs (bacterium typhi flavum) transformed into typhus bacilli (bacterium typhi Eberth-Gaffky). Also they were equally sure that they had observed the reverse process.

That bacteria may suddenly change their species is plausible enough. The mutation theory, now generally accepted, holds that new varieties of animals and plants may arise suddenly. Even to an out-and-out Darwinian the Griefswald experiments were worthy of consideration. In a year a strain of bacteria can produce as many generations as a higher animal in a geological epoch. If there is any truth in the doctrine that all living things vary and that natural selection weeds out the unfit variations, there is nothing impossible in the transformation of bacteria. But, admitting this, an evolutionist, no matter to what school he may belong, would question the Griefswald experiments because they seemingly proved the reversibility of the evolutionary process. The one-toed horse of today had a five-toed eohippus for ancestor. No evolutionist would hold that the five-toed eohippus could be

produced by the one-toed horse. Nature does not reverse herself.

A NEGATIVE CHECK-UP
Skeptical Professor J. Fortner of the Robert Koch Institute was not impressed by the Griefswald experiments. He had heard incredible tales enough of tuberculosis bacilli which had apparently evolved from mildew and of deadly germs which were thought to be mutants or sports of coli bacilli. Besides, the proof that the evolutionary process worked forward and backward was suspiciously good. In the Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift he tells how he carefully repeated the work done at Griefswald without discovering anything startling.

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