Lordon - Lordon's campaign to quiet the big city during eleeping bours was inaugurated with success recently. There was a stillness for 7½ hours that astonished the town.

By order of the Ministry of Trans port, the sounding of automobile borns and sirens was prohibited be-tween 11:30 p.m. and 7 a.m. in a five-mile area from Charing Cross. Motorists showed a readiness to re scend and 3000 extra police, poster throughout the area, were thliged to caution drivers.

Even the late-night cutpouring from theaters with the usual frantic demand for taxis was conducted in comparative silence. When the first glint of sunrise burnished the cross of St. Paul's, market gardeners lerries rumbled toward Covent Gar den without a single blast.

If You've Had Your Teeth Extracted

Some time ago I had occasion advise a man to get all his teeth re-moved, writes a doctor. Apparently the extractions had been difficult, so that the muscles and ligaments of the lower jaw were stretched. As he did oct wear his artifical dentures at eight his jaw got somewhat fixed dur-

ing sleep. This gave him an unpleasant sensation when awakening.

As the dentures were well fitting
I advised him to keep them in at night. There was no objection to this provided they were thoroughly cleanized at regular intervals. As a precaution he was recommended not to yawn too widely in church or laugh to heartily at the "talkies." Yawning ally, would have broken her courage.

The heat was terrific. The awful him to went on the solution. Jessie found some comfort in the contempturus confidence of Potty Barker. He kept assuring her they would get out somehow. It might be a few days, and they would be a bit hungry, but it was marvellous how inactivity, waiting helplessly, tragically, would have broken her courage.

The heat was terrific. The awful baving swent everything rear, had a dislocation of the jaw when the ligaments are relaxed.



It gets rid of dirt easily and quickly, no hard rubbing and scrubbing ...

NPLEASANT cleaning jobs are easy when you use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. It actually washes the dirt away. Gets right down to ground-in grime! Use a colution of 1 teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of cold* water. Off comes the dirt! And you do no hard rubbing!

Keep Gillett's Lyc on hand for all your cleaning. Use it for toilet bowls. Toclear stopped-up drains. It kills germs, destroys odorsand never harms enamel or plumbing. Your grocer sells Gillett's Lye. Ask him for a tin-today. Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the Iye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—Get yeur copy of the new edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet—it tells you dozens of ways to make house cleaning easier by using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant. Also contains full information for soap making, thorough cleansing and other uses on the farme Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue & Lib-crty Street, Toronto, Ontario.



Issue No. 37-'34

TIDES of YOUTH

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

Synopsis of Preceding Crapters

Byzogais of Preceding Crapters
The principal character in the story
is Keily Pencarrow.
Keily is the son of Sir Milles Pencarrow, a lawyer whose father and
mother emigrated to New Zealand and
frought up a family who are now the
parents of the Young people with whom
the story is concerned.
Sir Miles Pencarrow wished Keily to
become a lawyer and to enter his
father's practice. Keily insists on beconsing a farmer. He joins an uncle
Michael Pencarrow, who own Duftield farm.
His once has a daugnter, Ellis, who

st coming a farmer. He joins an uncle, all chair Pencarrow, who owns Defined farm.

In sucie has a daughter, Ella, who fails in love with an Englishman named Gentry. Ellas father offers Gentry a half-share in the Duthield Farm.

This infurlates Kelly Fencarrow. He quarrels with Gentry, essaults him and leaves buffield to work elsewhere. Kelly received a summons to the technic of his dring grandmother, the mother of Sir Miles Fencarrow.

Arrived at the bedside, he is asked if he will apologise to Gentry and thus give her the assurance that the family a hope of reconciliation.

By the Will, helly inherits two thousand pounds, and purchases some outs hand at Tomas.

The distribution of the first his sailor-frother Fat, and his cousins Robin Herrick and Jessle Macdonald to come to Tapuwal While they are with him, Kelly starts a bush fire part of clearing operations.

go prest mog

Following the track, Barker and Robin made for Pabian's cottage at the head of the valley. Robin was riding Old Faithful, a good hack that knew every inch of the country, but had no pace. Maddened by the smoke which scorched his eyeballs, Old Faithful snorted as Robin urged him to make speed. The thought of the old woman and the child alone facing that horrible death justified the spur gainst such willing flanks.

The smoke was rolling in dense flames which leapt from tree to tree illuminated the Valley in a hectic

At last they reached the door, and Robin held the terrified horses while Potty dashed into the cottage, "Here, take the youngster; he's alive and kicking like blazes," and Barker thrust the baby into his arms, "Down that way, and try to pick up the stream, but go for your life, 1911 of his small injury and illumined the

Robin held the squirming baby tightly and the chubby fists pounded his face as he fought against the

Potty Barker followed, with the in-ert figure of Mrs. Fabian, a small, lean little grey-haired woman, hang-

ing limp in his arms.

Barker's spare frame had a steely strength, and his endurance was phenomenal. There was no track through the thick scrub, which was now alight in several places from fly-ing sparks. The gale, the heat, the smoke, the terrified horse, the awk-ward burden, all hampered him. More than once he wondered if he would each the stream.

Robin got through first, his horse Robin got inrouga irrst, ins norse stumbling on the rocky bottem of the stream. Barker was not far behind, but twice he had been struck by sparks which had set fire to Mrs. Fa.

bian's clothes.
"Thank God!" said Robin, when Potty joined him. Here they halted and the horses drank noisily from the stream, the water of which was quite

Nightgown

Dresses

Have High

Peter Barker looked down into the face of the woman he carried. "Dead! Fright, I suppose. I thought

eave her behind." Better push on," said Robin. was anxious about Genevieve and

'Yes. We'll keep to the stream and let the horses make their own pace. There aren't any snags or holes in this part; it's damned rough going. but they are fairly sure-footed."

"A good thing the Valley is clear
on either side of the stream down

"If it wasn't, it would mean a quick

good-bye." As they turned their horses down stream, the baby struggled in Robin's

erms, and bowled lustily. Dawn was unveiling the devastatio f night when they reached the stone bridge and saw the pathetic group watching for them.

"Here's your little son," and Robin held the screaming child towards his father, but Kelly shook his head. Fa olan was delirious, and his mind wor dered. He just babbled incoherently as he lay in agony, a rough first-air splint and a torn sheet bandage being the best Genevieve could do.

"His mother is here, but she is sleeping—fainted." said Barker, and he laid her gently on the bank as close to the stream as he dared, and spread his coat over her.

Two sheep, their wool alight from flying sparks, rushed bleating down the Valley, Kelly picked up a heavy stick and stunned them, and threw them into the stream to drown. It was the only way. Already his hands were badly burnt trying to save some of

them by beating out the flaming wool Throughout the night of horror one thought persisted: he was res ponsible if anything should happen to the others; he had asked them to come. Genevieve had protested that she was to blame; the idea had been ners. That they should time their visit disappeared 20 years ago. He still does active duties about the farm.

tion. Potty told him to shut up, is didn't matter now.

As the whare caught and burnt fier. cely for a few moments, and then col-larsed into a few blazing logs and twisted iron, 2 dull despair over-whelmed him it followed the passionate fight he had made earlier in the night to stave off disaster and rescue his stock.

He was ruined. His Grannie's money was going up in these flames. She had given him his chance, and he had fail. ed again. Something was wrong with d again. Something was wrong with him. Even if they got out alive, he world is to cover our feelings when could never come back; never live here again, not after this hell of tonight. He had lost his money, and would have to begin again.

Would they, too, catch fire from the flying sparks? What would he do—stun them, like the sheep, and let there to spring into life at the first than them, like the sheep, and let there to spring into life at the first consideration.

them drown paintessly; a merciful death? His hands were dreadfully painful; his eyes were scorched. Yes, he could not let them burn, he would stun them, Genevieve and Jessie first

Barker. He kept assuring her they amoun would get out somehow. It might be one of a few days, and they would be a bit storm.

ally, would have broken her courage.

The heat was terrific. The awful glare in the sky, the crackle and roar of the flames, the rush of the wind swept everything rear, had moved further back, but still imprisoned the swept everything before it and of the names, the rusa of the wind swept everything before it, and against which they battled down to the stream, called for conscious ef-

phasis for the second time:
"A fair cow." Pat, who had known something of danger at sea, had learnt to face sud-peril with the stoicism of a sailor. Once only at sea had he heard the dread alarm of fire raised. It was caused by a bale of oakum igniting. They had had regular fire drill, and the sailors and single men quickly took up their posts. The single men had to bring up their blankets, dip them in water, and throw them over the fire. They did this, and the blan-kets were all burnt, and they had no clouds, so dense that he coud scarce-ly see, but the lurid glare of the others to replace them for the rest of the voyage. But the fire was quickly put out

ed his small injury and illumined the long silences with an occasional picturesque oath. Pat had escaped burning, but was almost blind with smoke, The hours passed slowly, and he tried to offer distraction with tales of the sea, cooling tales of storms, of ice-bergs and lashing rain and the great green combers that swept round the Horn. Some were from his own experience; others were from that wealth of narrative spilled into the pool of the fo'c'sie. "Better to drown than to burn," said

Kelly, speaking for the first time, With the words, the mad obsession that he might have to drown them seemed to fade, banished by his voice. It was as though his mind had bee babbling wildly, like poor Fabian, and the realization came as a shoc Silence fell again, until the baby

(To Be Continued.)

Higher waistlines have had insistthe Paris openings, frequently linked with the Directoire period so that there is no doubt as to how high they are. In this connection there is reference to "nightgown" dresses which suggest those simple belted frocks, hanging straight to the floor which are so closely associated with the Directoire period. These models apparently are on the simple sides of fashion while those with fullness and formality quoted as taking their cue from the Renaissance period show a

reverse style picture.

Designers who have just returned from the Paris openings express themselves as convinced by the num bers of evening models which en-courage a higher waistline effect, es pesially as combined with a molded line, for evening wear,

Makes Good

London, Eng.—A Scotland Yard detective disguised himself as an exsailor selling matches, when he was in search of a "wanted" man. In this disguise he stood on a London sidewalk for six days and eventually secured his man. In the six days he also received nearly \$40 from kindhearted passersby.

The authorities of Scotland Yard

have ordered that the money shall be paid into the police funds. They consider the money was carned in the employer's time, and therefore be-longs to the state.

Third Teeth

Moncton, N.B.-Whatever it may mean, a renewal of youth or other wise, Roland Mitton, 92-year-old farmer of Little River, Albert Coun-ty, N.B., has just begun to cut his third set of teeth. His second set

Storm Fright Is Contagious

Control Your Terror If You Want Your Children to be Fearless

Paul W. Kearny tells some things

about lightning.

In this year of storms it is comforting to hear that out of a hundred and some million people in the Unit-ed States, less than 500 are killed by electric storms, although only ar average of 2,000 are injured.

"Three times as many are killed tripping over rugs and five hundred times as many are killed or hurt by automobiles, he says. Therefore the chances are small of

meeting our Maker by way of the

storm route. One of the hardest things in the world is to cover our feelings when one terrific blast after another shak-

amounts almost to hysteria. But not one of her children bothers about a

the flashes. The miracle is due to her own con-trol. "If I'm seared too much to hide it," she says, "I say I have a little headache and lie on the couch

with my face to the wall. They play about. But, of course, I know what they are doing.
"Usually I can keep going. Sometimes we start a game or I even sing

But one thing I never do. I never talk to them about the storm except A real soldier-mother, this. knows the agony of storm terror and she wants her children to avoid it

f possible. She blames her own fear on the procedure of her mother when she was little, of pulling down all the shades, hauling her small daughter into a dark room, covering her head and uttering low moans at every crack.

HOW TO SET FEAR Dramatizing self in electric storms serves to set the fear-there is no doubt about it. The only real relief is actually not to be afraid. We should work toward that end with

children even though we are hopeless cases overselves. Mr. Kearney warns about fire places and chimneys favorite hunt ing ground of the stray bolt. And open fields. And tall trees. It is not wise to choose the tallest of a group or to stand too close to any tree. Bu

Film Players To Be Married

even so, we can remember with com fort that the odds are small.

HEATHER ANGEL LEAVES FOR YUMA BY CAR WITH RALPH FORBES

Hollywood, Calif.-Ralph Forbes

and Heather Angel, film players, are on their way to Yuma. Ariz., by automobile to be married.

Forbes, former husband of Ruth Chatterton, met Miss Angel about a year ago at a dinner party. They did not see much of each other for sev-eral months. Then six weeks ago they Have High Waistline met again on a tennis court at the home of Charles Boyer and his wife. Pat Patterson, screen players. Then

ought to make our romance a per-manent institution," said Forbes before they departed for Yuma, "I am sure we will be very happy,"

said Miss Angel. She was brought to Hollywood from England by the Fox Studio and has just completed a picture, "Romance in the Rain,"

Mae West Gvies Big Gifts to Caste

Hollywood.—Mae West has passed round \$15,000 in presents to those around \$15,000 in presents to mose who helped make and remake her latest picture, "Belle of the 90's," it was recently disclosed at her studio. One of the gifts, a \$1,000 diamond ring, was instrumental in proving

that the actress knows her jewels that the actress knows her jewels.

The ring was too small for the recipient and he left it at a jeweler's to have it made larger Miss West saw him wearing it at the studio and noticed the original blue-white sparkler had been replaced by a yellow diamond. In 15 minutes she was demanding how it happened and the jeweler insisted it was a mistake.

Plumbing May Be Cause Of Amoebic Dysentery

Toronto-Prevention of amoebic dy sentry by the inspection of plumbing in all of the larger and older buildings in the United States and Canada was the chief topic to be discusse by sanitary engineers at the interna tional convention of the American So-ciety of Sanitary Engineers held here.

The hazards of defective plumbing in older buildings as illustrated by the epidemic of amoebic dysentery in Chicago were dealt with by Thoma

Orange Pekoe II II A

Fresh from the Gardens

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEO. ST. CLAIR (Grapho-Analyst) All Rights Reserved.

(Editor's Note: The striking inter-est in Character Reading from Hand-writing is shown in the number of re-twriting is shown in the number of re-

They laugh at the "boom bang" up her mind into play, and uses her jud-in the sky, and make funny eyes at gement.

There is nothing so catching as fear. Catching because it is already queets from readers who wish to have there to spring into life at the first their own handwriting analyzed, and seement. And few things can well as that of their friends, Have make life so wreiched as these fear obsessions of ours. The fewer wears with which children grow up the happier life will be.

One mother with a family of little folk has an unconquerable dread of character. This lady has a good deal storms. Her terror of lightning of capacity for emotional feeling, but amounts almost to hysteria. But not she also has, what in her case is a terro. Once she makes up her mind on the number of requesting random, and let everyone know what table knows. She knows how to keep secrets, Anvane who writes the "92" and "0" so that they are closed, is not inclined to talk too much, and if these letters are knotted at the top, this is even stronger evidence of this character. This lady has a good deal lady is a tendency to hold very decided and fixed views on certain matamounts almost to hysteria. But not seen the "22" and "0" so that they are closed, is not inclined to talk too much, and if these letters are knotted at the top, this is even stronger evidence of this character. This lady has a good deal lady is a tendency to hold very decided and fixed views on certain matamounts almost to hysteria. But not seemed to have your contents the provide knows. She knows how to keep the part

of capacity for emotional reeing, but cided and nice views on certain mat-she also has, what in her case is a compensating factor, a strong mind, She feels deeply, but she also brings her mind into play, and uses her jud-

This writing is that of a lady who uses her head more than her heart in

doing anything. She controls her feel-

ings. A good person to have in charge of any position of responsibility, be-

cause she uses her judgement.
Miss "Clarice", Toronto, You will

have to come out of your shell, if you want to get on. You are too backward in expressing yourself. You let others

ride slipshod over you, because they are more aggressive. Don't be afraid of speaking up for yourself.

Do YOU want to know what YOUR

handwriting shows? Have you any

particular friend whose real character

door of opportunity to you. Send spec-

imens of the writing you want analy-sed, and state birthdate in each case. Send 10c coin for each specimen, and

This is a sample than

mendous capacity for emotional feel-ing, and who are ruled completely by their feelings. They do things impul-This writing is that of a lady who sively, without any careful pre-judge-ment, and are swayed hither and you as their emotions dictate.

Not so with this lady! She feels leeply, and will often feel sympath etically disposed to other people. But her mind will prevent her from going to excess. She may be generous, bu it will be a reasoned generosity, and not the blind impulsive generosity of people who are governed entirely by their heart and emotions

In her particular case, there is an ther trait. She is inclined to consid. er her own self-interest in doing any thing. She will be inclined to ask her self the question: What do I get out of this?

This lady has a very quickthink ing mind. She arrives at conclusions in a lash. Note the sharp-pointed n's and m's. And she has a facile mind, also. Observe how the loop of the 'g' turns to the right, instead of normally twirling to the left, as most people do with this letter.

It's a Queer World

enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Gra-pho-Analyst, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Letters are con-fidential of course.

Women Not Lonely

Eleven hundred miles from civiliz-

"in-between" season find plenty to do.

Cameron Bay date all the events of

In the tiny log cabin village, Mrs

T. O. Byrnes, wife of the resident doctor, sometimes helps her husband

with his cases and amuses herself

with her radio and magazine-brought in by airplane. Then there is always her housework which in the primitive life of the north neces

sitates expending considerably more effort than that required by the city housewife. Mrs. Byrnes goes on oc-

asional trips to the Great Bear Lake

winter time. She is a graduate of St. Joseph's hospital, Toronto, and has lived at Cameron Bay for a

To Mrs. H. Reed, wife of th

wner of View Inn. the long day is

ust one big round of visits from the

rappers, miners, traders and police

men to whom the hotel is a rendez yous. A native of Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. Reed has been at Cameron Bay for two years and is assisted by Mile. Marie Onrat who came from

mines with the dog teams in

Many Visitors.

far from lonely.

In North after trial by jury, at Grud, Jugosla-via, for the murder of a thirty-year-old woman. She was fatally tossed Eleven Hundred Miles From when crossing a field. Civilization, There is so Much To Do and There are.

The rain tree, one of the wonder of Peru, is the country's saviour in times of drought. Its huge umbrella-like leaves condense the moisture of the atmosphere and precipitate from 10 to 15 gallons of water a day.

Owls see in the dark, according to owis see in the dark, according to a new theory, because of the infra-red waves emitted by their eyes, which pick up rats and mice and dis-close them as white objects against a grey background.

A wordless dictionary, which aims at recording the dying Indian sign erica. It will be filled with those nature opens and closes the water of an watering a man once made treaties, carried on trade, and parleyed with white people.

The strange symbols by which the red ways, are standout idates in the life A molten sea with ripples of gold where the sun lies low, and parleyed with white people.

The strange symbols by which the red ways, are standout idates in the life A molten sea with ripples of gold where the sun lies low, and wet sands the sheen of a bronze with the strange of the strange of

Iona, an island of the Hebrides, sees a policeman only once a week. He comes over from Mull, and as evidence of his appearance an inhabitant is asked to sign his notebook. Motor cars, bicycles and roads are unknow on the island.

Apricot stones, imported to Britain, are manufactured into face powder; In Germany they are converted into high explosives.

"QUAINT" HUMOR

The quaint hymor of the Scottish ench in former days was illustrated by the sentence of one of the judges Ye're a very clever chiel, but ye'll e nane the waur o' a hangin'."

WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER COMES TO WOMANHOOD



critical time: When she is a happy, healthy wife and mother she will thank you. Sold at all good drug stores:

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Quebec City a year ago to visit her

Marie became fascinated with the north country and is in no hurry to go home. In her few leisure hours she takes pictures, makes dresses, goes canoeing in the summer and in the winter goes for long drives te-hind her dogs.

Anne Swanson, daughter of the

general storekeepr has a different set of activities. She spends her pare summer hours cultivating her tiny garden. In the winter there are

tiny garden. In the winter there are bridge games and the occasional party to be attended.

But the gold grubbers of Great Bear hand the palm to Mrs. W. H. McDougall. Day after day "Ma" McDougall mends socks, overalls, mukluks, parkas and other garments for her "boys." She was born at Hay River, N.W.T., and has spent her whole life in the north. her whole life in the north.

Anne Lindbergh Dips Her Pen In Thrills and Color

Washington.-Anne Morrow Lindbergh dips her pen in thrills and color to tell in September's National Geo. graphic Magazine how it feels to go globe-trotting with her famous airman

Making her debut as author of vivid travelogue, Mrs. Lindbergh tells about the 933 flight around the North Atlantic, on which she handled the wire-

less key.
She makes her travels live again: missionary outposts of Canada; the country dances of Greenland; ice-land, where giants conquered the land; Leningrad, "a beautiful city gone a trifle shoddy"; Moscow, "amazing combination of old and

Her longest dissertion on her own clothes could hardly be called a fash-ion note—it was over the Greenland

ice cap: you would like to know? A handwrit-ing analysis reveals the real self be-hind the writing, and may open the "I was wearing, in addition to woollen underwear, one thin wool shirt, one thick wool shirt, one wool sweat-er, wool riding trousers, several pairs of wool stockings, fur-lined kamiks and helmet, and over everything the hooded white blanket parka designed for us by Dr. Stefansson. I was quite warm except for my feet, which I sat on, and my hands, on which I put another pair of mittens."

another pair of mittens."

And for pure exultation, there's this passage on the hop-off from the becalmed African coast: "We're off? No-spank-spank-spank — but almost—I held my breath. We're off. No more spanks. Yes, we're off. we're rising. The engine smoothed off into a long sigh, like a person breathing easily, almost like someone singing, ecstatically. We turned from the lights of the city. The plane seemed exultant then, even arrogant. We exultant then, even arrogant, did it—we did it!"

Color Contrast

Cameron Bay, N.W.T. — "The Great Lone Land," it has often been called, but to the women who live on You say that in Cornwall the Arctic's rim the north country is Where you are staying,
And where giant seas endlessly fret
Against columns of rugged rock,
The sands are silver,
And the bay, white with the minutest ation, the few women living at Cam-eron Bay, mining settlement on Great Bear Lake are always busy and, even when cut off from civilization by the

sea shells, The sea itself, a radiant turquoise, Riding beneath a turquoise sky

The two six weeks periods of "break-up" and "freeze-up" when nature opens and closes the water-

That has been polished by lovng hands And set to burn i' the glow of the sunset.

Silver—gold—turquoise—bronze; What more lovely could the sea offer one?

Mabel A. Beeken.

The human brain, the seat of sensation, is itself without sensation. Its tissue is insensitive to any feeling or pain even when cut or cauterized.



Dr. Wernet's Powder holds false plates so firmly and comfortably in place for 24 hours—they actually feel natural—eat, laugh, sing without fear of any slipping. Prescribed by world's most eminent dentists—they know it's the best—just sprinkle on. Inexpensive—any drugstore.

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Are You Artistically Inclined? We offer you practical instruction and criticism on Paintings; Landscapes and Flowers in Water Colours. Send a three cent stamped envelope for full information.

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