"Sportsman Flies High"

by Lawrence Keating

Synopsis:
Detective Dan Colwell of the Graber-Vael private detective agency is assigned the job of shadowing McDonald whose wife fears gangster enemies are plotting to murder him. McDonald is killed in spite of Colwell's watchfulness. Now, with McDonald dead the smuggling ring which he led has become disorganized. Colwell risks his life to gather evidence by playing one against another.

CHAPTER XIII

"Had a little fracas, nothing much. What do you hear from Otto—is he still hunting?"

Vael nodded. "Saw in the paper yesterday a note that Otto shot a buck." A lynx-eyed chap with quiet manners and the air of a family man and home-lover, Vael tried a smoke ring. "Guess you're still on that case for Mrs. McDonald, eh? Funny they haven't got the two mugs that killed him. Prominent lawyer and all. One of them was found in an alley, you know."

As Colwell merely shrugged the visitor hunched forward. "Say, what did you want me here for, Dan? You've something up your sleeve. I haven't much time, so spring it."

There was a short silence. "All right, I'll put it plainly for you. McDonald, you know, was the boss of a snow smuggling ring."

"No! Arthur McDonald?" Vael whistled. "What do you think of that."

Smaller Fry

"And Otto Graber was—is—mixed up in this ring. You too, Vael. Don't lie!" he charged as the man started to protest. "Don't let's waste words. I've got something to help you, so there's no use trying to bluff. You're in it, Vael—you're one of the smaller fry. Graber treats you like dirt, always has, always will."

The gaping complexion of Vael's face was ample proof that he knew it to be true.

"I've seen it and filed it away for reference. Now, you aren't a bad sort. I like you a heap better than Graber. He's—" Dan raised a hand to his head and ruefully rubbed a spot there still tender. "You're all right, Vael, but they're making a sucker out of you. Had it planned before McDonald kicked the ghost. Now they're making new plans and leaving you out just like before. And more than that: they'll likely make you the goat if anything goes wrong.

"You must have suspected this. Vael," he appealed with a gesture. "Shucks, I'm not telling you anything, am I?"

The visitor struggled with conflicting emotions. "How do you know? You're not in the deal?"

Colwell admitted this with a shake of his head. "Happened onto it from working for the agency you and Otto run. From this McDonald case. Anyhow, I know it. And I like you, Vael. Enough to ask you here so I can give you the low-down and a warning. So you can protect yourself."

Nobody Trusts Anybody

Vael considered carefully. The ash of his cigarette grew very long and finally tumbled to the carpet unheeded. "It's—true," he said with a sigh. "With McDonald gone, nobody trusts anybody else. It's dog eat dog. What are you after, Dan?"

He smiled. "A sale. Told you to bring a thousand cash, and I hope you brought it. Look here: I'm not peddling snow. Gosh I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole! But they're out to hook you and each other, if they can. Now, I don't know what yarn they told you, how the stuff was coming in. But I've got it straight. For the hundred I'll hand it over. The half a grand looks good to me, Vael, for you fellows don't pay me much."

The grey haired, hook nosed man kept a poker face. "I'll pay, provided your information doesn't coincide with mine. I'm not paying for something I may know already."

"Of course not. Put your money on the table."

There was some hesitancy about this. But at length the visitor raised himself, stood up, and produced five crisp one hundred dollar bills. He placed them on a small table which was an equal distance from the chair of each. Vael sat down again. "Well?"

The Truck's Coming

"It's coming in by truck. They're going to lift a packing case off the truck—"

"I know all that," Vael snapped impatiently.

"Did you know it was in a case of toys from Czecho-Slovakia?"

Vael jumped to his feet. "Toys? That straight?" He burst into a string of oaths, his hands working convulsively. "Why, the low rats told me it was brushes from Holland! I'll be—" He cursed again, and began to stride up and down. "That was Mac's original scheme. I'd swear by it! Unless Mac and Graber figured—"

He halted and shot a keen look at Colwell. "What else? Which way's the truck coming?"

"Through the Anawanda Valley along the Indian Highway."

Vael's fury redoubled. "What!" he ejaculated. "Why, those dirty carps claimed it's over the Telegraph Road! Of all the double-crossers, the yellow livered double-crossers! And they think they can shake me out like that, eh? But listen, what about this truck license number? Mac had that and . . . You haven't it, have you, Dan?" he wheedled.

Colwell grinned and nodded. "For fire hundred."

Without hesitation, Vael placed the sum on the table making a cool thousand.

Colwell peel under the table and take out those thumb tacks. It's there. Here, I will." He rose and stepped to it. His hand went under the table.

A gun prodded his back. "Stick 'em up, you fathead!"

He stiffened, growling. Vael's laugh was bitter and taunting. "You cap! Pull me here with a fairy story, will you?" He snatched the crisp hundred dollar bills and stuffed them into a pocket. "Now back off. Careful! I want that license number, Colwell, and the boys are waiting downstairs for it. Well? They're sore! Guess they couldn't get it off you! Let you go on a fake 'phone call from Harry Dunn, eh? Tell me that license number, Colwell . . . and then polish you off like Otto should've a couple days ago!"

While he talked he fumbled under the table and with his other hand held a ready leaf on his victim. But Vael's triumph turned slowly to suspicion. He fumbled harder, more anxiously, seemingly unable to find what he sought.

CHAPTER XIV

"Drop that gun!"

It was a feminine voice from the kitchenette. At first Vael paid little heed. Dan watched hawk-like for an opening, a chance to spring at him.

With a muffled oath Vael started to crook his trigger finger. "I'll kill—"

Wham!

The small apartment rocked with the explosion. There was a yell of pain, the metallic clink of a gun striking the hard composition floor that helped make the place sound-proof. Vael huddled with his wrist between his knees and blood trickled down his forehead where the ripped sleeve exposed it.

Dan had out his own gun in a flash. The wielder of the weapon that had been fired did not appear. The slender, white arm withdrew into the kitchenette. Colwell backed to Vael's gun. Getting it, he kept his own levelled while he got the cartridges out of it, and tossed it to Vael.

"Get out! And if you're wise you'll get way out! Keep away from those buzzards calling for you, Vael: take a train tonight, and never, never come back. Don't play with snow again, ever—that's my best advice. Change your life, man!"

Astonished that he was being permitted to leave, the visitor hurried whining with pain to the door. Dan opened it and with an upraised foot gave impetus to Vael's flight. He closed and locked it again, quickly, then turned.

Saved the Bacon

"Good work, Irita! Saved my bacon that's all. Came up here to kill me. Sore of himself, too. We've got to get out quick and over to the other place. They'll be up here in ten minutes and break down the door.

"You know," he muttered reflectively, "I think Vael told the truth about it being brushes from Holland. Anyhow, I'm sure going to find out if there are any brushes coming in from Holland, and if so we'll have the whole story, time, place, and all!"

Colwell sat beside the driver of the black coupe admiring her profile dimly seen. He smiled as he reflected that Irita was a good sport, plucky and daring. She had to be for the game they were in. She knew the kind who could hold her own in a drawing room, a hovel, or in a dangerous gamble like this—though Dan thought he preferred having her in a drawing room.

It was dark all around them, the sky a murky mass of ominous clouds, the heavy trees as efficient camouflage for the car drawn off the road with its radiator pointed to the highway. Colwell held his palm over the glowing stub of his cigar. Irita beside him seemed listening and watching intently.

"I hope they're coming." She changed posture. "I'm tired of waiting. And how do we know there's all the money in it you think? Just a guess, Dan. I almost wish I had a soft job selling hosiery over a counter, or laundry soap or something. Twenty a week might be better than trying to collect thirty-five or forty grand apiece from two men who maybe haven't that much anyhow."

Colwell grinned in the darkness and squeezed her hand on the wheel. "They've got it, all right. They didn't set up in this game just yesterday; they've made plenty. Um!" he exclaimed at a sudden twinge in his shoulder. "It takes more than three days to forget how Graber and Quillen can play!"

She turned her oval face to study him. "I'm sorry it still hurts. I'm surprised you're still alive. You're so ambitious, Dan, that it leads you from one scrape to another, doesn't it? Oh!" she broke off. "There goes a truck!"

"Not the one." He watched the big canvas covered vehicle rumble out of sight around a curve in the road, its red tail light disappearing as though wiped out by an invisible hand.

They waited. Ten minutes passed. The rumble of another heavily laden truck reached their ears and presently its white headlamps swept the concrete highway. Irita looked intently at Colwell but again he shook his head.

Another, and a fourth truck passed. Suddenly through his side window, Dan saw a flash of light reaching into the black sky. It was a half-mile away. Colwell leaned to the girl. "Coming now!"

She turned a switch and pressed the starter. The motor burred softly. Irita looked at Colwell, then back to the road. They both were tense as they listened and watched.

Again a heavy rumble came, deepening and growing louder. The white paths of its headlamps grew vivid. The truck came abreast and pursed them. When it was gone a half-mile Colwell patted the girl's arm. She slipped into first speed and eased the black coupe through a shallow ditch into the road. She twisted the wheel and headed after the truck.

The Right License Number

As the roadster's lights picked it up Dan read the license number. He saw packing boxes lashed on the extended tail gate. Irita kept the little car trailing until they rounded another curve. Then she speeded alongside the big van.

Irita began to sing happily, loudly, and to weave the car from side to side. Dan crouched out of sight on the floor. She brought the coupe abreast the cab of the truck and leaning out, gave a careless wave of her arm.

"Hi'ya, boys! Which way Washonville?"

The coupe swerved dangerously close to the front of the truck. "Hey!" the man beside the driver yelled. "Look out there!"

Irita laughed recklessly. "Wanna play?" She swerved the car back and forth. It darted within an inch of the truck's front wheels, then corkscrewed away—only to come back again. Irita drove with one hand, continuing to wave her other out the window.

"C'mon—isa game! Which way Washonville? Too-pee?" she cried. "C'mon, less' race!"

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

Beacons have been erected at Singapore, Malaya, to permit flying boats to land at night.

"The Doll-Making Season's On," Says Laura Wheeler. "Get Started!"

PEASANT DOLLS PATTERN 1893

COPR. 1936, NEEDLECRAFT SERVICE, INC.

Peasant dolls—what a hit they will make with some youngster—with a grown-up too, for they're highly decorative. Bright scraps do for the clothes, simple to cut. The features are embroidered on. Pattern 1893 contains a pattern and directions for making dolls and clothes; materials required.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

1939 Fashions Feature Curves

They'll Be All-Important in the Coming Mode

PARIS.—The dressmakers here now have their eyes firmly fixed on spring, 1939. The clothes on which the girls at the long tables in the work-rooms are busily stitching are forecasts of what we will be wearing when the winter is over.

There'll be some magnificent new color blends incorporating all the fresh beauty of spring.

Camouflage

You'll have to give thought to your corsets. If you really want to look 1939, you've got to acquire a waist, if you don't possess one already. Curves, in fact, will be all-important, and if you haven't any, you must camouflage.

Your hair will still look as though you are piling it on the top of your head, but it will look softer and less unkind to the back of your neck.

Blouses will be more elaborately worked, cloaks will be very important, and if you are the type which can wear a well-cut tailored suit you'll find dozens, with tailored shirts and cravats to go with them.

Most Jealous Man

A Polish miner in Bethune is now awaiting trial because he is the most jealous husband in northern France. Neighbors found his wife encased in a thick canvas garment padlocked at top and bottom. She said he locked her in it every day when he went to work.

Beauty for YOU

The Secrets of Good Looks

by Barbara Lynn

SIMPLE SIT-DOWN EXERCISES

Many correspondents plead that they are too busy to devote prolonged periods each day to strenuous exercises. They ask for exercises that, while beneficial can be sandwiched into odd moments of the day. Here, therefore, are some sit-down exercises.

To strengthen abdominal muscles: sit with body erect, feet flat on floor, and pull in the abdominal muscles as hard as you can, trying to make the front muscles touch the spine. Do this about ten times, then rest for a few moments. Repeat frequently during the day and see how your posture improves.

To strengthen the abdomen and back: sit erect with knees apart and hands on knees. Bend head forward, round the back and pull in abdominal muscles hard. Then lift entire upper torso from pelvis upward, keeping abdomen flat, push lower back forward, draw chest up and out and raise head up and back, and do NOT pinch shoulders. Feel the pull from the lowest vertebrae of the spine. Do this five times, rest and repeat five times.

These exercises can be carried out at odd times when you are sitting down — and you'll be surprised how many opportunities you will find as each day rolls along!

You can obtain any of the following helpful leaflets by sending a 3c stamp for each one required: Reducing in Spots; Foot Care; How to Slim; Eye Beauty; Underweight; Hand Beauty; Superfluous Hair; Bust Development; Your Hair; Face Care. Ask about your own beauty worries, at the same time.

Please mention this paper, and write to: Barbara Lynn, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

Silhouette For Spring Uncertain

PARIS. — Spring fashions, as forecast by the Paris midseason openings, take more than one leaf from nature's notebook. The silhouette appears in a state of flux which parallels the metamorphoses of the advancing season. The waistline is slipping, sleeves are swelling, decolletages are variable, the hemline is breaking up. All this sounds portentous, not to say ominous, but the present style is diverting and the future looks smart, if slightly uncertain.

Dark Red Lipstick Leads For Winter

Rich, dark red is the lipstick shade of the hour. If the purplish or orchid-toned lipstick you bought last September is just about gone, do try some of the deep, wine-red colors before deciding definitely to get a new one just like the old.

With black, dark red lipstick can't be beaten. And it's equally nice with your wine woolen or the slate blue or gray one. Change your rouge accordingly, of course.

Beer is a necessity for men who work in Northern Australia, according to the Chief Medical Officer of that district.

KOMOL

HAIR DYE

1610 Stanley

Montreal, P.Q.

In the great struggle for life, everything depends on the age you appear to be; but don't be discouraged. KOMOL, with its 19 natural shades, gives back to hair its lost youth. Sold at all drug stores and beauty parlors.

Girl Bell-Ringer Of Paris, Ontario

Is the Only One of Her Kind in the Dominion — She Gets Rhythm Into the Ding-Dongs

PARIS, Ont. — Pretty Olive Robb is in a class by herself when it comes to ringing bells.

For the past ten years, since she was 15, Miss Robb has been ringing the town bell of this centre near Brantford five times a day. Mayor Allan Scott says she is probably Canada's only female bell-ringer.

Doesn't Let Beauty Interfere

Olive considers her work an art and, she admitted she never lets her beauty interfere with her bell. She sees to that. If she does miss once or twice a year her brother Bill takes over.

"There's a rhythm to it and you must catch that rhythm to ring the bell properly," she explained. "I'll bet anyone who has not rung a bell before cannot ring it right the first half-dozen times. She'll get a ding where she should have a dong."

Olive is paid $120 a year for her work and besides helps her father run his hotel and service station. She estimates she has rung the bell for about 456,250 dings and dongs since she started.

Claims Women More Advanced

They Are Evolving Faster Because They Have Been Many More Generations of Women Than of Men, Jonhs Hopkins' Professor Says.

Women are far more advanced in evolutionary status than men according to Professor Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University.

This view, the professor told the Population Association of America at its yearly meeting, based on the mathematical fact there have been more generations of women than men, since women can marry off younger. Dr. Alfred Lotka, president of the association and an insurance statistician, provided figures to back up the contention.

Shorter Generations

"Since a generation from mother to daughter measures, on the average, 23 years and from father to son 32 years, there arises a dislocation of generation of the two sexes. In the course of 224 years there is room for eight female ancestors in direct line but only for seven direct male ancestors," he said.

Professor Pearl said women were far superior to men from the biological viewpoint, having "a lower infant mortality rate, are healthier and live longer."

Finds Women Best Walkers

New York State Bureau Learns Men Lead in "Jay-Walking"

Women, the New York State Bureau of Motor Vehicles has decided, are not only "more proficient or more considerate" automobile drivers than men, but as pedestrians, they do less jay-walking."

That conclusion was based on a report of pedestrian accidents for what is termed two typical months —January and July, 1938—in which 5,263 accidents involved 207 pedestrians and injured 5,262.

Fewer Accidents Proportionately

"Less than two per cent. of all drivers involved in fatal and only 4.1 per cent. of those involved in non-fatal pedestrian accidents were women," the report says. "While it is true the majority of motor vehicle operators are men, the ratio of men and women drivers is not as great as is the ratio of accidents involved male drivers involving the woman operator."

Asserting women "also have a better record as pedestrians," the report said deaths of male pedestrians exceeds those of women by three to one.

Pleatings Feature Newest Silhouette

PARIS.—Pleatings play a new part in constructing the silhouette. Pleats combined with flares, to suggest stylized 'has-relief' drapery are featured by Lelong, Alix, Molyneux and others. Pleated unpshade skirts or aprons of net and ribbon are added to high-necked party dresses by Lelong. Francesconi presents first spring tailleurs show finely pleated collars and pockets of the suit fabric, which repeat the pleating in a very fine pleating in asymmetrical effect and employs it on one side of the bodice and on the other of the skirt of crepe dresses, finishing the neckline with a one-sided pleated collar.

Automatic telephones which may be concealed under the desk are now available in London.

Christmas Dinner Contest Winners

Among hundreds of entries that flooded in for our Christmas Dinner Menu contest, the judge, Mrs. H. M. Aitken, who is staff dietician and radio commentator for the Canada Starch Company, chose the menu (round and) submitted by Miss Sadie Chambers of Arthur, Ontario, as the best. Miss Chambers receives the $5.00 prize. Second prize of $3 goes to Miss Janet Whitelaw, R. R. 1, Elora, Ontario. Mrs. S. T. Jordon, of Markham, receives third ($2).

There are good cooks in Canada, we discovered. Mrs. Aitken found it a most difficult job to narrow the contest down to three prize-winners so high was the standard of excellence shown by the average entry. She therefore first eliminated the menus that were not so well balanced, then concentrated on those that were simple as well as delicious. Finally the individual recipes were judged on their own proved merit.

This week we are giving you Miss Chambers' prize menu with accompanying recipes, all professionally tested. Next week, as suggestions for New Year's dinner, we will run the other two winning entries.

Christmas Dinner

GRAPEFRUIT AND ORANGE COCKTAIL TOPPED WITH CHERRY
TURKEY SOUTHERN DRESSING
RICED POTATOES BAKED SQUASH
GIBLET GRAVY
SALAD CRANBERRY MOULD
CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING
BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE
RAISINS SALTED PECANS
COFFEE

SOUTHERN DRESSING

2 cups moistened bread crumbs
1-3 cup melted butter
1 cup canned corn
1 cup chopped celery
1-3 cup chopped ripe olives
1-3 cup chopped stuffed olives
finely chopped
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 small onion, minced
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Mix thoroughly and stuff into turkey.

CRANBERRY MOULD

1 pkg. lemon-flavored prepared jelly powder
½ cup boiling water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup celery cut fine
½ cup canned shredded pineapple (drained)

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Chill with occasional stirring until the mixture is as thick as strained honey. Add lemon juice, celery, pineapple and cranberry sauce. Turn into wet mould. Chill until firm. Unmould on crisp lettuce. Garnish with thick salad dressing (into which has been folded an equal measure of whipped cream).

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

(Makes 1 ¾ cups).

2/3 cup white corn syrup, 1½ cups medium brown sugar, ½ cup water, 4 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 6 tablespoons heavy cream.

Boil the first four ingredients until sauce reaches heavy syrup consistency. Cool. Add vanilla and cream. If consistency gets a little too heavy add more cream.

—Miss Sadie D. Chambers,
Arthur, Ont.

Fashion Flashes

Evening dresses choose soft shades and arrestingly revealing necklines.

A long bodice evening gown is chosen in pale Puritan gray, with crisp white pleated organdie ruches outlining deep square neck and the sleeves. The demureness of the shirred full skirt, the tiny tight bodice, is belied by the deep cut of the decolletage. The low-posed position of the white orchid is new.

Mauve satin, very silvery, makes a dress with a slim skirt but extravagantly wide skirt which the wearer holds out when she dances. Delicate lace is used as accentuate the very low strapless decolletage, cut almost to the waist in back.

Purple hues are highlighted in dresses for the young matron and the older woman, alike.

Wine color promises to supersede purples in the later winter styles.

Tucked effects in sheers are good for afternoon wear.

Pleats are extremely important.

Quilting is important. Whole jackets are quilted and worn over partially quilted skirts. Quilted coats are launched, and in one famous Paris house you are offered a quilted breichtwantz coat.

Upholsterers' trimmings are to the fore. Braids, galons, tassels, bob-fringe, where and how you like. A plain black crepe afternoon dress has a bolero effect marked by a pink and yellow upholsterer's fringe.

Eat The Crockery

That is what Maresi Mazzetti, confectioner, of New York, foresees by his invention of cups, plates and dishes made of coloured candy. When dinner is finished the diners eat the crockery and the table is cleared.

Minister of Trees For Ontario Urged

Sir William Mulock advocated the formation of a department of trees in the Ontario Government, at the Christmas dinner of the Men of the Trees Society last week.

He said reforestation and the proper care of the province's trees was important enough to have a minister of trees to devote his entire time to that work.

Perfect Secretary

Employment Director Believes Good Appearance Important — Intelligence, Enthusiasm Stressed

Beauty and clothes play an important role in the make up of a "perfect secretary," Miss Mary McMahon, director of employment for a large Toronto company believes.

"What is a perfect secretary?" she was asked.

"She must have intelligence, enthusiasm and good judgment," she replied. "She must be particular about clothes. She must look always happy when things are not going so well with her employer.

"If she has a bright and animated face, men don't notice her clothes so much. On the other hand clothes do count. Girls who look so pretty in their summer clothes would do well to remember that a little color would make all the difference in their winter attire. Men like color.

Demure, Quiet Type

"There really no standard as to what the perfect secretary should look like. It depends upon the employer's taste. Now, the other day I had a request for a well-dressed, well-groomed girl, perhaps on the showy side; and which do they pick? The most demure of them all! She was beautifully dressed, but with good, quiet taste. They had asked for a blonde. But they chose a brunette!"

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FACTORY CLEARANCE

MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT, if you are crabby, tiresome and tired, men won't be interested. Pep is what they want, girls, and you can get pep into your physique by the use of pep.

For three generations one woman has told another how to get "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus relieving the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

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THE LARGEST SELLING TEA IN THE WORLD

Closed Game Areas Fought In Ontario

Chatham Rod and Gun Club Oppose Move — Say Farmers Would Have to Be Own Game Wardens

A lengthy discussion on the question of having restricted game areas in Ontario featured the monthly meeting of the Chatham Rod and Gun Club.

Members opposed the formation of such areas in the district and claimed the move would create considerable difficulty during the hunting season.

See Growth of Poaching

The restricted area plan of the Department of Game and Fisheries is to have each township limit the number of hunting licenses to 150. The township collects fees for each license and in return farmers must act as their own game wardens. Under the present plan it would be illegal to move from one township to the next without having a license for each municipality.

Behind the plan most members could see a desire on the part of the government to eliminate paid game wardens and have the onus of stopping poaching on farmers.

MODERN COURAGE

Courage is an enduring human quality. Our forefathers who plunged into forests infested with Indians and wild animals faced the unknown with no greater equipment than the modern man who tunes in his radio on a dramatic program.—(Hal Frank, in Saturday Night).

WHY A DOG TAX?

There is no sound reason for the imposition of a dog tax. The system is merely a hang-over from the old days when municipalities collected a dog tax with the provide a fund from which to compensate sheep owners whose animals had been killed by dogs. No one keeps sheep in Windsor, so far as we are aware, so therefore there is no need for a dog tax in this kind. This being the case, why should dog owners have to buy tags for their pets? No one has to pay a fee for keeping a cat, a canary, a parrot, a peacock, a white rat, a rabbit, or any other pet; why, then, the exception in the case of dogs? — Windsor Star.

The EMPIRE

ENANGERED TO DEATH

The emancipation of the world goes on. Italy's heart bled for the serfdom of the Ethiopians, so she emancipated Abyssinia. For more than two years General Franco has been striving to emancipate Spain. Japan saw the Chinese suppressed and depressed by their overlords and decided that only emancipation could save China for posterity, though whose posterity is not quite clear. And in Middle Europe, where the tide of events ebbs and flows from hour to hour, an emancipation is threatening to reduce the world to the component parts which Zeus found when he took over control from Chaos. — The Cape Argus, (Capetown).

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

If Lana Turner had taken her lunch to school instead of eating at the cafe across the street from Hollywood High School, she might never have been in pictures. Her most recent role is in "Dramatic School."

Canadian Lambs' Champion Price

Carload From Stouffville, Ont., Brought $23.75 a Hundredweight at Chicago Show

A Canadian who had the champion carload of sheep in the thirty-ninth International Live Stock Exposition got a championship price for his lambs at the show sales.

W. J. Brodie, of Stouffville, Ont., sold his champion carload at auction for $23.75 a hundredweight. The lambs averaged 81 pounds a piece.

This was the highest price paid for carlots of sheep.

Other Canadians Won

Next came D. E. McEwen, of London, Ont., who had the second prize carload of sheep and got the next best price for them, $18, from Armour & Company. McEwan's sheep also averaged 81 pounds.

The only Dominion entry, W. E. Brown of Vars, Ont., placed third in his preliminary heat of the international sheep shearing contest, a new feature of the exposition.

The New Ontario Conservative Leader Is Congratulated

Dr. R. J. Manion, Federal Conservative leader, LEFT, was one of the first to congratulate Col. George A. Drew, RIGHT, upon his election as leader of the Ontario Conservative party at the convention held in Toronto by the Ontario Conservative Association.

VOICE OF THE PRESS

CANADA

WISH THEY'D PIPE DOWN

Calgary reports the huge gas waste in the West is to be ended. Can anything along this line be tried at Ottawa? — Toronto Telegram.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Every time we see a picture of a beautiful home yet is made up of beautifully landscaped grounds and feel that we want to spend the rest of our days there, it turns out to be a funeral home. — Kitchener Record

ENOUGH RAILWAYS NOW

A scientist says a trip to the moon is a possibility but the Port Arthur News Chronicle thinks if this will entail the building of more railways, the thing should be discouraged. — Chatham News.

NOT FOR THE TAKING

Some folk appear to think that turkeys and Christmas trees are to be had in the rural districts merely for the collecting. The courts may have to be asked to disabuse them of the error of that viewpoint. — Peterborough Examiner.

Farmers' Aid Act Soon To Expire

Creditor's Arrangement Law to Suspend in Eastern Canada

The end of December will see the expiration of the operation of the Farmers' Creditors' Arrangement Act in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces. In Manitoba and British Columbia the act will expire on June 30. In Saskatchewan and Alberta it will continue indefinitely.

40,000 Applications Made

The act in question was passed at the last session of Parliament, but its operation was delayed to permit of the proper winding up of many transactions. The general objection to the act was that it was passed four years ago to meet an emergency in the farming districts and that four years was a sufficient time for farmers to compound their debts.

It has been very widely used. Over 40,000 applications invoking the act covered a total of $60,000,000 of debt. These were reduced by $60,000,000, apart from reductions of more than one million a year in interest rates.

Most Crime Laid To Bad Education

Montreal Lawyer Calls the State an Accessory In Child Delinquency

The state is an accessory before the fact in juvenile delinquency where there is no compulsory school attendance, where slum conditions are allowed to prevail, where playground facilities are inadequate, and where malnutrition exists, said J. Alex Edminson last week in an address to a Young People's Forum in Montreal. His subject was "Crimes and Criminals".

Should Teach Trades

"If we are to adequately prepare our youth for peace with the same thoroughness that the dictatorships prepare their youth for war," he said, "we would have a sharp decrease in crime in Canada."

A large percentage of jail and penitentiary inmates in Canada under the age of 30 had sparse education, were unskilled in any trade, and were only occasionally employed, but in most cases unemployable, he stated.

Plane Making Pace Speeded In Dominion

Industry Making Canadian War Craft; $10,000,000 British Order

Royal Canadian Air Force authorities expect that by mid-summer all aircraft constructed under the 1937 and 1938 defense programs will be delivered. The airplane industry will then be turning out, more specifically than previously, the planes contemplated in the program which Parliament will vote next session.

Co-ordinated Expansion

The fillip given to the industry by the $10,000,000 order from Great Britain Government has resulted in plans being drawn up of a well co-ordinated expansion. Not only will the companies concerned be equipped with facilities to handle British orders, but the enlargement necessitated by them will enable them to take care more quickly of Canada's aircraft demands.

Efforts to popularize the R. C. A. F. and develop air-mindedness among the Canadian people will be continued. It is not unlikely that when all the new craft are delivered some imposing air pageants may be staged at strategic places throughout Canada.

Coffin Fame

Marian Weaver, of Chicago, wanting to become world famous, has had herself buried in a luxury coffin 6 feet underground, hoping to remain there 3 months.

Nova Scotia's Mine Mishaps

Major Disasters Have Occurred Over Past 65 Years

Major disasters in Nova Scotia collieries during the last 65 years include:

1873—Drummond Colliery, 60 dead.
1880—Albion Mine, 44 dead.
1883—Vale Colliery, 18 dead.
1891—Springhill, 125 dead.
1899—Caledonia, 11 dead.
1915—Bras d'Or, 3, 8 dead.
1917—New Waterford, 65 dead.
1918—Allan Ehaft, 88 dead.
1932—Victoria No. 2, 7 dead.
1931—Victoria No. 4, 6 dead.
1932—Maple Leaf No. 4, five dead.
1935—Allan Shaft, 7 dead.

Awards Ready For Canadians

Heroes of Fire and Police Forces to Get the King's Medal During Their Majesties' Visit Here

Members of Canadian police forces and fire brigades are now eligible for the award of the King's Police Medal, a decoration conferred by His Majesty in recognition of bravery. A recent order-in-council renewed the application of the award to Canadians.

For Conspicuous Gallantry

Recommendation for award of the medal, it was decreed, is to be by "one of our ministers of state for our Dominion of Canada," according to the phrasing of the royal warrant.

Twelve medals constitute Canada's yearly allotment, although more may be awarded if justified by exceptional circumstances.

The qualifications for the grant of the medal for gallantry are:

"Conspicuous gallantry in saving life and property, or in preventing crime or arresting criminals; the risks incurred to be estimated with due regard to the obligations and duties of the officer concerned."

Won't Take Action On Mars Broadcast

The United States Communications Commission has decided to take no action on complaints that the Orson Welles broadcast of October 30th caused many radio listeners to believe that men from Mars were invading the country.

The commission said that it believed steps already taken by the Columbia Broadcasting Company were sufficient to protect the public interest.

"While it is regrettable that the broadcast alarmed a substantial number of people," the commission said, "there appeared to be no likelihood of a repetition of the incident and no occasion for action by the commission."

Canadian copper production during the first nine months of 1938 totalled 41,216,461 pounds, an increase of 16.7 per cent. over the output in the corresponding period a year ago.

News Parade

By Elizabeth Eedy

LOST AND FOUND DEPT:

Would someone please tell us whether the full-size circus merry-go-round (complete with horses, calliope) stolen from a barn near St. Catharines this fall has ever been located. Has the thief been apprehended and brought to justice? Or maybe the merry-go-round was just borrowed?

THE COAL MAN'S MAD: — Though Christmas is only a couple of days away, it doesn't really seem to be that near because the weather has failed so deplorably this fall to get into the spirit of the thing. Fuel dealers in Ontario have been tearing their hair over the situation. Stores and shops selling fur coats, motor-boots, woollen mitts, Christmas gifts have suffered through lack of customer interest. Even the florist was mad—people just don't buy flowers if they're still growing in the garden at home.

TRAFFIC TOLL: The death rate from automobile accidents in the United States has been cut to one-third below last year's figures. Said to have brought about this big reduction in car fatalities: education of public opinion, police vigilance, intensive driver-training.

Canada in the meantime has not improved one iota on her bad traffic record of 1937. Just as many dead, as many injured, as ever. We could afford perhaps to profit by the example of our southern neighbors in this regard, don't you think?

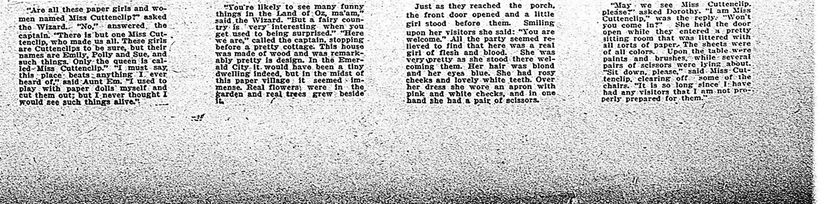
TO HIM THAT ASKS: Last week we talked a bit about Mussolini and how Hitler is presumably helping him (the new Franco-German pact notwithstanding) to blackmail the democracies further, to obtain more territory in the Mediterranean basin.

Mussolini knows right well that the cry raised for these pieces of land is certainly a great rackets in France and England, that opposition to granting Italy's indirect demands is strong. But the Duce is a patient man. He can wait a while for those territories of Nice, Savoy, Corsica, Tunis. His purpose at the moment, we believe, is to scare the democracies into giving him a little something, or as much as he wants, of course, but something. . . . Maybe the granting of belligerent rights to the Spanish rebels would appease him for a time. He could jump into Spain, then openly with both feet, and help Franco win the war, and gain the peninsula pretty much for himself.

THE WEEK'S QUESTION: — What is the significance of Memel Land? Answer: Memel Land is a piece of territory, to the north of East Prussia, 1,099 square miles in extent, which by the Treaty of Versailles was taken from Germany and placed under League of Nations control. In 1923 it was handed by the allied powers to Lithuania. The population is 152,000, predominantly Germanic.

WONDERLAND OF OZ

By L. Frank Baum



"Are all these paper girls and women named Miss Cuttenclip?" asked the Wizard, "no," answered the captain. "There is but one Miss Cuttenclip, who made us all. These girls are Cuttenclips to be sure, but their names are Emily, Polly and Sue, and such things. Only the queen is called Miss Cuttenclip." "I must say this place beats anything I ever heard of," said Aunt Em. "I used to play with paper dolls myself and cut them out; but I never thought I would see such things alive."

"You're likely to see many funny things in the Land of Oz, ma'am," said the Wizard. "But a fairy country is very interesting when you get used to being surprised." "Here we are," called the captain, stopping before a pretty cottage. This house was made of wood and was remarkably pretty in design. In the Emerald City it would have been a tiny dwelling indeed, but in the midst of this paper village it seemed immense. Real flowers were in the garden and real trees grew beside the door.

Just as they reached the porch, the front door opened and a little girl stood before them. Smiling upon her visitors she said: "You are welcome." All the party seemed relieved to find that here was a real girl of flesh and blood. She was very pretty as she stood there welcoming them. Her hair was blond and her eyes blue. She had rosy cheeks and lovely white teeth. Over her dress she wore an apron with pink and white checks, and in one hand she had a pair of scissors.

"May we see Miss Cuttenclip, please?" asked Dorothy. "I am Miss Cuttenclip," was the reply. "Won't you come in?" She held the door open while they entered a pretty sitting room that was littered with all sorts of paper. The sheets were of all colors. Upon the table were paints and brushes, while several pairs of scissors were lying about. "Sit down, please," said Miss Cuttenclip, "while I cut off some of the chairs. It is so long since I have had any visitors that I am not properly prepared for them."

National « Fitness »

THE FOOT OF THE CLASS

by Mrs. Isabel Sills

The Collegiate student at an age when outstanding physical defects should already have been corrected, often finds himself handicapped by early parental neglecge of such factors. Among other defects found frequently in Collegiate students, are flat feet, foot deformities etc.

In February, 1924 an experimental survey of the feet of five hundred Collegiate students indicated a definite need for education in the matter of foot health.

Foot Defects Found

Many and various types of feet were observed. There were high-arched and low-arched feet, short, broad ones, long toes and short toes, thin feet and thick flabby feet. In addition to minor foot defects serious weakness of the feet were observed, many of them hitherto unsuspected.

The survey revealed that out of the five hundred pairs inspected two hundred wore shoes which were too short or too narrow, or had heels which were too high; and seventy-five wore gymnasium shoes all day; twenty-five had abnormal nail condition; one hundred had corns, callouses, blistered heels, pressure points and bunions; three had hammer toes; thirty-seven had overlapping toes; thirty had fallen arches or flat feet; fifty-six had foot strain or weak arches; sixty had fungus infection. As a result of this survey, a planned campaign based on cause, prevention and correction was immediately started.

Corrective Measures

Records revealed that in thirty cases nineteen were successfully treated by means of a properly regulated di