Finest Quality—
Easy to Use
"SALADA"
TEA BAGS

THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis

Honey Monroe, lovely young criminal, succeeds in taking the sylvester diamond from a woman in a New Amsterdam restaurant and escapes to Canada. Dan Dunborne, the Eye Dunborne, private detective, who has been trailing her all over Europe, follows she takes the train back for the apartment of Dan Dunborne, where she lives with whom she is in love. Before she has time to return to Dan who she took the stone, there is a knock at the door. Dan pushes her into the bedroom and tells her to keep silent in that.

CHAPTER V.

Honey did not close and lock the door as Dan had instructed her to do. There was too much curiosity in her general make-up for that. She wanted to see and to hear what passed between the men. She had been right about the caller. It was Joe Dunborne. She wiped the tears from her eyes so she could see clearly and peeped through the crack of the open door.

Dan said to his caller, forcing a yawn to make it appear that he had been disturbed from a sound sleep: "It is rather late, sir, but is there something I can do for you?"

"I am Joe Dunborne," said his visitor as if that explained a great deal. "I have business with Miss Monroe." There was deadliness in his voice that Honey recognized instantly and a cold chill swept over her body as she saw how cruel and ruthless he looked as he stood before Dan.

The district attorney showed surprise.

"Why come here? Why not go to see her?" He spoke curtly.

"I have been to her apartment. She isn't there."

"How do you know? It's possible that she's asleep." Dan reminded civily. "It is customary to sleep at this hour of the morning."

"No. She isn't there."

Both men were very angry though trying hard to remain cool and collected.

"What makes you think I know where she is? And what business is it of yours, anyway?" Dan straightened his shoulders and Honey saw his right hand close into a tight fist at his side.

"It's my business, all right," Joe said flatly, and Honey saw his eyes cover the room quickly and settle on the bedroom door. A flame leaped into his eyes and they burned through the narrow opening of the doorway and she withdrew deeper into the darkness hoping that he had not seen her. His jealousy was something to be afraid of too.

"Well, you can get the blazes out of here," thundered Dan hotly and reached to close the door on his visitor.

But Joe was too quick. He stepped inside the room. "Only when Miss Monroe leaves with me," he said and pushed the door shut behind him with his foot. It slammed hard.

And in that moment, Dan made a swing for Joe's chin and they went down together, heavily, knocking over a small table and sending the things on top of it to the floor to scatter in all directions. Honey closed and locked the door then. She was seized with a violent panic as she heard blow after blow fall in the other room, not knowing how the fight was going.

She walked the floor, ringing her hands. Then quickly, she made a decision. She dropped the velvet box in her purse and went into the bathroom, but there was no way of escape there. She turned back. The bedroom window opened onto a small balcony which looked down into a patio. She peered over the rail and discovered another balcony on the ground floor just below it, a matter of some eight or ten feet.

"If I only had a rope," she whispered to herself, "or some——" Instantly, she thought of a substitute for the desired rope.

She took the sheets from the bed and knotted them together, working with quick, nimble fingers. She looped one end securely around the rail; then she climbed over the balcony and thanked her lucky stars that she had been brought up a "tomboy" and that she had lost none of her agility. She slid slowly and carefully down the sheets.

Escape was the only thought in her mind as she touched the ground and looked around. Joe's car was parked by the curb, the keys in the lock for he seldom bothered to take them out, especially if he were in a hurry. She got into the car without hesitation and drove herself to town. She parked the coupe on a side street where it could easily be found. A short distance from it, she picked up a taxi to take her to her own apartment hotel.

Honey dare not get into the elevator at that time of the morning and advertise the fact that she had gone out unseen after Dan had brought her home, and that she was just now getting in. After all, she did think well of her reputation, even in this hour of mental suspense. So she tip-toed quietly through the lobby to the stairway. Up three flights of stairs she ran.

(Continued next week.)

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Pitching device
7. Pilots
12. Dawn
14. Bleat
15. Neat
16. Lodge
17. Ocean (prefix)
19. Son of Noah
20. Cut of meat
21. Small
22. And (Fr.)
23. Purchaser
26. Ewe
27. Shows
32. Pours off gently
34. Barrel staves
37. Appointment
38. Small boards
39. Small pointed position again
40. Discords
41. Commit theft
42. Son god
43. Nothing
44. Tilting cup
45. Direction
46. Peacock butterfly
48. Sharp and harsh
49. Tie
50. Amount
51. Counterbalance
52. Dikes
53. Irrigates

DOWN
1. Parent
2. Ancient
3. Boric acid
4. High priest's appointment
4. Clear tenth
5. Gladiation syllable
6. Savory
7. Clipped
8. Address
9. Fairer
10. Spanish article
11. Gnawing animal
18. Confections
24. Attention
25. Rise suddenly
28. Diminishes
29. Ages
30. Atomic weight (var.)
31. "Thrashing machine"
36. Jewelers' weight
38. Six-line stanzas
39. Stalk
35. Bird
34. Mix circularly
36. Rubber
37. Old playing card
38. Ante joint
42. Pots
44. Other
46. Rook
47. Astern
49. Four
51. Musical note

Answer to This Puzzle Will Appear Next Week

Modern Etiquette

By Robert Lee

Q. What should be done with the silver when passing one's plate for a second helping?

A. The silver should be placed on the plate, as at the end of a course.

Q. Is it necessary that a girl check her wrap when dining in a hotel, and she wishes to dine?

A. No; she may leave it on the back of her chair, if she wishes.

Q. If a girl knows that a young man does not have money, would it be all right for her to buy two tickets and invite him to the theatre?

A. No; this is not good form and most certainly would not make a good impression on the man.

Q. Is it right to word a wedding invitation so that it reads "Request the pleasure of your company"?

A. No; the correct phrasing is "Request the honor of your presence."

Q. If a friend has borrowed a book and has kept it for several months, is it all right to ask her to return it?

A. Yes; a borrowed book should not be kept any longer than thirty days.

Q. Should the fingers or a spoon be used for eating a cake, if a fork is not served with it?

A. Use the fingers, unless it is very sticky.

Q. Should a man wear his hat in an office where women are employees?

A. No; a well-bred man will remove his hat.

Cook Dinner in this party apron! Offers plenty of cover-up for your holiday dress; and it's pretty as a bunch of holly! Nice for gifts, too!

Pattern 4755 in sizes small (14, 16), medium (18, 20), large 40, 42). Small size 1⅞ yds. 35-inch.

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send your order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I stop hiccoughs?

A. Try moistening some granulated sugar with vinegar, and eating it. This often brings instant relief.

Q. How can I prevent soapy water from getting into the eyes of a child when giving it a shampoo?

A. Rub a little cold cream around the eyes and this will usually be prevented.

Q. How can I remove shine from serge?

A. Sponge the serge with hot vinegar before pressing it, and it will remove the shine.

Q. How can I clean a tile hearth?

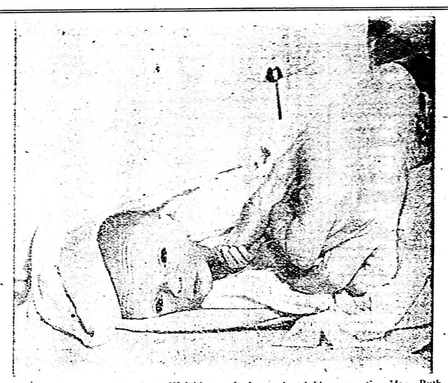
A. Use a cloth dampened in turpentine. Then dry with a clean cloth. Do not wash the tiles with soap and water, as this often splits the enamel and destroys the glaze.

Q. How can I remove rust from curtain pins?

A. Place them in a bowl of water. Let them remain for a few minutes, then rub them with a dry cloth.

Q. How can I wash brush wool properly?

A. Any garment of brush wool must be washed carefully. Make a suds of pure flakes and warm water. Squeeze the garment in the suds, changing the water frequently. Rinse thoroughly, adding a few soap flakes to the last rinsing water. Spread out flat to dry. Turn the garment when one side is dry.



How Small—Yet How Precious—Weighing only 1 pound and 14 ounces, tiny Mary Ruth DeVor can barely cover the tip of the doctor's thumb with her hand. Born prematurely by two months the baby made her camera debut at the age of two weeks.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

What can you do with a car—given the time, money, opportunity and courage? Jim, the young fellow who has made this his home off and on for seven years, and who, last August, felt the lure of the West in his bones, is now back home again. He left Alberta on a Wednesday, went on to the Rockies, over to the States, back to Canada and then straight home, covering about three thousand miles and arriving here about five p.m. the following Tuesday. No flat tires, no motor trouble, no undue excitement of any kind—and a fellow with him to share expenses. Also he has come back with a great liking for the West. He had a good job with a young couple who treated him like a brother and who would have kept him had there been any work for him anywhere around. But apparently there wasn't because, as John put it—"The W.N.U. is a great country and you can earn big money—for awhile. But then comes the time when there is no money, and no work either."

The opposite seems true of farming districts in Ontario. There are still more jobs than men to fill them. Tomorrow John starts in on a new job just a few miles from home, one of several he could have had.

As for us, we are getting ready for our final threshing this season—the machine is supposed to come in tomorrow. We shall be very glad because we are absolutely out of cereal grain. But we still have neighbours, and, like many a farmer before him, when Partner needs chop then he borrows grain from our neighbour across the road. In just the same way another neighbour borrowed seed wheat from us until he had his own threshed.

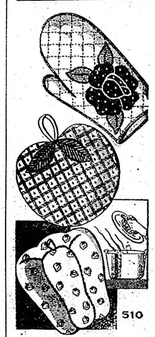
What would we do without neighbours? That question reminds me of a book I read a few years ago concerning a man who decided to go farming. He also made up his mind he would have no interence from anyone, and wanted no neighbours, or friends, or relatives to visit him. To this end he bought a farm in an extremely isolated locality. There he brought his loyal and lovable young wife and practically forebade her associating with the few neighbours who did live in the district. Two boys were born to the young couple and their father's hostile, anti-social attitude naturally made life difficult for the boys, and also their mother.

It is a tragic story but well worth reading. The title? "Floods of Spring" by Henry Bellamann, and first published in 1942.

And while on the subject of books—I wonder how many have read "The Owl Pen" by Kenneth Wells? I have read many reviews of his book, heard the author on the radio and last Tuesday had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wells at a gathering where he was giving a short address, and yet, so far, I have not read his book. But I still have hopes of borrowing it! I cannot possibly buy all the books I want to read but between friends and libraries I get along all right.

Mr. Wells spoke of the wealth of material for writers on a farm and asserted that while he had only four acres of land, a cow, one rooster and a few pullets yet his didn't expect to run out of subject matter for his writting for at least ten years.

How true—for there is never a dull moment on a farm. Even a leaky roof can provide an element of surprise and uncertainty. We know, because we have such a roof. When the first rain came after the drought this summer we got almost as much rain inside as out. And there was no way of telling where the leaks would come until it did rain. So then Partner started in to fix the roof but as sure as he patched one place the next rain that came would find another weak spot. Another man might have given up the job as hopeless but Partner stuck to it and in the end won out. So now we can listen to the patter of rain on the roof at night without wondering if we should get up and run all over the house to collect pots and pans to catch the drips, and then lie awake longer still listening to the steady tat-too of raindrops hitting those same pots and pans. Did I say "we" would lie awake?" It should be "I" —Partner wouldn't hear it if the roof leaked here.



Want to perk up your kitchen? Make these gay potholders and oven mitts of bright scraps. They are big hazzar or gift items too!

Pretty potholders and mitts for heavy duty! Pattern 510; transfer of 4 potholders and 2 oven mitts.

Laura Wheeler's improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its charts, photos and concise directions.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamp cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counsellor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: If I don't confide in someone, I'll break completely. We've been married three years, and have an adorable little girl. I expect another baby next month. Here are some of my problems:

"My husband has a good job, and he's a steady worker. But he has stopped giving me his wages now, claiming he can make them go further than I did. He spends money in beverage rooms (when he drinks he is very nasty) and he goes and comes as he wishes. By the middle of the week he is broke, and we don't eat as well as when I handled the money, either.

"He never takes me anywhere. I keep the apartment, myself, and the baby neat. In fact, his mother tells me I'm foolish to 'knock myself out,' but I can't stand to be careless. She does not approve of his actions, and she knows I am not at fault. She is a wonderful friend to me.

"I can't stand this life much longer. I am a nervous wreck. If I nagged my husband, it would be an excuse for him to act the way he does. "He claims he loves me, but it seems a funny way to show it.

"What should I do, Anne Hirst? Keep praying that things will change, or take the baby and leave him?" Could it be that I am trying too hard to please him? God bless you. A Disgusted Wife"

IT COULD BE that your husband is so accustomed to your spoiling him that he has grown even more self centred than he used to be—Unintentionally, of course. He should be made to realize that a wife is an individual, a person of feeling like himself, who must depend largely upon him for her contentment in life. When he disregards her wishes, or denies her fair play, or shuts her out of his emotional life or his future plans, he is destroying the very things in her which once made him love her. And he is cheating himself of the loyal affection a woman like you is capable of giving.

Your husband, like so many others, has been taking you for granted. He should know that particularly now you need his tenderest affection and his kindness; you need to be cheered up, to be amused, to be fussed over. You need the assurance of his belief in your wisdom and your judgement.

In other words, you need exactly what he is NOT giving you.

You say he reads this column. If he would like to write me his side of the story, I shall be glad to hear from him.

Just Tim, Gatless. Perhaps

Meantime, I hope he will admit that a wife deserves to be treated at least as fairly as one's business partner. I hope he will take better care of you, be more thoughtful, show you in the ways he used to know how dearly he does love you. It takes so little to please a woman that it is sad that some husbands forget to make the effort.

And write me again after your baby comes. Then we may find that your husband has grown more considerate and that the worst of your troubles have passed. If not, that will be time enough to think of leaving him.

Sometimes a husband only needs to be reminded! But sometimes it takes a shock to wake him up to the danger he faces. Tell Anne Hirst your trouble, and let her guide you. Write her at 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Parables In The Bible

Mark 12:31-34, 44-46; Luke 15:3-10.

Golden Text:—Never man spake like this man.—John 7:46.

While there are a few parables in the Old Testament, it was Jesus who excelled in the art of teaching truth by this means. Though customs have greatly changed, his stories are still vivid and the truth is readily apparent.

The parables of the mustard seed and of the leaven illustrate the growth of the kingdom. From an insignificant beginning Christianity has become the greatest force in the world.

The parables of the lost . . . the lost coin and the lost son are three in one. In the first we see the Saviour's love in not being content with those already found but earnestly seeking the lost. Likewise the true church searches diligently for the lost. The climax is seen in the third of the series where the great father heart of God is evidenced when he receives his prodigal home. These brought great comfort to the Publicans and sinners who crowded about Him that day. They knew their lost condition. Now they knew that Christ had come to save them.

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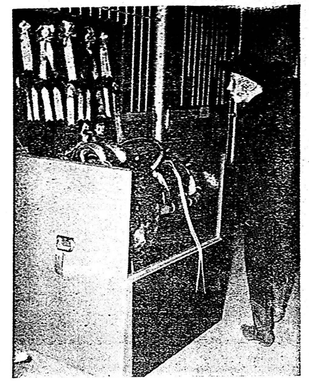
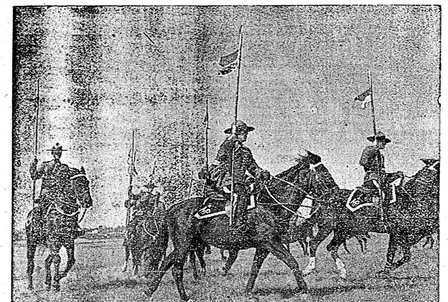
DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?
Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rarin' To Go
More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels. So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.
What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to get quicker help to that "forgotten 28 feet of bowels."
Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND in your bowels you digest what you have eaten for 28 more feet.
Then most folks get the kind of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist—35c.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
TREATMENT FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS TROUBLES
ASK FOR DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

DO YOUR NERVES PLAY TRICKS ON YOU?
If your nerves "jump" at a sudden noise . . . or you feel so edgy and low in spirits that you pick a quarrel without meaning to . . . look out! Perhaps your store of nervous energy may be almost used up . . . and your body needs help!
That's when you need a good tonic, like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food . . . to help build you up so you can get your proper rest at night. That's when you'll really feel the benefit of the Vitamin B_1, iron and other needed minerals this time-tested tonic contains! For Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been proven in over 50 years of use. And Canadians, by the thousands, say they rest better, eat better, feel better—you, and look better, too!—after taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
So if worry, anxiety or the strenuous pace of modern living is upsetting your nerves—get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food today. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance. The large "economy" size is your best buy.

GREATEST OF ALL THE FALL FAIRS





Fall Fair Highlights

by the Ful-O-Pep Reporter

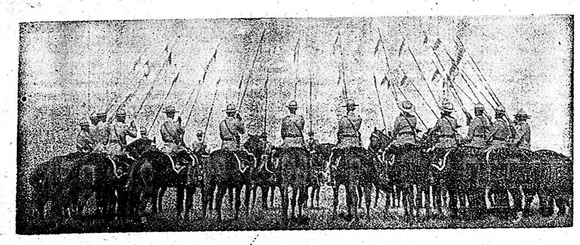
Just about what the "World's Series" means to baseball men The Royal Winter Fair has come to signify, down through the years of its existence, among Canadian Farmers and Stockmen; and it is possibly difficult for a city-bred person to realize the feeling of justifiable pride which comes to an exhibitor even from having entries in such an outstanding event, let alone winning one of the many prizes.

In a sense The Royal Winter Fair is the culmination of all the smaller Fall Fairs to which we have been devoting this space for several weeks past. Without them—well it might possibly exist, but it could never have reached its present heights of greatness. That is because the smaller Fairs act as a sort of "sieving" process, separating the real champions from the "near" variety, so that at the "Royal" one is able to see only the best of their kind, whether it be in the animal classes, or in any of the other products of the farm.

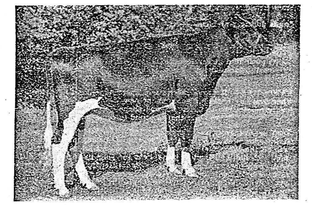
This week we illustrate some of the features that will be seen at the "Royal". The Royal Canadian Mounted Police will be back, doing their famous Musical Ride which has won them such plaudits on both sides of the border. There will be nerve-tingling jumping by some of the world's finest horsemen, and other forms of entertainment to suit the fancy of every visitor.

Last, when all is said and done, it will be the produces of the land, and the champion livestock which will be longest remembered—which is just as it should be. Of special interest to grain growers is the striking new trophy illustrated at the top of the page. It will serve, for wheat, much the same purpose as the magnificent trophy donated by The Quaker Oats Company last year in the "best oats" division and wheever receives it will be acclaimed as "World Wheat Champion".

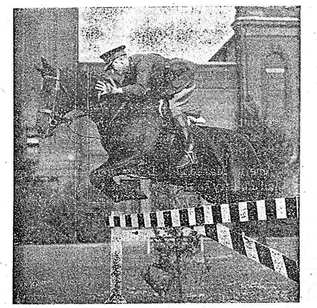
Yes, all in all, it's quite an institution. The Royal Winter Fair, and everybody who can possibly make it should by all means attend. So, let's go!



Good Stock — Plus the Best Feeding — The Real Secret of Championships



A Pair of Real Champions — Holsteins have been outstanding at all the Ontario Fall Fairs and no doubt will be a real center of attraction at The "Royal". Shown above is Baker Rag Apple Cavalier Rig, while below is Shore Rag Apple Nellie — two beautiful specimens of their kind and, of course, both FUL-O-PEP fed.



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