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"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, owner of a coffee plantation outside of Porto Verde, Brazil, and she has been told to leave the country. Several mysterious deaths have occurred, and Vilak, her cousin, believes Elise's enemy, Gaylord Prentiss is at the bottom of it. Word is brought that the manager of her property at Villapa is ill, and Elise, Vilak and Lincoln Nunnally, aged chemist, start for Villapa, but are ambushed by a band of ruffians uniformed as soldiers. They tell them they are wanted on a murder charge. Vilak believes that the murderer is obviously a fake and that the soldiers are in the pay of their enemies.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

The anger faded from Elise's face. "What will we do?" she asked quietly. "Nothing," Vilak answered. "For the present absolutely nothing. We are fearfully outnumbered, and if I raise a hand they'll simply annihilate the lot of us. There's nothing to do but wait for an opening. I don't know what their plans are yet. When I learn there'll be a possibility of doing something. Meanwhile, do everything they tell you to do. In a case like this save your energies for the moment when they're most useful."

In a moment the mustached officer returned. Closing his men about the three Americans so that they would be targets from all points of the compass if they resisted, he demanded their pistols. The old man and the girl looked at Vilak questioningly. He handed over his weapon without an instant's hesitation. The officer gave a signal for the troopers to advance. The cavalcade galloped away.

In a short while they left the road to Villapa and took a deserted lane leading toward the mountains, white in the west. They rode past a thick forest where some beautiful but poisonous appearing fungi, much resembling orchids in color, made brilliant the tops of the dark trees.

They reached a rocky, more open section, once a farm, but which had been abandoned for some years, judging by the dilapidated condition of the small cottage which stood a hundred feet from the road. All its windows were broken, the wooden roof partly caved in, and where it was still intact, covered with vines; the two wooden steps leading up to it were rotten and crumbling.

Into this gloomy habitation, soaked with the constant rains, the officer led his captives. Vilak's quick eye caught a noose of leather carelessly slung over the remains of a wooden bed. The bed was old, the noose was new. Vilak hoped that the others did not see. The officer ordered a chair and table brought to the window and, making a pretense of piling some papers about him and looking as judicial as possible, said down.

"The military court of inquiry into the death of Colonel Miguel Bonjardos of Bonjardos Fazenda will begin," he grumbled, beating with his warty hand upon the table. "Jesu, bring forward the prisoners." The olive-visaged corporal lined them up before him. The captain eyed them sardonically. "We will not waste time with formalities, like the lawcourts which are long and the lawcourts which are stupid. The court of the soldiers of

Colonel Bonjardos will be brief, and their aim . . . good. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Vilak brushed off a greenish white termite ant which was crawling up his puttee. "Innocent, of course." "Write down 'Innocent,' Jesu. If you are innocent, you will want an attorney. Which one of my men do you choose?" He pointed down the row of grinning, ugly faces of the men leaning against the wall.

Vilak shrugged his shoulders. "Very well. You will take none? Then I must choose for you. No man shall say that the soldiers of Colonel Bonjardos do not obey the law. He looked gravely at the sallow-skinned Jesu who was acting as clerk, then at

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a lazy, bleary-eyed giant slouching in a corner. "Pedros!" he called. The giant stumbled forward. "Yes, capitax."

"You will defend these three criminals charged with the murder of Colonel Bonjardos."

"Yes, capitax." "Jesu, you will be the prosecutor; I shall be the judge."

"Begin, Jesu."

The corporal rose awkwardly to his feet. "I, Jesu Barbas, son of Miguel Barbas, native of Crato, in the great republic of Brazil, hereby accuse these three prisoners of having killed our beloved Colonel Bonjardos, who . . . he faltered. . . who was ever ready to give his life for his men, and . . . who . . . gave them bread, though he went hungry. I, Jesu Barbas, son of Miguel Barbas, native of Crato in the great republic of Brazil, hereby accuse these three criminals, because . . . He stumbled, and began again. "I, Jesu Barbas . . ."

"Son of a wandering dog, native of Crato in the great republic of Brazil," shouted out a fat-faced warrior in the shadows.

The men howled with laughter. "Silence!" roared the captain. He turned on the luckless Jesu. "Fool! Ox of the field! Toad of the slime!"

Furiously he tipped over the table at which he had been sitting, scattering the papers he had carefully placed on the table onto the backs of a troop of the termite ants scurrying over the floor. "Enough of this folly," he said, calmly. "These two men and this woman are not children. They know that we do not hold a court, that what we do is but make a silly play. Tie them up, stupid Jesu. Perhaps your hands can do what your head cannot. Tie them well or you will pay for it dearly. Leave the two pigs of men here, and take the woman there. . ."

He pointed to a smaller room toward the rear of the wretched dwelling. "I will keep her there, while I ponder what I shall do. Bind them. Quickly. Hand and foot. Of the woman, bind only the hands, so that she may not strike me."

The men proceeded to execute his orders. The three captives made not the slightest attempt at resistance, the two men quietly allowing themselves to be stretched upon the muddy floor and be trussed with ropes of hide until beyond a slight movement of the head and wrists they were helpless as though in a plaster cast.

Elise walked slowly into the other room. Testing the ropes to make certain they were secure, Jesu grinned and stabbed Vilak brutally in the side with his heavy boot. "Goodbye, my pigs," he grunted. "In an hour we shall close the door and tell you how you shall die."

He closed the door behind him. The two men were left alone, but the voices of men buzzing outside the two doors of the room told them they were well guarded. For five minutes they lay in silence. Vilak, motionless as a statue except when he rolled over to crush with the weight of his body a termite ant crawling on his hand or leg. The Chinese cast of his eyes again accentuated. Finally the old man in the corner, some ten feet away from his friend, could bear the silence no longer. "Vilak," he called quietly.

"Yes, Nanny, what is it?" Vilak's voice was calm as though he had been sitting in his study.

"Er . . . I want to talk . . . to you."

"Roll over to me. Quietly now. It's all right. These ruffians don't understand English."

The chemist obeyed and rolled to the other's side. His face, hair and

"I don't think so. More likely carry her off somewhere."

"What will we do? . . . Yes . . . what?"

"Keep very cool, and try to prevent them, that's all. They're divided now and off their guard. Rub your head against that wall, and knock off your glasses. Your eyes must feel wretched that way."

The old fellow followed the other's suggestion. In a moment his wispy leg was twisting beneath its bonds. He spoke again, half in irritation, half in resignation.

"Yes, Nanny." His intonation was placid, soothing. "These . . . er . . . termite ants are walking over all parts . . . er . . . parts of my body. They're troubling me fearfully. . . yes . . . er . . . fearfully."

"Roll over on your side and crush them beneath you. That's what I've been doing ever since we've been here."

The old man obeyed. His wispy body rolled violently from side to side a moment. When he stopped, relief was evident in his countenance. "Little beasts. Annoying . . . er . . . annoying. Terrible place they've put us in . . . really terrible. Pools of water so that you can't lie in a dry spot. Certainly get pneumonia. . . quite certainly . . . er . . . Vilak . . . and these termites . . . er . . . positively devilish." His wispy body squirmed again. (To be continued.)

Jim and Margery's House

I've said I'd never marry, I. And still, and still, and still, Since I've seen Jim and Margery's house, Perhaps, perhaps, I will. It's such a quaintly modern place, Old English style, you know, And in the garden back of it, Old fashioned posies grow; And everything's just right inside— The living room, the hall, The dining room, the kitchen and The bedrooms; loves them all! And Margery has a Persian rug, A waffle iron, a chair, Seat all the way from Belgium, and A set of quimper ware. And Margery has a sun porch hung With curtains, willow green, And all its windows look upon A neat suburban scene.

And Margery has her pantry shelves Lace-paper-edged and trim; And Margery has a breakfast nook, And Margery has her Jim! I've said I'd never marry, I. And still, and still, and still, Since I've seen Jim and Margery's home, Perhaps, perhaps, I will!

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Return
Coming back from love is like going back to town. Now in murky light The white stars dawn.

The moon that trod the dark, A proud, white, slender dame, Hides behind a street-lamp A face gaunt with shame.

Coming back from love is like going back to town. But I am city-bred— Doubtless soon I'll frown.

And as I lift my eyes To red and emerald lights, Wonder what I saw In star-filled nights.

—Mary H. Dwyer, in Poetry.

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"If I Could Live My Life Again"

By Frank Swinnerton

As we grow older, our wishes begin to take a different form. With some, they become definite ambitions; with others, they become an excuse for doing nothing.

The ambitious are those who have one overmastering wish, who set it above everything else, and who are spurred on to its attainment by their wills.

They do not say to themselves that they wish a rich uncle would leave them a million pounds, or that they wish they could travel, or that they wish they had a nice home, nice clothes, happiness, and a good time.

They take stock of their possessions; they take a look at their talents and their inclinations—in a word, their assets; and they make up their minds just what they have to offer life in exchange for fulfilled ambition.

Wanting one thing most of all, they will go without everything else, if need be, in order to achieve it.

But the others will not wish for one thing only. They will go on wishing for anything that strikes their fancy. The lure of a moment's amusement, the impulse to this or that self-indulgence, the innumerable side-alleys of interest and compromise will distract them as if they were gossamer in the wind.

All wishes, to these people, are of equal importance. All are equally resistible, so that the habit of wishing becomes second nature. They long to live in a fairy world. They try to escape from reality.

They think that if only this or that magic thing would happen they would be for ever happy, rich, successful, famous, and contented. These are the people who wait on circumstances. They do not understand that wishes turn sour.

They do not know that as time goes on such wishes become apologies for failure. They cannot face the fact that while they are still saying "I wish I had—," they are beginning to say "I wish I had had—!"

Time passes quickly. The man who spends his youth in wishing spends the rest of his life in regretting. In his old age, his one thought is: "If I could only have my life over again!" Even when he is dying, he is wasting his remaining hours in wishing that he had not spent his life in wishing.

For the only thing to do with a wish is to use it as a spur. If we really wish for a thing, what is to prevent us from having that thing? Ah, I shall be told, much will stand in the way. Much sacrifice, much hardship, much opposition. Well? Supposing much does stand in the way: what does that matter?

It is to be supposed that these others whom we see around us, whom we envy, have not had to overcome obstacles. Is it to be supposed that they have not had their failures? Of course they have had to overcome obstacles.

It is not possible for any man wholly to avoid mistakes, embarrassments, humiliations. But it is one thing to fail, and quite another thing to submit to failure. The wise man, having failed once, is not discouraged. He picks himself up again, and goes forward.

The wish-monger looks back. His spirit falters. He remains where he has fallen and wishes he had never ventured. He begins to pity himself. He says, "If only—"

We know his song. He wants to begin life all over again, and go a different way. Where the brave man cuts his losses and pushes on to his goal, the timid one wastes his time and his energy in regrets. He tells himself that he has failed.

It is not his own fault, he says, but the fault of circumstances. He has taken the wrong path. He has been misled. Wishes galore have been his life! How he hates the thought that it is approaching its end.

What an outcry he makes against the cruelty of fate! He is in despair.

You see that he has not learned anything at all from experience. If he had learned, he would realize that his moans are as useless as his wishes, for they are the wishes gone rancid.

Having for so many years said "I wish," in such a way as to repudiate responsibility for his own actions, he now says "Why didn't I?" in an effort to shirk responsibility. What folly!

It is not, even now, a question of "Why didn't I?" but of "Why shouldn't I?" There is still time to retrieve the battle. There is time and to spare, if only, instead of yielding he sets his face against the sin of admitting defeat, and resolves to use well whatever period of life remains to him.

What can be done? First of all, are things as bad as they seem? Never! Just as most of our dreads are those of anticipation, so no situation is as gloomy as it appears, and no fight is lost while we yet have the power to face danger. The past is gone; there remains the future.

I know that as men and women grow older they tend more to live in the past, but that is because they have been wish-mongers. They have wished that things might happen to them; and have not resolved to make them happen.

As the years pass, the power so to resolve diminishes; but it never wholly dies. There is still time to attain to self-mastery. Though dead, itself life straight ahead, all may use well, and without regret or fear, the days of life that remain.

A Gallant Gentleman

General Seely's Story of Adventurous Life: Chasing Death on Land, Sea and in the Air; When Nearly Killed Gen Botha: A Maori Idyll

By FRANK WHITAKER

"To die," said Peter Pan, "is an awfully big adventure." So General J. E. B. Seely, no doubt, piled, if he ever met Peter Pan, ably; but why die?

A man who has survived a certain death by a narrow margin; who has been drowned, revived; fallen a distance once thought to be fatal, and lived; an enemy rifle at almost point range and been spared; flown in an aeroplane with a burst petrol, and escaped unscathed; and "over again on the western front, myself alone unharmed when one of those around me had been over and wounded—a man who floated dangers like these, can talk like that. A chemoist. Why, the normal expectations of an age, as they say in the "Foot 101!"

The Problem of Fear

General Seely has now told story of his extraordinary life. "Adventure," and told it well. It took more in a crash than of most from the first page in the it is curious to note how the of the adventuring grows as the go by. It begins with a solitary down a cliff and widens and develops more and more people kind of arithmetical progression till it merges in the supremacy of the War itself.

As a boy General Seely attended to the tales of his uncle, one, Brown, who had won the for solving a gun at Lucknow, Broome, in the Isle of Wight.

It was his days General Seely first set me thinking over the lem of fear. I well remember along the beach and to that being frightened was a thing, like biting one's nails, if it did no good. I set to work to try to overcome this failing, though I have never succeeded constant conscious attempt is very helpful.

It was apparently helpful afterwards, when a cliff of gave way under his feet and he fell seventy feet on to the he says his dread vanished, and he "seemed to be gaily dreaming suspended in the air. Fortunately, a lot of the of the falling was cushioned by a bush. He lay there for ten and took a whole term to from his injuries, but the "proved to me that fear was and that no case, however it is ever hopeless."

The Seven Eggs

His next experience was drowned while diving for had brought up seven, and one eight. That meant, if that he must go one better, he went again. . . . and then he was taken to the shore several yards away. He meant of agony when he felt breathe or least, but he over and took one more stroke.

Then all at once the pain ceased. It was as though a great orchestra has been crashing and discordant suddenly the music is resolved beautiful major chord with straight in perfect form. I found myself walking over field in gloom, the sun, yellow lanterns shining, in the distance church bell-tower, and I had a sensation of joy and happiness. I was back in the late afternoon and was finally brought to rest.

Many years later a sailor had his consciousness restored same way told him that he through precisely similar. So that, apparently, it is like to be drowned.

The Flag on the Star

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MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT AND JEFF

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