

This finest Orange Pekoe tea costs less than others

"SATADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Here and There

British bees supply the best honey in the world.

Air pilots' certificates are held by 10,000 men and women in Gt. Britain.

The modern light aeroplane costs little more than the average motor-car.

Last year's total death rate and infant mortality rate in Gt. Britain were the lowest ever recorded.

Tenor voices are most often found among people who are chiefly pastoral in work and idealistic in temperament.

Among Britain's notable men who are fond of reading detective stories are Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George.

New methods of indexing have made it possible to refer to any one of the 3,000,000 finger-prints registered in Scotland Yard in a minute.

The English Channel was first crossed by balloon in 1785, by a swimmer in 1875, by aeroplane in 1909, by motor boat in 1929, by punt in 1930, and by glider this year.

Many diseases, including smallpox, measles, psittacosis, and the common cold are caused by bacteria so small that they pass through the finest medical filter.

Marriage is the only career open to the girls of Barcelona, where all the courting is done in the presence of a chaperone. The lovers do not kiss until the engagement is announced.

Passengers traveling in English first-class corridors and sleeping cars of one railway company will be able to have hot and cold air in their compartment by turning a knob, when a new apparatus is installed.

Flying is growing rapidly. Last year the twenty-nine aviation companies flew 24,963,924 miles. France had the highest record, with Germany second, Italy third, Holland fourth, and Britain fifth.

On a grain-growing farm covering nearly 150 square miles in Southern Montana there is not a single horse, all power being provided by petrol. The proprietor, who is the son of a Scot, grows more wheat and flax than any other farmer in the world.

Dogs must not be allowed to bark, motor-horns cannot honk, and loud-speakers, gramophones, pianos, and other apparatus producing sound are banned in hotels and public places in the French town of Chambéry between the hours of ten p.m. and eight a.m. by a special decree of the mayor.

Canada's national war memorial, which will cost \$250,000 by the time it is completed at the end of this year, will measure sixty feet in height and fifty feet in width. It is the work of one English family, including six brothers and one sister, who have been engaged on it since 1926.

Babies who "act" in the film studies of Hollywood cannot be exposed to the intense lights for more than thirty seconds at a time, and may only be employed for four hours in any one day, including rest periods. The baby's salary is \$75 a day, while the mother and nurse, who are always in attendance, are paid in addition.

SAVED IMPORTED DRESS

"After a little wearing, a lovely green voile—an imported dress—lost color so completely that it was not wearable. A friend who had admired it asked me why I wasn't wearing it any more. On hearing the reason, she advised dyeing it and recommended Diamond Dyes. To make a long story short, it turned out beautifully. I have a love, new dress, that really cost just 15¢—the price of one package of Diamond Dyes.

"I have since used Diamond Dyes for both tinting and dyeing. They do either equally well. I am not an expert dyer but I never have a failure with Diamond Dyes. They seem to be made so they always go on smoothly and evenly. They never spot, streak or run; and friends never know the things I dye with Diamond Dyes are redyed at all!"

Mrs. R. F. Quebec.

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ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HURLER.

CHAPTER I.

Philip Crane yawned with relief as the express came shuddering to a stop. The journey had seemed interminable. What was the good of a holiday if one spent the better part of the first day in the train?

Feeling cramped in every part of him, he flung open the carriage door, sprang on to the platform, and called: "porter!"

High above even the deafening clamor of the great terminus rose the cry; it might have been an old-time battle chant. Men and women stopped to look at the owner of that virile voice. They saw a young man of athletic build, good-looking, likeable, who seemed filled with the zest of life.

A porter materialized from the midst of a crowd of other passengers, and placed himself at Crane's disposal.

"Anything in the van, sir?"

"No. Just these two suitcases."

"Taxi, sir?"

"Well, considering—I don't just know. I want a hotel."

"Couldn't do better than the Mid-Western, sir," pointing to the great railway hotel adjoining the terminus. "Shall I take them over?"

"Good hotel, is it?"

The porter's face showed a look of polite wonderment.

"One of the best in London, sir, the Mid-Western."

"Very well. It doesn't matter very much in any case."

The two suitcases were taken from the rack, and with his overcoat slung over his left arm, the man who had come to London on a holiday proceeded to walk in the wake of the porter up the still-thronged platform.

On the right was a wide roadway leading out of the station, and along this taxis and big cars were speeding at what any sensible-minded person would have considered a dangerous pace.

It was all new, however, to Crane, and he stopped for a moment to watch the swift tide.

As he did so, his whole body suddenly became rigid. A girl, carrying a suitcase in her right hand, had foolishly attempted to cross the main stream of traffic. In the middle of the road, she appeared to slip.

What happened afterwards, he himself was never able to recollect very clearly. But the spectators saw this young man, who appeared, even on sight, to have such a winning personality, fling his overcoat aside and rush into the roadway with the speed of an even-timer.

They watched him swoop down, pick up the girl, sweep her violently as if a great car missed them, both by more than a few inches, and carry her safely to the other side of the street.

A burst of spontaneous cheering broke from the amazed crowd as he set the girl on her feet and endeavored to soothe her shattered nerves.

A whisper came to him. "They meant to kill me!"

Looking into her face, he saw that it was white and shaken. The girl herself was trembling.

He did not know what to reply. Taken on their surface value, of course, the words are ridiculous. It was inconceivable that anyone should wish to do an injury to such a charming creature. The statement was merely the reflex of the girl's quite natural hysteria, consequent upon the terrible shock she had sustained.

Then, comprehension commenced to dawn in the brown eyes and she smiled faintly at him.

"How can I thank you?" she said in a low tone.

"There is no need," he replied. "I was just lucky—that's all. Feeling all right now?"

She sighed, evidently endeavoring to pull herself together.

"Oh, yes—quite."

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thanks, really—I'm quite all right." She held out a small gloved hand.

"Thank you again—ever so much."

She seemed so small, standing in the midst of that great railway terminus, with the crowds hurrying by, that he had a reluctance to leave her.

"Can I take you anywhere?" he ventured.

"Thanks very much—but I know my way." The animation in her face was negated by the still hushed tones.

As he turned away, after raising his hat, he felt compelled to look back—that girl's voice haunted him.

He muttered an apology to the porter.

"Sorry, to keep you waiting."

"That's all right, sir. Very plucky of you to have done what you did just now."

Crane laughed the compliment off and walked ahead of the porter into the entrance hall of the big hotel.

Without saying anything to the uniformed clerk in the office, he pulled the register towards him and wrote his name—surely, there would be no fear of not getting a room? Then, taking a card, which bore simply his

name, from a case, he placed it on the book.

The man took up the card, glanced at it, and then made a surprising statement.

"There are some letters for you, Mr. Crane," he said.

—Had he not still been thinking of the girl, Philip might never have started on that fantastic adventure which was to occupy his mind and body for the next month—an adventure as strange as any man could have encountered on entering that modern Baghdad, which is marked "London" on the map of the world.

"Instead," he remarked mechanically, scarcely realizing what he was saying. Putting the three letters into his coat pocket, he followed the Boots, who had been summoned, to the lift.

Outside a door on the second floor, the Boots stopped.

"This is your suite, Mr. Crane."

Suite? There must be some mistake. But the Boots opened the door with a master-key and he followed the man in.

"I hope you will find everything comfortable, Mr. Crane."

"In a sure I shall." He intended the remark as a joke, for already he had seen that, instead of the single bedroom he had been going to take, this suite consisted of a bedroom, a sitting room and a bath room, all extremely well furnished.

"Thank you, sir."

The man went before he could recover from his surprise. But when the first agreeable shock was over, he started to laugh. Some mistake had been made, of course—but he was not going to do the rectifying! Why should he? A fellow doesn't win a thousand pounds—heaven bless the "Daily Meteor"—every day of his life. It was through getting the "Meteor" cheque that he had told his uncle he was going off to celebrate a wonderful stroke of luck than London. If the Mid-Western Hotel people wanted to give him a private suite, he wouldn't deprive them of the pleasure. He had money enough to pay for it.

Having made a survey of his little kingdom, and found it very agreeable to his taste, he sat down in an easy chair and turned on the electric fire. Might as well make the best of things! Then, lighting a pipe—couldn't do anything without a pipe—he proceeded leisurely to unpack.

He had not felt quite like this since his school days; come to that, he was very much like a kid on holiday! For a full fortnight, he was going to forget everything about business, and just revel in unexpected pleasures. By "unexpected," he meant things which might crop up on the spur of the moment; he had no set program—he was just going to let life take hold of him and carry him away where it would. Theatres, restaurants, a football match, perhaps, certainly some cinema, and—oh, well, anything that offered. He didn't care; he was ready to enjoy it all. He hadn't been in London for at least eight years, and this was going to be the time of his life! As he came to the decision, his good-looking face was one broad grin.

Having unpacked—what a lark to have all those capboards; this might be a bridal suite, possibly was!—he remembered the three letters with which he had been so mysteriously presented at the hotel office half-an-hour before.

He pulled them out wonderingly. There was something very strange in this. To begin with, no one—himself included—had had the least idea that he would be putting up at the Mid-Western. Like everything else about his trip, he had allowed Fate to decide. He had made no reservation at any hotel, leaving his choice to Chance upon arrival.

Then, who could these letters be from? Rummy!

Still, they were all undoubtedly addressed to him. There was the typewritten address:

Philip Crane, Esq.,
Mid-Western Hotel,
London, S.W. 1.

Very rummy!

Should he open them? Well, there was his name on the envelope. An overwhelming sense of curiosity made him take the plunge. The three envelopes were ripped quickly one after the other.

Inside each he found a single sheet of paper. There was no address, and no date, and the typewritten communication, in every instance, was completely unintelligible, consisting of a jumble of figures spaced at regular intervals.

What had been rummy before now became absolutely uncanny! He felt he wanted to go to the wash-hand stand and apply cooling water to his fevered brow. Each letter had been written in either a secret code or cypher.

Who wanted to write to him in this peculiar fashion? But that question did not take long to answer: The conviction came like a thunderbolt that

Inimitable in Flavor



KRAFT CHEESE
Made in Canada by the Makers of Velveta and Kraft Salad Dressing

these things were not meant for him—but for another man of the same name.

(To be continued.)

High Tension

Grandpa was having his after-lunch sleep in the armchair, and emitting sounds that might easily have come from a cross-cut saw. As father entered the room, he saw little Billy twisting one of grandpa's waistcoat buttons.

"What are you doing?" he whispered. "You mustn't disturb grandpa, Billy."

"I'm not disturbing him, daddy," explained the child. "I was just trying to tune him in on another station."

Uncle—Jack, I would like to give you a book that you really like. What can I give you?"

Modern Nephew—"A cheque book."

At a very early hour of the morning the convivial man approached the constable on his beat and said: "Will you be so good to tell me where I live. I forget the address, but my cook's name is Lizzie."

"That was a good idea of a taxi company giving its 'safe' drivers a vacation as a reward."

"A still better idea would be to give its unsafe drivers a permanent one."

Warning

Never hunt for beauty. Though you rise at dawn, Ere you lace your walking boots, Beauty will be gone.

Sit at home and sew And sing and scrub the floor; You will hear shy beauty Fumbling at your door.

Pay her no attention: Set the table neat, Pretend you never see her—Kneeling at your feet.

Should you stop to watch her— Let your baking go— You will find her vanished, Noiselessly as snow.

—Elizabeth S. Bohn in the Christian Science Monitor.

His Own Views

Brimstone was about to leave the hotel after having stayed there a week.

"By the way, sir," said the manager, displaying a pack of photographs, "would you like some views of the hotel to take away with?"

Brimstone sniffed haughtily.

"No, thank you," he replied. "I've given views of my own about this place which I'm taking away with me."

SAVE on your weekly food bills

Here's more nourishment at less money for you. Delicious, appetizing Syrups full of health and energy. Serve them in place of expensive desserts.



EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP
and **BENSON'S**
GOLDEN SYRUP

Ask your grocer

"SICK HEADACHE?"

It is not necessary to give-in to headaches. It is just a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort while shopping; your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those little nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking Aspirin! You'll find these tablets always help. In every



package of Aspirin tablets are proven directions which cover colds, headaches, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, and even rheumatism.

The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't depress the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them whenever you need them, and take enough to end the pain. Aspirin is made in Canada.



Aim To Conserve Natural Resources

Dominion Government Takes First Step in Oil Fields

Conservation of natural resources is stressed by the Department of the Interior of the Dominion government. The latest step is the proposal of an agreement among forty companies of the Turner Valley oil and gas field, southwest of Calgary, to pool their product and sell it as a joint enterprise.

The engineering committee which has drafted the proposal, made an extensive survey of gas waste and found that 70,000,000 cubic feet of gas was lost daily in 1928 and that in June of the present year it had amounted to 560,000,000 cubic feet. The commission compared this fuel loss with the more concrete concept of dumping 25,000 tons of coal daily in the ocean.

It is estimated that the life of the Turner Valley field will be extended twenty years if the agreement goes into effect.

The Turner Valley fields have been operated mainly for their naphtha production. After extraction of the naphtha the huge quantities of gas used in the process have been burnt at the field. Only a small portion has been diverted into pipe lines for supplying Calgary consumers and those in other cities and towns in southern Alberta.

Under the voluntary agreement proposed, it is stated that only ten or twelve, out of eighty-five wells would be operated. These are to be selected to get the greatest recovery of naphtha for the permitted gas flow.

It is pointed out that the wells of the field vary widely in their production of naphtha, the best of them producing a barrel of naphtha for the use of 20,000 cubic feet of gas, while many of them require from 400,000 to 800,000 cubic feet of gas to get the same amount. Revenue from the selected wells will be divided among the various companies in the ratio of their established earning power.

New Power Plant Opens in Manitoba

On July 15, the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba officially switched in the two initial units of the Seven Sisters development on the Winnipeg River, which was initiated under a license issued by the Department of the Interior in 1928. This license was granted with the concurrence of the Provincial Government which on July 31, 1930, took over the responsibility of the department.

A short distance above the Seven Sisters site the Winnipeg River divides into two channels, which later come together in Lac du Bonnet. The drop in each channel is seventy-two feet, sixty feet of which could be utilized in the Parawa Channel as against sixty-six feet in the Seven Sisters or main channel.

In 1926 the Winnipeg Electric Co. had placed a plant in operation on the Parawa Channel and had received authority from the Dominion Government to divert sufficient water to operate the same. This diversion substantially reduced the flow available in the main channel. As the result of negotiations, however, a license to develop the Seven Sisters site was issued to the North-western Power Co., a subsidiary of the Winnipeg Electric Co., one of the conditions of which provides that the existing Parawa plant will be closed down and the entire flow of the river made available at the new development.

Arrangement, it is estimated, will make available 50,000 commercial horsepower in excess of what could have been secured had the Parawa plant and diversion been maintained, and with substantial economy in capital and operating costs.

The Seven Sisters development is designed for an ultimate installation of six units of 37,500 horsepower each, operating under the full head of sixty-six feet. The present installation consists of three units with a combined capacity under partial head of about 60,000 horsepower.

The completed development contemplates the works as at present constructed, together with dykes upstream of an aggregate length of about eight miles and a tailrace about seven-eighths of a mile long excavated through rock.

The initial development does not include the complete dykes nor tailrace and the operating head is at present only about 41 feet. When further power is required it is proposed to complete the dykes, thus enabling the headwater to be raised a further fourteen feet, which will increase the capacity of the three units to 88,000 horsepower and, following this, the tailrace will be completed to lower the total designed head to six-hundred feet and a capacity for the three units of 112,500 horsepower. The final enlargement will require the extension of the power house, for which provision has been made, and the installation of three additional units which will bring the development to its final capacity of 225,500 horsepower.

Young Man (making unexpected dinner-time call to prospective mother-in-law): "Is Maggie in?"

"Maggie's at Arbroath."

"That's a right. I'll just come in and wait till she's feenished."

A bird in the hand is vulgar. Use a knife and fork.