

Salada Green tea drinkers drink the best green tea

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern



3342

An entirely new sleeve treatment brings distinction to this model, whose graceful skirt adds a peplum frill, emphasizing the flat slimness of the hips.

The neckline is youthfully becoming. It's a lovely interpretation of a sheer worsted print in dark wine-red.

It's a dress that will answer many requirements for early fall. Style No. 3342 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch, with 1/2 yard 39-inch contrasting. It's chic too for more dressy occasions in black crepe satin with the little neckline trimming piece of eggshell green satin.

Dark green canton-faille crepe silk is mart.

### HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

### October Letter

Bring with you, for me to have, a spray of sweet-olive,  
Or one of the leaves that fall from your fig tree by the door.  
There was a yucca tree by the door, I remember,  
With flowers of moonlight—  
You cannot pluck moonlight to bring in your pocket!  
And acorn would do, or a burr, or a stone;  
Or a pink leaf from the wild grape.

Has the frost left my dahlias un-taken?  
Have any new dahlias bloomed since that day?  
You gathered the dahlias for me that day and laid them in my arms  
As if heaped rainbows were laid in my arms.

So I think are the colors of yourself you have given me to hold.  
—Helen Hoyt, in "Leaves of Wild Grape."

### THE BEST STATE

The best state of human nature is that in which while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward.—John Stuart Mill.

"Science speaks no one language and flies no single flag."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

ISSUE No. 43-'31

## ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

### SYNOPSIS

Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, comes to London on holiday. At Waterloo station he saves a girl, Margery Ferguson, from death by snatching her from beneath a large car. On arrival at the Mid-Western Hotel, here he has suddenly decided to stay. He is surprised to find a letter addressed to him there, although no one could have known of his intention to stay there. He is further mystified by finding the letter is written in code.

### CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

What was he to do? The obvious thing, naturally, was to go down to the Hotel Office, make as good an explanation as was possible, and then clear out. He would look no end of a fool, of course. And, although this would not be the first occasion of the kind, he felt that the day was too suspicious a one to make such a confession.

What decided him was the knowledge that he had not acted dishonorably. Those letters which belonged to someone else were completely unintelligible to him.

Here was mystery. He tingled at the thought. By some extraordinary chance, he must have become involved in one of those sensational happenings that were to be read about occasionally in the newspapers. These things were always staged in London.

Caution and common-sense applied a cool douche. The management would understand when he told them how the mistake had occurred. At the worst, they could only charge him for a day's tenancy of the suite. He must get out.

No, he'd be dashed if he would! This was an opportunity too good to be missed. Life in his uncle's drawing office was too dull to let a chance like this go by. He was on holiday—and a touch of adventure thrown in would be more than welcome. He would sit tight and see what happened!

This decision was so stimulating that he felt he must get out of doors. This room was too small. Besides, he wanted exercise—and a dinner at some swaggy restaurant, where, however, there was no necessity to dress. He thought he'd go to Vernay's—or one of those places in Scho. He would choose later.

At the office, he stopped for a moment to exchange a word with the clerk. "How long have you been keeping my rooms?" he asked. He could understand now why so many boys wished to become detectives in later life.

The reply was prompt. "Immediately we received your wireless from the 'Aquitania,' Mr. Crane."

"Yes, of course." Mumbling this conventional reply, he turned away to hide his face.

This thing was getting richer and richer. Where was it to end? He didn't care two-pence so long as the developments were interesting. So the real Philip Crane came from America; he remembered reading in the train that the "Aquitania" was due to berth at Southampton that morning. America—and Truro. And yet, that great distance had been bridged; the widely divergent points of the compass had met at the Mid-Western Hotel!

As he passed through the swinging doors leading to the street, he smiled

to himself at the thought of his uncle's face when, returning home from that holiday, he narrated his experience in the modern Babylon. Sir Timothy Padden's adventures were confined to the designing of aeroplane engines; his outlook on life otherwise was amusingly restricted. Still, he was a genius in his own line—dear old chap.

### CHAPTER II.

He had dined well at Vernay's. The head waiter had seemed to make a special point of treating him as a distinguished customer, and the food and wine had been beyond reproach.

Lighting a cigar at the match which the *maitre d'hotel* himself struck, Crane felt that life could scarcely hold a better moment than this. He was on top of the world!

A taxi to St. James' Theatre brought him his first disappointment. "Sorry, sir, but there's not a seat left."

This was a blow. He had been looking forward to seeing the drama, "Wandering Men," ever since its first-night performance which had received such rapturous notice from the critics. But, of course, he had only himself to blame in this, as in the matter of the hotel, he had not troubled to write beforehand.

"I can give you a stall for tomorrow night," suggested the box-office clerk.

"Oh, can you?"—thanks. "He paid his money, took his ticket, and turned away."

With so many other places to choose from, the thought of another show, however, seemed flat in comparison. He would have a wander through the streets, fascinating at that time of night to a provincial like himself, and return to the hotel where, possibly, in the smoking room, he might get a rubber of bridge. The savour of London was too fine to be gulped. To get his full fill, he must digest it by degrees.

It was when he had gone about a dozen yards from the theatre that he suddenly turned. A man following immediately at his heels was unable to avoid the contact, and the two collided.

"I should like to know why you're following me," said Crane.

"Following you?" repeated the other man; "I'm afraid you've made a mistake, sir. If I have been going in the same direction as yourself, I assure you it is purely coincidental. I am a stranger to London, and just wandering around to kill time."

The speaker had a stern, hard face, but it contained a certain likeable quality. Crane was instantly apologetic.

"Sorry if I'm wrong," he said; "but, honestly, I imagined you were following me all about the place. Weren't you at Vernay's tonight?"

"Yes, I was," admitted the other. "But, once again, let me assure you that you are entirely wrong in your surmise."

With this, Crane was tempted to pal up with the man, but before he could make any advance, his companion had turned abruptly and walked quickly away. Had Crane followed him in turn, he would have seen the man go into the nearest Underground Station telephone booth and make a call. The message he sent was received at Scotland Yard.

It was strangely stimulating for a "yokel" like himself to walk through those thronged streets, dazzling to the eye with beautiful women and well-dressed men. Truro after this!

Crane walked on, and on, too absorbed to bother about the distance; and he was only agreeably tired upon arrival back at the Mid-Western Hotel.

Going to the office for his key, he was greeted with an announcement from the night clerk. "Mr. Crane?" asked the man.

"Yes," Crane called to see you, Mr. Crane."

"A lady?" Here was another staggering surprise. He didn't know a single woman in London. But he must play up. This was only another incident in the strange chain of circumstances in which he had become involved.

"Did she mention any name?" "No, sir; she merely said that you were expecting her."

"Where is she now?" "She was shown up to your suite, sir."

Very gratifying, this deference to a mere engineer's draughtsman, and unconsciously, Philip preened himself. This was undoubtedly the Life. A private suite—letters in cypher—unknown women calling. . . .

He walked to the lift briskly. He was ready for a surprise. But the woman who rose to meet him fairly took his breath away. At first he did not think she could possibly belong to the ordinary world; there was a languorous grace about her which bewildered him. She was dressed on a fashion which he knew must denote wealth and that he could only describe as "cosmopolitanism." Ins.

## Delicious!



TASTE Kraft Old-Fashioned Boiled Salad Dressing and you'll instantly acclaim its fresh, delicate flavour. You'll like its velvety texture and revel in its creamy smoothness. Further, a large 12 ounce jar sells for only 25 cents, one-half the price you're used to paying for this standard of quality. Try some to-day.

## KRAFT Old-Fashioned Boiled Salad Dressing

Made in Canada by the Makers of Kraft Cheese and Velvets

## A Hen With Its Own Incubator

(The N.Y. Times)

The leipoa, the bird that is credited with having invented the incubator, is becoming rare. Once widespread through Southern Australia, where it is known as the mallee hen, it has dwindled in numbers as its eggs have been devoured by foxes, iguanas and aborigines. In Victoria its only refuge is the sanctuary known as Wonga Park.

The mallee hen is about two feet long from head to tail tip and has dotted plumage of black, brown, white and gray, strong legs, large feet and a short crest. Unlike turtles and certain bird species that lay eggs in hastily scratched holes, it builds its incubator with a constructive skill approaching that of a beaver.

In June males and females begin making a mound, sometimes nearly 50 feet in circumference and 3 feet high, in which the eggs are to be deposited five months later. Using both

feet and wings for scraping, the birds clear out a depression, deepen it somewhat and line it with sand. Then they fill it with leaves and rubbish, leaving this to be saturated by the Spring rains of October. Later they cover the heap with sand, so that the temperature within may rise as the vegetable matter decays.

In November the warm mound is scratched open and the hen deposits her eggs, placed upright on the smaller end, in pyramid layers separated by sand. She lays every third day, opening and closing the mound each time, until from eight to twenty-three eggs have been deposited.

The new chicks, emerging from the top of the eggs, are strong enough to scratch their way through the sand to the surface on their first day; they can even run and fly a little. Thus the mallee hen avoids not only the necessity of sitting on its eggs but also the need of guiding its young in its first contact with the world.

ly, a phrase which he imagined he must have borrowed sub-consciously from a film title flashed into his mind. There was only one apt description for this mysterious visitor—"The Red Madonna."

She was a person of striking contrasts; her deeply red chestnut hair showed off the exquisitely-fair skin of neck and shoulders visible beneath the flung-back opera cloak. Her face was arrestingly beautiful, the features being classical and the line from ear to chin finely moulded. She was in her prime; he imagined her age to be about twenty-six. A glorious creature!

So vivid was the personality of this unexpected caller that he was unable to speak; and it was the woman who made the first remark.

"I have been waiting here for at least an hour," she stated.

Crane, although stupefied, obeyed the instinctive law of courtesy. "I'm most awfully sorry," he replied in a tone of contrition. Nothing else appeared to matter for the moment; he was a man speaking to a very beautiful woman.

"I cannot accept any excuse! You were given definite instructions—your received the letters?" she broke off sharply to enquire.

At this early stage in the proceedings, Crane came to the conclusion that beauty, standing alone, could be rated too highly; this woman had sufficient good looks to lead an army

corps to destruction, but behind the classical features flamed a devil. She was a virago.

"Answer me!" she cried; "did you receive the letters which were sent to this hotel?"

He remembered the cypher communications. (To be continued.)

Teacher—"What do you know about Ceres?"

Tommy Fan—"Well, it will be played between Philadelphia and St. Louis."

Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen.—Count Leo Tolstoy.

After the field is ploughed then come the harrowing details.

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## Diet Important For Good Teeth

British Medical Research Council Issues Report On Caries

London.—The Committee on Dental Disease, who have been investigating the influence of diet on caries in children's teeth, have prepared an interim report, which was issued recently by the Medical Research Council.

The investigation was carried out under the supervision of Mrs. M. Mellanby and Dr. H. C. T. Langdon, at three residential institutions for children in Birmingham.

"In groups, numbering from 65 to 86," state the Committee, "living under similar institutional conditions, each receiving a certain specific addition to the standard dietary over a period of two years, the progress of caries in the permanent teeth has been significantly retarded in those children receiving an added ratio of fat-soluble vitamins, as compared with those whose additions consisted of treacle and olive oil respectively; the increase of caries in the vitamin group, whether measured by its incidence or its extent, being approximately one-third of that in the other groups."

"In two groups, numbering 82 and 79 respectively, living in the same institution under identical conditions, each receiving as an addition to the standard dietary a measured ration of olive oil, to which, in the case of one group, a solution of vitamin D was added, over a period of one year and a half, the progress of caries in the permanent teeth was also significantly retarded in the vitamin group as compared with the group which received olive oil as the only addition."

"When allowance is made for the shorter period of the second as compared with the first investigation, a general similarity is observable in the rate of increase in caries between the group receiving cod liver oil (vitamins A and D) and that receiving radiostol (vitamin D). There was no significant difference in the rate of increase of caries between the children receiving olive oil and those receiving treacle in the first investigation."

"The Galatians, the law. Paul who man lives his v. 14. He will —nor steal from —to do him good, cannot be separated to interfere with fellow-man. "You my nos. begin, threatening oppo must think of his sin, or harm his help him."

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Sunday

November 1, Temperance 13-26. Sunday with wine, which filled with 5: 18.

I. LIBERTY FOR II. THE ANGEL 16-26. III. THE GALATIANS 13: 1-14. IV. WORKING FOR 11-14.

INTRODUCTION was by no means the performance to be desired. ed. Those men won, partly from ison—partly from of law. The in danger of improve custom. The Jew often, made must be a mathe. Ition. The Gal been specially turned aside. who hath bowin Gal.

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