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# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

### What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Daintiness has this little sheer woolen frock—and such charm! It has the modish flared sleeves and becoming draped bodice. And it's cut on extremely slenderizing lines with its curved seaming through the flat hipline.

A rich brown print made the original, with plain pastel-red contrast. Style No. 2997 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Black crepe satin is stunning in this model with pinkish-beige crepe satin contrast.

Dark green canton-faille crepe is another interesting scheme in combination with eggshell.

**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.

### Sanctuaries In Ontario Prevent Game Depletion

The Province of Ontario occupies the geographical centre of Canada, a land of wonderful diversity in topography, as in resources, reaching northward to the waters of Hudson Bay and southward to the Niagara River, giving expression to nearly all the inventions of Mother Nature in soil, climate, forest types and the multiple varieties of wild life. Small wonder that a continuous woodland of 100 million acres, most of it in the primitive stage, and within such easy reach of the great human concentrations of the American Continent, has drawn to itself thousands of annual visitors equipped with gun or rod. Recognizing what has happened to other sections of America where easy access and popularity rapidly forced a depletion of game and fish, the same fear might arise respecting Ontario, now that the trek of sportsmen has turned in its direction. One overlooks, however, the great fact that Ontario is amply provided with vast sanctuaries, that shooting seasons are strictly limited, as is the bag, and that in the forested zones native population is so thinly scattered as to affect but meagerly the breeding range as it existed in days primeval.

She had paid strict attention throughout the lesson, scarcely taking her eyes off the school master. At the end he said: "Now, Lucy, I'm sure you have something interesting to tell us. What is it?" She replied: "Please, sir, do you know you are wearing odd socks?"

ISSUE No. 44-'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 where he has suddenly decided to stay, he is surprised to find a letter addressed to him, although no one could have known of his intention to stay here. He is further mystified by finding the letter is written in code. After dining out on his return, he finds an unknown woman in his rooms.

### CHAPTER II.—Cont'd

"Yes—of course. They were here awaiting me." He did not know why he was carrying on this stupid game, except that the woman was temperarily dominating him.

"Then, why weren't you here to keep the appointment? If I told—" She stopped and looked at Crane as though she wanted to read his soul. "You are much younger than I imagined. They said you were thirty-five, and wore a moustache." "So I did until ten days ago. Then I got tired of it." He smiled at the silly conceit which had leapt into his mind merely because the first statement happened to be true.

The woman seized on the words. "Were you suspected? Was that why you shaved off your moustache? Come here!" Because he did not obey the command immediately, she stepped forward and, taking him by the shoulders, drew his face down. At first, Philip had the insane notion that she meant to kiss him, but the fierceness in her face belied any such idea.

"Yes, you are speaking the truth," she said.

So dynamic was her manner that he actually felt an overwhelming relief. It was as though he was a real player in this mystery-drama, instead of being a mere understudy—and a fraudulent one at that.

"You know what you are to do?" the interrogation proceeded; "but I am wasting time," she went on in that same tempestuous fashion; "everything was detailed clearly in the letters. By the way, what have you done with them?"

"I thought it best to lock them up." This, again, was the truth. It seemed somewhat to calm the storm.

"Yes; you can't be too careful. Anything happens on the voyage over?" "No—nothing." The game was beginning to intrigue him now; and the belief that there was possibly something crooked in it added to the interest. Stupid, perhaps, but he was feeling like a man who had been given a ticket marked:

**ADMIT ONE TO ADVENTURE.** He was going on.

"No one followed you here?" came the next snapped question. "Not that I know of. A fellow bumped into me in King Street, St. James's, tonight; but I put the breeze up him properly and he soon cleared off." Time was giving him confidence; he was beginning to feel that, up till now, he had not done so badly in his totally unprepared part. A sense of humor made him add sharply: "You ought to have had more sense than to come here dressed like that. With your hair and figure, everyone in the hotel will remember you."

He expected an explosion, but, instead, he saw something of the anger die down in the beautiful face.

"I had to dress—I'm going on to the Rosy Dawn Night Club. Stevenson is to be there. Have you met Stevenson yet?"

"No—not yet." It was too much to hope that she would put all her remaining questions in that form, but, so long as she did, he could stick to the truth without, apparently, any great risk of the consequences.

"I expect he'll want me to bring him back here," she added. Crane considered it time to register his disapproval. He was on a much-needed holiday; he couldn't have his rooms—and a private suite at that—littered up with a lot of mysterious beings who belonged by rights to the films.

"But you mustn't do that!" "No?" There was a challenge in the monosyllable.

"I won't allow it—do you think I want all Scotland Yard prowling round?" That was a good one, surely; and when he saw the woman bite her lip and give evident serious consideration to his rebuke, he knew he had struck a bull's-eye.

"Then you'll have to come with me to the Rosy Dawn." "I can't." "Why not?"

He couldn't tell her, he supposed that he had decided on trying to get a rubber of bridge—he doubted if she would understand.

"Tomorrow must do," he temporized; "it was a beast of a journey"—which was more or less correct—"and I want to rest—be alone." The latter statement, whilst being possibly ungentle, was, at least, strictly accurate.

"Stevenson will want your report." "He must wait for it." He'd have to wait a jolly long time, too. "I can't be bothered with anything tonight. There's not that much hurry." If his

eyes had not been fixed on the woman's face, he must have grinned. "You seem to have learned independence in America, but I warn you, Crane, that that sort of stuff won't go with Stevenson, or with—" She broke off quickly as, for the third time since this interview had started, a puzzled expression, which seemed to be more than half suspicion, flashed into her face.

"You don't speak with any American accent," she said. "Of course not; don't you know that I'm a Cornishman, and that a Cornishman never acquires any accent but his own?"

This farce must end. He yawned. "I hate to be rude, but I'm going to bed. Make any appointment you like for after eleven tomorrow morning, but you'll have to excuse me now. I want to make up for the sleep I lost."

Pretzly good, he thought. When the woman was gone, he'd roar with laughter and try to speculate what it all meant on his way to the smoking room.

His visitor rose at the unmistakable hint. "All right," she said curtly, "I'll go. I don't know what Stevenson will say, though."

Crane yawned again in a most realistic manner. "Let him say what he likes. Good night." Crossing to the door, he opened it.

She looked at him again in that strange, intent fashion. "I'll tell Stevenson that I think you're too good-looking for the job," she said; "the girl may fall in love with you." The words were accompanied by a short, hard laugh.

"The girl?" He had repeated the two words before pulling himself up. A very disturbing mental picture had flashed across his brain; he saw himself looking again into the brown eyes of a girl who was sorely troubled—

"They meant to kill me!" "It's all set down in your instructions—anyone would think you hadn't read them! You're to attend to the girl—keep her out of mischief!" Another short, hard laugh.

"Stevenson's looking for her now in his big green car; she's somewhere in London."

Another memory stabbed his brain; that juggernaut from whose wheels he had snatched the girl had been painted green!

### CHAPTER III.

Philip did some lightning reflecting. A memory came back to him. He saw a girl's face; it was white with fear. Whispered words filtered from her lips: "They meant to kill me!"

The vision lasted for at least half a minute, and at the end of that time, an explanation to this mystery had arrived. The situation was plain. He, by some extraordinary chance, had been mistaken for a crook. This girl, who must belong to a gang, believed he was someone else. That explained everything of course—the cryptograms in the letters bearing his name. What a joke! And for this amazing thing to have happened to him—a quiet, ordinary commonplace draughtman, who had come from Truro of all places in the world!

His mood of jocularity soon passed. He became serious. It was the vision of that girl's face again, the terror he remembered seeing in her eyes, that brought the gravity back into his mind.

But for his quick dash that girl would now have been dead. Dead! It was a horrible thought to associate with anyone so young and beautiful, so fragrant, and so vibrant with the happiness that should have been hers.

Then a third thought came. This affair, however big it might be, concerned exclusively other people. It was no business of his. And yet, although his native common-sense, he knew, had dictated it, he was not prepared to listen to this voice of caution. Ordinary and commonplace he might be; dull and uneventful his life up till now certainly had been; he was the last person to be associated with any foolish Don Quixotry, but—He was a man, and what man with any spirit could allow this fantastic scheme to go through without endeavoring to raise a hand to prevent it?

"What are you thinking about?" The words, sharply uttered, recalled him to himself. He had to pretend. He must endeavor, so far as was able, to continue to lay the part of the crook for whom he was mistaken. This girl, cool, sophisticated, and intelligent, as she undoubtedly was, had to be deceived—if that was possible.

He looked across at her, smiling. "What was that you said?" he queried.

His companion lit the cigarette which she had just taken from a tortoise-shell case.

"I said that the girl might possibly fall in love with you," was the reply. He seized on the words. "Well, that would be all to the good, surely?" he heard himself saying.

(To be continued.)

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### The Gap in the Hedge

It is spring along the highroad In the heat of the noontday sun, It is lonely in every by-road When summer days are done, But oh! how the spirit rallies When gaps in the hedgerows bring The gleam of light in the valleys And joy to our wayfarers.

On the road to the great hereafter When the shadows round us fly, And the echo of all our laughter Is heard the wind's sad sigh, May we find in the darkest places A gap in the hedge to show The beauty ahead and the faces With heavenly light aglow.

—"K" in Chambers' Journal.

### England, My England

What have I done for you, England, my England? What is there I would not do, England, my own?

With your glorious eyes auster, As the Lord were walking near, Whispering terrible things and dear As the Song on your bugles blown, England—

Round the world on your bugles blown?

Where shall the watchful sun, England, my England, Match the master-work you've done, England, my own?

When shall he rejoice agen Such a breed of mighty men As come forward, one to ten, To the Song on your bugles blown, England—

Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures, England, my England:— 'Take and break us; we are yours, England, my own! Life is good, and joy runs high Between English earth and sky; Death is death; but we shall die, To the Song on your bugles blown, England—

To the stars on your bugles blown!" —W. E. Henley, in Pearson's Weekly.

### International Finance

London Daily Herald (Lab.): No nation can live to itself in the financial sense. As someone has said, the countries of the world are roped together like Alpine climbers; if one falls over the precipice the strain falls on the others. Mark, franc, dollar, pound—their fortunes are intertwined.

Avarice makes a man a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unscrupulous husband, a distant and distrustful friend, and causes often an unhappy home.

Ever the faith endures, England, my England:— 'Take and break us; we are yours, England, my own! Life is good, and joy runs high Between English earth and sky; Death is death; but we shall die, To the Song on your bugles blown, England—

To the stars on your bugles blown!" —W. E. Henley, in Pearson's Weekly.

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EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited MONTREAL



## "FATIGUE?" I just postpone it!"

"No, I don't have 'nerves.' You can't have them, and hold this sort of position. My head used to throb around three o'clock, and certain days, of course, were worse than others."

"Then I learned to rely on Aspirin." The sure cure for any headache is rest. But sometimes we must postpone it. That's when Aspirin saves the day. Two tablets, and the nagging pain is gone until you are home. And once you are comfortable the pain seldom returns!

Keep Aspirin handy. Don't put it away, or put off taking it. Fighting a headache to finish the day may be heroic, but it is also a little foolish. So is sacrificing a night's sleep because you've an annoying cold, or irritated throat, or grumbling tooth, neuralgia, neuritis. These tablets always relieve. They don't depress the heart, and may be taken freely. That is medical opinion. It is a fact established by the last twenty years of medical practice.

The only caution to be observed is when you are buying Aspirin. Don't take a substitute because it will not act the same. Aspirin is made in Canada.



## A Man-Made Bird

James Graham Wylie in "Our Dumb Animals"

The canary bird, our little household pet and singer, is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the feathered kind. A large number of beautiful specimens compose the attractive canary family.

Few persons are aware of the fact that canaries have not been always a family of beautiful birds, but it is true that their beauty and individuality are man-made.

This bird was first found in the Canary Islands, from which it acquired its name. There was nothing more attractive about its appearance than our common sparrow, having a dull-colored feathering, but its singing voice was noticeable.

It was in the early part of the sixteenth century that a merchant from Europe, who was trading with the Canary Islands, noticed the remarkable voice of the little birds of those islands. He captured an enormous number of them, and set out for Europe, hoping to sell them as song birds.

The ship was wrecked, but fortunately, a sailor thought to free the birds. They took refuge on the nearest point of land, which happened to be the Isle of Elba. Here their numbers increased rapidly.

Very soon after the shipwreck, they were transported in large numbers into the countries of Europe. Then began the breeding and domestication, which brought about marked changes in their appearance.

In every European country they were bred with various other birds. This has been continued until there is an unlimited variety of species throughout the world. The German productions are the most famous.

One of the most fascinating things relating to canaries is the training of their singing voices. In doing this, a number of the birds are put in a room together with a "canary organ," which is placed in a corner. At first, the machine is sounded, so as to imitate the whistle of the ordinary unmusical canary. Then, by gradual steps, the sound is improved until it has reached an imitation of the highest standard of canary voice. Birds that reach the pinnacle are easily sold at a handsome price. Others are priced in accordance to the heights they reach.

In some cases, only the mother birds are given the vocal training, and this is done just before their brooding. By this method, the mother bird is able to translate the notes correctly to her little ones. In most cases, the brood of a good singing mother bird become good singers, merely through the guidance of their maternal teaching.

"You may window wide tomorrow," said a large Frenchman, "it is a good year; said Fido, got Fido's tragedy!"

"Out there years ago their two boys came back, their favor they were treacherous, that dreadful and places years gave warning. The covered them."

Here the possessed by humanly. "Poor man will come little brown with them, just as they the windowing until it."

"Poor don't me how the with his wh his arm at brother, bound?" because she Do you know evenings hic creep foot in through it."

She broke It was a recent bustle whirl of ap making her "I hope you?" she said.

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