\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Old Mrs. Jupiter, wife of the millionaire automobile manufacturer, ives an engagement dinner and dance for her marry Dirk Ruyther. Mary receives a said. "After all, we don't know that telephone call from her scap-grace brother, Eddie, and she arranges for him to anyone came ir. then. Not even Mr. be admitted secretly. When she goes up-stairs to meet him she finds Mrs. Jupiter Come et all " robbed and murdered in her 100m. Dirk came at advises Mary to keep quiet about Eddie until he can locate the boy. Bowen, reporter for The Star, is told by Bessie, a ed her. maid, of Eddie's supposed visit

CHAPTER VII.

There was time for a lunch tray and a nap before she must be ready to meet Dirk. He had not said so, but Mary felt that they must be going to see Eddie. Impatience made her restless, but weariness finally put her to

When Della woke her there was just time for a quick tub and into her clothes before Dirk was due to arrive. She put the little black silk dress on again-it was all she had that was suitable. Bu she brightened it with a knew." beige fur jacket and beque, and pinned on her shoulder a few of the fresh est buds from last night's corsage tea-roses, now blooming in water or her dressing table.

Dirk had had tears enough from her and cornelia both, she thought fondly. Mrs. Jupiter, it she knew, would not mind her brightening up a bit for his sake. To make up for what weeping and worry had done to her eyes she made her mouth vivid with lipstick She had just patted and pulled into place on each cheek shining loops of dark, mahogany-brown hair, and was looking for fresh gloves, when the parfor maid, Bessie, appeared st the door.

"Gentleman to see you, Miss Hark-Mary looked around, surprised at the crispness and formality of the girl's tone. Bessie's mouth was faintly malicious; her nose was lifted superciliously. With all her effort at none alance, though, tell-tale red overspread her features, she looked exactly like the cat that had lapped up the

"You haven't been talking to that reporter any more, have you, Bessie?" asked Mary sharply.

"They're not going to blame me for that, Miss Mary!"

"They won't blame you, si,ly! It will a be explained very shortly. But you musn't talk about it to anyone just yet. I would have spoken to you about it last night, Bessie, only I Mr. Jupiter told him he was a

The frailty of this plea was apparent to her even as she made it. Bessie's eyes shifted away.

"I don't want the police coming after me," she repeated.

Mary forced a laugh. "They won't. Of course it was very wrong to leave the door open as you did, Bessie. Anyone might have come in and I'm terribly afraid-someone did. Oh, I'm not blaming you," she keld out her hand placatingly as Bessie's eyes flashed menacingly. "I'm blaming myself for not having attendto to it. I'd no business leaving it

"My place was in the dining room, you know that, Miss Mary!" the girl said, accusingly. "It was Barelay's

place to watch the door." "I know that," Mary agreed wear-



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KRAFT Old Fashioned Salad Dressing ISSUE No. 28-'32

ily. She must not give way to her

The maid's look of interest surpris-

"Oh! It was Mr. Eddie you were expecting?"

or not. But why did the maid care?

"Only what?"

The maid lowered her voice fearfully. "Does Mr. Jupiter know?" Mary flushed. "Why shouldn't he?"

"I don't think he'd like it if he

come to see me whenever he liked! As for it's being s late-or rather, so early-he knew there was a party and he wasn't disurbing anyone!"

servant. She turned away to bring the subject to an end.

But Bessie lingered, unconvinced. Firm conviction that Mary was about to be ejected from the household i disfavor, made her bold. And jealousy of the girl who was, in her eyes, no more than a fellow-servant, but who gave herself such airs, sharpened her tongue for the thrust.

She shook her head reprovingly. "He shouldn't ought to have come back like that," she said righteously, 'not after Mr. Jupiter told him what

me. You was out, and Mr. Jupiter came down to see him in the library. And Mr. Jupiter told him he was a smart young aleck that needed lesson and he wouldn't give a penny to pay a gambler's debts."

Mary leaned weakly against the "Eddie was hore, and I didn't know

t? What else-did they say?" "I think he wanted to borrow a custed to your good judgment to keep g ace to his sister, and to go out and earn it like a man. And he told him he was headed for a gambler's grave if he went on as he was doing, and

> him back and said. 'For your sister's sake, I'll give you a job'."

> "What did Eddie say?" "Oh, he didn't say much-he just looked at him. And he said, 'No thank' you. I might have known you wouldn't understand.' I let him out. He stood

"So you see," the maid finished, "he

"You've told Mr. Jupiter, then?" "Not him. The reporter. Well, he asked me," she bridled virtuously, called his home.

"You might have said nothing," Mary thought, but one had only to glimpse that pretty shallow face to know that loyalty was not in Bessie. fore the thrilling realization that the ing me!" Bessie repeated by way of

Mary waved her away, and with a defiant swish of trim gray skirts she

left the room. Mr. Jupiter was having his postluncheon nap, and there was no time to see him anyway. It was nearly three by her wrist-watch and Dirk

Mary turned to go, but he halted "Please, Miss Harkness-don't go.

or was this the "gentleman to see you," whom Bessie had announced? "I'm sorry. I can't talk to you. I'm going out. And besides," she bit her

agility remarkable in a man of his generally rotund appearance. So far as tact would permit, he had placed himself between her and the door, and cut off her retreat. It was presumption but this was a big story and he coudn't afford to fail. "I know I mus seem a callous brute," he said, "asking you questions

just at this time. But in the very nature of things, you know, news can't wait. And there's something that you and no one else can tell me-" you mean about my brother." And

thought your interviews with the ser-

\* fears before the girl.

"Well, it's possible we've neither of

"Why, yes," said Mary, wonderingly. "Why?" It was a mistake, but the name had slipped out before she thought. She couldn't remember whether she had mentioned Eddie at the time she spoke to the maid last night,

"Nothing. Only-"

she equivocated.

"Eddie? But surely-he's always

Immediately she regretted having attempted to justify her actions to the

"Last week when your brother

not to show his face here again. Your brother was just going, and he called

outside the door a minute-honest, I

thought he was going to cry.

"and what could I say?"

was waiting. She hurried down the But the man who rose from a big armchair by the library fire was not Dirk. It was The Star reorter, Bowen.

her with a word. must see you for a minute." Mary looked about uncertainly for

Dirk. He must be here somewhere lips to still their tell-tale trembling,

and her voice broke, "I'm too upset." Bowen had reached her side with

Mary said resignedly, "I suppose could not resist adding, "I should have

Stripes Are in

Sally Eilers, film star pauses for a moment and allows us to view the very latest in striped crepe de chine. Quite swanky

-what? vants would have given you all th material you need.'

"Why didn't you tell Inspector Kane that your brother was here las "Because," Mary retorted, "I don'

know that he was. And neither does anyone else." "You expected him, though?"

"Yes. He telephoned me about halt after 12 that he was in trouble, and raust see me at once. The maid should have let him in. You understand that was necessary, because no one was being admitted except invited guests. But she was busy, and she careless!y along the path which circled the left the door ut locked. No one came, or went, that we know of. I locked the door again myself, after I came down from-up there."

"But someone might have come and gene, you admit that. And it might of the houses seen across the pond have been your brother. And during assumed an ethereal alien charm, that time-how long was it?-about 20 minutes altogether-Mrs. Jupiter was robbed and killed."

"Yes. But Eddie had nothing to do with it. I'm as sure of that as I am of God." Their eyes met and held. You believe me, don't you?"

ing "Yes," and meaning it. "You won't put anything in your

paper about it, will you?" Bowen hesitated, but only for a minute. "I have to, Miss Harkness." There was real regret in his voice. "You couldn't wait just until I see my brother and find out what he

"Perhaps I could do that. When

are you seeing him?" didn't ought to have come back like Mr. Ruyther comes." She looked at "This afternoon. Now. As soon as that. I wouldn't ever have said a her wrist watch. Dirk had not come, and it was long past the hour! He was not in the house, evidently; wor-

riedly, she took up the telephone, and The newspaperman's zeal for a beat began to gleam in Bowen's eyes. The spell that beauty in distress had cast over him for the moment abated be

biggest story in years was in reach of his hand.

was waiting tensely while a maid went to call Dirk to the telephone. Presently a woman's tone's came drifting over the wire. Mrs. Ruyther's "Oh, Mary," she said languidly, "Dirk asked me to call him, but the poor boy is skeping so soundly! I hadn't the heart to wake him. Can t wait awhile, whatever it is?" (To be continued.)

But Mary was not listening; she

From a Window in New York

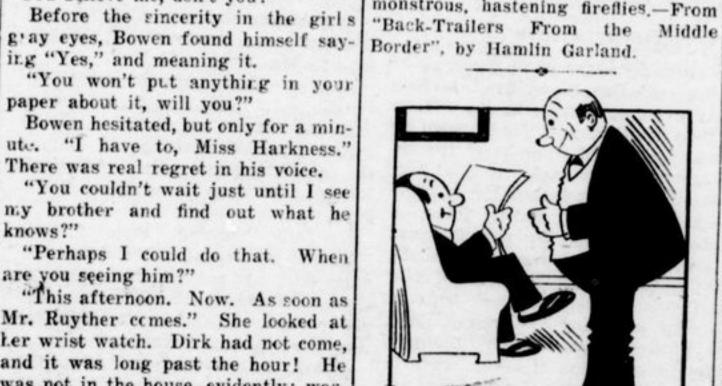
A certain drab and desolate grandeur was always present in our outlook, but sometimes, at sunset, when slate-blue clouds piled mountain-high in the southwest and the mists of our foreground and softly tinted the blank sides of skyscrapers with violet; or when a flaming vapor drove in across the southern sky and the far-away lights of the Queensboro Bridge sparkled like prodigious loops of diamonds, the Australia city took on the dignity of an im-

looking out upon some lovely Old has brown on the petals. World town. At times I proudly disness of our walls and the narrow spaces of our floors.

At other times, when a robe of new-fallen snow concealed the gravel flat on the groud. A child is with me Presently we are baked and wander roofs of lesser houses, the towering there. How happily we hunt for the toward the river which skirts the hotels of Park Avenue assumed the majesty of citadels. They were especially impressive at sunrise, although no one but myself ever rose in time to enjoy their dawn-lit walls flame and gold. It was my habit, however, to call the entire family to the window to share in any espe-

cially resplendent phase. At all hours and seasons Centra Park was a solace and a refreshment. One of our regular evening exercises was "a spin around the raised bank of the upper pool. Often as we left Fifth Avenue and mounted the embankment we came upon a scene of enchanting beauty. misty towers and vague battlements

rising like dim cliffs of Arizonian planes, sparkling with campfires, their images floating softly on the still surface of the water, while below us motor cars flitted among the trees through purple dusk like Imperial Conferences monstrous, hastening fireflies.-From



"I'm tired of reading about the smart girl graduate." 'You're not half as tired as the

Unless a man has known at least the British Colonial Secretary. I "May I go with you?" he asked, one failure he is unable to appreciate

fellows will be who have to listen

to her essay."



and son of John and Dolores (Costello) Barrymore, eyes the camera nonchalantly as he poses at Hollywood with his parents.

is delicious

## Spring Flowers of Australia

(Write Salada, Toronto, for excellent recipe)

there grows a tall, wiry grass, and ers, red near the stem and then solt scientists found a sort of "lost world," There was one precise spot in our among it, in spring, all sorts of little green; and bottle-brush, resembling where plant and animal life closely sitting room from which I could orchids. There is one may green fel- its name but a brilliant crimson, and akin to that of the arth's ancient glimpse, across the roofs of my mil- low about three inches high with very with notches rather like small nuts on past still survives. lionaire neighbors, a curve in the open mouth (old Nannie used to call its scrappy boughs. Park reservoir. Often at dusk this him the grandfather); and spider or- Shall we take a long flight now, water took on the appearance of a chis, as though cut out in velvet, in right away to the Riverina in New Dr. Chaney, "lie many of the secrets lamp-lighted bay (with a wall of every shade of cream and buff and South Wales, where the great plains palaces just beyond) along whose dark red, with thin, tough stalks. Also are? There they stretch before us for conditions on the earth today highway a stream of carriages flash- a dear little blue one, not unlike an for miles and miles, covered with ed in endless procession It was English bluebell, but shorter, more myriads of everlastings, white and my habit to sit at this window, per- sturdy and of a gentian blue. One is yetllow. Is their dry, sweet scent waftmitting myself to imagine that I was a daffodil yellow and its first cousin ed to you on the gentle breeze? In every dampish hollow we shall find a

It is September, the equivalent of delightful vetch with large flowers, played that bit of water to my April in northern lands, with glimpses some mauve and some violet, and a rain. A little later there will be a breeze, reminding one of wistaria or, tound. partly compensated for the plain- small flower, possibly of the scabious still more of, hyacinth moreno. or cornflower family, but a bright The sun is burning even in spring America, said Dr. Chaney, "give a picforget-me-not blue with gray stalk and and the sky is a brilliant, cloudless ture of the past which has endured two tiny gray leaves on either side, blue. The crows are cawing lazily. sweet flowers! Overhead the wattle plain on one side with a narrow belt not a tidy riverside, as in England,

its fragrance filling the air. Near by one could find an occasion- but with great gum trees and fallen al specimen of what we used to call logs, where one may rest and dream the she-oak, an untidy, sad-looking a little. In the bends there are tall ebbing of the sea? One gets the same fragrance seems to come to me from back to me, when, riding home in the one's feet. twilight one summer's evening with a

dear compaion, we lingered and list across an occasional mia-mia the temtened. What did the tree tell us? dred and fifty miles or so to the Gram- branches pion ranges, in Victoria still. There, under a big hill called ambitiously Mount Abrupt, we find ourselves at its | ing down the river. base among a species of low scrub. with very d, soil, and all around us pink, white and red, and a bush with buted

the forthcoming Impe.i.. Econor

Conference which opens in Ottawa cn

of inquiries being received at official

and semi-official sources for informa-

conferences and were presided over by

1907 representatives of the varior

parts of the British Empire again met

in London, this time as an Imperial

Conference with the Prime Minister

of Great Britain as chairman. Since

then conferences have been held in

the British capital in 1911, 1917, 1918,

1921, 1923, 1926 and 1930. The confer-

ence in Ottawa will be the first hel-

The delegates to the conference re

present a total population of 450,000,

000 persons and countries that occupy

an area of-13,909,782 square miles, or

about one-quarter of the known sur-

face of the glabe, distributed almost

equally over the northern and south-

ern hemisphere. Of the poulation of

6,000,000 Malays, 1,000,000 Chinese

Empire rests, but the two main prin-

outside of Great Brit. in.

tion concerning it.

Date Back to 1887

The mountain thrush is calling to insulating power of the atmosphere, his mate, a wild, beautiful note, echo- shifting in position of continental A deep peace reigns. How sweet are reminiscences of heaths tall and short, pale pink deep other days and other climes.-Contri- tributed.

business will not revive until con-Ottawa, Canada.-Evidence of the fidence in the future has been reuniversal interest in connection with stored."-Albert C. Ritchie. July 21 next is shown by the volume

"Most men like straight, blunt deal-



The Borden Co. Limited, Vancouver, B.C. Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of booklet entitled "Baby Welfare."

for it. Use coupon below.

## Good sewing machine needs best oil, say repair men

CONDENSED MILK

If all housewives knew what repair men know about sewing machines, 450,000,000 about 60,000,000 are white, they wouldn't think "any kind of oil the remaining 390,000,000 include will do." Three-fourths of all repairs 315,000,000 of the native races of India on sewing machines are due to negand Ceylon, 40,000,000 of black races, lect or the wrong kind of oil.

There's only one oil good enough and 1,000,000 Polynesians, with various for your machine—the best. Regardother elements The religions repredess of price, you can't find better oil Reese. sented include 210,000,000 Hindus; than 3-in-One. It is a scientific blend 1,000,000 Mohammedans; 80,000,000 of high grade animal, mineral and Christians, of which 67,000,000 are vegetable oils and contains unique as Catholics; 12,000,000 Buddhists; 12,- oil. It cleans and protects as well as There is no fundamental law upon frigerators, locks, hinges and general quick, Pat. We're not here at all." which the constitution of the Brititsh household lubrication.

Don't endanger the life of your ciples underlying its administration sewing machine and expensive houseare self-government and self-support. hold equipment with ordinary oil. 3 in-One Oil costs only .. trifle more and will save you lots of money in For words are wise men's coun- repairs. At good stores everywhere, present moment. The landscape

## World is Growing Colder and Drier

Scientists Declare Forests and Animal Life Migrated South With Climate

Changes Washington. - Evidence that the world is growing cooler and drierand has been doing so for millions of years-has been found in tropical jungles by two scientist-expiorers.

Traces of changes in climate, and also hints of what the world may be like in the future, have been discovered during a strange journey into the past" by Dr. Ralph W. Chancy, of the University of California, and Dr. Erling Dorf, of Princeton. Their findings were described by Dr. Chancy Come, roam with me in the wilds of spiky red flowers which may be a gre- in an announcement of the Carnegie villea. In such country, there will be Institution of Washington.

In the home paddock, near a house later a shrub which we called wild In the hot, moist rain-forests of perial capital. It became noble as in the western district of Victoria, fuchia, with long hanging narrow flow- Central America and Venezuela the

SECRETS OF PAST FOUND. suggestions even of what may be ex-

Two-thirds of the crees that lived in western North America millions of years ago, known today by the fossil guests. It was our noblest posses- of sunshine and intervals of squally delicious perfume is wafted on the the forests of Venezue'a, the scientists

down to the present in Costa Rica and Guatemala, a ricture of California and Oregon as they may be once more -mimosa you call it-is in full bloom, of timber. There it is cool and shady; turn to make more hospitable the northern borders of he Pacific."

RECONSTRUCTING HISTORY.

"Reconstructing the history of the tree with long needles for leaves. You buttercups, two or three feet high, earth on the basis of the fossil flora know, if you put a cockle shell to your and mallows similar to those in other of western America and their living ear, how you get a sound as of the countries, but a sweet, half-forgotten couivalents in the mountain forests of Venezuela and Central America, a soughing of wind and waves under them-that is missing elsewhere, tend may be observed during past these strange trees. A moment comes There are patches of mint beneath ages from a moist warm climate to the relatively dry and cool conditions Long ago one would have come of our day," he went on.

"Just what were the causes of this porary dwelling of a native, shaped gradual change is a difficult question Now let us skip over some one hun- like a tent but made of green to answer. Variations in the amount of heat given off by the sun or in the masses with a resultant alteration of currents of water and air-all these and many more factors may have con-

"The fact of this climatic change is fully demonstrated by the migration southward of the forests, and the animals which lived in them, to the only gart of he world where suitable conditions of temperature and moisture

still exist." Humans also may have shared in this southward migration, Dr. Chaney said. He finds evidence of it in the ing if you say things in a nice way, similarity of appearance and mode of preserving the correct attitude."- living between the Maya Indians of

Central America and the Mongol

But Old Houses Go

tribes of Asia.

The old house was 'ovely at all times, but especially so in spring, when the daffodils flamed up in the grass yellow and untended . . And it was loveliest of all in the summer ausk. Opposite stretched a great pasture, curving down into the great western sky, and this sky blazed at dusk with orange or scarlet, dwindling down as the minutes went, into thin lemon, or vague mauve. The air was full of pricking salf-noises, and above them, like the cut of a knife, the shrill of peacocks across in the Mardonald Farm. We children sat out on the fron' steps in the soft light, clinging closely together; behind us gleamed the one window in the attic, colored with the west, and before us the furings of vast rich sky, thrust through with that separate and knife-like sound. We were sad; we felt ourselves alone in a wide, bare world. But houses go. The town pushes

out, and clutches the fair meadowlands, and the uneven lanes are straightened into uniform streets, and the few roofs give way to hundreds, each after the same fashion, and the single shop to a sprawling doz n. And this was the way of the old house. key built a new one on the opposite side of the orchard, and transplanted the white lilac bushes to a space alongside another weather-beaten feace. It grieved my childish heart to see the enchanted place go .- From "A Victorian Village," by Lizette Woodworth

They Weren't There

Two Irishmen made their boat fast classed as Protestants and 13,000,000 properties not possessed by ordinary to a wharf and went to sleep. The boat broke away in the night and 000,000 Animists; 4,000,000 Sikhs, lubricates. It is unsurpassed for sew. drifted far out to sea. When Mike Jains and Parsees; 750,000 Jews, and ing machines, vacuum cleaners, lawn awoke he could see nothing but water. the remainder Polytheists and others. mowers, washers. electric fans, re- He shook Pat and said, "Wake up, Pat roused himself and looked out and replied, "No, begorra! And we're a long ways from here."

THE JOY AT HAND

ters—they do but reckon by them; For your protection, look for the trade around the bend will still be there but they are the money of fools.- mark "3-in-One" printed in Red on when our life-train arrives.-Horatic W. Dresser.

frank.

walk

with s leaves. spring When wild i fore th

bequity glamou With 3 There's

There's

canopie

this de

starry s

And th

swaying blithe mockscalls to Henry a certai the st ding ! ever. red of from Li

UNIARIO ARCHIVES