

## October Investments

Our October Bond List and Review offers a wide range of Canadian government and high-grade municipal bonds. It also reviews the Canadian bond market of the past year and presents a chart showing yields obtainable from long term Province of Ontario bonds from 1912 to date.

Copy of October Bond List and Review gladly furnished on request.

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## Money is scarce yet she has pretty clothes

"You always look as if you had just stepped out of a fashion sheet. Yet money is none too plentiful with you. How do you do it?" The neighbors were always asking Mrs. Burnette. One day she told them. "My secret of pretty clothes is simple. When my dresses, blouses and underthings become faded with much washing, I renew their color or beauty by a simple tinting in Diamond Tints. These wonderful tints are made by the makers of Diamond Dyes which you know are the best dyes made for dark colors. Diamond Tints are for light shades. They need no boiling and they last through repeated launderings. All you need to do is to rinse your things in Diamond Tints. You can get such lovely shades by using them. So you see," said Mrs. Burnette, "pretty clothes are as easy for you to have as for me."



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## Hungarian Court Protects Street Sweeper

Vienna.—The danger of committing that serious and peculiarly Austrian crime of "wounding official honor," has been increased by a recent magisterial ruling that not only tram conductors and the invisible telephone girl must be treated with the exaggerated respect due a bureaucrat, but that the street sweepers of Vienna possess the same sacrosanct character.

"This is a very grave matter, Herr Richard Fritz," the magistrate, Dr. Willer, told the defendant. "You have insulted an official personage in the execution of his duty."

Very humanly the defendant replied: "I've had nothing to do with an official personage—I had a few words with a street sweeper."

"That's just what I'm dealing with," replied Dr. Willer. "Didn't you see his official cap?"

"Yes, and his sceptre—his broom," replied Herr Fritz. "Only in Vienna could a street cleaner be treated as an official! I merely told him off because he was making such a dust in the execution of his official duties."

The open wound to the dustman's official honor remains for the moment unhealed, as the grave case was adjourned to await the evidence of a policeman.

Satisfy their 'tween-meals hunger with Christie's Premium Soda Crackers and milk, or jam, or spreads, or peanut butter. They'll love them and so will you. Keep a package in the pantry all the time for soups, salads, desserts, quick lunches.



Crisp, light, flaky and slightly salted. Delicious.

**Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS**

## Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

### SYNOPSIS.

Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is murdered during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness. Suspicion points to Mary's brother, Eddie, who is killed by a car as he goes to meet her. Bowen, Star police reporter, discovers a racetrack crook called The Fly to whom Eddie owed money. Mary is in a speakeasy where The Fly is said to be hiding. Dirk, her fiancé, comes to take her home. He is on his way to lock up the Jupiter necklace in his office safe. Dirk sees The Fly is not there. Mary claps the necklace about her throat just as three strangers enter.

### CHAPTER XX.

Bowen and Dirk followed Mary's eyes and saw the newcomers, too, almost before she could tear her "fascinating gaze" from theirs. Although, strictly speaking, none of the three men were looking at her, but at the necklace gleaming like a new blood against the smoky velvet of her evening jacket. She had drawn it out about her swiftly but clumsily. The greater portion of the necklace swung outside.

"Don't go now, I'll look as if we're running," Bowen said quietly, almost without moving his lips.

They sat in petrified silence a few minutes, each with his own whirling thoughts, making half-hearted conversation. The party at the opposite table ordered drinks, talked in low tones, and otherwise comforted themselves in an ordinary manner.

Mary sneaked glances at them out of the corners of her eyes. Was one of them The Fly? All three were dark; one quite handsome. He was the one who had jumped to his feet. Had they been in the small dining room and left, returning by the front door? They might be quite different now, perfectly harmless customers of the place, like themselves. Although "perfectly harmless" was a strong designation for any of Jack Shay's customers, if the place was real—the criminals' hangout Bowen had said.

Adroitly she managed to push the necklace out of sight, covering it with the collar of her wrap. As the party at the opposite table made no move, even failed to look in their direction again, Mary said restlessly: "We may as well go. They know we were about to leave, they saw me put my wrap on."

The waiter, who had been nowhere in sight a few minutes before, now stood leaning with arms crossed against a dilapidated sideboard which stood against the back wall. His face was nearly without expression as such a sinister countenance could manage to be. Although he kept his eyes fixed assiduously on a spot halfway between their table and the strangers' table, Bowen had the feeling that he was all attention, waiting to be signalled for.

He held up his finger, and Mike came swiftly forward.

"Check, please!" Bowen said in a carrying voice. Mike fumbled for his pad. Before he could find it, Bowen whispered, "Put it on the cuff and I'll see you later. Tell Jack tomorrow's pay day, I'll be around."

Mike nodded wordlessly.

Mike would have moved off, but Bowen detained him.

"Is that him?" he asked softly.

"Yes, Yes. I tell him. Thank you!" Mike answered, making significant facial contortions, and palming a coin Bowen handed him. He hurried away before any more could be said.

So one of those men was The Fly! Mary had become adept in reading Mike's peculiar form of sign-language, and no wonder, for his pantomime was more exaggerated than subtle. As an actor, Mike was pretty much of a "mugger." As long as he kept his back turned to the enemy, however he was safe.

Dirk said, "Ready?" Mary, powdering her nose, nodded.

They got up and moved toward the door, Dirk leading, Mary following, and Bowen bringing up the rear. Mike leaped into action with exaggerated servility, coming forward to open the door. Whether by design or not, he was almost at Mary's side, and directly between her and the three seated men, as she walked to the door.

No one of the men at the table moved. Once outside, Mary sargged against Dirk's arm. But when he looked at her sharply, in quick fear that she was about to faint, he saw that she was shaking with silent laughter. Hysterical! He gripped her arm tightly and snarled at Bowen: "I hope you're satisfied!"

"Honey, I'm not having hysterics, honest!" Mary giggled. "It's just the let-down. I never was so thrilled in my life! Wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

"Perhaps it will amuse you to know there was nothing to miss," Dirk said sharply. "You don't believe all this claptrap, do you? Three drummers from Terre Haute, making the rounds of the speakeasies, and you let this clown feed you a wild story about murderers and jewel robbers. You've been reading too much Edgar Wallace, Bowen. Keep it to yourself after this, will you?"

Dirk gripped Mary's arm and led her to the curb where his coupe stood. Several car lengths away stood Bowen's rattle-trap. He started to go toward it, then turned and came up to the coupe and leaned through the open window.

"Got a gun?" he asked.

"No, Al Capone, I have not," Dirk said.

"And what of it?"

With a quick gesture Bowen drew an automatic out of his pocket and handed it into the car, but first.

Even Dirk was touched, disconcerted for a minute. Then he said with good-natured scorn, "Oh, keep it! What if somebody does plug me? You'll get a good story."

Bowen's temper gave way.

"I don't give a damn what happens to you," he said roughly. "But you've got a woman with you, remember. Take this whether you want it or not."

He swung the gun into Dirk's lap and swung off. As they moved down the street, Bowen's little tin-can car followed them.

Something about that grotesque equipage and its owner wrung Mary's heart and anger flooded her.

"I think you're a beast!" she said to Dirk. "You shouldn't have talked to him like that! Maybe Mike lied to him, but I'm sure he didn't mean to lie to us!"

"Mike? Who's Mike?"

Mary told him what she knew.

"You mean," Dirk said slowly, meaningfully, "that all this so-called evidence he's got that a man named The Fly robbed that house, killed Mrs. Jupiter and then ran your brother down presumably to keep him from telling, is the word of a double-starred yegg like that waiter?"

## ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

### Simplicity

I hold things lovely  
The simpler they are—  
The phosphorescent flicker  
Of a single silver star;  
The fragile cobweb beauty  
Simplicity can hold so much  
Of Queen Anne's lace.  
Of loveliness and grace!  
—Charlotte Champenois, in the  
Christian Science Monitor.

Reading that Russia, with discovery of a dandelion containing 15 per cent rubber content, has planted 2500 acres to it, those of us who care for our own laws will be quite sure that here at last is one Soviet venture certain to finish well ahead of the Five-Year Plan.

## Quick RELIEF from pain

### Dickens in the Lead

Croydon, England.—Dickens still remains the most popular of British novelists, Shakespeare is read more than ever, and Tennyson and Longfellow have a greater number of readers than any living poet.

This is shown by the annual report of the Croydon libraries committee for 1931-32, and may be taken as indicative of the reading tastes of middle-class Britons, the London suburb of Croydon being a cross-section of typical English middle-class folk.

A slight falling off in the demand for certain authors is also seen. Thus, Hardy, still largely read, is no longer insistently called for, and the same can be said of George Meredith, Joseph Conrad, Anthony Hope and Rudyard Kipling, although the demand for certain of their books continues unabated.

Windshield Wiper Needs Care: Keep your windshield wipers in good working condition always. They are essential to safety when driving in a heavy rain, sleet or snowstorm.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered with tears.—Hooper.

A lot of things can cause headache or other pain, but there is one thing that will always give you relief! Just take a tablet or two of Aspirin. Your suffering ceases. Relief comes instantly, regardless of what may have been making your head throb with pain.

Aspirin is harmless—cannot depress the heart. So there's no us: waiting for a headache to "wear off." It is useless to endure pain of any kind when you can get Aspirin. It is a blessing to women who suffer regular systemic pain; to men who must work on, in spite of eye-strain, fatigue or neuralgia.

Learn its quick relief for colds; for neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago. Be sure to get Aspirin—and not a substitute. All druggists sell Aspirin tablets. "Aspirin" is a trade mark registered in Canada.

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## Treasures

Everywhere he went Mr. Morgan added to his collection. A work of art, a piece of exquisite music kindled in him extraordinary emotion. The man of steel and iron became puffy before the brush of Raphael, the melody of Mozart. In collecting, as in business, Mr. Morgan got what he went after. He vexed the souls of amateurs whose purses were more slender, and excited the envy of museum directors whose government grants were insufficient to compete with his large resources. His interests as a collector were wide and he ransacked the world through agents everywhere. Some focused their attention upon ancient art, medieval art, watches, snuff-boxes, miniatures; others upon paintings, drawings, tapestries, furniture, Chinese porcelains, armor, manuscripts, and association books. Excavators dug into the ruins of ancient lands for him. Scholars pored over his Choix writings. Others searched the earth for rare Bibles.

His house at Prince's Gate was a museum in itself. There was his famous Fragonard Room. There were his collections of miniatures. The many of his choicest pictures. The Victoria and Albert Museum, popularly called the South Kensington Museum, in London, had the benefit of extensive loan collections from him for many years. His miniatures assembled the beauties and princes of two centuries: Charles the Second, Charles the First as a youth, Louis the Fourteenth on horseback, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Devonshire, George the Fourth as Prince Regent, scores of others. The oldest miniature was a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots. The painter was unknown, but the portrait bore the initials of a former owner, Charles the First.

The Morgan illuminated manuscripts surpassed any collection ever brought together, wonderful examples of antique ornamentation and handwriting in English, German, Dutch, Spanish, French and Italian. There was the Huntingfield Psalter, a manuscript on vellum, containing ninety-two miniatures of scenes from the Bible and the lives of the saints. This was executed at Mendham Priory toward the end of the twelfth century. There was the Bourbon Book of Hours, done in 1455; and another Book of Hours, of Flemish workmanship, bound for Mary Stuart at the time of her marriage. Morgan owned the celebrated Gutenberg Bible and the Psalter of 1459, "the most valuable books in the world." He possessed magnificent pieces of old English plate: a Tudor bowl made in London when Shakespeare was alive; a set of "Apostle" spoons, dating from the reign of Henry the Eighth; a cup and cover made for James the First from silver of the great seal of Ireland; a massive silver tankard presented by Queen Mary to Simon Janszen, a Dutch mariner, for safely conveying her husband, William III, across to The Hague in 1691; a huge tri-paneled silver vase depicting the finding of Ramulus and Remus, Mettus Curtius leaping into the pit, and Aeneas carrying his father, Anchises, from the burning city of Troy.

The building Mr. Morgan loved best was his white marble library in New York. Here the light fell softly through a central double skylight of glass so transparent that the blue of the sky was seen as through the empty air. Around the octagon of the skylight were painted the Muses of Art, Science, Literature, and Philosophy. On the ceiling of Circassian walnut were stored books and manuscripts rich and rare beyond description. The mere enumeration of these required a thick catalogue, and to tell adequately the story of these treasures many volumes would be needed. —From "Morgan the Magnificent," by John K. Winkler.

Old W... and...  
May a... under the... takes up... made by... having... a time... Waverly... bag to... them. Nei... nor the... Goos, with... row, could... average... vity and... It was... that one... and another... A quilt... was heavy... laughter... memories... at the... was a... tinted... worn to... of dark... associated... a road... leaves... the patch... cotton... was ready... often... ing in... borrowed... Very dom... in the...

### Our Medical Needs

By Edward A. Filene, Boston Merchant, addressing the Eighth Annual Clinical Congress at Yale University.

We shall see a national organization of guilds and associations, so that the average man can have the benefit of expert diagnosis and the best preventive and curative medical advice and care at a price within his means.

What would these guilds mean to the average man? A full medical examination twice a year, a complete check-up on the slightest ailment, medical attention whenever necessary, the advice of specialists, and all at a prearranged, standard fee based upon mortality and health figures. The fee, of course, would be the minimum charge possible, upon a basis of adequate earnings to medical men, and, as the guilds would be operated upon business principles, the trend would be to give increasing service for diminishing costs.

A sudden sickness in the family, a birth or a death would not entail, as it often does at present, the withdrawal of the family's savings from the bank or the maximum use of the family credit with resulting financial hardships, worry and sometimes privations. With annual payment, the medical expense of the family for the year would be paid, and the treating of sickness under the most modern and expert care assured.