

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS

The thief who robs and kills rich old Mrs. Jupiter during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness, falls to get the famous Jupiter necklace. Eddie, guilty, Eddie is run down by a car as he goes to meet Mary. Bowen, police reporter for The Star, discovers that Eddie owed money to a race-track crook called The Fly. Mary's fiancé, Dirk Ruyter, forbids her to investigate further. They plan to marry at once. Mary meets Bowen in a speaking way to lock up the Jupiter necklace, comes by to take Mary home. Dirk and Mary are followed but Bowen stops the thieves by turning his car in front of theirs. Dirk Ruyter returns from Europe with a woman friend. Mr. Jupiter orders his son out. The Fly disappears.

CHAPTER XXIV

"I'm all right," Mary murmured politely.

Jupiter cleared his throat explosively and set his mouth aside unattracted.

"Don't know as this is the time to speak of it, but I talked to Ruyter about that matter this morning." His voice was still hoarse with emotion. "It's all settled. Makes you my heir. Bruce will be taken care of—enough for a man that lives the rattle-brained life he does. But none of them French hussies will get my money! I've got no son, but there's no law that says I can't have a daughter!"

As the whole import of this sudden announcement made itself clear to her, Mary threw out her hands involuntarily.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "You mustn't do that! You mustn't!"

"Eh? Why not?" Apparently he had never dreamed that his offer could be refused. His stare of amazement was almost a glare. Not in many years had anyone crossed him in any major respect; he was utterly taken aback.

"That isn't fair to Bruce!" Even as she was protesting the injustice of such an arrangement, Mary's heart began to pound dizzily. To be the Jupiter heiress! She could only dimly apprehend as yet what it would mean to be mistress of so many millions, to have the world to play in, to be free forever of the poverty that had put her at the mercy of Cornelia Tabors of the world these last few years.

To be free to choose Dirk for a husband as he had chosen her, and not to feel like a beggar-maid who must always be humbly grateful to her King Copetua! To receive the unwilling deference of Emily Ann Ruyter, who, like most snobs, usually found it difficult to be uncivil to a great deal of money. Mary felt as if

PAIN relieved instantly

Aspirin will dispel any pain. No doubt about that. One tablet will prove it. Swallow it. The pain is gone. Relief is as simple as that. No harmful after-effects from Aspirin. It never depresses the heart, and you need never hesitate to make use of these tablets.

So it is needless to suffer from headache, toothache or neuralgia. The pains of sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis can be banished completely in a few moments. Periodical suffering of women can be soothed away; the discomfort of colds can be avoided.

Aspirin tablets have other important uses—all described by the proven directions in each box. Look for that name Aspirin on the box—every time you buy these tablets—and be safe. Don't accept substitutes.

"Aspirin" is a trade-mark registered in Canada.



EDWARDSBURG
"CROWN BRAND"
CORN SYRUP

At trifling cost the most Nourishing and Delicious Food



Devil's Food Layer Cake

3/4 cup butter **1/2 teaspoon salt**
3/4 cups sugar **3 teaspoons**
3 eggs **Magic Baking Powder**
1 cup milk **1/2 cup**
2 1/2 cups pastry flour (or 3 cups) **1 teaspoon vanilla extract**
3 table-spoons of bread flour **3/4 cup unsweetened chocolate, melted**

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar slowly. Add beaten yolks; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk; add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into 3 greased layer-cake tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. When cool, put together and cover thickly with Chocolate or White Icing (recipes are in the Magic Cook Book).

Miss Gertrude Dutton tells why she makes her

Devil's Food Layer Cake

with Magic Baking Powder



"I know from experience," says the cookery expert of Western Home Monthly, "that Magic makes most baked dishes look and taste better. Its uniform leavening quality gives dependable baking results."

And Miss Dutton's praise of Magic is seconded by the majority of dietitians and cookery experts throughout the Dominion. They use Magic exclusively because they know it is pure, and always uniform.

Canadian housewives, too, prefer Magic. In fact, Magic outsells all other baking powders combined. For luscious layer cakes, light, tender biscuits, delicious pastries—follow Miss Dutton's advice. Use Magic Baking Powder.

FREE COOK BOOK—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked foods. Write to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ontario.



A COMPLETE COURSE in Cookery for only 50c postpaid

The new Purity Cook Book is the most complete and popular work of its kind. Took two years to edit and cost many thousands of dollars. Contains 743 tested family recipes—bread, pastry, cakes, meats, salads, desserts—everything! New, step-by-step method assures success in cooking and baking. Clear type, grease-proof cover, opens flat at any page. Well worth \$2.00. Sent postpaid for 50c. Address: Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited, Dept. 107, Toronto, Ont.

At her earnest request, they left the almost untouched meal and adjourned to the library, safe from the avid ears of the servants. There, as clearly as she could, Mary set forth the facts she and Bowen had gathered

about The Fly. It was not a conclusive show of evidence, but it was strong. It needed a final link to make it irrefragable—that final link could only be The Fly's confession.

There was still the chance—she did not admit it, but it was there—that though it had been the Fly's gun which Mrs. Jupiter was shot, Eddie's hand had fired it. If that were true, she wanted to know it, but she did not want other people to know it if it could be helped. So they must do without the police. For notoriety followed when one dealt with the police—she had found that out. And in that one respect, at least, she meant to respect Dirk's wishes. His name would always be coupled with hers since the official announcement of their engagement, even if—her mind refused to follow up than painful "if." She would not drag him into this if she could possibly avoid it.

All this she had to make clear to Mr. Jupiter, as well as her plan to capture The Fly. When she had finished, he asked:

"You sure he'll be there?"

"It's almost a certainty, Bowen thinks. His horse races at Hialeah on the 16th. He'll show up, all right—he doesn't take the law seriously, you know. He's been arrested many times, but they've had to let him go. He's careful. Bowen says he's the smartest crook unhung. Maybe that's why they call him The Fly. He's so hard to swat."

Jupiter grunted.

"If the police can't swat him, how do you expect to?"

"By avoiding their methods, and using my own! He can't be taken in an open chase, that's been tried too many times. Very well. We'll emulate a spider, spread our web and wait for him! He'll come. The necklace will bring him. He is the only one who knows the truth about Eddie. He must be made to tell, that's all. If you want to do something for me, do that! It's the one thing I want more than anything—"

He was silent a long time. Mary could not read his thoughts. Everything hung on his answer—she almost prayed.

"I thought you two youngsters were right—that that man was the one—I'd never rest, while he was above ground! Every cent I've got would go to see him hung! Spots of red burned in the bloodless cheeks; Mary had not seem so galvanised with life since the first few hopeful days of the police search for his wife's murderer. The thirst for revenge gave him an unexpected zest in life. It might be a better thing for him in the end, than the coddling Dr. Jordan had enforced on him.

(To be continued.)

Canada's Canned Foods

Canned foods are finding a steadily broadened market in the Dominion itself, while Canadian canned foods are winning for themselves a large market in outside countries. The three main groups of canned and preserved foods produced in the Dominion are fish, milk products and vegetables and fruits. The canned fish production of the Dominion is largely in excess of home demand and its chief market is in other hands, the output of milk preparations and of canned and preserved fruits and vegetables is largely consumed in the Dominion, although both lines, and particularly milk products, also find a market abroad. Canned fruits and vegetables form the largest branch of the canned foods industries and account for approximately 55 per cent of the total production.

The fruit and vegetable preparation industry has made rapid strides in recent years. Since 1921 the number of plants in operation had increased by the year 1931 from 270 to 278, the capital invested from \$23,558,639 to \$48,152,325, the number of employees from 3,577 to 6,229, salaries and wages from \$3,150,564 to \$4,509,377, materials used from \$12,003,916 to \$18,668,100, and the value of products from \$20,967,476 to \$32,572,580. During the period 1923-31 the volume of fruit and vegetable preparations increased by 85 per cent. This growth is particularly remarkable, as it represents a corresponding increase in the home demand for these products, foreign trade being relatively small compared with home production. Imports in 1931 were valued at \$4,315,979 and exports at \$2,651,722. According to these figures the industry supplied over 95 per cent of the domestic requirements.

Autumn Notes

Summer is gone again. The dying leaf Makes one last gesture, colorful and brief. Within the orchard sounds the fitful knell Of fruit fast falling like a muted bell. Where stalwart cornstalks lifted pointed leaves Lies barren stubble and collected sheaves. In other latitudes the journeying sun Has moved toward a summer new begun. —Donald Page, in the New York Sun.

Wounds and hardships provoke our courage, and when our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are commonly at the best.—Charron.

Superb Quality . . Always

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Rubber From Dandelions Latest Finding of Scientists

Vast Store of Mineral Wealth in Dead Sea—Air Tires Added to Tractor—Vitamins Battle Colds

News comes from Moscow that a variety of dandelion has been discovered in the Crimea which contains a milk from which rubber can be made. Thus another chapter is added to the Soviet quest of rubber. Early in the year Moscow announced that chemists had discovered, in what was called "towagsis" in the news dispatches, a plant which yielded a rubber-milk. It may be that the Crimean dandelion and towagsis belong to the same family of plants.

In conducting his investigations for a cheap source of rubber, Edison reached the conclusion that there are at least 1,500 plants that can be milked profitably. The milkweed, a relative of the Madagascar rubber vine, seemed to him of most industrial importance, although he conducted much research with goldenrod. Milkweed is now acclimated on a small scale in the gardens of California, New Mexico, Texas, Florida, South Carolina, Panama and Hawaii by experimenters who have followed in Edison's footsteps.

It may be that neither the new variety of dandelion nor towagsis give the Russians what they want. They are more likely to turn to synthetic chemistry to meet their industrial requirements. Before we ever heard of a Five-Year Plan the Soviet Union offered a first prize of \$50,000 and a second of \$25,000 for a commercial synthetic rubber process, the contest to close early in 1928. Although nothing apparently came of this effort at arousing interest, it is known that the Russian laboratories are continuing their work in synthetic rubber chemistry. There is no reason why they should not ultimately succeed in obtaining what they want. In fact, German, American and English chemists are prepared to place synthetic rubber on the market whenever the natural product rises to what would be considered a prohibitive price.

When he speaks of synthetic rubber the chemist does not have in mind a compound of precisely the same chemical constitution as a specific natural rubber. Rayon is not the act chemical and physical equivalent of natural silk, nor need it be. A synthetic rubber of acceptable chemical and mechanical properties is good enough—all the more reason why the Russians should succeed in their investigations.

Potash From the Dead Sea

In December, 1917, General Allenby captured Jerusalem. Like every well-informed British officer, he kept before him the needs of the Empire. Some one whispered the magical word "potash" to him. He had Major T. O. Talloch, a competent engineer, sent to survey the possibilities of the Dead Sea. Dr. Novomeysky, a Russian mining engineer, confirmed the discovery of riches that eclipse those of a South African diamond mine. "For some 30,000 years the sacred, muddy Jordan has been pouring millions of tons of potash, bromides and chlorides into the Dead Sea."

After lengthy negotiations and debates in Parliament a concession was finally granted on Jan. 1, 1920, to a company financed by British and American capital. On April 1, 1920, the work of extracting potash and chlorides began.

Brine from the Dead Sea is pumped into extensive shallow pans covering about 500 acres, and the sun does the rest. Four-tenths of an inch a day is the rate of evaporation in Summer; half of that in Winter.

According to The Oil, Drug and Paint Reporter, from 2,000 to 2,500 tons of pure potash were thus extracted in 1931. If the quantity seems small, it is because production was limited in order to maintain prices in the world market. This year from 3,000 to 4,000 tons of potash will be produced. Recently 500 tons reached

A Scot Goes To Sea

Mr. W. G. Riddell was decidedly innocent when he left Scotland to go to sea for the first time. He arrived on the Trojan's deck, he tells us in "Adventures of an Insecure Victorian," wearing a white waistcoat and a straw hat. Going up to a group of "vain-looking individuals" for the chief engineer:

"You wer' wantin' the chief engineer?" he said. "Well, I am he." He patted his chest. "I was rather taken aback, and I looked at his companions, 'ho, as a matter of fact, were the second mate, the second engineer, and the steward. They looked, and were, three dreadful ruffians."

Mr. Riddell explained nervously that he was the new "third engineer."

I think it must have been one of the greatest shocks of the chief engineer's life. He was a man who rarely evoked emotion of any kind, but a third engineer in a white waistcoat and straw hat was too much for him. He strewed just a little start, and recovered himself quickly, turned to an unshaven little rat of a man and said, "Ma C', Thompson, we've had some funny yins in this ship, but this bates a'." Nobody laughed, and I stood in front of them blushing.

Afraid of the Rats!

But Mr. Gregg, the "chief," was a decent sort in spite of his roughness—a character that Mr. W. W. Jacobs would delight in. Bill, the freeman, too, was a character. He looked like a prize-fighter, and his face bore the marks of many battles. One night Mr. Riddell found that he had deserted his post in the stockhold. Somewhat timidly he asked him what he was doing.

I was delighted to find him quite apologetic. He said, "Look here, Mister, don't send me away. I'm so scared of these rats that I can't stay beside them in the dark." The Trojan was swarming with rats, and all sorts of vermin. I am rather afraid of rats myself, and I did not object to Bill's company, so I told him that so long as he kept the steam up, he might stay with me as much as he liked.

Bill, it seemed, had been in almost every prison in the British Isles. He had other peculiarities, too. He was quite a good singer, but his repertoire was poor and generally obscene. Sometimes he gave me "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which he sang with the tears streaming down his cheeks. "I'm — if I can help it, Mister," he used to say by way of apology.

Another real Jacobs character under whom Mr. Riddell served was Mr. Gibson, of the Indus. His "peculiarities" were smuggling, card-playing, and practical joking, but Mr. Riddell was sure that Mr. Gibson, when at home, was a great upholder of orthodox religion, and even at sea I once discovered him reading his Bible during a violent storm, but with all this, his success at cards was so remarkable that even unsuspecting passengers fought shy of him towards the end of a long voyage, and he used to try in vain to persuade me to play two-handed nap.

This was the sort of thing he delighted to do: one night about 2 a.m. he woke Mr. Riddell and told him to call the doctor and tell him to come and see a lifeboat being lowered to take people off a sink-r ship. Mr. Riddell knew they had really stopped to mend the steering-gear, but did as he was told.

The doctor, a young fellow who had been at sea only a few days, scrambled out of bed and rushed along the alleyway in his pyjamas. When he reached the open deck Mr. Gibson emptied a bucket of water over him from the deck above. The doctor naturally blamed me; he could not believe that a dignified elderly man like Mr. Gibson would do such a childish thing, and our relations continued strained all the voyage.

Sailors With Spurs
The strangest sailors Mr. Riddell ever saw were in Finland. When he was being shown over a cruiser he remarked on the unsailorlike appearance of the men, and was told that there had been a long-standing dispute between the navy and the finance department regarding the money voted for coast defence. Mr. White, the finance minister, had solved the difficulty by manning the ships with cavalry for whom there was an insufficiency of barracks accommodation. I thought he was joking, but he said: "Wait till to-morrow and you will see the officers—they all wear spurs."

It was quite true—they all wore spurs, and goshes as well with special slots in the heel!

Mr. Riddell has a delightfully natural way of describing the ships and seamen—brutal men, many of them, but cheerfully brutal—he has known. He speaks, one imagines, in exactly the same way as he writes. His book has much of the salty humour of Mr. W. W. Jacobs—with more than a dash of that other fine sea-author, Bill Adams.

Turin to Build Skyscraper
Italy's first skyscraper, fifteen stories tall, will be erected in Turin.

Emulation hath a thousand sons, sons that one by one pursue; if you give way, or edge aside from the direct forthright, like to an entered tide, they all rush by, and leave you hindmost.—William Shakespeare.

True politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.