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The New Five Roses Cook Book that 15,000 Canadian Women helped to prepare—edited by the famous Canadian dietitian—Jean Brodie.

Flexible Rock Found in North Carolina

Raleigh, N.C.—A strip of rock that actually bends has been placed in the North Carolina State Museum at Raleigh, as a specimen of one of the interesting things found in the Blue Ridge Mountains of this State.

ISSUE No. 10—'33

While the rock, known technically as "Itacolomite," a variety of quartz, has no commercial value, reference to it has been made in writings dealing with curious objects. Specimens on display here have been arranged so that museum visitors can, by pulling an iron rod, demonstrate to their satisfaction the flexibility of this rock.

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Harkness plots to ensnare The Fly, whom she believes "framed" her brother Eddie with the murder of old Mrs. Jupiter and later killed him. She is aided by Bowen a reporter of The Star. Mary's fiancé, Dirk Ruyter, believes Eddie guilty.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Some time during the remainder of the first dance, which had become a horrible nightmare to Mary. She felt a severe bump—and looked around to see Bates, perspiring and apologetic, piloting a strange woman awkwardly nearby.

De Loma's start and quick leap aside startled her more than the collision between the two couples. Though Bates bemoaned his clumsiness and begged a thousand pardons, De Loma's look would have slain him if it could.

It was not until she and Bates were left alone together at the table while De Loma, to whom there was to dance but the tango, went to speak to the orchestra leader, that she learned the little incident had been intentional.

"He's got a gun," Bates whispered to Mary. "He carries it on the right side. Did I step on you?"

"Some," Mary confessed, wriggling a bruised toe, "but anything for the cause."

The press of so many extra guests had made service slow. Mary noticed that their dinner as still in its early stages. Unless he chose to walk out and leave his food uneaten, Dirk was committed to remain where he was for some time at least.

Mr. Jupiter, who had been roaming restlessly along the low wall that edged the roof, ostensibly looking at the Ambassador's famous "view," now came back and leaned down to speak to her.

"Mary, I'm going down to the Gypsy. I can't sit here and see that fellow gyrating around out there like a—like a damned top. He ought to be dancing on the end of a rope. I'll put him there, too! It makes me sick to watch him."

He did look as if he were under a severe strain. Mary said she would follow soon, and added in an undertone to Bates, "Hadn't you better go with him?" Bates appeared worried.

The old man looked far from well, but there was the necklace to think of. "I'll put him in a cab, anyway," he finally decided, "and be right back; and I want to stop and see how the boys are coming with the searching of De Loma's room."

"I'm not afraid, but hurry back!" "Listen! You better give me that!" Bates leaned forward. "With that gun the Fly's liable to think he can stand 'em all off and try something desperate."

"But I can't give it to you here!" Mary whispered impatiently. "Pull your wrap up while you unfasten it. Drop it in your napkin and lay the napkin on the table, and I'll pick it up. I'll watch."

Mary did as he said. Mr. Jupiter was tramping around the room to the exit. Mary suddenly saw De Loma and the orchestra leader end their confab, and De Loma turn and walk swiftly toward their table.

"He's coming!" Bates rose hurriedly as she spoke, grabbing the napkin and stuffing it in his inside pocket quickly. He cut straight across the room and caught up with Mr. Jupiter at the door.

De Loma dropped into the chair beside her.

"Ah, these American orchestras!" he scoffed. "They know nothing but the jazz. Would you believe he has not a single tango on the program for tonight? I told him, 'Play me the tango, and you will see something!'"

He will play it, but he thinks not many in this crowd can dance it—these older folk, mostly. For them they are older folk, mostly. For them he plays the waltz. He shook his head in amazement. "What good is riches if you can only dance the waltz?"

He was deadly in earnest about it and in her relief at having the necklace out of her possession and safely tucked away in Bates' pocket, Mary almost laughed. She was seeing a new and strange side of the man.

Then he noticed that the other places at their table were empty. "They have gone and left us, eh? The old one? And I see, too? Ah, but the night is young!" He turned toward her, switching on his passionate manner as if it had been an electric light. He made as if to take her hand, but Mary moved away convulsively. So long as he did not try to make love to her, she could endure him—but not that.

Now she became aware of something under the napkin on which her right hand rested—the necklace! Bates hadn't taken it after all! In his hurry he had seized an empty one and stuffed it in his pocket without looking—and the Jupiter necklace was still here, underneath her hand.

She might have picked it up and put it on again—afterward it occurred to her that that had been the sensible thing to do. But at the moment she was too panicky.

Almost as if he read her thoughts, De Loma suddenly noticed the absence of the rubies.

"You have—lost your necklace?" he asked in a choking voice, pointing to her throat.

"Oh, no," she managed to laugh. "It was so warm, and the stones are so heavy, I just took it off."

His sinister face relaxed. She saw his eyes creeping over her, the table, her handbag, searching it out.

"But you had me frightened for a minute!" he chided her. "Such a valuable string could easily become—lost in a crowd like this."

"You asked Mr. Bates to look it up for me," she said, deliberately, answering his unspoken question. His face hardened, seemed to lock together as if he were shutting in his feelings with a titanic effort. At that moment the orchestra began to play "Two Tears."

Unsmiling, he tapped out his cigarette and said, "It is the tango. Will you dance it with me?"

"Why'll you pick up my glove, please?" Mary asked, on sudden inspiration. "I think I dropped it over there." Surprised, he bent over and made an effort to locate the glove, which lay where she had thrown it—under the table.

There was nothing for him to do but get down on his knees and pick it up. In that moment Mary unclasped her purse on the table, slipped the necklace into it and clasped it again. She was shaking out a fresh handkerchief to account for that loud snap of the handbag's fastener when he arose.

The problem was far from solved, Mary realized. Where was Bates? she wondered.

Reluctantly she rose and let De Loma's arm encircle her. She dreaded to dance—with Dirk there, watching. De Loma broke in upon her thoughts, nodding toward the table.

"Do you leave your purse there like that? How careless you are!" "It's safe enough," she shrugged. And indeed, she felt, the danger was about the same either way—whether

The Leader for Forty Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

she left it lying there, or carried it with her. And there was the chance Bates would come back in a moment and take charge of it.

"Besides," she added, "there's nothing in it." He did not believe her, she knew. "Let's not dance," she said suddenly.

"Not dance? But this is the tango they are playing expressly for you and me. Here," he reached out and seized the handbag into his pocket. "I will take care of that for you. Come!"

Where, oh, where had Bates gone, and why didn't he come back? Wildly her thoughts flew, devising ways to get the purse away from him, trying to guess what he meant to do.

To cover her fright she flirted with De Loma with a sort of feverish vivacity. She knew she was a hideous bad actress. She read the cruel, exultant gleam in De Loma's eyes for what it was—a sure belief that he had the Jupiter necklace in his pocket at last.

He played up to her in kind—looking down at her with veiled eyes and a mocking smile that had triumph in it and enjoyment of her terror. Dirk! It came to her as a faint gleam of hope... if he could be made to help. They passed and repassed the table but Dirk never once looked her way.

She dared not ask De Loma for the bag, for fear of revealing its contents to him with certainty... he would give it up now without showing fight, she felt sure.

Never in her life had Mary behaved other than decorously in public, but she was not behaving like a lady tonight. She let the rhythm of the music take her and do with her as it would. De Loma, catching fire from her, invented steps, rediscovers old ones. They danced as one—and it was a sight to stir the blood.

The floor began to clear, the entire room to grow still, waiting them with breathless attention. "Bravo!" someone cried, and someone else, unable to resist the rhythm, began to snap his fingers.

Dirk was watching now. Mary saw his eyes on her, like slits, through the fog of cigarette-smoke. Cornelia thrilled, too. Mary felt a wicked thrill of joy.

De Loma, apparently wishing to impress the open-mouthed Ethel, now wheeled about and aimed their steps with one hard blow. From the floor, where she sat when De Loma's arm released its grip about her, she saw Dirk hurl himself at the reeling man a second time... saw De Loma throw back his coat and reach for his gun.

"Look out!" she screamed and threw her arm before her eyes. She crouched, where she was, terror-stricken, waiting for the shot she was sure would come.

(To be continued.)

Orphans Get Free Education

Rome.—Two thousand orphaned children of railway employees started to school recently at the expense of the Communications Department.

Stamp Shortage in Ecuador Brings Call for Paperhanger

Guayaquil.—"Say, Jim, come here! You were a paperhanger once."

The remark was overheard at the stamp window of the postoffice in this city where two Americans were mailing letters. The reason is that Ecuador's supply of five and ten-cent stamps is exhausted and one and two-cent stamps have to be used.

Ecuador's postage stamps are over-size and the average envelope scarcely supplies space for ten one-cent stamps on a letter to the United States or twenty on a letter to Europe, and it does almost require a paperhanger to stick them on.

It is reported that a new supply of five and ten-cent stamps has been ordered from Germany, but in the meantime office workers may develop tongues like ant-eaters from having to lick several square yards of stamps for every mailing.

HOME LIFE

No piled up wealth, no splendor of material growth, no brilliance of artistic development, will permanently avail any people unless its home life is healthy, unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, commonsense, and decency; unless he works hard and is willing at need to fight hard, and unless the average woman is a good wife, a good mother, able and willing to perform the first and greatest duty of womanhood, able and willing to bear and to bring up as they should be brought up, healthy children, sound in body, mind and character, and numerous enough so that the race shall increase and not decrease.

Nature's Sternness

Nature forgiveness does not know. Her law: You reap that which you sow. The high, the low, the rich, the poor. Her rigid ruling must endure. All fare the same—fire burns, seas are drawn.

The titled Lord, the village clown. The spendthrift, though deferred his bill. All obligations must fulfil. Esau his rights away may cast. But no tears can undo the past.

'Tis well 'tis so! If she passed by Our reckless deeds, we would not try Our faults to mend; but since we know Her strict demands, we wiser grow. And on our ways more care bestow.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

March Winds

A full day's fog is estimated to cost London more than \$5,000,000. There are many metals lighter than aluminum. The lightest of all, lithium, will float on water like a cork.

The London Fire Brigade last year answered 4,253 calls. There were 1,964 false alarms and 663 malicious calls.

The birth-rate for England and Wales last year was the lowest on record, being only 15.3 per 1,000 of the population.

English shares with German the "popularity" place among foreign languages taught in the schools of Soviet Russia.

The "pic" population in England and Wales is estimated at 3,500,000, of which number only 600,000 are breeding sows.

London's only woman tea-taster samples as many as 200 or 300 cups of tea a day. None of the tea is drunk; it is only sampled.

The people were represented for the first time in an English Parliament in the one which Simon de Montfort summoned in 1265.

Official tests go to prove that the average time taken by a telephone operator in Gt. Britain to answer a subscriber's call is 4.8 seconds.

In disposing of a deceased man's property, a Pennsylvania (U.S.A.) sheriff sold a small motorcar for 60 cents, while a horse fetched 6 cents.

Cocoa is now one of the principal products of the Gold Coast territory of Africa, about 500,000,000 lbs. being grown annually. In 1891 only 80 lbs. were produced.

At the age of seventy-five, the Bishop of London is still an enthusiastic player of such energetic sports as squash rackets, hockey, and tennis, not to mention golf.

By injecting dyes into growing trees by a secret process, wood is produced veined with red, green, blue, etc. The sap in the trees carries the coloring matter with it.

Fires are a big item in London's balance-sheet. Last year they cost the City ninety-four lives and 548 other casualties, in addition to a monetary loss estimated at £660,865.

People with faulty memories in New York can arrange to have birthday and other anniversaries "remembered" for them with messages or suitable presents by a cable company.

Four doctors are engaged in medical work by aeroplane in the interior of Australia. Called by telephone or wireless, they fly to homesteads hundreds of miles from a town.

Masculine styles in long trousers, felt hats, and sweaters are becoming popular among smart American women. The fashion is said to have started in Hollywood, where the star, Marlene Dietrich, has even attended formal parties in full male evening dress.

The number of road deaths in Great Britain for last year showed a decrease on 1931, but there were more injuries resulting from road accidents. London's figures for both forms of casualty were less, but in parts of Cheshire, Hampshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire there were increases in both deaths and injuries.

Why Unhappiness Makes People Sick

A possible physical explanation for the fact that many people are made ill by being unhappy, rather than happy because they are ill, was suggested in a recent address in London by Dr. Langdon Brown, professor of medicine at Cambridge University.

Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his Week's Science (New York): "Like the majority of present-day physicians, Dr. Brown admits that he grew up in the purely materialistic school of medical theory which insists that every disease must have a physical cause. Experience has convinced him that this is not true. Purely mental distress may make a patient just as truly ill as a broken bone or a germ infection. Many people who have such mental illness are unwilling to admit this fact and manufacture for themselves symptoms which really are fragments of the imagination but which spring from a desire to find a tangible reason for being sick."

Gems from Life's Scrap-book

"God has prohibited despair."—Mme. Swetchine.

"We never need to despair of an honest heart."—Mary Baker Eddy. "Despair is the greatest of our errors."—Yvainnargues.

"He is the truly courageous man who never desponds."—Confucius. "He that despairs measures Providence by his own little contracted model."—South.

"It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent."—Jeremy Taylor. Remember: Helen Keller was not overcome by the many obstacles in her path—she conquered them.

Salt Lake Frozen

Salt Lake City.—The great Salt Lake, which contains nearly one-fourth salt and manages not to freeze in zero weather, had patches of ice two inches thick on it during the recent warm spell. It's like this—warmer weather thaws the ice on the tributaries and permits fresh water to flow rapidly into the basin. The fresh water remains on top long enough to freeze.

NO MORE EXCUSES FOR STOPPED-UP DRAINS



GOOD MORNING— THIS IS MRS. DREW. WHAT DO YOU SELL TO CLEAR A CLOGGED UP DRAIN PIPE? NOTHING I'VE TRIED DOES ANY GOOD.

WE ALWAYS RECOMMEND GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE— IT KEEPS DRAINS CLEAR AND FREE— KILLS GERMS AND ODORS— AND WON'T HARM THE PLUMBING. SHALL I SEND YOU A TIN?

DID YOU GET THE PLUMBER TO FIX THAT DRAIN? NOT MUCH! I FIXED IT MYSELF— WITH GILLETT'S LYE. IT CLEARED RIGHT UP AND SAVED YOU A PLUMBER'S BILL.

Gillett's Lye dissolves clogging grease...

JUST sprinkle Gillett's Pure Flake Lye down your drains and toilet bowls each week. Use it full strength—this powerful cleanser cannot harm enamel or plumbing. Grease and dirt dissolve like magic... germs are killed... odors banished. Your drains run free and clear.

And Gillett's Lye in solution has many uses in your kitchen. One teaspoonful dissolved in

a quart of cold water makes short work of greasy pans, tracked-up floors and other tiresome cleaning tasks. Use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye for all your household cleaning. It saves hours of hard work. Ask for it by name... at your grocer's.

GILLETT'S LYE

Free Booklet

The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells you how to avoid drudgery by using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant for dozens of heavy cleaning jobs. Also contains full directions for using medicine, disinfecting and other uses on the farm. Ask for free copy. Standard Brands Limited, Fryar Avenue & Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.