

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS

MAJESTY HARKNESS plots to ensnare THE FLY, who "frames" her brother, Eddie, with the murder of MISS JUPITER and later killed him. MR. JUPITER also her, as does BOWEN of the Star. DIKIE RUTHERFORD, Mary's fiance, forbids her to have contact further.

BRUCE JUPITER and a questionable friend, COUNTRESS LOUISE, try to entrap Mary, believing she is a gold-digger. They follow The Fly to Miami. Bruce Countress with diamond bracelet given her by The Fly. She says it is Mary's. Mary discovers it was stolen from Mrs. Jupiter the night she was killed.

Wearing the famous Jupiter necklace, Mary dances with The Fly, who gets it away from her. He kisses her and she knocks him down. She twists his ankle and faints. The Fly gets away with the bracelet but is frightened back by a policeman and returns it and the necklace. Mary has Dick taken on board the yacht, the "Sycamore." The Fly goes along.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

He began a conventional protest, but she hurried on:

"Please! Mr. Jupiter is so anxious to avoid publicity and the reporters will pounce on you if you set foot ashore. If they come here, we can refuse to see them. But that one on the pier may still be waiting—there may be dozens, by now—" She shuddered, and moved a trifle nearer.

"Besides—that girl on the roof, the one for whom you danced?" He looked at her in surprise, and she shook a roguish finger at him. "Ah, you didn't think I knew? If you go back now, I shall think you go back to her!"

His gallantry challenged, he spent the next half hour protesting the charge, inflamed with the ardor of the chase, held in spite of himself by the spell of this girl's loveliness, doubly potent in the cool moonlight. It was nearly midnight before Mary could get away, utterly worn and nerve-wracked from the strain of being alluring without actually submitting to his advances.

Finally she sent him to his stateroom, in a steward's charge. She undressed wearily. Thank God, they would be under way soon. Bates had not arrived, nor Bruce and the Countess. But any minute might bring them.

She slipped on a negligee and went out on deck for a last look toward shore. The yacht was quiet except for a muffled pounding and stir below decks where the fireman was tending his oil burners under the boiler. Mr. Jupiter's room was just around the corner from her own. One of his stateroom windows opened on the deck beside where she was standing. She slipped quietly along and stopped just by the porthole. A reassuring snore sounded within the stateroom and she sighed with relief. Stepping on around the corner she saw what seemed to be a shadow disappearing around the forward bulkhead. Still, a faint scream she crept back into the shadows.

As Mary stood shivering with dread, uncertain what to do, she heard the sound of oarlocks and the bump bump of a boat as it hit against the

suspended gangway. Picking up her skirts she ran along the deck, and almost fell into the arms of Bates, coming up the gangplank. She could have kissed him.

"Oh, Bates, I'm scared! The Fly is aboard," she whispered, "as my guest, and I think he's prowling around after the rubies. I just came out on deck and someone ran from near Mr. Jupiter's door. I told him Mr. Jupiter had them!"

"Stay here," Bates commanded. He unbuckled his coat and loosened the revolver from his holster under his arm. Staying in the shadow of the upper deck he moved quietly along the bulkhead. She saw him stop and test Mr. Jupiter's door, then disappear around the corner where the shadowy figure had run but two minutes before.

The seconds passed like hours as Mary leaned against the wall, straining her ears to catch every sound. Then Bates reappeared so noiselessly that she startled her.

"All serene," he reported. "The old man's door is locked and The Fly is back in his stateroom—three, isn't it?" Mary said "Yes." I heard him moving around and there's a light under the door. You run along to bed now and old Henry Q. Bates will take care of things. I'll camp right up there on the upper deck in a chair where I can see your stateroom door and Mr. Jupiter's. Run along, and pleasant dreams."

Mary wrung his hand. "Bates, you're a darling!"

"Sure I am. But listen, what's the program now? We didn't find a thing in De Loma's room. Not a thing. Had to tear up carpets and everything. That's what took me so long. You didn't worry, did you? Anyhow, your necklace is safe—right here in old Bates' pocket." He reached into a capacious inner pocket, and drew out the rolled up bundle of napkin—unfolded it bit by bit in his palm, saw that it was empty. A horrible, pop-eyed expression froze on his face.

"It's gone!" he gasped. It was like the groan of a dying man.

"Do you mean to say you didn't know that, until now?" Mary cried.

"You picked up an empty napkin—I've got the necklace. It's in Mr. Jupiter's safe."

Devoutly, Bates ejaculated "Oh, my God!" His arms fell limply at his sides.

"Well, how did you—what did you—did you have any trouble—he stuttered, overcome with shame.

"Plenty! I got back with it, but my hair's snow white. Tell you all about it in the morning. Now don't you fret—it wasn't your fault!" It was her turn to pat his shoulder reassuringly. To help him out, she changed the subject.

"Can we get under way at once? Did you see Bruce and the Countess anywhere?"

On The Links



Dressed to "dress the hall" at Pinehurst, N.C., Miss Virginia DeLoma, favored the masculine mode when she made the rounds the other day. She's from Pasadena, California.

"They're on the pier—the kid's gone back for them now. By the way, here's something your fat friend sent you. He was sitting on the dock waiting when I came up—he wouldn't give it to the sailor."

He handed Mary a thick envelope. Curious, she took it to her room.

A single sheet of note paper held the words "Here's the dope. Keep these. I stole 'em out of the morgue, and I've got to return 'em. But I couldn't resist telling you the good news."

There were clippings, yellowed, ringed about the word "De Loma" with a blue pencil and stamped on each clipping was a date—the date of its appearance in a Miami paper.

The clippings, read in chronological order, gave the newspaper account of the doings of the celebrated French actress, Louise De Loma, on board a Havana line steamship way back in the year 1924. The steamship line and all other parties concerned had evidently succeeded in hushing up the matter pretty thoroughly, but enough had leaked out through the excited tales of fellow-passengers to show up the lady as an adventuress of an old, familiar type. She was not deported, but evidently she had been only too happy to accept the hint of Miami police officials and return to Havana immediately.

At any rate, she went—threatening that her husband would sue. There was no record in the clippings of any suit being brought.

Mary put the clippings back in the envelope, and laid it under her pillow. Good old George Bowen—to give her this to sleep on! She went to the porthole and looked upward. There on the sun deck, as he had promised, she could see Bates' dark figure in his steamer chair, silhouetted against the lighter sky. She felt as though she had dropped a heavy burden from her shoulders.

The sun was shining in her stateroom porthole she she awoke. Mary stretched, easing her cramped muscles. She had been so exhausted that she had slept without moving. With the action, vitality rushed back into her refreshed young body, and she bounded out of bed, pushing her hair out of her eyes.

She looked like a slim boy in her rumpled silk pajamas as she ran to the porthole and peered out. Bates had vanished from his post long since. Far off on the horizon line was something that might be either clouds or land, but in between was sea, a calm expanse with only here and there a whitecap to break the blue-green, mirror-like surface.

Anything was possible—any nice thing, that is—on a day like this. Even Dirk might have relented and forgiven her. She hummed "Happy Days" as she splashed in the shower, then gave herself a drubbing with a towel, filled the air with an extravagant cloud of bath-powder, and set about dressing with a light heart. She donned a plain white linen frock, white shoes, a little blue coat with brass buttons and a blue beret.

"And am I hungry!" she exclaimed, as she strapped on her wrist watch, noting with surprise that it was almost 11 o'clock.

There was no one on deck, so she went below to the dining salon. Apparently she was not the only late sleeper. Sea air had played its tricks on the rest, as well. She was hardly prepared, though, for the scene that met her eyes.

De Loma sat stiffly in his chair, at the foot of the table, stabbing at his grapefruit with a vicious spoon. At his left Louise sat listlessly, looking, Mary thought, a little greenish about the mouth as though something eaten the night before and the roll of the boat were not agreeing, quite.

Bruce, his face like a thunder-cloud, sat on Louise's right, and in the master's chair at the head of the table Mr. Jupiter applied himself steadily and not too silently to a generous plate of scrambled eggs and bacon.

"Hello, everybody!" Mary called out brightly, "and a pleasant morning!" Her good humor brought no response.

De Loma and Bruce barely nodded. The Countess did not even look up. Mary slipped into a seat at Mr. Jupiter's left—the remaining chair was Captain Hendricks', but the doughty captain breakfasted at no such effete hour.

De Loma pushed back his chair with a loud scrape.

"You will excuse me, please," he said, bowing sarcastically. "I shall take a walk around the deck."

He was taking it fairly well, at that, Mary decided, after a critical glance. She was curious to know what explanation had been given him for the sudden sea-trip; surely he must have been dumfounded to awaken and find himself shanghaied in any such high-handed fashion.

(To Be Continued)

Inhabitants Refuse To Leave Island

Curious History of Tristan da Cunha—A Blow to Accepted Theories

It is rare to read of civilized communities nowadays accepting privation as part of the settled order of their existence. A striking example is, however, to be found in Tristan da Cunha, about which Mr. Douglas M. Gane has written a most fascinating book, writes J. Menzies Campbell in John of London's Weekly.

Ever since this settlement was started by William Glass, in 1817, its history has been rich in shipwrecks and heroic rescues. Vessels belonging to various nationalities have foundered off the coast of Tristan da Cunha; in consequence many of the survivors have adopted this island as their home.

Several attempts have been made to break up this community. For example, as a recompense for evacuation these islanders have been offered a free passage to South Africa, re-settling on the Coast, each with two acres of land and financial aid—but they have remained adamant.

The morality of the Tritans is high. The oldest inhabitant can recall only two cases of children born out of wedlock, in one of which the parents afterwards married. Such morality, in a place where education is practically nonexistent, must come from a rude awakening to those who still maintain that these two are closely interlocked.

These, round-shouldered, lithesome, and sinewy people are contented. There are no indications of physical deterioration, despite continued intermarrying. From the foundations of the settlement until 1863 there were only six deaths from natural causes, three of old men and three of children. The present population totals 163, and is the largest on record.

WANTED—A PIED PIPER! The medical officers, attached to each succeeding visiting ship, confirmed their predecessors' statements that a healthier place than Tristan da Cunha could not be found. The last Health Survey was carried out very thoroughly in January, 1932, by three naval surgeons and one dental surgeon. They drew attention to the excellent physique and nourishment of the community. Further, there was no evidence whatsoever of rickets; and such infectious diseases as scarlet fever, diphtheria, mumps, measles, whooping cough, etc., were unknown. To many persons this immunity will appear surprising, especially when it is realized that the sanitation on this island is very crude and unsatisfactory, and the water supply most certainly contaminated. Also, rats and fleas abound. In passing, it is interesting to record that a similar state of immunity prevailed amongst the inhabitants of St. Kilda, but was lost after their removal to the Scottish mainland.

NO TOOTHBRUSHES. The perfection of the teeth will

SAVED IMPORTED DRESS

"After a little wearing, a lovely green voile—imported dress—lost color completely that it was not wearable. A friend who had admired it asked me why I wasn't wearing it any more. On hearing the reason, she advised dyeing it and recommended Diamond Dyes. To make a long story short, it turned out beautifully. I have a lovely new dress that really cost just 15c—the price of one package of Diamond Dyes.

"I have since used Diamond Dyes for both tinting and dyeing. They do either equally well. I am not an expert dyer but I never have a failure with Diamond Dyes. They seem to be made so they always go on smoothly and evenly. They never spot, streak or run; and friends never know the things I dye with Diamond Dyes are redyed at all!"

Mrs. R. F., Quebec.

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TORONTO

Enjoy This Finer Quality

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

as a rude awakening to many people—professional and lay. The dental inspection revealed 83.33 per cent of the community with perfect mouths; and out of 4,060 teeth examined decay was present in only 1.84 per cent. Irregularities were negligible, and no evidence was found of acute or chronic abscesses. Perhaps of greatest interest is the fact that not one of the islanders has ever used a toothbrush. Besides, they regularly eat soft foods, which leave sticky surfaces on the teeth. Their diet consists mainly of potatoes, fish, milk, and eggs. Cabbages and turnips are grown, and used while they last. Meat is seldom eaten, and never more than one kind of food at a meal.

Owing to an ever-increasing number of rats, cereals cannot be grown; any deficiency in this respect is adequately remedied. In 1923 three and a half tons of flour and two tons of sugar were landed on Tristan da Cunha. Since 1925 the yearly visits of ships have on each occasion taken flour and sugar as the chief articles in their consignment. This is divided amongst the various families. Yet the teeth have not suffered in any way, although the younger members of this community have been born and reared since these articles became more or less regular, thus suggesting that a small amount of sugar and flour is not harmful. Those whose faith is riveted to the toothbrush and hard foods to prevent dental disease will find considerable difficulty in reconciling their beliefs with the conditions prevailing at Tristan da Cunha.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE. Scientists nowadays declare that foods rich in vitamins, mineral salts, and roughage are necessary for attaining and maintaining health—which includes sound teeth. The diet of these islanders is replete in these essentials. It would appear that the expectant mother, by habitually eating sufficient of those foods which act as barriers against disease, builds in her unborn child strong bones and teeth which, later, are able to withstand any possible ill-effects which might otherwise arise from eating sticky cereals and sugar. Further, the Tristan infants are weaned at twelve to fifteen months. In highly-civilized communities today infants are often not even breast-fed at all.

In reviewing all the available data regarding the health conditions found at Tristan da Cunha, one inclines to place it as the foremost responsible factor. Civilized man seems ever eager to alter or produce substitutes for the food provided by Nature. The Tristan Islanders do neither.

It is interesting to refer to the visit, in 1930, of the Danish traveller, Knud Andersen. He brought back with him to the Cape two members of this community—one an old man, and the other aged twenty-one. Competent authorities describe the latter as being a superman, six feet in height, and

weighing 169 pounds. He had a remarkably small appetite and, in justification thereof, said that he really healthy one eats a meal at four a.m., and fishes all day, and eats again in the evening. The old man, who had been after a year's stay at the Cape, stated that home food was best—it keeps one tough. He also referred to the noise and rush of the city, heavy clothes, and many meals. He was fully convinced that no one could possibly live long under such conditions.

These observations may hold a solution to the riddle. Certainly ideal sanitary conditions, a pure water supply, and the extermination of rats and fleas, however laudable these measures undoubtedly are, do not offer an adequate explanation, because life on Tristan da Cunha is the very antithesis of these ideals.

This book, and the recently published reports and Press articles, suggest a profitable field for investigation.



"Trust her! You surely don't think she could keep a secret."

"Well, I've trusted her with other things and she kept them."

A Smile

Mother—As soon as you're asleep the angels will come into your room and guard you.

Small Son—Then, mummy, take my chocolates off the dressing table and put them under my pillow, please.

headaches?

Act at once! Is your system sluggish? You need ENO'S FRUIT SALT every morning.

FOR ANY PAIN

Have you ever found any quicker relief than this?

Anyone can take Aspirin, for doctors have declared these tablets perfectly safe.

And there is no quicker form of relief for any pain.

It is well to remember these things when anyone tries to persuade you to try anything in place of these tablets.

Aspirin may be taken as often as there is any need of its comfort: to stop a headache, throw off a cold, drive away the pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago, etc.

Whenever you take Aspirin you know you are going to get immediate results—and you know there will be no ill effects. You know what you are taking.

Why take chances on some form of relief which may not be as swift—may not be as safe? The new reduced price on bottles of 100 tablets has removed the last reason for ever experimenting with any substitute for Aspirin!

Aspirin is a trade-mark registered in Canada.

Plants Possess Many Qualities

Strange Poisons Come From Some Edible Varieties

In South Africa there has been found a bulb which yields a poison so deadly that the mere smell of it causes death.

There is something hideously fascinating in the study of poisons, of which several hundred different kinds are known to science. Yet of these only about forty have ever figured in murder trials and at least sixty are so rare that they do not figure in commerce.

The late Dr. Grezhoff was one of the few men of science who devoted all their energies to poison research. He wrote that there are whole orders of plants of which we know nothing chemically, and of which not a single specimen has been analysed.

Some of his experiments produced most curious and interesting results. For instance, he found that the leaves of pampas grass are intensely poisonous because they contain hydrocyanic acid, and that a single leaf of the common plane-tree contains enough of this poison to kill a sparrow.

"The Devil's Cherry"

Of common British plants about 200 are poisonous. They include such well-known plants as antirrhinum (snapdragon), daffodil, and yew. The worst of the lot is probably the well-known "deadly" nightshade, the fat, black fruit of which is very like a cherry. Indeed, in Buckinghamshire this plant is known among village folk as "The Devil's Cherry."

Next, or perhaps equal in virulence, is the hemlock. All the nightshades are very poisonous. The potato, belonging to the same family, has edible roots but poisonous fruit.

Life and death, too, are strangely blended in the mandiocca or cassava plant, from which we get our excellent tapioca. Cattle eat the stalks and leaves, the roots ground to pulp feed millions of Indians, but the juice is so deadly a poison that thirty-five drops will kill a strong man within five minutes. Yet this same juice fermented and bottled, forms a wholesome drink.

Plants That Cause Blindness

The home of cassava is South America. Here, too, grows the terrible maikoa, or "Dead Man's Bush," which is a narcotic far more powerful than either opium or hemp. It is little known to white folk, but much used by the "medicine men" of the Amazon basin.

Australia has a plant called the "Finger Cherry" common in some parts of Queensland, the fruit of which is pretty and not ill-tasting. But it has the shocking effect of causing blindness. There is some mysterious property which completely destroys the optic nerves.

Another blinding plant is the "Asclepias Gigantea" of the Upper Nile. The least drop of its milky juice in contact with the eye causes a terrible inflammation which ends in blindness. The wood of this shrub is very light and is often used by natives to make rafts.

New Zealand's worst plant is the "ongaonga," a kind of nettle which grows to a height of eight or ten feet. The underside of the leaf is set with fine hairs which are as poisonous as the sting of a hornet. A rooster's dog chasing a cat through a thicket of this stuff was pricked in the tongue and died the same night.

South Sea Secrets

"Many native tribes possess secrets of poisons of which white men know little or nothing. For instance, the people of the Trobriands, a group of South Sea islands, obtain from the gall bladder of a fish a secretion so deadly that a banana pierced with a thorn dipped in the poison will kill the man who eats the banana within a very few hours." The authority for this statement is Miss Beatrice Grimshaw.

Gipsies have knowledge of many strange poisons unknown to science. Some of these are obtained from toadstools of different kinds. Pratik is a particularly deadly gipsy poison which kills in a hideously cruel manner. It causes difficulty in breathing which ends in a slow and terrible suffocation.

This was one of the many little known poisons used by that terrible gang of insurance poisoners which worked in England during the nineties of the last century. The head of this gang was a brilliant chemist, who died before sufficient evidence was collected to justify his arrest.

OLD MEN OF THE EAST

A man who must be well in the running for the title of the world's oldest inhabitant has been discovered in Nagpur City, in the Central Provinces, during the recent Indian census.

His name is Siddi Wastad, and he is believed locally to be over 150 years old. The census superintendent puts his age, more moderately, at about 130.

The East seems to produce some remarkable cases of longevity. One that most people will remember is that of Zoro Agha, the Turk, who started on his travels when over the century and a half. Siddi Wastad is not so active, but he enjoyed perfect health until the influenza epidemic of 1918.

A telegraph operator demands cash for what he does on tick.

ROYAL YEAST CAKE

Coffee Cake

A Real Treat!

COFFEE CAKE—equally popular for tea, luncheon or supper . . .

Cream together 1/2 c. butter and 1/2 c. sugar, add 1 well-beaten egg and 1/2 c. milk. Add this mixture with about 2 c. flour and 1/4 tsp. salt to 1 c. Royal Yeast Sponge* to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm location until double in bulk. (About 1 1/2 hrs.) Shape into regular coffee roll shape. Allow to rise until double in bulk. Brush surface with melted butter and sprinkle with nuts or cinnamon. Bake at 400° F. about 25 min.

*ROYAL YEAST SPONGE: Soak 1 Royal Yeast Cake in 1/2 pint lukewarm water for 5 min. Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in 1/2 pint milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 quart bread flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise overnight to double in bulk in warm place free from drafts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of batter.

BUY MADE-IN-CANADA GOODS

BE SURE to keep a supply of Royal Yeast on hand to use when you bake at home. Sealed in air-tight waxed paper, they stay fresh for months. These famous dry yeast cakes have been the standard for over 30 years. And send for free copy of the ROYAL YEAST BAKE BOOK—gives 23 tested recipes. Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

Our free booklet, "The Royal Road to Better Bread," tells how to make Royal Yeast Cakes. All important tips on yeast, and how to use it to the best advantage.

Butter

Combine 2 cups sugar, 1 cup oil, 1 lemon spoon lemon juice, electric mixer, mushy, cream, bowl, and fold beaten, 1/2 cup machine short, until mixture turn to refrigerator.

Mother

Bake a little moderately for 2 hours, or it with a sharp move from the thick slice for remove the at the squash in the squash.

Have a

four-inch olive green pot flower from these carefully and return to up about the bread crumbs return to be brown, about.

When ready circle of the opening of the Place equal around edge. Toast. Garnish the chops.

One egg

2 tablespoons water, add 1/2 cup milk, add 1/2 cup sugar, add 1/2 cup flour, add 1/2 cup butter, add 1/2 cup yeast, add 1/2 cup salt, add 1/2 cup oil, add 1/2 cup nuts, add 1/2 cup cinnamon, add 1/2 cup raisins, add 1/2 cup currants, add 1/2 cup cherries, add 1/2 cup apples, add 1/2 cup oranges.

One cup

mustard, cream cheese, 1 cup cheddar, chopped, with mayonnaise.

Have a

der about of 2 tables cups soft ham, 1/2 c. juice, salt, brown, stuff into Rub on tablespoons lemon juice, beef extender, water, add Brown.

ture to counting. Serve with

Cook

water, add 1/2 cup eggs, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup oil, 1/2 cup salt, 1/2 cup yeast, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup nuts, 1/2 cup cinnamon, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup currants, 1/2 cup cherries, 1/2 cup apples, 1/2 cup oranges.