

FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS
Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, articulated to a soldier, makes a brave but unsuccessful attempt to thwart three thieves in a bag-snatching raid. The bag was torn from the hands of a girl, who explains that it contains the day's takings of her father's shop. He attempts to track the thieves and reaches an old warehouse. Adam enters the building while the girl watches the door. Suddenly he hears footsteps. The man turns out to be Adam's employer—Corville Perkin. Adam, in his private hours experiments with short-wave wireless. Running down by a large swift car, he calls on Priscilla Norval. Her father recounts the history of five antique chairs he possesses. Adam is extremely puzzled over the connection of Corville Perkin and Montada who wants the antique chairs.

As Adam drove along in triumph with the girl by his side Norval from the back seat, announced that he had that morning received a reply from the film company. They said that the street scene in question

He had said nothing to them yet about Hagar's boast that he could find Montada any time. The idea of the little Spaniard being in hiding gave him such a sensation of discomfort that he was anxious to dismiss the whole subject lest it should spoil their holiday.

He wanted to think only cheerful thoughts, and now that they were driving between green hedgerows to the mating songs of thousands of birds, all such worrying matters ought, he thought, to be forgotten. From either side the clean earthy smell of the spring plowing was meeting them in little sun-tempered breezes, and he noticed that the fresh air had already brought a slight flush to the naturally pale cheeks of the girl at his side.

Although the front seat was far from being cramped they were sitting so that he could just feel the pressure of her arm against his and, glancing down, could see the dark feathering of curled lashes above the curve of her cheek and the demure set of her chin against a linen blouse. Such glimpses made him wildly and inexplicably happy.

It seemed no more than a few minutes before he was pulling up opposite the door of his home. From here, having waited for the guests to alight, he drove off to garage the car, leaving them on the doorstep to face his parents who, in the hospitable manner of country folk, had both come to the door at the sound of their approach. His strategy in this was prompted more by nervousness than by ingenuity but it worked exceedingly well.

When he strolled back to the kitchen a few minutes later he was delighted to observe the four talking amicably. Country folk do not fall upon the necks of strangers, and the Norvals had not the sort of nature which can like people "to order." But it was clear to Adam that these four found themselves naturally acceptable. It was going to be all right, he told himself. He could feel sure of that now, and for the first

time he realized how desperately he had been concerned that it should be so. Unmistakably his mother had taken to his Scylla. He wondered if they had kissed on meeting and decided that they must have done, for, to his mind, anyone would have to be embittered not to want to kiss Scylla.

Then his mother caught sight of him. "What a thing to do!" she reproved him. "Leaving your guests to introduce themselves in that uncouth way."

He had one of his old frank impulses—Priscilla's eyes were upon him. "I fucked it," he said quite simply. "It meant rather a lot to me."

He had no eyes for his mother's sympathetic glance. He was watching the slow color flushing quite other cheeks, and waiting to see if there was any reproof, when she at last raised them, in those eyes that he had so romantically likened to violet velvet.

Soon he had made the necessary excuse to get her away from them. Together they visited the garden, the stable where he made his scientific experiments, the outhouses, the animals, the orchards where pink buds were still lurking on black branches. Their fathers similarly engaged on a less romantic tour of the stockyards, kept tactfully out of their way, and the two had the short hour before dinner to themselves.

After the meal Adam announced that he proposed taking the girl for a long run in the car. In his mind when he spoke the word "long" had more reference to time than distance. They slipped selfishly away before the suggestion could be made that the elder people might also enjoy the run.

In a few minutes they were above the farm, on the main road which bore a continuous line of cars laden with other holiday-making townspeople, and along the sides of which numerous little picnic parties were grouped about their parked vehicles.

To avoid these Adam turned into a track that led across the moor and brought them in a few miles to the bank of the Mense at a point where the little river started its course from a spring-fed pool beside a large copse of birch and alder. Here they left the car and wandered gently on until they were hidden by the delicate green lace of tiny leaves and the silver-grey branches of the birches.

The ground within the copse was rough with lichened rocks and between these the shy spring flowers grew freely. With spontaneous delight Priscilla began to gather them and Adam helped until they had amassed far too large a collection for any sort of bunching.

"What we want is a box or a basket," he told her. "I'll go back and get something from the car."

He went off springing limberly from rock to rock and rejoicing in his own sure-footedness, and not altogether unconscious that he was observed. He was back at the spot where they had been flower-gathering in less than five minutes, but when he got back he could see no sign of Scylla.

He whistled and then called her by his own pet name for her, rather shyly at first, for it was the first time he could remember having pronounced it in more than a subdued tone for her ear alone.

There came no answer, not even when he called as loudly as he could, and he began to run about in growing concern, peering over rocks and behind bushes, and calling ever more distractedly as he searched.

DESCENDANTS OF WESTERN PIONEERS HOLD RE-UNION

It Is 125 Years Since Lord Selkirk Brought Group Of Highland Families To Canada.

It was just 125 years ago that a group of Highland families, leading a meagre life in the old land, were ejected from their homes, and sought a new land. Some were moved to other Isles; some went to Cape Breton. The ancestors of the people at a recent gathering in Winnipeg were brought out by Lord Selkirk to the Red River.

There for many years, they lived a life of great hardships and isolation. Their only outlet to the world was via the Hudson Bay, and that was a nine months' journey.

All this was recalled by Dean J. W. Matheson at the annual reunion of the Lord Selkirk Association of Rupert's Land. Miss Janet Bannerman, now 96 and the oldest member, was present, and was the centre of a ring of old friends and well-wishers. Nearby were Mr. and Mrs. James Fraser, who will celebrate the 61st anniversary of their wedding this year. Scattered about were to be found the Mathesons, the Sutherlands, the MacBeths, the Gunnsmembers of all the families so intimately woven into the history of the Canadian west.

For the dance a link with the first settlers was present in a violin brought over by Donald "Sandy Sojer" Sutherland, father of the late Senator John Sutherland, in 1811. Before coming to the Red River, Mr. Sutherland had played it to his fellow-campaigners in the Napoleonic Peninsular wars.

The old violin has passed from father to son in the Sutherland family, and is now owned by John Hugh Sutherland. At the reunion it was played by Norman Matheson, of the fifth generation of that family. The first air he played, "The Road to the Isles," was the last song heard by the settlers as they left Stormoway in 1811; and just as their ship neared Churchill, the pipers played it again.

Miss Bannerman and John MacBeth led the way, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Fraser. Old hearts and feet lightened to the old-time music, and when the famous Red River jig was called soon after, the old people went into the intricate steps with a will. Couple after couple performed the jig, with others cutting in and giving the fiddler no rest for almost half an hour. The younger folk stood by and applauded each dancer heartily as he or she left the floor.

King George Has Own Movie Room

London.—When King George and Queen Mary went to Compton Place, Eastbourne, on a short holiday before the preparations for the silver jubilee celebrations commencing in May, the billiard room of the temporary royal residence was fitted up as a moving picture theatre.

The first film chosen by their Majesties was "The Man Who Knew Too Much," a thrilling drama of London's underworld recently awarded the Gold Medal of the Cinematographers Institute of Great Britain. This picture is concerned with attempts of international gangsters to assassinate a foreign diplomat at an Albert Hall concert.

London, Ont.—The city's population will pass the 75,000 mark when 1935 assessment rolls are completed, it is predicted by Assessment Commissioner Harry Bennett. Last year's rolls showed a population of 74,228 persons. Gains in all wards are forecast. Outside work in Ward 1 has been completed and it is expected that the increase in that district will be more than three hundred.

TIRED and IRRITABLE

DO you feel weak and nervous? Is your housework a burden? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. M. A. Kelly of Woodstock, New Brunswick, says, "I was weak and rundown. A neighbor brought me your Vegetable Compound. It helped me so much that I am taking it now at the change." Get a bottle NOW. It may be just the medicine YOU need.

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ORANGE PEKOE - 40¢ 1/2 lb.

Half His Estate Left to U.S.

Will Of Oliver Wendell Holmes Bequeaths More Than Half-million In All.

Washington.—To the United States Government which he served so long, Oliver Wendell Holmes returned in death more than half the money with which it had compensated him.

The great jurist's will, probated recently, revealed an estate of slightly more than \$550,000. It distributed specific bequests of \$283,500 and then incorporated this unusual clause: "All the rest, residue and remainder of my property of whatsoever nature, wheresoever and possessed, or in which I may have an interest at the time of my death, I give devise and bequeath, to the United States of America."

As a residual legatee, the Government will receive some \$250,000. In his 29 years on the supreme bench and his few in retirement, Justice Holmes received approximately \$480,000 from the Government.

Edward J. Holmes of Boston was named principal legatee, receiving \$100,000; all of the jurist's editions of the works of his two grandfathers, his more famous father, and of himself. Small legacies to more distant relatives and to those who served him through a long lifetime were numerous. Charitable bequests included \$25,000 and the greater part of his library to the Library of Congress; \$25,000 to Harvard University, \$25,000 to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and certain portraits to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

"What would you like for your birthday, Tommy?" "Oh, a telephone, Dada. Then I can answer teacher's questions without going to school."

Jam From Paprika

When the Hungarian chemist Szent Gyorgi discovered that the sweet red pepper that grows so abundantly in his native land is a rich source of vitamin C—the one that prevents scurvy—the food manufacturers saw their opportunity. Its Budapest correspondent informs the American Chemical Society that vitapric has made its appearance—a jam made from the juice of ripened peppers (paprika). It gladdens the eye with its rich red color. Children cry for it because it is sweet yet not so sharp as the raw vegetable. Housewives mix it with foods. The doctors bless the proceeding since the chemists have found that this paprika jam contains twice as much vitamin C as lemon juice.

YEAST IN CONVENIENT NEW FORM

"Having suffered from sciatica for eighteen months, I was advised to try Phillips Pure LIVE Yeast. I am most thankful to say I got relief almost straight away."—Leeds, England.—Extract from original letter.

If you are among the thousands who have found yeast a splendid health help then ask your druggist for Phillips Pure LIVE Yeast. In this new yeast, an English development, a way has been found to keep the live elements in the highest state of activity without bothersome refrigeration and care. So you needn't bother about getting a new supply each day. You can buy several weeks' supply of Phillips Yeast at once—and cut down the cost tremendously.

What Phillips Yeast will do for you is to help your digestion, make your food do you the maximum of good, and enrich your blood. Phillips Yeast has been outstandingly successful both in England and here in Canada. Ask your druggist for Phillips—15 days' supply (in granules of pleasing taste) for 50¢; 45 days' supply, \$1.00.

MOUNTAIN AIR AT HOME

Poland's President Makes His Own Conditioning Apparatus

In these days of air-conditioning, indoor climates can be made to order. Most of us are content if the manufactured air is clean and if it is cool in Summer and warm in Winter. Not so Ignacy Moscicki, who happens to be not only President of Poland but a competent physicist and engineer to boot. His air must be good for the health—preferably mountain air.

Cherishing ideas about air, he designed his own conditioning apparatus. It is installed in the study that he occupies in the Presidential palace in Warsaw. So far as air, light, temperature and humidity are concerned, Moscicki might be weighing matters of State and signing papers in the open on a Swiss mountain. When 5 o'clock comes and most business men in Warsaw are tired, heavy and irritable, he insists that he is as fresh as a dew-drenched morning-glory.

Before he decided that he wanted mountain air indoors the Polish President studied it. That it was clean was self-evident. That the ultra-violet rays had an electrical purifying effect on it (ionization) he knew as a physicist. That ozone, about which much nonsense is uttered, is necessary, he doubted. In fact, his preliminary experiments convinced him that it was definitely harmful in large quantities. Nor did it seem of much hygienic importance that the air is thin on a mountain. His problem reduced itself, then, to cleaning and moving air, keeping it at the proper temperature and humidity and ionizing it with ultra-violet rays.

This is not the place to describe in technical detail the air-conditioning apparatus designed by the President of Poland for his own use. It is original in many ways, but any correctly designed air-conditioning equipment will do. What deserves special attention is the physicist-President's method of giving himself the benefit of an artificial sun's ultra-violet rays.

His first indoor sun was a quartz mercury lamp. To sit under its glare was to invite sunburn and all its discomforts. The President wanted something like the water particles in the air that scatter the ultra-violet rays. He read the literature on ultra-violet radiation; he consulted his former assistant, Dr. Wasilewski of the Polytechnic School. The result was not an atmosphere of scattering particles but a screen or reflecting surface. It was a copper screen very finely ribbed and electroplated with chromium. Why chromium? Because it does not absorb ultra-violet rays, as, for example, silver does. And the ribs? They break up the beams of ultra-violet rays that come from the lamp—spread them all over the room. Moscicki thus created an indirect lighting system, which not only hid the lamp—his indoor sun—but gave him the exhilarating Alpine ionizing effect that he considered essential.

FINDING THE RIGHT GLASS

The original quartz lamp bothered the President at his work. The light and the ionizing effect were all that could be desired. There was too much ozone. He made inquiries. He found a glass which will let the ultra-violet rays, pass and which will prevent the generation of ozone. His problem was solved.

The President has no illusions about the artificiality of his invention. "It is impossible to reproduce in a city the beauty of Alpine nature," he sighs, "and by its same token nothing can take its place in its effect on a man's soul or on the joy of life."

Still, it is something to sit in the Presidential palace in Warsaw and breathe clean, irradiated air and conduct affairs of State with a clear head.

Bogus Fifty Cent Piece

We were shown a counterfeit Canadian fifty cent piece. It was such a good copy of the original that it would deceive anyone not on guard. In size, appearance, color, there was nothing to show that it was other than what it seemed.

The unaccustomed ear could hardly detect the difference when it was allowed to fall upon the table, but the difference in sound was readily detectable when compared with the sound made by the real fifty cent piece—the sound coming from the real piece was not so dead. Taken between the fingers, the bogus piece could be bent, and this test could be easily applied, where the ear alone was not delicate enough to detect the difference.

The piece shown us came from Montreal, where it is said a number of these bogus coins have been circulated.—Halifax Chronicle.

RUBBING AND SCRUBBING LEFT ME LIMP AS A RAG UNTIL I USED

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