

Begun 5 Years Ago
— Under double lines "From Hull to an American Who is the Queen Capital," in Star, the American circulated daily, used in general election as a nation of this country interest in Ottawa

'SALADA' TEA

is delicious

Rainbow Gold

by E. C. BULEY

SYNOPSIS
Dan Prescott and Gordon Westery find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast.
Westerly has a fiancée, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde, Gordon forwards a photo of Dan to her. When Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.
No sooner had Gladys gone than Frankie Carruthers dashed in, burning with curiosity. One glance at Eve's stricken face wiped the anticipatory smile from her own.
"Eve, dear," she said in alarm; "don't look like that, for pity's sake."
"Do I show it so much?" Eve asked. "I was a bit of a shock. I'll admit. That was the girl to whom Mr. Prescott is engaged."
"What, thatoggle-eyed gunnacker?" Frankie ejaculated. "Not! I'll bet he doesn't know about it."
"She has his photograph and his letters, and the ring he gave her and the wrist-watch," Eve said bitterly. "But he wooed and won her as Gordon Westery, and he claims that his real name is Gordon."
"That shows she's a liar," Frankie decided. "Sn!! That is a grim brand of scent she uses! Eve, be yourself, the whole dam thing is impossible. Dan wouldn't fall for that penny-farthing vamp. There's more of the scenario. Spill it quick."
"The romance lasted two days," Eve sneered. "Then the film hero was called away to London. Since then?"
"She hesitated, for Frankie's eyes were gleaming.
"Let me finish," Frankie ordered. "He came to London, and saw another girl."
"Be quiet," Eve commanded, in a tone which even Frankie had to respect. "If you want to insult me beyond forgiveness you have only to couple me with a man like that."
Frankie sighed heavily.
"Has he ever said a word to you that gives you a right to complain?" she asked. "No?" Never made love to you? He wouldn't. He had the chance too. And anybody who saw him look at you could see he worshipped the ground under your feet."
"And isn't that an insult, when he was engaged to a girl like that?"
"You've only heard her side of it; and it is too comic to be true, or even a likely lie. Keep your wits, Eve, and your temper. Hear what he has to say before you form any opinion."
"I never want to speak to him again," Eve said viciously. "Ugh! You should have heard her describing how happy they were, and how she showed her love!"
"Here comes the chief," Frankie remarked as Medlicott's voice was audible. "Remember what I said."
Medlicott came in, his face wearing a preoccupied look.
"I'm lunching with Prescott and Cairns, Eve," he said. We are discussing what action can be taken.
"There's an... an impediment..."
"I know," Eve said drily. "She has been in here, looking for Mr. Westery, as she calls him."
"The deuce she has," Medlicott exclaimed. "What did you do with her?"

INEPT USE OF SMILES IS BAD

Impossible, Impractical Examples Cited; "Feel Like" Anything

WHEN it comes to murdering the king's English, according to a friend of ours, the greatest massacre is not in the use of slang. Rather, it's the inept use of smiles.
It's funny, says our friend, but those people who watch their speech carefully and avoid slang expressions often are the worst violators of what he calls rather impossible, if not impractical smiles.
For example, listen in on this conversation at a restaurant. Two men have just seated themselves at a table. A waitress comes up.
First man—"Good evening, gentlemen. How's the weather out tonight?"
Second man—"It's as COLD AS THE DEVIL."
Second man—"Yes, I'm as COLD AS A BABOON."
Waitress—"It's getting as COOL AS A CUCUMBER in here. What!! you have, gents?"
First man—"Well, with this weather, I FEEL LIKE A STEAK tonight HOW about you, Tom?"
Second man—"I FEEL LIKE A DRINK, first, and then a big STEAK. I'm as HUNGRY AS A FURNACE. How are the steaks, anyway?"
Waitress—"FINE AS SILK."
First man—"What are you doing after dinner, Tom?"
Second man—"Well, I sort of FEEL LIKE A MOVIE. How about you?"
First man—"I'd like to go, but my wife phoned that she felt LIKE A NIGHT CLUB, so I guess that's where we'll go."
And, my friend asks, isn't it stretching the imagination a little too far to visualize anyone feeling like a steak, a drink, a movie, or anything else of such quality?

EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC
by Dr. M. M. Lappin

WINNING AND LOSING
Many strange letters reach my desk, and I am asked all sorts of questions. Consider, for example, the following coming from a young lady. She writes to me in part:—
"I should like to ask you this question: Why is it that nearly everything I do goes opposite to what I intended? I think that what I am going to do will turn out successfully, but as a rule it turns out the reverse. I make a sale, customer perfectly satisfied, but at the last moment changes his mind. He decides to wait a while longer. I go to the races, pick a winning horse, play him first and he runs second. If I play him second he runs third, and if I play him third he runs out. I select winners in every race and if I decide not to play they win and pay big money. I should be grateful if you could tell me why this is thus."
Well, there it is, and I have quoted the central block of this young lady's letter. I am neither slighting nor sarcastic when I say that, in her letter, she portrays the type of mind which runs to a palm reader, a crystal gazer, or some other kind of so-called fortune teller. And, of course, I make no pretence at telling fortunes.
However, there is an answer to the question which she asks. Horse racing is, to my mind, a matter of sheer chance and luck. When this young lady picks a horse and loses, I would say her luck is out. Her racing may be good sport, but, like many other sports, spoiled by the gambling that enters into it. I have seldom known the "better" to have an all-round win. As a rule, the "bookie" is the winner all the time. If my correspondent wishes to indulge in a little flutter on the race course, then she should be willing to take part in his scheme of things, at least as long as he remains the Prince of Wales.
"During twelve hours of every day I have to be what other people want me to be," he explained once. "The rest of my time I can, as a bachelor, be myself. But if I married I should have to spend the rest of my time being what my wife wanted me to be."
He has, however, a keen appreciation of women, as illustrated by his telling an audience.
"You will not get very far without the help of women; with it you can do almost anything, for women have a gift of sympathy and self-sacrifice that carries all before it."
Women have been constantly linked with his name, among them Mrs. Dudley Ward and the mysterious Mrs. Simpson, an American, who is his favorite dancing partner.
He is becoming too busy for "play-boy" activities now and only occasionally does a west-end restaurant or cabaret beam in sudden gratification at the unheralded arrival of His Royal Highness.

The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN

The holiday season is over, and the quiet month of January is with us. Those who were fortunate enough to receive books as gifts now have leisure to catch up on their reading. Gance over the following list of books reviewed in this column. Undoubtedly one will appeal to you in this quiet season.
SALAMINA by Rockwell Kent, ASYLUM by William Seabrook (Geo. J. McLeod), GILBERT and SULLIVAN by Hesketh Pearson, MR. FINCHLEY'S HOLIDAY by Victor Canning, THE ASIATICS by Frederick Prokosch, MAN, THE UNKNOWN by Alexis Carrel, THE CLUE OF THE RISING MOON by Valentine Williams (Mussion's, Toronto), YOUTH UNCHARTED by Stephen Lawford, MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND by Stefan Zweig, A VISIT TO AMERICA by A. G. Macdonell, WHO SAID MURDER by Charles W. Bell, K.C., THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY THORNTON by D'Arcy Marsh (Macmillan's, Toronto).

Glass Houses Near Reality

New Industry Promises to Use It for Many Things—Including Textiles

Corning, N.Y. — Fibres of glass that look like strands of spun sugar can now be twisted into thread or yarn for textiles wholly of glass. Ground has been broken here for the first factory in this new industry.

BROAD FIELD OPENS
Officials of the Corning Glass Works, where technicians have been carrying on experiments for 11 years, asserted they little dreamed of the possibilities of spun glass, even should they be successful in ironing out difficulties which best the early investigators. Today they see the beginning of a new industry in which glass as a new type of "dry goods" may become as important among textiles as cotton, wool, silk or rayon.

Industrial possibilities of "spun-glass wool," by which name the product is now known, occupy the focus of present research. The fibres are twisted into thread and with this manufactured rope, string, insulating pads, fireproof garments, theatre screens and a host of allied products.

Success in this field, and success is already assured, means branching out into the manufacture of glass awnings, tentage, bed covering, tapestry and eventually articles of clothing. Spun glass wool appears very like y to invade every field in which monopolies have been enjoyed by other textiles for so long. Even the future costuming of Broadway ballis — in glass, seems not an impossible prediction coming from the researchers themselves.

OLD MATERIAL
Toledo, Dec. 20. — Glass, one of man's oldest known materials, and which is issued, someone has pointed out, from the cradle through life by everyone in one manner or another, now has definite possibilities for almost limitless use in flexible form.

A process being developed by the Owens-Illinois Company in Newark, Ohio, enables molten glass to be assembled on a conveyor line in a thin mass, a downy substance that can be wound on spools and twisted into silk-like thread and yarn on regular textile machines.

Glass technicians have discovered that one pound of glass can be drawn into a single strand of pure glass measuring more than 31,600,000 feet, so fine that 100 of such fibres are required to form a thread the size of the familiar No. 50 usually found in every housewife's sewing kit.

GIRLS KNIT WITH IT
Just to see what could be done with this new material as a fabric, a few girls employed in the plant where glass is being produced in this new form obtained several spools of it from the laboratory. One embroidered a dolly, a lace bit of ornament that cannot be distinguished from doilies of linen and other common fabrics except under close scrutiny.

Another woman wove a glass rug, about six feet long and three feet wide, on a 150-year-old loom.

ONLY NOVELTY NOW
Glass in such form is practical now, however, the technicians explain, as insulation for the smallest of electric wires and the largest of cables, thus offering important new possibilities in the elimination of fire hazards.

The latest industrial development is a closely guarded secret, but the process incorporates the use of steam, according to the officials of the Owens-Illinois Company, in whose plant such glass is being produced.

The apparatus by which glass is converted into its new form is completely hidden by the necessities of operations, but the casual visitor can see the glass being assembled on conveyor belts, tiny wisps resembling the down of geese raining down until a white mass of it is assembled on the slowly moving line.

The depth of the fluffy mass can be controlled, and for its most practical use at present it is permitted to gather to a depth of four inches on a moving belt so that it resembles a small boy's idea of the way angel food cake should be offered. In this form the glass is cut into "pillows" for insulation for steam and hot water pipes, and for homes and buildings. Tree lovers, too, have found a band of glass wool around the trunk protects the tree from crawling insects and caterpillars.

H.R.H. Has No Intention Of Marrying While He Is Prince

London, Eng. — With King George advancing in years, Britons are wondering whether the Prince of Wales may take a bride when he mounts the throne.
The king is now 70 years old, and his health is reported officially as good, but he has been absent recently from various functions which he would have attended even a year ago, notably the Armistice Day ceremony at the cenotaph.
No matter how soon the Prince of Wales ascends the throne, becoming King Edward the Eighth, however, it is not generally believed he will terminate his long bachelorhood and select a queen to carry on the royal line.
His motto "Ich Dien — I Serve" he applies religiously to his official duties, but he has won the long and often hard-fought battle to lead his own private life — and he has made it crystal clear that marriage has no part in his scheme of things, at least as long as he remains the Prince of Wales.
"During twelve hours of every day I have to be what other people want me to be," he explained once. "The rest of my time I can, as a bachelor, be myself. But if I married I should have to spend the rest of my time being what my wife wanted me to be."
He has, however, a keen appreciation of women, as illustrated by his telling an audience.
"You will not get very far without the help of women; with it you can do almost anything, for women have a gift of sympathy and self-sacrifice that carries all before it."
Women have been constantly linked with his name, among them Mrs. Dudley Ward and the mysterious Mrs. Simpson, an American, who is his favorite dancing partner.
He is becoming too busy for "play-boy" activities now and only occasionally does a west-end restaurant or cabaret beam in sudden gratification at the unheralded arrival of His Royal Highness.

Those Leisure Hours

Why Not Employ Them Profitably? Specialized training leads to increased efficiency. Increased Efficiency means Increased Earnings. Overcome inferiority complex, develop mental power, and equip yourself for better things. Study leisurely in the quiet of your home. Write for particulars of fascinating correspondence course.

The Institute of Practical and Applied Psychology
910 Confederation Building
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

The Man Who Knows

Whether the Remedy You are taking for Headaches, Neuralgia or Rheumatism Pains is SAFE is Your Doctor. Ask Him

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it — in comparison with "Aspirin."

We say this because, before the discovery of "Aspirin," most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of "Aspirin" largely changed medical practice.

Countless thousands of people who have taken "Aspirin" year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: "Aspirin" is rated among the safest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and all common pains... and safe for the average person to take regularly.

"Aspirin" Tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

Demand and Get "ASPIRIN"

Many New Books Canadian Poetry

Fifteen Noted During Year, New Magazine All Verse

EDMONTON. — Under the title, "Canada's Tide of Poetry Rising," the Journal says:
"A recent survey revealed at least 15 new books of Canadian poetry that have appeared during the present year. The majority of these were by singers of established reputation such as Duncan Campbell Scott, Wilson MacDonald, E. J. Pratt, Arthur Bourinot, C. F. Lloyd and Annie Charlotte Dalton. More than this, several second editions appeared, bringing with them the indication that Canadian readers were turning to the muse to a greater extent than they had been doing in the past."
"Under these circumstances it is not surprising to hear that a monthly publication devoted entirely to Canadian verse is to make its first appearance shortly. There is unquestionably enough material available to maintain a high standard and the time seems propitious for launching such an endeavor."

Scrap

The wages of sin is what the lawyers get.—The crowd may be laughing at your jokes, or it may be your grammar.—The only person who can tell your fortune correctly is your banker.—A fellow's assets don't give his liabilities enough of a race to make it interesting.—The terrible thing about divorce is the statement you get from your lawyer.—Long green is the most comforting color.—The job you like that pays a living is the most priceless of all possessions.—When we are right we credit our judgment. When we are wrong we curse our luck.—We can't truly serve another unless we satisfy his self-interest.—Unless a woman is willing to see that the buttons are on a man's clothes, she ought never to marry.

Predicts Mild Winter

Basing his prophecy on the temperature of the Gulf Stream, which he has been studying for several years, J. W. Sandstroem, expert of the Swedish Meteorological Office, Stockholm, says that this winter will be comparatively mild in Europe.

LADIES! SPECIAL!

Fine Celanese Silk Stockings
All the newest shades — Greys - Fawns - Browns
39c per pair, or
\$1.10 for 3 Pairs
Sent postpaid on receipt of payment. Specify color and size. Your money back if not delighted!
Lido Sales Company
925 University Tower Building
Montreal
Issue No. 3 — '36

Centenary Of Pickwick Noted

Dickens Fellowship Will Mark Anniversary Of "Papers"

LONDON — One hundred years ago a 24-year old parliamentary reporter whose "sketches" under the name "Boz" had attracted some attention, electrified the English-reading world with "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." Now the Dickens Fellowship is making plans to celebrate the Pickwick Centenary.
On March 31, 1836, the first month of this immortal work appeared. Neither publishers nor author had an inkling of the stupendous success awaiting their enterprise. The letterpress, indeed, according to the publishers' intention, was to serve merely as a "writeup" to show off the abilities of the artist, Robert Seymour.
"Pickwick" had the fates strongly against it at the start Seymour committed suicide before the second monthly part was out, his immediate successor was unequal to the job, and it was not until the issue of the fourth part that in Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") there was found an artist whose genius was best suited to depict the gallery of Dickens' characters. Even so the public displayed only a tepid interest in "Pickwick" until Sam Weller was introduced in the fifth part. The monthly parts continued until the story was wound up at the end of 1837. By then "Pickwick" had ensured enduring fame for Charles Dickens.

Handling Eggs

Eggs should be collected at least once daily, and during very cold weather or very warm weather collections should be made at noon and night to avoid freezing or heating. The eggs should be taken at once to a cool cellar, where there is usually a fairly uniform temperature. It may be advisable to open one or two windows and substitute screens covered with cheesecloth to carry off odour or excessive moisture. Dirty eggs should be cleaned with coarse sandpaper, but not washed. Stains may be removed with a little vinegar on a clean cloth. Washing eggs destroys the protective coating and lowers the grade.

Revive Spelling Bees

(The Toronto Globe)
Why not revive the spelling bee? During these hard times it would provide inexpensive entertainment — real entertainment. Get all classes of the public into it. Let the big business executive be bowled over by his office boy; the lawyer by his clerk; the artist by a laborer; the editor by one of the printers. Let there be revealed in all communities spelling champions, wearing belt or medals. They may be proud of their decorations, but they will be execrated by ordinary folks who always leave the first "th" out of "diphtheria."

MOTHER SAVED THE DAY...

JOHN, I'M SO SORRY THESE BISCUITS ARE HEAVY AS LEAD. I THOUGHT THE RECIPE WAS FOOL-PROOF, TOO.

YOU MUST HAVE LEFT SOMETHING OUT.

SAV KITTEN—THESE BISCUITS ARE GREAT—LET'S HAVE ANOTHER!

MOTHER TOLD ME TO USE MAGIC BAKING POWDER.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

DON'T RISK FAILURES. It's easy to avoid baking disappointments if you use dependable Magic Baking Powder. Every spoonful assures full leavening power. That's why so many of Canada's noted cooking authorities always use and recommend it! And this fine-quality baking powder costs so little to use—actually less than 1¢ per baking! Order Magic from your grocer—today!

Made in Canada.

WHAT! YOU CAN'T HANG ON TO MONEY?

Well now, here's a chance to win a prize. The choice of an Art Course, or an Original Magazine Illustration, a Political or Sporting Cartoon, or a Comic Drawing made by a professional artist will be presented for the best sketch submitted for the best sketch submitted closed on January 29, 1936. Prizes for the next best five drawings.

The Entry Fee is Twenty-Five CENTS. NO STAMPS. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the return of your drawing.

GIFF BAKER
39 Lee Ave., Toronto, Canada



One Quarter of World's Population Goes Hungry

GENEVA.—According to League of Nations statistics 2,400,000 persons died of starvation in all parts of the world in 1934.
1,200,000 in 1934 committed suicide for lack of adequate food.
At least 500,000,000 of the world total population of about 2,000,000,000 are unable to provide themselves with sufficient food.
If those who lack means to eat sufficient to maintain health could be supplied with a minimum standard, there would obviously be no problem of surplus wheat or other farm-products.