

'SALADA' TEA

is delicious

STAR RUBY

By Louise Jerrold

Albertine Tevans, shopping, falls in love with Dennis Maxwell, jewellery salesman, but is bothered by his mysterious actions. He speaks once of being on the lookout for a man with a drooping eyelid. Albertine's high great-aunt Celia Tevans invites her for a visit. Before she leaves, Dennis gives her a star ruby to keep for him. At her aunt's estate are two other guests—Countess Yelena Loupakoff and her brother, Count Michael. Then, Dennis arrives to show some rubies to Aunt Celia. He makes Albertine pretend they are strangers to each other, and pays ardent attention to the Countess. The houseman, Bates, who always wears dark glasses, gets drunk one evening, and Albertine catches him without his glasses on. He has a drooping eyelid! In the middle of that night, she hears a scuffle in Dennis's room.

CHAPTER IX

A light suddenly showed from beneath Dennis's closed door. Then Albertine heard his voice.

"Sorry, old man," he was saying, "but you'll agree that it was the natural thing for me to do when I found you in here."

The door opened, and Count Michael backed out into the hall.

"Last week in New York, I awoke on a hotel fire-escape." He laughed ruefully. "This sleep-walking habit will be the death of me yet."

Dennis appeared in the doorway. "It might easily have been that to-night. I pack a wallop."

Michael nursed his cheek. "What is it you Americans say—you're telling me!"

Albertine stole back to her room unnoticed. When, at last, she was in bed, a thought struck her. With rubies worth a fortune in his keeping, why hadn't Dennis locked his door?

Yelena's low mocking laugh, out in the hall, awakened her next morning. Then she heard Dennis's deep voice, heard the two pass along the hall, Albertine jumped out of bed, and began to dress feverishly.

She decided to visit her aunt's room before going down to breakfast. Bates, sober but pallid, was adjusting Aunt Celia's breakfast rack as she entered the room.

"Bates," the old lady was saying, "I shall be very much interested in your explanation for not answering my bell last night."

"The Countess asked me to take her driving for an hour."

"It was for longer than an hour, wasn't it, Bates?" Albertine inquired, from just inside the doorway.

He turned his head quickly, but made no answer. He bent over Aunt Celia's tray and deftly poured cream into her coffee.

"Bates," Aunt Celia said irritably, "take off those dark glasses! I can't stand them when you're fussing over things this close to me!"

He dropped two lumps of sugar into her cup.

"Will there be anything else, madam?" he inquired.

"You heard my aunt," Albertine said. "If you won't take off those glasses, I will!"

She reached out and snatched the glasses from his eyes. Bates blinked. "Poppycock!" Aunt Celia exclaimed, squinting up at him. "I can't see a thing wrong with your eyes!"

But Albertine did. "I shouldn't have done that," she said. "I'm sorry."

"That is quite all right, Miss," Bates replied, putting on his glasses again. "Bring Miss Albertine's breakfast here, too. At once, Bates," said Aunt Celia.

He left, with his curious, cat-like tread.

"How are you this morning, Aunt Celia?" Albertine inquired.

"Better. Better. Well enough for a drive this afternoon. Would you like to come along?"

"I'd—love to," Albertine stammered, remembering the request Dennis had made of her.

"I've been thinking," Aunt Celia announced, sipping her orange juice, "that you should know the combination of that safe of mine. Just in case something should happen to me sooner than we expect."

"Please—" Albertine began.

"Listen carefully—six to the left, three to the right, seven to the left, then four to the right. See if you can open it. No, wait—here's Bates with your tray."

"Seven—nine—six—four."

"Whatever are you mumbling, Albertine?" Aunt Celia asked sharply. "That will be all, Bates."

Albertine waited until the door had

closed on him before she whispered, "That was to confuse him in case he heard you telling me the combination. My numbers would drive yours out of his head."

"Poppycock! Bates is a houseman, not a burglar. Eat your breakfast, and then see if you can remember how to open the safe."

But when Albertine later pushed aside the old tapestry piece that concealed the safe, it was already open! How careless of Aunt Celia, or—she caught her breath—someone else. Aunt Celia mustn't know, was her instant thought. With her back to her aunt, she went through the motions of spinning the dial, then swung the little door wide open.

"Very good," Aunt Celia approved. "Now, take away my tray, and put the jewels here on the breakfast rack."

Albertine saw the long black jewel case still in the safe. But were the jewels still there? She brought the case to the bed, and had a tense moment of suspense while Aunt Celia's thin old fingers fumbled for the spring.

"My pretties," murmured Aunt Celia, and Albertine breathed again. "Aren't they lovely, my dear? I want you to find that Mr. Maxwell and send him up here. Tell him to bring the rubies with him."

Albertine found Dennis with Yelena in the rose garden.

"Good morning!" she called gaily. Too gaily, she realized. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but Aunt Celia wants to see Mr. Maxwell."

Yelena lifted her eyebrows, then started toward the house with Dennis. But he paused beside Albertine, letting Yelena go on alone.

"I must see you, Blue Eyes," he whispered urgently. "Walk as far as the fountain with me."

A thicket of bushes soon hid them from the house.

"Albertine, there is something else you can do for me—something you must do if I'm to put this deal across with your aunt. I want the combination of the safe not more than thirty minutes ago."

Albertine shrank away from him. "Dennis!" she gasped.

He put a finger silently beneath her chin and lifted her face.

"Don't you trust me?" he asked.

"But—there is so much that I do not understand. It isn't just a matter of trusting you. It's like breaking faith with Aunt Celia. As a matter of fact, she did tell me the combination of the safe not more than thirty minutes ago."

He gripped her shoulder excitedly. "Think it over, darling! I respect your reason—but think it over! And as I asked you last night, get her out of the house for an hour or more to-day."

"We are going driving—this afternoon," Albertine said slowly. "Oh, Dennis, can't you tell me what all this mystery is about?"

"It isn't a mystery—it's a game. A game that I'm out to win!" he replied and was gone.

(To be continued)

Yellow Journalism

Writes the Manchester Guardian—For the second time this week the Home Secretary was asked in Parliament whether he could take any steps to end the increasing intrusion of the press on the private affairs of citizens and the frequent exploitation of the grief of the bereaved in the interests of a "story." It is humiliating to English journalism that such questions should have to be asked. When Colonel Lindbergh and his family were driven from the United States by the pestering of the "tabloid" press, English journalism promised him immunity from such attentions here, and, after the first excitement of his arrival, gave it him. Today a section of it falling ever farther into the habit of sensationalizing the private sorrows of its own citizens—the obscure as well as the eminent, if only some "sob stuff" can be extracted from them—with a callousness as great as any that the "yellow" journalism of any other country can show.

The Japanese have the strongest hearts in the world, reports a committee established to study national health conditions after the army complained the race was deteriorating physically.

Only one Japanese in 100,000 dies annually of heart disease, the committee says, as compared to eight in America, England and Italy and 15.3 in France.

Another's Misfortune, Another's Gain

How one industry sometimes benefits from the difficulties of another has been demonstrated recently in Southern California in interesting fashion, observes the Galt Reporter.

The orange-growing areas of California have experienced dangerously low temperatures this winter and, in the efforts to keep frost away from the blossoms, the owners of plantations have resorted to many kinds of artificial heat-throwers.

But the most convenient and effective contraption is the oil pot. During 20 days of dangerous weather a total of four million barrels of oil were used to heat the orchards.

It is more than twice the total oil production in Canada in a year. It is not impressive as regards production in the United States. It would mean about one and one-third day's production in the States but it all helps in the total output.

The assumption seems to be that oranges are going to be more expensive as a result of these extra winter costs in the producing areas. It is said that the prices in Canada have advanced ten cents a dozen.

However, the regions in which oranges can be grown are now nearer to Canada than ever before because of the rapid transportation presently available. While Spain has gone into eclipse as a source of supply, such countries as South Africa and Palestine are potential exporters to Canada. It is not likely that price increases, because of the California frost difficulties, will become so serious as to greatly curtail the supply.

Says Job Sordid For Girl Typists

Head Policewoman Doesn't Think Police Job Just The Thing

DETROIT.—Six sweet young typists supplied by the National Youth Administration to work in the Police Department Women's Division are getting experience, as is the intention of the National Youth Act, but Miss Elcanore Hutzel, head policewoman, feels that it isn't the right kind.

"These young women have been extremely helpful," she said recently, "but they are all under 25 and that makes it difficult. Some of the reports on crime that have to be typed in the Women's Division are rather sordid. Naturally, with girls so young, we have to pick assignments for them and this makes it difficult."

Miss Hutzel has asked the Mayor for an appropriation for one mature stenographer to take the places of the six tender ones.

City Boy to Farm

Even in such a young country as Canada urban development has set in space and already there is a generation which does not know much about farm life. Kitchener school pupils have been started on interesting tours, parties of them being taken to farms and dairies as part of their school work. Thus they will discover really where milk and eggs come from and not as one city boy figured from egg plants and bottles.—Niagara Falls Review.

Stunning Monogram Simple To Do From Laura Wheeler Alphabet



ALPHABET PATTERN 1413

It's easy as A B C—this embroidering hankies, blouses and scarfs, as well as your household linens, with graceful initials. Work out your own stunning monogram from the three, different-sized alphabets. Only lazy-daisy and outline stitch are used, plus a bit of silk or cotton floss. Pattern 1413 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 3 1/4 inches high, one 2 1/4 inches high and on 1 1/4 inches high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 20 cents in coin for this pattern to Needlecraft Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide West, Toronto, Ont. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Writing Book On Keeping War Gas From Houses

LONDON.—A detailed handbook on how to protect private houses against gas attacks "is in an advanced state of preparation," Geoffrey Lloyd, Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Home Office, told the House of Commons recently.

In response to questions concerning the protection of citizens from gas, Lloyd declared:—

"The adaptation of rooms and other places as air raid shelters would for the most part, be carried out when the risk of an air attack appeared imminent."

"Information on steps to be taken is contained, as regards industrial purposes, in a handbook for factories and business purposes already published by the Air Raid Precautions Department."

"In regard to private dwellings, a certain amount of information has already been given in a handbook

called "Personal Protection Against Gas."

Lloyd revealed that two regional stations capable of storing 4,000,000 gas masks had already been created in London and Manchester as part of the Government's campaign to equip all citizens with gas masks.

Eleven similar stations will be built elsewhere, in addition to a series of local stations capable of storing 55,000 masks.

A bill to raise the re-enlistment period of army volunteers from one year to five was laid before the House.

The exiled Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia has decided to enter his 8-year-old son, Prince Makonnen, in King's College at Taunton, Devonshire, England.

Buy Ryders' SEEDS they're right! No name stands higher amongst gardening experts. To make certain of results buy seeds with a reputation—Ryders'! Then you will get double-toned seeds at reasonable prices from a firm with a 70 years' reputation. Great Coronation Year SEED BOOK! Write today for a FREE copy of Ryders' latest and greatest seed book. 122 pages. Unique novelties. Old favorites. Practical advice.

Dept. WP 2, P.O. Box 2454, Montreal. Orders for seeds must be sent direct to—Ryders & Son (1920) Ltd., Seed Specialists, St. Albans, England.

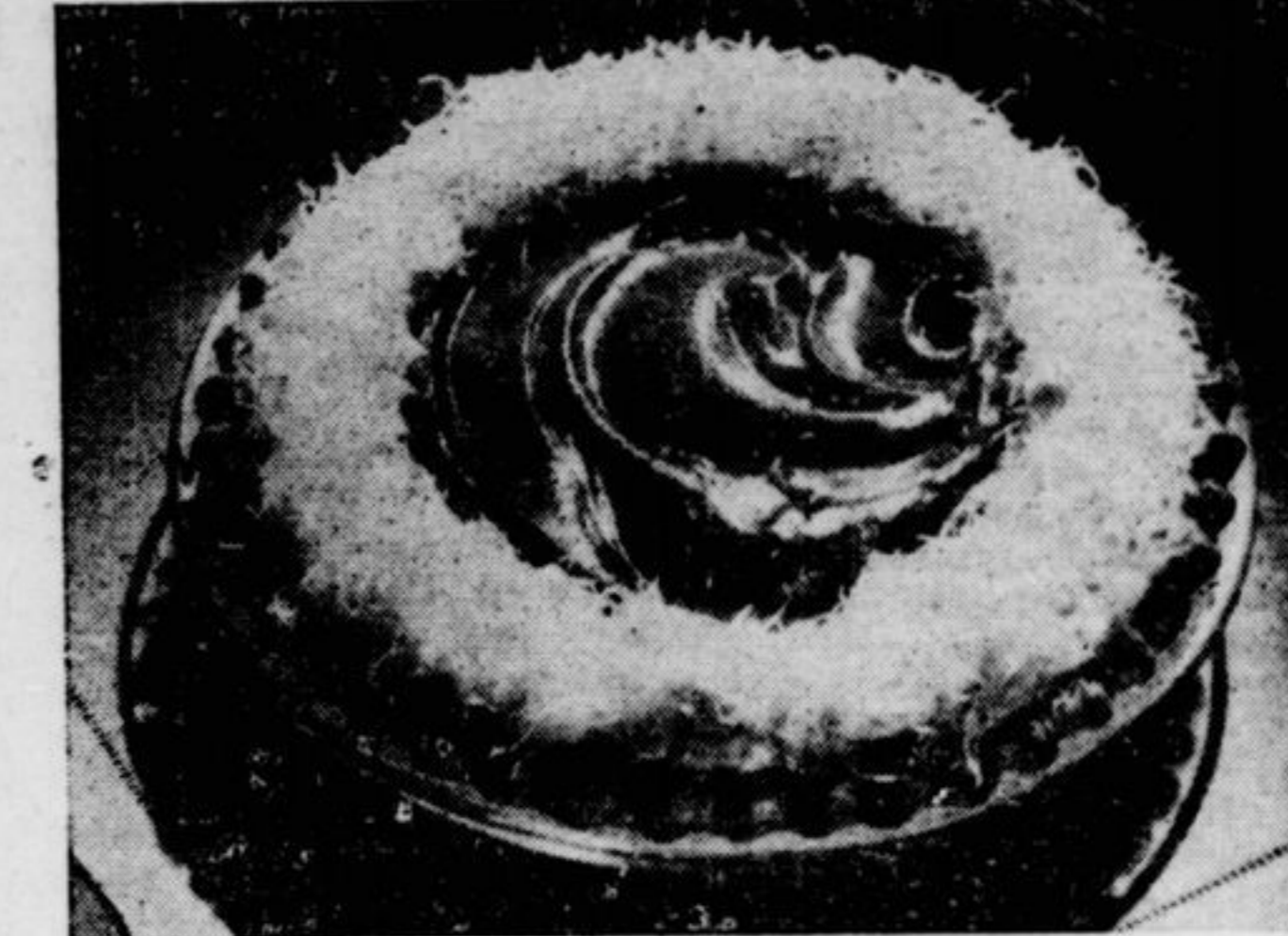
Issue No. 9 — '37

A—2

Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan

Famous in a Famous Hotel



Don't misunderstand—it's the upper crust of society we were talking about and Coconut Carmel Pie is right at home in one of New York's most famous hotels where smart people meet amid beautiful surroundings. It is a very popular dessert among cosmopolitan people who know and love good food and it will be just as popular in your own home.

Here is the recipe as given by the pastry chef of this well-known hotel and you can't go wrong if you follow his rules. However, there is one point on which he insists—that you use the right kind of coconut. It can be either southern style or premium sized coconut, but it must be well packed and come to your tender and moist. Picture it, crisp, pastry, russet-gold caramel custard, fluffy whipped cream and cool, tender shreds of coconut to top it off!

Coconut Carmel Pie

1/2 cup sugar
5 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1-3 cup sugar, caramelized
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
1/2 cup cream, whipped and sweetened
1/2 cup coconut.

Combine sugar, flour, and salt in top of double boiler; add milk and egg yolks, mixing thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, but allow to remain over hot water.

Caramelize sugar by placing 1-3 cup sugar in iron skillet over a medium flame and stirring constantly until melted and straw-colored. Add at once to thickened mixture, stirring until blended; add butter and vanilla. Cool. Turn into pie shell. Garnish with a ring of whipped cream and sprinkle cream with coconut.

Helpful Hints

To keep chamois gloves nice and soft after washing them, add a teaspoonful of olive oil to the water when washing them.

To sew a button on a garment, when it is subjected to excessive

strain, sew a small button on the underside of the cloth. This will add strength and prevent the larger button from pulling off.

To clean a tall, slender vase that has become discolored on the inside and is too narrow in diameter to get a cloth down into it, soak a few tea leaves in vinegar, put this in the vase, and keep shaking it until the discoloration has disappeared.

The best utensil to use for baking green peppers, apples, or tomatoes, is the muffin pan. They are easy to remove, and will keep their shape much better than if cooked close together in a baking tin.

To take proper care of the window sash cords, to make them wear longer, and also to make the window raise and lower easier, dust the cords occasionally, then rub with a well-greased cloth.

To protect the forefinger from stains, as well as cuts, when necessary to pare a large quantity of fruit or vegetables, wrap a strip of adhesive tape around the forefinger.

The best kind of duster to use for plush and mohair furniture is a chamois wrung out of cold water.

Testimonial

Smith was giving a dinner-party to his boss, and to celebrate the occasion he bought a duck from an old woman who was famed for the birds she reared on her farm.

But the next day Smith was round at the farm to complain.

"Why," protested the old woman, "there wasn't anything wrong with the bird, was there?"

"Wrong!" cried Smith. "It was no good at all."

"Well, it ought to have been good," said the other. "That duck won first prize at the local poultry show for ten years in succession."

How to EASE a COLD

1

2

TWO SIMPLE RULES

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way almost any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way—"ASPIRIN."

The way you use it is this: Two "Aspirin" tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on, taken with a full glass of water. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions in package. If throat is sore, gargle with three "Aspirin" tablets in 1/2 glass of water for almost instant relief. The "Aspirin" acts to fight fever, aches and pains of a cold and the cold itself. Relief comes quickly and you have wonderful comfort.

"Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada by the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario.

Demand and Get—

ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.

EDWARDSBURG CROWN SYRUP THE FAMOUS ENERGY FOOD THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited TORONTO

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

A Great Wrong To Be Righted

When Ontario's lieutenant-governor refers to the necessity of state health insurance, he speaks as a physician who has seen what its absence involves. He knows the result of failure to call in a doctor while the disease is in its early stages, a failure often due to the patient's dread of doctor's bills. He knows that these financial worries not only postpone the calling of a doctor when the disease might be quickly curable, but handicap the patient after he is actually under treatment. Impressed by the plight of "great masses of the people living in daily fear of the economic cost of ill-health," Dr. Bruce said:

"One has only to think of men and women on relief; the hesitations and fears of the underpaid who need medical or dental care; one has only to realize that in Canada there are hundreds of thousands who for economic reasons dread a doctor's visit when rightly they should welcome him, and one will be conscious that by adequate social legislation and national health insurance a great injustice would be banished from this great democracy of ours and a great wrong righted."

In Canada only one province has so far attempted to right this wrong: British Columbia, where state health insurance becomes effective March 1, Ontario Civil servants also have a scheme in mind for their own protection. Noting these two projects, a Toronto doctor said the other day: "We should wait until we see how the British Columbia and Ontario civil service measures will work before jumping in—such an important venture." But no such delay is necessary. There are plenty of state health insurance schemes to be studied, and one suited to her own particular needs if the Dominion is not going to take action for Canada as a whole. There will, of course, be objections to any scheme which is proposed, provincial or national, but, as Dr. Bruce points out, there is also a storm of criticism when Lloyd George inaugurated state health insurance in England. The lieutenant-governor is right when he says that it would give greater security not only to the sick, but to those who minister to the sick.—Toronto Star.

Sausage Gets Up In The World

Writes the Manchester Guardian—It has been estimated that there are, in the various countries of the world concerned, 400 (or is it 4,000?) kinds of sausage, a prodigious fine prospect which speaks well for the ingenuity of man and for the extent of his available vintages and spices. It may be that not many of the individual items on the Sausage Front are of British nationality, but at least we can now claim one insular touch of distinction; the Great Western Railway Company has just equipped itself with special vans for sausage-carrying, wherein those important passengers are kept constantly fanned by gently wafted currents of cooled air. There may be warm days in summer when some over-heated and overcrowded third-class fares will long to join the less sultry sausages, but it is doubtful whether that would be permitted. Ham may not travel in horse-boxes (except in war-time, when, as soldiers, they often must), so why should they hope to ride in sausage vans? One point which remains to be discovered is whether the new type of rolling-stock will allow the character of the accommodation to be varied in order to suit the almost infinite variety of passenger. Will the sausage of Cambridge travel in exactly the same type of chariot as the sausage of Cumberland? Will the Frankfurter lie down with the Brunswick, the liver sausage with the salame? Will the portly and rubicund bolony be expected, as passenger, to fit into the same compartment as the pallid and attenuate chipolata? And fortunate it is that the Great Western does not run into Scotland, for otherwise most challenging point for precedence might arise over the haggis which, besides being an object of national reverence, might also claim to be super-sausage or head of the whole 'can.

Britain Builds Nine Aircraft Factories

LONDON.—Sir Philip Sassoon, Air Under Secretary, told the House of Commons that nine new aircraft factories are being built or will soon be constructed in line with Britain's rearmament program.

He said an airplane-body factory was being constructed at Birmingham and that the site for a second was being sought in Lancashire. A propeller factory will be erected near Bolton.

Of the six air-engine factories in construction, three are at Coventry, two are at Birmingham and one is at Bristol.

To prove the theory that Tristan da Cunha is part of an enormous continent, which once connected South America, Africa and Australia, a Norwegian scientific expedition will visit "the world's loneliest island."