Canada's Favourite Tea
"SALADA" TEA
507

HOSTAGE HEIRESS

By DAVID DRESSER

CHAPTER I

"Oh, Janet!" Gregory Gason beckoned to Janet Duane as she lingered at the top of the yacht's ladder, bidding farewell to her guests embarking for shore in the sleek motor launch. Gregory was older than Janet and her set and, in her eyes, was "thrillingly sophisticated."

"Come on, or we'll be stranded on board," she told him gaily.

"Why not?" He took Janet's arm and smiled down into her eager face. "I've made certain arrangements..." The tips of his fingers caressed her arm and set Janet's pulse beating a little faster.

"Arrangements?" she questioned.

"Exactly."

He knew precisely the right moment to release her arm and light a cigarette nonchalantly. They were alone now upon the deck of the Fleetwing, her father's palatial yacht. A silver moon rode overhead, and the smooth waters of Biscayne Bay glimmered softly.

Janet shivered a little as Gregory's gray eyes met hers. She felt poised upon the horizon of adventure. It was a night of enchantment.

The spell was suddenly broken by a swift roar from the motor of the launch. Janet ran to the rail with a little startled cry. Gregory followed her slowly, smiling with satisfaction.

"They've gone off and left us!" Janet cried.

"Isn't that too bad!" Gregory said calmly.

"It's not funny!" she stormed at him. "I told you we shouldn't linger here. They've all drunk so much champagne that they don't realize they've left us behind. We can't swim ashore!"

He shrugged. "I've been trying to arrange a moment alone with you for the last two weeks. But you're always surrounded by that crowd, who never seem to stop for breath."

"But we're absolutely marooned!" she wailed. "And there's no one else aboard except the crippled watchman."

"Quite true." Gregory flipped his cigarette into the water and turned to her with a faint smile. "I mentioned certain arrangements."

She stared at him. "You mean . . . you planned this?"

"Exactly," he told her urbanely. "The launch man was quite amenable to reason . . . in the form of a cash consideration. You've been avoiding me," he complained. "So I decided to take matters into my own hands."

Janet faced him in angry indecision. She was frightened—and yet, she was thrilled. Perhaps she had avoided being alone with him. Why? She knew the answer in her heart. He was different from the gilded youths with whom she had danced and played in New York and Miami. Much older, and with an air of mystery which youth always finds intriguing. She knew she had avoided him because she feared him.

"Most interesting," she said icily. "Is it your idea of good form to kidnap the hostess?"

"Oh, come," he murmured. "Kidnapping is hardly the word. You're aboard your father's yacht, you know. I assure you my intentions are strictly honorable. You forced me to this course as the only possible way of arranging a tete-a-tete."

"Tete-a-tete is a mild way of expressing it!" she retorted.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "I've been a brute to tease you like this. As a matter of fact," he lied swiftly, "the launch will return for us as soon as the others are put ashore. Everyone will think we were simply carelessly left behind. And in the meantime . . . we'll have an opportunity for a little chat in the lounge." He smiled convincingly.

"Oh!" Janet breathed in quick relief. "The launch will really come back?"

"Of course," he reassured her.

Time enough, he thought, for her to worry when the launch, following his instructions, did not return. He took her arm, leading her toward the lounge.

He opened the door with a flourish and motioned for her to enter. Glancing back, Janet saw the shrunken form of the watchman on deck as he went about the task of turning out all illumination excepting the riding lights fore and aft.

Then, Gregory softly closed the door, and they were alone in the snug lounge.

The Fleetwing was Cyrus Duane's pride and joy. Equipped with powerful engines, she was fast as a racing craft; and, designed by a famous firm of shipbuilders, she was a veritable floating mansion.

A curious strain of circumstances had served to anchor her in Biscayne Bay, unmanned, at the beginning of the winter season. Cyrus Duane was a hard man. Captain Coleman, master of the Fleetwing since the day she was launched, had discovered in his employer a man more stubborn than himself. There had been friction between master and owner on several occasions. A few weeks previously, this friction had developed into a bitter quarrel, and Captain Coleman had departed from the yacht, swearing he would never set foot on her deck again. The crew, loyal to their chief, had followed the captain ashore en masse. Cyrus Duane, in New York, had cursed roundly at the telegraphed news, but had delayed seeking a master and crew until he could come to Miami and assume the matter personal.

Janet, visiting friends in Miami, had commandeered the yacht for this night's party, employing a local firm of caterers to arrange all details of refreshments, music, and so forth.

Now, she sank into a deeply cushioned chair and breathed a tired little sigh. The party had been a grand success, but she was glad it was over. This was her first season, and already she was beginning to feel apathetic about parties. Life had proved desperately disappointing up to now. The endless round of social gaiety seemed unimportant somehow.

She wanted to live vividly. There must be much more to living, she thought, than she had discovered thus far. Sometimes she lay awake at night and longed for an opportunity to do something reckless; dreaming chaotic dreams of one day emerging into a world where she might live dangerously—love daringly.

She gazed at Gregory Gason speculatively. Her sense of inner excitement grew stronger. He sank into a chair before her. A little silence fell between them.

Gregory lit a cigarette. He must be very cautious—very careful not to frighten her. So much depended upon lulling her into a sense of false security, so that she would not immediately note the swift passage of time.

When she realized that the launch would not return, he hoped it would be too late for her to upset his carefully laid plans. He was a patient man. He had planned this coup patiently. Biding his time until circumstances conspired to aid his ends.

He congratulated himself, now, as he swiftly reviewed the perfection of his plot. It would be several hours, at least, before Janet would be missed. Morning, probably, before anyone would think to come to the yacht in search of her. And that would be too late. Who would believe her story? The launch tender was prepared to swear it was Janet who ordered him not to return.

Quite damaging enough evidence, Gregory reflected, to force a very handsome cash settlement from the millionaire, Cyrus Duane, to keep the matter quiet. Blackmail? Perhaps. But he was fully prepared to marry Janet, he reminded himself, should Cyrus feel his daughter's honor demanded such reparation. Of course he would marry her! Why not? She was the heiress to many millions, and undeniably attractive, besides.

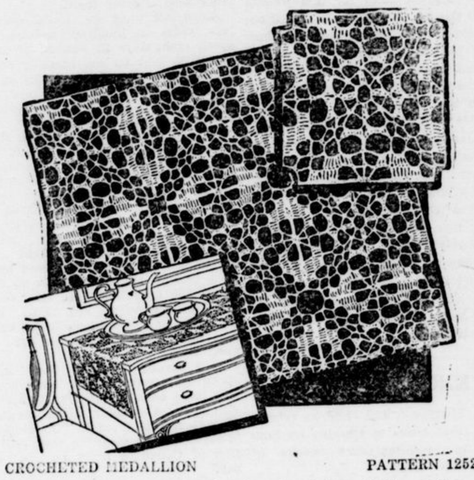
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Police May Adopt Homespun Dress

QUEBEC—Snappy homespun uniforms may replace the traditional blue serge which has garbed Quebec City policemen for generations, if a suggestion made by Quebec Mayor, J. E. Gregoire, is acted upon.

His Worship feels that the grey homespun uniforms would not only provide a decided contrast to the ordinary order of things, but would also encourage French-Canadian industry. There is a possibility of the law also being adorned with colorful woollen belts, such as those worn by snowshoers and "Coureurs des Bois" centuries ago. This is suggested as a tourist attraction.

Never Crocheted Before? You Can Do This Laura Wheeler Design



CROCHETED MEDALLION PATTERN 1252

You'd never guess that the charming design of this scarf was formed by joining simple 4½ inch medallions together! Just a bit of your leisure time now and then and you can crochet a lace cloth, spread or scarf that will be the envy of all who see it. Use string. Pattern 1252 contains complete directions for making the square and joining it to form a variety of articles; material requirements; illustrations of the square and of all stitches used; a photograph of the square.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 Adelaide West, Toronto. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Single Hair Often Sends Murderers To Gallows

Evidence of Sir Bernard Salisbury, Famous Pathologist, Feared; Makes No Mistakes.

LONDON.—Drop in at the Old Bailey, most dreary and historic of all London's famous courts, and they will whisper to you that the person in the witness box giving evidence on behalf of the prosecution in a sensational murder trial can hang you with a single hair.

They will also tell you that, next to the gallows, murderers fear him more than anything on earth for it is a matter of record that at least a score of notorious murderers have paid the extreme penalty as a direct result of his evidence.

You can see for yourself that despite his 58 years he well deserves the reputation of being one of England's handsomest men. Furthermore, he is one of England's busiest men because they still murder people in this country; have very gruesome murders in fact, even though they have no gangster warfare as in the United States. Instead of shooting his victim down in broad daylight, the English murderer inclines towards more stealth and usually endeavors to conceal his crime.

An Exact Science

This is where the man in the witness box comes into the picture. He is Sir Bernard Spilsbury, government pathologist, who has made detection of crime an exact science. When he tells the judge and jury that a certain individual was murdered in a certain particular manner there are not "ifs" attached because, in his own estimation, Sir Bernard is always right.

Uncanny Accuracy

It is for this very reason that Sir Bernard is not exactly popular with barristers whose business it is to defend accused persons. Let Sir Bernard tell a jury how a crime was committed and if his evidence is against the accused the unfortunate person is as good as hanged. Only a few days ago an eminent lawyer protested that Sir Bernard is "almost a god in these courts, because no one is ever allowed to disbelieve what he says."

But Sir Bernard has an easy conscience for he has yet to be found in a mistake and has again and again demonstrated the uncanny accuracy of his work, as in the case of a young woman by the name of Molly Phillips who was found dead in Exmoor in 1931.

There was some doubt as to how she died, the body being found in a marsh with one arm missing, and nearby a hair was picked up. Sir Bernard concluded that the hair belonged to Mollie Phillips because it matched hair found on a brush she used the day before her disappearance.

But there were no roots attached to this particular hair, so Bernard concluded that it had been bitten off by an animal and similarly accounted for the missing arm, and established that she had fallen over a boulder face downward and been smothered. In this case, with a single hair he cleared everybody of suspicion; but there are cases in which he has figured where hair has identified the murderer.

Sealed Doom of Fox

It was Sir Bernard's evidence which sealed the doom of Sidney Albert Fox, who was hanged for murder of his 63-year-old mother in a Margate hotel bedroom after he had insured her life for £1,000. Sir Bernard exploded something of a bombshell when he told the court that the woman had died from strangulation, even though no outward evidence was available.

Fox had taken great pains to cover up his nefarious deed. He had set fire to the room and the defence was confident of an acquittal because there was no external marks of violence.

But they had not reckoned on Sir Bernard. First, his investigation revealed no trace of soot in the dead woman's windpipe, nor was there any carbon monoxide in her blood, proof positive that she had died before the fire started. Then, he discovered tiny bruises inside, the grim tale of how pressure had been applied until life was extinct.

AFTER EVERY MEAL
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
AIDS DIGESTION

Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan

YOUR FAVORITE DESSERT — ICE CREAM — EASILY MADE

Ask any Canadian what his favorite dessert is and the answer will be "ice cream." Some may say ice cream and cake, others ice cream and apple pie, but ice cream is the favorite throughout the country.

You all remember the old methods of making ice cream. You cooked the custard foundation, boiled the sugar, melted marshmallows and did a whole lot of tedious tasks to get a quart of the family's favorite dish. In fact, we know of one "horse and buggy" era recipe which required 14 different steps. But that is all over and hundreds of housewives are getting a big thrill out of the ice cream powder which can be purchased so cheaply and easily now. There are all kinds of flavors and even one unflavored powder which gives you the chance of adding your own favorite flavor. From ice cream powder you can now make delicious desserts in a few easy steps.

When serving ice cream let your imagination do the decorating. There are many tricks that add novelty and finer flavor to this old favorite. Sauces, for instance, are particularly good to pep up ice cream and either chocolate or butterscotch is always popular. Maple syrup, nuts, coconut and whipped cream will enable you to make very professional looking sundaes right at home.

Here are a few recipes using the new ice cream powder and we'll guarantee that you and your family will be more than pleased with the results.

COFFEE CARAMEL ICE CREAM

4 tablespoons sugar
½ cup strong coffee
½ cup milk
½ package (scant 1-3 cup) unflavored ice cream powder.
1 cup cream whipped.

Carmelize sugar until golden brown. Add coffee gradually and stir until dissolved. Add milk very gradually to ice cream powder, stirring until dissolved, then add coffee-caramel mixture. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze as rapidly as possible. Stir when frozen ¼ inch thick on sides and twice more at 20-minute intervals. Freezing time: about 3 hours. Makes ¾ quart.

For 1½ quarts, double the recipe above, using full contents of package. Freeze in one or two trays 3 to 6 hours.

RASPBERRY SHERBET

2 cups crushed red raspberries
1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons lemon juice
1 package strawberry flavored ice cream powder.

Force berries through sieve; add sugar and lemon juice. Measure and add enough water to make 5 cups. Add this mixture very gradually to ice cream powder, stirring until dissolved. Freeze in freezer. Makes 2 quarts sherbet.

Baked Alaska is the last word in fancy ice cream deserts, but you can get the same effect with a lot less effort by placing small squares of cake on a board, top with ice cream and mask with meringue. Place the board in hottest oven to brown the meringue quickly and serve at once. This dessert will call forth cheers from the family and because it is so quickly and easily made, it can be served often.

To ensure that postmen will deliver particular letters only into the hands of persons to whom they are addressed, Czechoslovakia has issued a special triangular stamp.

Glamor Is Superficial; Charm Vital

English Writer Explains Why Glamor Boys and Girls of Hollywood Leave Her Cold.

In these days when the teaching of human relations invades even the best-seller lists and everyone is interested in captivating everyone else, charm and glamor are confusing many people. Mme. Marceline D'Alroy, English writer and lecturer on these subjects, explained both qualities and still had time to announce that the glamor boys and girls of Hollywood left her cold.

Mme. D'Alroy, who has sailed after a vacation here, has been in America before as charm consultant in department stores to instruct customers and employees how to develop their charm.

"Charm is the best inside a person, expressed outwardly, gestures and manners, speech, gestures and clothes," she said, "while glamor merely is a commercial fake, put on the outside only, like make-up. Glamor is a superficial quality, but charm is vital."

With her black hair seeming even blacker against her wide-brimmed white straw hat and her smile and wit both quick to flash, Mme D'Alroy looked qualified to describe charm.

"Springboard for Development"

She favors the current craze in America to teach personality because, although formulae for charm are "ridiculous," they teach people to think about being attractive and "act as springboard" for development.

American women are the most beautiful in the world, she said, partly because of their lack of self-consciousness.

"They have confidence in themselves, their clothes. They are conscious of self, but not self-conscious. English women are too self-conscious, and it shows in their faces."

She admires the way American women dress and sees a trend this autumn toward black dresses, in which a woman looks "dowdy, dangerous or distinguished . . . and American women have enormous distinction."

English men, however, she considers the peers of American men in the matter of clothing because they prefer one good suit to two less good ones. English men wear a suit even if it is rather old, but because the suit is really good it remains attractive.

Young People Not Too Wild

Mme. D'Alroy believes that American men have more freedom in their choice of clothing. A man in England usually gives away his occupation by his dress—bowler hat and white shirt for a lawyer, for instance — but in America an automobile salesman is liable to wear the same model suit worn by a dentist or a banker.

"I do not believe young people here today are too wild," she said, in discussing the so-called younger generation. "They are far older than English young people and far more sophisticated, though. One thing I disapprove of is drinking at an early age. Liquor is a stimulant and it's a contradiction of terms for youth to need a stimulant."

Urge Women Seek Important Posts

University Women Told Canadians Hold Too Few Administrative Positions

TORONTO. — That the time has come when the International Federation of University Women should come to grips with problems taking the attention of the world, was the general opinion of the International Conference Committee meeting in Paris, Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, of Winnipeg, told the Canadian Federation in convention this week at the Toronto University Women's Club.

Great care had to be taken, she stated, that nothing was done which would cause other governments to forbid, as Germany and Italy, their federations from taking part in international programs or problems. Any communication with members of the German federation was utterly impossible, Mrs. McWilliams said. Mrs. McWilliams, a former president of the Canadian Federation, is slated to succeed Miss Isabel Brittain, Montreal, as Chairman of the International Relations Committee of the Canadian Federation.

Canada is behind the more enlightened countries in appointing women to administrative posts, the Committee on Education found. The committee recommended that the federation use its influence to encourage appointment of women in education work; that women be encouraged to qualify for higher administrative posts and be aggressive in applying for them; also that university women take deeper interest in educational administration in their own communities by attending, or securing reports of, meetings of Boards of Education. The position of Inspector of Schools is the highest administrative post that has ever been held in Canada by a woman, it was pointed out, and there have been only four such appointments, all of them in post-war years. In England, out of 365 inspectors, 81 are women, and in the United States a third of county superintendents are women, research revealed.

"I have so much trouble with sluggish drains"
"Use GILLETT'S LYE. It clears the dirt right out"

Cuts right through clogging matter

● Just use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye regularly . . . and you'll keep toilets, tub and sink drains clean and running freely. It will not harm enamel or plumbing. Banishes unpleasant odors as it cleans.

Gillett's Lye makes light work of dozens of hard cleaning tasks . . . saves you hours of drudgery. Keep a tin always on hand!

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

FREE BOOKLET — The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells how to use this powerful cleanser for dozens of tasks. Send for free copy to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

A MILD BRIGHT CIGARETTE TOBACCO IN THE BIG PACKAGE
10¢
TINS 25¢

BABY'S OWN SOAP
Best for You and Baby too

Issue No. 37—'37

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO