

Of Special Interest to Women Readers

THE AVENGER

by Walter Forder

ON WRECKER'S HILL

In the deserted house the search continued from room to room. Prying, peering, and where necessary forcing and breaking. Secret after secret was disclosed.

Deep in the cellars lay a bulky stock of illicit whiskey, ready for transportation by road, and there too, they came upon the dressing room for the man and the woman, with its pots of luminous paint. High up in the look-out tower the mechanism was stopped after a brief examination; at hand lay field and night glasses and a powerful telescope.

The sergeant peered out towards the sea and an exclamation broke from his lips. Suddenly through the wrack of storm clouds a yellow moon broke and illuminated the countryside.

"Look here, sir," he exclaimed, "what's your opinion of that?" By his side, Hunter followed the indicating finger.

"For generations a hillock of the sand dunes, which rose up, had borne an evil name. It was called Wrecker's Hill, and upon it Cruc Coppper, the pirate and wrecker, so they said, had lured to destruction many a brave ship, and the spot was haunted. A dominating note of the countryside, it commanded all about like an ancient British earthwork.

The Gibbet Outlined
Deserted always, it now arrested their gaze. A figure stood on its crown waving long and ungainly arms.

They strained their eyes, for the moon although a great orange disc gave little light by reason of the scurrying clouds.

It was the figure of a tall man lifting his arms and addressing something higher than himself.

"What is it?" rumbled the sergeant.

"Look to me like our friend, Cranston."

"Jove, you're right, sir; but what's he doing out there?" As though to help their puzzled eyes a cloud cleared from the moon and a fitting beam lit up the scene they sought to understand.

A gibbet. The gaunt outlines of a hanging post towered above Cranston.

But its sinister outline was bulked up with something else, for from the extended arm there swung another figure, bulky and lumpy. Its head had dropped forward and it swayed in the wind.

The sergeant rubbed his eyes. The events of the night descended upon him like a deluge. His brain, trained by long years of routine and procedure was glutted, and he stared blankly, a victim to mental indigestion.

"There goes the last victim," said Hunter in a constrained voice.

"You mean that he's got Benson?"

"Yes, unless I'm greatly mistaken, the swinging figure is Benson, the last of the trio."

Solemnly across the night came the deep baying of a hound and the slightly luminous figure of a big dog leapt from hillock to hillock baying and snarling in its rage.

Cranston turned, they saw him plainly, to face the dog.

Dog At His Threat
With a last howl the great animal

sprang at the throat of the exulting man.

"Quick," cried Hunter, "that's Benson's hound; he'll tear the life from the Scarecrow; we can't afford to lose him."

He raced down the long stairway with the sergeant panting hard behind him.

The rank and file of the police, not to be outdone in such a matter, decided to follow rather than face the terrors of that house. P. C. Bright brought up carefully in the rear, a point he always selected in all such affairs as enabling him to observe more clearly every happening.

It also placed him at an advantage should events reverse.

Quick as they were, Cranston was quicker. They caught one fleeting glimpse of him battling with the hound with the superhuman strength with which he was gifted.

Breathlessly they reached the hillock and passed at the sight of Benson swishing from the gallows. Beneath him the sand and grass were furrowed and torn by the weight of the man and the dog.

Of the man there was no sign, but from the dark came the whimpering of the dog.

"Poor old lad," Hunter petted him. "A decent dog is not expected to brave such affairs. Come, boy." He patted the hound, which lifted its muzzle and snuggled towards him, averting his gaze as a human being might have done, from the sight of his master swinging and twisting in the night wind.

Away in the village, inland, another scene was taking place that is worth while recording.

The Last Name
Mine host of the village inn was lighting his crozier off from their "sticking-in." Things had got to such a pass that every man went about after dark with a thick cudgel and a lantern.

Moving away towards their cottage homes west the night's customers, with their lanterns swinging and bobbing in the distance of that stormy night like gigantic glow-worms.

As they passed out of view, old Margate, the innkeeper, turned to retire within, preparatory to a very special locking up and barring of all doors.

His eye from its corner glance told him that a fitting shadow had mounted the short chimney wall that faced his establishment.

With his heart beating, he held aloft his own lantern, and there saw the figure which afterwards made him famous in the history of Wintersea as a teller of thrilling yarns—and true.

Sprawling bat-like across the end of the large white tombstone, which already bore the names of the three doomed men, he saw a tall-misshapen fellow stretch his arm and, with a sweeping movement, strike the last name through with a black slash.

The Fight At The Farm
Grey Hill Farm, the queer, rambling and tumble-down building rented by Cranston, stood adjoining the highroad to Owl's Croft.

It fitted its tenant to a nicety with its misshapen outbuildings and twisted chimneys, and it spraddled and sprawled in imitation of the Scarecrow.

Following his appearance after the hanging of Benson on the gibbet, guards were posted over the many avenues of escape. There were known secret passages in Owl's Croft, all of which were closely watched by police in hiding at points near their entrances. There were others in Benson's house and these, with the summer-house, and the cave entrance on the beach, all had their observers.

Hunter and Digby elected to watch the Grey Hill Farm house. It was a depressing task for an active man like Hunter to crouch for hours in a muddy dyke, as a shelter from the piercing wind.

He was sure that eventually Cranston would make for the last stronghold, and there was nothing to do but watch and wait for the last home-coming of that remarkable creature.

Wavering Voice
The grim gallowas had been removed and the last remains of Benson lay awaiting the coroner's inquest in an outhouse of the local inn.

Stepping out briskly, Digby made his way to the Gray Hill Farm, where he scrambled down into the dyke which sheltered Hunter.

Hunter studied the grey sky and discussed the possibility of rain, a not cheerful thought.

"Not, I think, whilst this wind continues," volunteered Digby. He paused and listened.

From somewhere in the tract of land between the three houses

Lords of the Open Road

Sunlight falling across the hills—The old grey hills we love; Murmuring voice of a thousand rills,

And the sailing clouds above; Who could wish for a fairer day? Shoulder the sacks, and we'll soon away,

Up and out where the breezes play, Lords of the Open Road.

Sunset tints and the peeping stars, And the valley road in sight; Saffron glow over ebon scars, And the sudden chill of night;

Who can dream of the joy we know, Ruddyly tanned, with hearts aglow,

Carolling as we homeward go, Lords of the Open Road? —Donald Corrie, in "Chambers' Journal."

Start Your Fall Knitting Now With This Laura Wheeler Design



KNITTED BOLERO SUIT PATTERN 1834

A knit bolero suit—first in the Fall fashion parade—easy to do! Pattern 1834 contains directions for making the bolero and skirt in sizes 16-18 and 28-40; illustrations of them and of stitches; materials required.

Send 20 cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 75 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

COOLING DRINKS

There is no one beverage in the modern household; there are many, each with a special goodness for certain times and places. Coffee is a family favourite for breakfast and dinner and also has its place in formal and informal entertaining. Tea needs no exposition of its place in entertaining. With chocolate syrup in the refrigerator, you will be ready to serve any number of delicious fountain drinks for the children though adults love these too. Then there are fruit drinks that are particularly welcome as thirst quencher during the hot summer days and so easy to make when fresh fruit is in season.

Here are a few ideas which will aid you in serving delicious and novel beverages during the summer.

ICED COFFOLATE
4 tablespoons ground coffee
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces
6 cloves
4 inch piece of stick cinnamon
Dash of salt
4 cups milk
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
Add coffee, chocolate, cloves, cinnamon, and salt to milk, and heat in double boiler until the chocolate is melted. Strain immediately. Combine flour and sugar. Add liquid, cook 15 minutes, or until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, cool slightly, and pour over egg. Chill. Pour over cracked ice in tall glasses. Top with whipped cream if desired. Serves 4.

ICED COFFEE
Use 1½ heaping tablespoons of ground coffee for each cup (½ pint) of water. Make by any method desired. Pour freshly made hot coffee over cracked ice. The extra strength is necessary on account of the melting ice. (Left-over coffee makes an unsatisfactory beverage.)

PARTY PUNCH
4 cups sugar
8 cups water
Juice of 12 lemons
4 cups pineapple juice
2 cups canned crushed pineapple
24 maraschino cherries, quartered
Orange and lemon slices
½ pint carbonated water
Bolt sugar and water together 10 minutes. Cool. Add fruit juice and crushed pineapple. Chill. Just before serving, add cherries, fruit slices, and carbonated water. Pour immediately over ice. Makes about 6 quarts punch. This may also be served in large punch bowl with a block (2 quarts) of orange ice.

LOGANBERRYADE
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
½ cup loganberry juice
Juice of 1 orange
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup canned crushed pineapple
½ cup strong tea
1 cup carbonated water
1 pint ginger ale
Bolt sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add fruit juices, pineapple, and tea. Let stand 1 hour. Strain over cracked ice. Just before serving, add carbonated water and ginger ale. Garnish with thin slices of orange. Makes 1½ quarts punch.

SYRUP SAUCE
1 cup Bee Hive Golden or White Corn Syrup
1 egg
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon St. Lawrence or Durham Corn Starch
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
1-8 teaspoon salt
Dissolve corn starch in milk and add to beaten egg. Put all except vanilla in top of double boiler. Mix well and cook over hot water until thick enough. Stir frequently. Take from fire and add vanilla. Nice for children, especially over corn starch, rice cottage pudding, etc.

Doll-Sized Hat For Fall Wear

Paris Models Are Decked Like Nothing That Ever Was

They say we are to wear doll-sized hats this autumn. And we see the Paris models, tiny and decked like nothing that ever was on sea or land.

Well, we may go loony in our gayer moments, but there are still a lot of hats that cover the head, are becoming, even to the not-so-beautiful, and are just good practical stuff, and with a lot of style, too.

Trend Is Important
Nevertheless, the trend toward tiny hats for autumn is important. And many of the doll hats being shown are exquisite and becoming to their wearers. Schiaparelli introduced these mid-size chapeaux last April and they have "caught on," as most of this couturier's creations have a habit of doing.

There are stylists who believe that the small hats will be worn by all women on every occasion, day and evening. They are being shown in every part of the fashionable world.

Then there is the Watteau influence — you know, the shallow crowns, high in back, perched forward on the head with elaborate trimming of flowers, feathers, lace and ribbon. One such hat was swathed in veiling, with a "nest" of that diaphanous material containing birds. They come not only in the doll size, but berets and profile effects.

Dogs More Careful Than Glamour Girls

A dog star in the movies has to watch his diet like a glamour girl.

He exercises oftener than the most demure Tarzan.

He enjoys a longer average popularity than human actors.

This insight into the canine side of the cinema was given last week in Hollywood by Rud Weatherwax. He has developed many tail-wagging luminaries and now is handling Freddie, a wirehair, working with Freddie Bartholomew and Judy Garland in "Listen, Darling." Jeebie has his own stand-in, Hebbie, a six-month-old puppy.

"Tourists Are Attracted By Something Different"

Tourists want something different from their native localities and so Ontario people should retain the individuality of the province in the eyes of emulating the United States, Bart G. Sullivan, director of the Provincial Travel and Publicity Bureau, said last week in an address at Leamington.

Mr. Sullivan urged that the Canadian individuality be kept prominent. With inferior highways to the highways of Ontario, the Province of Quebec is a popular tourist attraction because the people there afford an atmosphere that is unique to the tourist, especially in the use of the French language, he said.

Mr. Sullivan called attention to signs he had seen in this province announcing "Southern cooking." This he said, should be changed to "Canadian cooking." Travelers do want something different to that which they get at home, he said.

An Important Industry
The tourist trade is one of the most important industries in Canada, he said, and should be encouraged.

Last year 9,000,000 persons spent a total of \$118,000,000 here.

"There has been no movement of people, modern or ancient, to compare with the mass that moves from the country to the south of us," he said.

"We must give the impression to the people that come here, not that they are cash customers, but paying guests," Mr. Sullivan cautioned.

Energy Behind Whistle

You might think that little energy is needed to blow a locomotive whistle. But you would be wrong, because train whistles use a considerable amount of steam.

An American expert has computed that 2,423,026 tons of coal are needed to raise the steam for blowing locomotive whistles every year.

Pocket Shock

Mrs. Carris Falls walked into the Internal Revenue Bureau at Los Angeles, California. . . asked how much her income tax would be . . . was told . . . fainted. Fire department crew had to be summoned to bring her back to reality.

Information Wanted

regarding the descendants of those who took part in, exhibited at, or attended the Canadian National Exhibition during its early years.

FOUNDERS' YEAR

This year marks the Diamond Jubilee of the Exhibition, and as such it has been set aside as "Founders' Year" in honour of those men and women who supported the Exhibition during those early years by their organizing ability, their exhibits or their attendance. A special effort is being made to locate as many as possible of the descendants of those far-seeing pioneers, and to hold a gala reunion on the opening day of the Exhibition.

For registration card write to or call in at Canadian National Exhibition office, 8 King St. West, Toronto.

New Attractions This Year

Royal Artillery Band
For the first time in history this famous band is leaving the British Isles to visit the C.N.E. Band concerts daily from the specially constructed Band Shell on the grounds.

Guy Lombardo... Tommy Dorsey
An enormous marquee has been erected covering a space 200 feet by 90 feet. Here the maestro's band and swing music will conduct their famous orchestras. Come and listen.

Come to this greatest summer Exhibition on earth. Agriculture, art, science, engineering, dramatics, exhibits by European countries. . . Horsemanship, stock judging, sailing, power boats, stunt drivers, fireworks. . . 350 acres of land and buildings.

DIAMOND JUBILEE 1879-1939
GEORGE BRIDGMAN, ELWOOD A. HUNTER, President, General Manager

THE WRONG NUMBER

The Welland County Temperance Union convention was in full swing at Niagara Falls. A speaker concluded, amid terrific applause, an impassioned attack on the Demon Drink.

The chairman rose: "And now," he said, "we'll all join in singing No. 7 in our song books."

There was a rustling of pages, a clearing of throats—and a sudden shocked silence. Song No. 7 was "There is a tavern in the town."

"It was all a mistake," explained the chairman. "In my book No. 7 is 'Get Together.'"

Yes, Sir— BEE HIVE Syrup is my morning cereal sweetener.

TRY IT TOMORROW

Issue No. 32-'38

There's An Art To Picture-Hanging

Which Is Worth Cultivating—Less Effort Is Required To Look Down at Paintings Than To Look Up at Them

Before rehanging the pictures in a room which has been newly papered or distempered it is often well worth while to reconsider their arrangement on the walls. If pictures are to play their proper part in the decoration of a room their positions should be thoughtfully planned and some care taken with their hanging.

Correct Line Is Important
People have different ideas about the height at which the pictures should be hung, but in general it can be said that they are hung higher than is necessary. In the Royal Academy (London) the "line" is regarded as the position in which a picture can be seen to the best advantage, and it will be found that the "line" is lower than the height at which pictures are hung in the average house.

Moreover, failing a place on the line, most artists would prefer to be hung below rather than above it. Less effort is required to look down at a picture than to look up at it; it should be remembered, too, that in an ordinary living room pictures are seen most of the time from a sitting position.

Again, the room itself is given an effect of height and spaciousness, if the pictures are hung slightly below the normal eye level. In an average room 9 ft. 6 in. high, the tops of the frames, irrespective of their size, are 5 ft. 9 in. from the floor line. A restful effect is produced by making the tops of all the frames conform to the same level, making a deep continuous fringe of wall space above them.

Another method is to hang all the pictures so that an imaginary line passes through their centres. And again, the lower edges of the frames can be aligned; but whatever plan is adopted it should be carried round the walls consistently so that the pictures take their place in relation to the architecture of the room instead of being mere appendages.

Some New Uses For Old Papers

Periodicals and Newspapers Can Be Made to Form Lining of Cushions or Mattresses

Each week housewives get rid of newspapers and periodicals that have accumulated over seven days to make a pile of "rubbish."

Perhaps you use newspapers to cover shelves and newly washed floors, but the domestic use goes not finish there.

A pile of newspapers and two or three old cushions make a really sturdy "mattress." Start with layers of newspaper cut to the shape of yourumpy, making a three inch foundation. A cushion comes next, followed by a solid mass of newspaper screwed into small bundles. Make this bundle-layer six inches deep before you add the second cushion and finish with layers of newspaper corresponding to the foundation. Cover with calico and then gay chintz.

Insect Proof
Picnic cushions and a play mattress for baby are made on much the same lines. Here the newspapers form a lining to the cushion or mattress cover and the about six sheets in thickness. Fill the centre of your cushion or mattress with tightly screwed balls of newspaper.

When storing furs or heavy clothing, remember that most insects do loathe the smell of newspaper. Put moth balls in the clothes, then roll in sheets of newspaper and you can be certain that no harm will come to them during the summer months. The housewife should have newspapers handy at the sink to rub greasy plates before they go into the dish pan.

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Of THE

I found sweetening my morning cereal with BEE HIVE Syrup aids digestion.

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