

B.C. Girl Wants To Train Fliers

Vancouver-Born Aviatrice With 1,200 Hours in the Air Volunteers Services

Helen Harrison, who has a head of unruly light brown curls and 1,200 flying hours to her credit, is willing to train aviators to serve in the war.

The Vancouver-born girl, who gave stunting displays in her yellow "moth" plane at the Canadian National Exhibition, is a licensed instructor and helped train 1,000 men for the South Africa air force reserves.

Learned in England

Six years ago she went up for a joyride and promptly decided to make a career of it. That was in England, where she was educated. She learned to fly at the London Airplane Club in Hatfield and not long afterward went to South Africa.

Miss Harrison, five feet six inches tall in flat-heeled shoes and wearing a deep tan from wind and sun, said she may possibly be used to help train men for the Royal Canadian Air Force.

BEAUTY HINT



The Perm is given new elegance in this hair dress designed by Gaudreau for Hosiery Russell. Back and front hair are separated with brown-green perm. From a left front part the hair is twisted up and back in a roll ending in two flat curls, and is caught thickly to hold above the curls with a wide grosgrain bow.

Your Textile Dictionary

Know Your Fabrics When You Go Shopping

Batik—A figured fabric produced with a wax resist and successive dyeings or paintings, after an ancient Japanese process.

Brocade—Figured silk fabric, usually of many bright colors and raised designs, made on the loom by floating wefts on satin or grosgrain grounds.

Chintz—From the Hindia "chint," meaning "colored." Close-woven cotton, printed in soft color and fine designs.

Cretane—From the French village, Creton; printed cotton of heavier texture and bolder design than chintz. If linen, it is called "printed linen."

Damask—A reversible fabric, usually in one or two colors, woven with the lines of the figures running in the opposite direction from those of the ground.

Glaized Chintz—Chintz with its surface treated by sizing and calendering to obtain a glossy and stiff texture.

Grosgrain—Ribbed on rep silk, woven with heavy woft threads covered with fine warps. A heavy ribbed taffeta.

Moire—A rep which has acquired a wafled appearance in passing, dampened, between cylinders which flatten the surface in irregular wavy lines.

Poplin—A finely woven fabric of silk or high-lustre cotton yarns, with light cross-ribs and very fine warp.

Rep—A ribbed fabric made of silk, mercerized cotton or wool, having fine warp threads covering the entire surface.

Satin—A plain fabric with a lustreous face. This effect is obtained by throwing most of the warp on the surface.

Spun Silk—Silk yarn made from silk waste, such as pierced cocoons and weaving-mill waste. It makes a heavier and less lustrous yarn.

Taffeta—A plain and closely-woven, very smooth silk fabric, with warp and weft of the same or nearly the same count.

Velours—A cut-pile fabric of more open weaves than velvet, with the rows of pile showing distinctly against the ground. French for velvet.

Velvet—A pile fabric, forming its soft, compact surface by a second warp, woven into loops and then cut, or left as woven.

Warp—The threads which run the length of the cloth and are first set up in the loom.

Weft—The threads which run from one selvage of the cloth to the other, also woft or filling.

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OUT of the NIGHT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
PRISCILLA PIERCE—heroine, young woman attorney.
AMY KERR—Cilly's roommate and murderer's victim.
JIM KERRIGAN—Cilly's fiancé.
HARRY HUTCHINS—Amy's strange visitor.
SERGEANT DOLAN—officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Last week: The case of Amy Kerr is complicated when Cilly receives a surprise card from Jim Kerrigan, advising he had taken the first plane to Utah. She then thought of the Utah clipping. Then Sergeant Dolan knocks at the door.

CHAPTER VI
Cilly led Sergeant Dolan into the living room, remembering as she did so, that she had not as yet tidied it. The bridge table was still set up as it had been the night before when Amy and she played against Jim and Harry Hutchins. There were ashes and cigarette butts in the various ash-trays, and they lent a stale odor to the room.

Sergeant Dolan looked around, and Cilly knew that his sharp eyes were not missing one detail.

"Have a good night's rest?" he asked, pleasantly enough.

"Fairly," she answered.

One could not put too much faith, she was thinking, in Sergeant Dolan's pleasant manner. It was reflected in the careless, good-natured bulk of his six feet two, in the lightness of his speech, in the wide smile which came so easily to his lips. But his rather small, quick eyes belied all that. They were shrewd and cunning. They were the eyes of the professional man-hunter, and Cilly made a mental note that she must not be deceived by his friendliness. She must wait to hear from Jim before she took Sergeant Dolan into her confidence.

"I'm sorry to say, Miss Pierce," the sergeant said, seating himself in the most comfortable armchair, "that this matter of Miss Kerr's—er—accident, presents itself in rather a different light this morning."

Cilly sat down opposite him. "So you've seen Mrs. Corbett then?" she asked.

"Who is Mrs. Corbett?" he countered.

"A neighbor from across the street. She called a few minutes ago— with some rather startling information. I suggested that she get in touch with you immediately."

"Um-m-m-m." Dolan scratched his chin. "Just what was this very startling information?" he asked.

Cilly hesitated. It would be wiser at present, she decided, to do no more talking than was necessary.

"Perhaps it would be better," Sergeant Dolan, she suggested, "for you to hear Mrs. Corbett's story from her. She intended to phone you, I believe."

Dolan looked at Cilly shrewdly. "Here's a girl," he thought, "who's nobody's fool."

Very Few Friends
Cilly named a modest but well-known clubhouse in the Seventies.

"Did she have many friends?"

"Very few, I should say. Amy was a stranger in the city. I understood that she came from a town called Interlaken, in New Hampshire, where she had lived with an aunt. She came to New York less than a year ago and happened to find this position as secretary to Harvey Ames, of the real estate firm. They have offices on the very same floor as ours."

By No Means Unhappy
In his book, Sergeant Dolan wrote: "See Harvey Ames."

"What company did you say you were with, Miss Pierce?" he asked.

"Crowell and Burns, attorneys."

"Secretary, I suppose."

"No, junior attorney. I was admitted to the bar two years ago."

Sergeant Dolan raised his eyebrows. He looked Cilly over with a new respect dawning in his eyes.

"You don't say! Quite a youngster to be a full-fledged lawyer aren't you?"

"I'm 27."

"Twenty-seven, eh? Well, you don't look it. Not a bit of it. And how old was Miss Kerr?"

"She was younger than I. We celebrated her 25th birthday together only a few weeks ago."

Sergeant Dolan nodded. His eyes, never quiet for a second, were still roving about the room. They saw everything and they saw through everything. It seemed to Cilly. He went on:

"Was she unhappy about anything? Worried?"

"Not at all."

"Had she quarreled with anybody? Was there anybody, as far as you know, whom she particularly hated or feared?"

"Nobody that I ever heard of. Of course, she didn't speak of her own past very much."

"Wasn't that unusual?"

Women Make Suggestions

On Public Needs — Women's Institute Members Name What's Wrong with Civic Governments

Women have their own ideas on what's wrong with their city, a recent Women's Institute roll call at St. John, N.E., disclosed. The women say the city's greatest needs are:

An organization for the suppression of malicious gossip.

A town manager and a woman councillor.

Enforcement of the by-law prohibiting expectation on the city streets.

Enforcement of regulations regarding the protection of food-stuffs offered for sale.

Regulation to keep little children off the streets at night.

Appointment of a truant officer to check up on the children absent from school.

Arrangement by which all street sweeping and cleaning is done at night.

Not with Amy. She was naturally a reticent person; she never forced herself upon anyone.

For the first time, Cilly understood the attraction between Amy and Harry Hutchins. They were so totally different.

"Did she ever tell you why she left New Hampshire?"

"No. I assumed it was for the same reason that thousands of girls leave small towns for New York. To seek a career."

"Never mentioned any trouble at home?"

"No."

"Never spoke of any enemies?"

Again Cilly shook her head. "I'm sure Amy didn't have an enemy in the world."

She Was Murdered

Sergeant Dolan leaned forward in his chair. His sharp brown eyes looked deeply into Cilly's gray ones.

"She must have had an enemy, Miss Pierce," he said. "Somebody wanted her out of the way. She did not fall from the roof, as we had thought last night. She was murdered!"

He wondered why Cilly showed no surprise.

"I know it," she said dully.

"Yes. That is what Mrs. Corbett told me. Her mother saw someone—some man—throw Amy off the roof."

"For Heaven's sake, why didn't you tell me?" he demanded irritably.

"You said that Mrs. Corbett had already communicated with you."

Dolan nodded his head abruptly.

"Yes, she asked me to stop in and see her. I haven't done it yet. There's always a dozen people all ready with startling information in a case like this. What did she say?"

"Her mother saw Amy flung bodily from the roof. Some criminal, some maniac, she supposed."

Unconsciously Cilly shuddered at the recollection. That terrifying, pitch-black roof. Not Dracula by there, no foolish figure of a silly imagination. But a real flesh-and-blood murderer. A fiendish trap had been laid up there, and Amy walked into it blindly.

Dolan shook his head negatively.

"More to it than that, I'm afraid. The medical examination this morning disclosed no evidence of criminal attack, such as might be attributed to a degenerate, or a maniac. But it did disclose something else—something very curious . . ."

"What was it?"

"The girl was strangled—brutally strangled with a piece of ordinary clothesline—before she was thrown from the roof."

(To Be Continued)

TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

FAVORITE SMALL PASTRIES
With the return of Autumn, in preparing our menus, it is quite natural that pastries will be appearing a little more frequently as the fresh fruits for desserts gradually disappear. The tart has become a universal favorite and a rival of the pie. These small pastries can be as plain as you wish or as dainty and frivolous and as "partifized" as you desire. Fillings and garnishes can all be planned according to the individual requirements and demands of the household. There is a certain definite daintiness in its individual form—and most practical as the lunch box provides an opportunity for individualizing it.

Pastry for tarts to be perfect must be of a flaky nature.

I am giving you the favorites of my household:

BUTTER TARTS
2½ tablespoons butter
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten well
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup shredded coconut
½ cup chopped pecans

Have tart pans ready lined with pastry. In the meantime cream the butter, add the sugar, egg, then fruit, nuts and vanilla. Fill tins within an eighth of an inch of the

top of dish. Bake in hot oven until light brown.

BUTTERSCOTCH TARTS
1 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 egg yolks
1 cup milk
1 Tablespoon fruit sugar
2 egg whites

Boil brown sugar, butter and water together until sugar is dissolved. Mix milk, cornstarch and egg yolks, well beaten together, and add to sugar syrup. Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Add vanilla. Place meringue on top made by adding teaspoon cornstarch, egg whites and sugar, beaten in usual meringue manner. Bake 15 minutes a light brown.

BANBURY TARTS
¼ cup chopped raisins, dates, currants
1 tablespoon chopped citron peel
¼ cup chopped walnuts
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs

Juice and rind of one lemon

Mix first six ingredients together, then add egg, lemon, and rind and mix thoroughly together. Have plain flaky pastry ready, roll out to usual pastry thickness and cut in pieces four inches square. Put a small amount of mixture on each piece. Fold in envelope style, moistening edges with cold water. Then mark the edge with fork. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes until pastry is brown.

PECAN TARTS
1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup brown sugar
1-8 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 cup milk

Laura Wheeler Chair Set Easily Done In Separate Medallions



DAISY BASKET **PATTERN 2281**

Crochet these easy baskets—fill them one by one with identical daisy medallions and you'll have this lovely chair set! Use the medallions alone for scarfs. Pattern 2281 contains directions for making set; illustration of it and of stitches; materials needed.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft, Dept. 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

German Women Allowed Only Two Dresses

They May Not Buy Anything New Till They've Used Up Old Clothing, According to Ordinance

The new German rationing law places no restriction on the amount of clothing a German woman may possess, but she must be allowed down to the extremity of "not having a single thing to wear" before she may buy something new.

A woman in Germany, under the present regulations, may not buy anything new if she has:

- Two dresses.
- Three sets of underwear.
- Two nightgowns or pyjamas.
- Two petticoats.
- Six pairs of stockings.
- Six handkerchiefs.

Men's Shaving Soap Restricted

Men have to get along with two suits and three shirts. But what might be more embarrassing to them is the fact that they are permitted only one stick of shaving soap for five months.

Two pairs of shoes will suffice for both men and women.

Men, however, are favored by the Government in that they are permitted to possess two pairs of winter gloves, whereas a woman has to get along with one pair.

A FLASHING SMILE



... teeth kept bright and attractive with the help of WRIGLEY'S GUM.



GET SOME TODAY!

- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon almond extract
- ½ cup chopped pecans
- Mix flour, sugar, and salt. Add beaten eggs and milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick—add the nuts and flavoring. Pour into pastry lined tart tins and bake for 2 minutes in hot oven. Whipped cream added to top, when cool, lends a delicious flavor.

Your Household Problems

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fall? Then write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Sadie B. Chambers, care of this paper, and she will endeavor to solve your problems.

Deep Breathing Achieves Poise

Awkward, Nervous People Usually Breathe Incorrectly

Correct breathing will give you poise.

Is your voice high and shrill? Are your gestures quick and jerky? Do you dart here and there and bump into furniture? In cooking do you burn yourself often? Do dishes slip from your hands and smash? Do you narrowly miss being run down by taxi cabs? Do you arrive wherever you are going in a state of breathlessness?

Then undoubtedly you lack poise and it is equally certain that you habitually breathe short, quick breaths from the upper part of the chest. Mental poise will deepen your breathing automatically—but deep, rhythmic breathing will restore your mental serenity automatically, too.

Circulation Will Respond

If your household seems to be a series of disasters, stop and do a little deep breathing. It may seem to slow you up, but you won't have so many mistakes to correct.

If the world seems all wrong, breathe deeply. Your circulation will respond and give you a sense of poise and well being again.

"INSIDE INFORMATION"
For indigestion or constipation CLEANSE INTERNALLY the tea-cup way Garfield Tea acts promptly, pleasantly. MILDLY. Not a cure-all, but certainly effective in relieving constipation. A drug-store—25c and 50c. FREE SAMPLE Write to Garfield Tea Co.



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1 Close Ave., Toronto 3, Canada

Uncovered

James Henderson of Chesterfield, Ont., was certain he lost his wallet while watching his brother-in-law, William Bell, plough a field. Careful search failed to bear results, so the field was reploughed and the wallet uncovered in the process.

Issue No. 38 — '39

DOUBLE AUTOMATIC BOOKLET

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

NONE FINER MADE

Technique Job

"Sell Yourself" vice to Applique Before A

Two women into the common getting technique persuaded the manager of a large store they heard of a young people's selves—and most of them takes.

They hadn't been going on before going on. That was a know nothing of it. They didn't even know the fact that they were they would be a long, tedious employer's question for selling themselves content with "Yes, sir" answers.

The women decided the screen divided persons who could not get pictures—one of them, the employer would have employer would be a chance on him.

A VARIETY OF THE



Modern Wars Not Decided

Last Official War in Grant

The last formal war was on May 16, 1918, Paraguay started hostilities in the Gran Chaco. During the World War as was the 23rd and last of the Allies by death against Germany July 11.

Underlined war in most goes back to Sept. 18, 1914 Japanese troops occupied tuck on Mukden, which later in the setting up of state of Manchoukuo.

Japan did not and had declared war in the convention of China.

There was no official declaration of war when Italy made Ethiopia in 1935 and there was no declaration of war over Albania in 1939.

Not Stumped

There's no stumping office officials.

A letter addressed to information booth, Toronto, delivered promptly—correctly—to Miss Barbara Han. It was from Miss D. or of Asheville, N. C., Miss Brennan for Miss Mrs. Fraser and her party a visit to the Queen City.