

Salada Orange Pekoe Blend gives greatest satisfaction

"SALADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA
"Fresh from the gardens"

Dashing Sports Woolen Dress

All Smart Folks Are Wearing Beneath Their Fur Wraps for Street

By ANNETTE



It's unquestionably chic in horizontal weave in yellow-beige and brown coloring.

It's a one-piece straightline type that is severely simple yet so utterly smart, lengthened with a flounce in double box-pleat effect, that curves downward toward the back from high point at centre-front.

A brown suede belt holds in fullness at normal waistline.

The notched rever collar and deep turn-back flaring cuffs are of plain yellow-beige woolen with machine stitching in two rows of brown around outer edges, which gives a nice tailored finish.

Brown bone buttons down centre-front carry out vertical line and give length to figure.

Style No. 193 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. In the medium size, it requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Flat silk crepe is well liked for sports and is attractive in dahlia-purple shade.

Wool jersey in hunter's green, midnight blue wool crepe, plum shade in self-checked covert cloth and gypsy red-canton creps smart.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.



WRIGLEY'S
WRIGLEY'S is good company on any trip.

It's delicious flavor adds zest and enjoyment. The sugar supplies pep and energy when the day seems long.

In short it's good and good for you.



Tells of Lindy's Air Circus Days

Details of Famous Flier's Career Revealed by Pal

Only three years before Colonel Lindbergh accomplished his epochal trans-Atlantic flight, the world's premier aviator made a precarious living, in a financial as well as a physical sense, by "barstorming" and putting on one-plane air-circuses in the small towns of the Middle West and Southwest.

Intimate memories of those care-free and romantic days, both thrilling and humorous, are told by Randy Enslow, now also a famous pilot, who was "Slim's" closest pal and business partner during that period. In the October issue of Popular Science Monthly.

"From Iowa we barnstormed down into Missouri and then over into Illinois," he writes, "spending most of a year (1924) at it. Slim was the cleanest fellow I ever knew. He didn't drink or smoke or swear. He had more nerve in the air and could do more with an old crate than any flier I've seen. The greatest exhibition of nerve in the air I can recall was the time Slim came closest to being killed."

"He was testing a new ship for Ben Bell in St. Louis. I stood in front of one of the hangars watching him. At 3,000 feet he tried to put the plane into a right spin so the torque, or twisting force, of the motor would help him get it out. He tried three times, but couldn't get it to spin. So he put it in a left spin, and down it came. For a thousand feet, with the wires screaming so they could be heard a mile away, he struggled to bring the ship out of that spin. Then he crawled out on the fuselage back of his seat, hanging on like a leech, ready to jump with his parachute. But he didn't jump. He pulled himself back into the cockpit again and came down 1,700 feet more, trying to save the ship. He was only 300 feet above the ground when he jumped, but he wasn't hurt a bit."

"Lindbergh and I always flew into a town with one of us walking out the wing to attract attention. Then we would throw out a couple of hundred handbills, printed on yellow paper. We had worked out the wording together. It read: 'Come out and get acquainted. This ship is made of wood and wired together. The wings are not covered with tin. It don't back up.'"

"Then we would land in a cow pasture, or baseball park, and invite passengers to go up at five dollars a ride. If nobody went up, we would fly away. Later, we would come back. When the people saw they couldn't keep us unless somebody went up, they got air-minded and climbed into the cockpit."

"We did everything that would bring in dimes. Sometimes we would race automobiles at country fairs. We got \$75 for each race. Above those little half-mile dirt-tracks we would have to bank the plane almost straight up and down and buzz around like a fly in a bottle. As I remember it, we always won. But we used to throttle down the motor until the last lap to give the spectators a run for their money. On that last lap, we would show the boys what the old ship could do."

"Once we flew into a town with Slim on the wing. When we landed, an old lady came up and asked: 'Which one of you young men was that out on the fender?'"

"At night we would stake the ship down, or tie its tail to a stump and leave it backed into the wind like a Missouri mule. One time, when we left it tied down like that in a field in Illinois, a tornado came through the country and headed right that way. But just before the twister reached the spot it, gave a jump and came down several miles beyond. The ship wasn't even scratched."

CHINESE PROVERBS

No needle is sharp at both ends. Everyone pushes a falling fence. A maker of idols is never an idolater. Free sitters grumble most at a play. He who rides on a tiger can never dismount. One dog barks at something, the rest bark at him. Freedom is not obtained by running away from it. Patient waiting may solve a problem when feverish activity fails. Italian bachelors are protesting against regulations imposed on them by Mussolini. But to the married man a Mussolini more or less makes little difference.

Check Falling Hair with Minard's.



The VANISHING MEN
By Richard Washburn Child

Peter DeWolfe had gone to London after the war for a reason typical of him.

For most Americans a single track success is an inspiration of life; there is a raw meat satisfaction in hewing to the line until some tree falls and also an instinct for playing the latest game. The true sense of play is a rare blossom to find growing on a family tree, rooted, as Peter's was rooted, in a bed of money.

Peter took an interest in living. The common run of bachelors who are provided simply with millions accept the alternative of going to hell or going to business; DeWolfe's imagination came to his rescue and provided him with a third choice which, in his quiet way, he seized about the time he left college. It was to live for the sake of living.

Dark skin, blue eyes, thin sensitive lips, the appearance of one well bathed in cold water, the flexible lean waist of a good horseman, the long muscular fingers of a good tennis player.

Some dried mummy from the sands of a prehistoric citadel. Bathed in some magic liquid, her limbs expanded to the lovely contour of girlhood, her face warmed with a renewed coursing of spirited blood.

"You've seen her!" exclaimed Benham.

"My dear fellow, I've never seen her; but I confess that as you talk about her I feel a little as if I had known her—long ago."

Benham said, "Perhaps you could lift the cover."

He stopped suddenly.

"And I'd like to have you meet Muriel, too. She's a very decent sort of sister. I've a mind to give you a letter to my mother and send you over the channel to loaf around in flannels at our place in the country."

Benham told more of the attractive Brena.

"Her father was a banished Greek patriot—a fighting professor of chemistry or something. And her mother was Irish."

Very well tell hosts like Muriel and her mother who had treated him as if he were the owner of the estate, that he had come to Beconshire not to see them. He was thinking that if they had not chosen to mention an acquaintance (other than the rather stiff and dull and correct persons who had come to tea almost every afternoon and to dinners) he could not very well mention this acquaintance!

Furthermore he had begun to feel that Muriel in some strange manner of her own had created an atmosphere of a proprietress.

"You were standing there under that beech tree," Muriel went on. "I thought—"

"What did you think?"

"That you were looking through the glass across the fields toward the place under the big trees—the place we call 'the Curate's' because one used to live there."

Peter might have spoken then to ask who now occupied the little gabled house, but his characteristic perversity added, at this moment, to his disinclination to disclose one of his reasons for idling under the Benhams' roof, prevented him from speaking.

After a long pause, he said, "I was looking around the country."

"I do not believe you," the girl said, jumping up with startling suddenness. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Into the house. I have a headache."

But at the vine-covered portico she turned and, making a pretty picture with her high color and her lean young body, called out, "Do you want a walk this afternoon—to Besman Wood?"

Muriel began that afternoon walk with great gaiety of spirits. She sang an old hunting song of quaint and engaging melody.

"Let's learn the song together," she said to Peter. "Look over there on the edge of the horizon. That square tower. That's Saint Dunstan's—the very tower in which the fox sought sanctuary in the song, the old song."

"Give me a letter to your family," said Peter finally. "I'm off for London to-morrow."

Muriel Benham was savagely a woman. She conceived woman as a species as distinct from males as flora is distinct from fauna.

And being a woman meant that her brown hair must be made attractive for the game which she executed with a good deal of dash, in a costume designed to keep freckles off a milk white skin. The same thought made her appear before Peter in the hedge-walled garden before breakfast clad in a part wisp and part fluffy gown with a basket of roses hung on one elbow.

"You do all things so well," said Peter with a great delight filling his being. "There is a thoroughness in your method which positively upsets me. I looked at the library in your study and as far as I can see you have spent your twenty years collecting, among others, books on how to do things—how to ride a horse, how to play golf, how to knit, how to cast a fly, how to speak Italian, how to grow roses and who knows what else."

The English girl was sincerely grateful to Peter. She said, "But I think it is all as nothing compared to the skill of being a woman—a fit woman—a woman whose one aim is to be a woman."

"You have attained it," said Peter. The girl tossed a ball up and caught it in her white skirt spread from knee to knee as she sat cross-legged upon the edge of the Benhams' lawn.

"Peter, I saw you before breakfast," she said. "From me—widow."

"You saw me?" he said. "Why didn't you call to me and say one of your cheery good morning?"

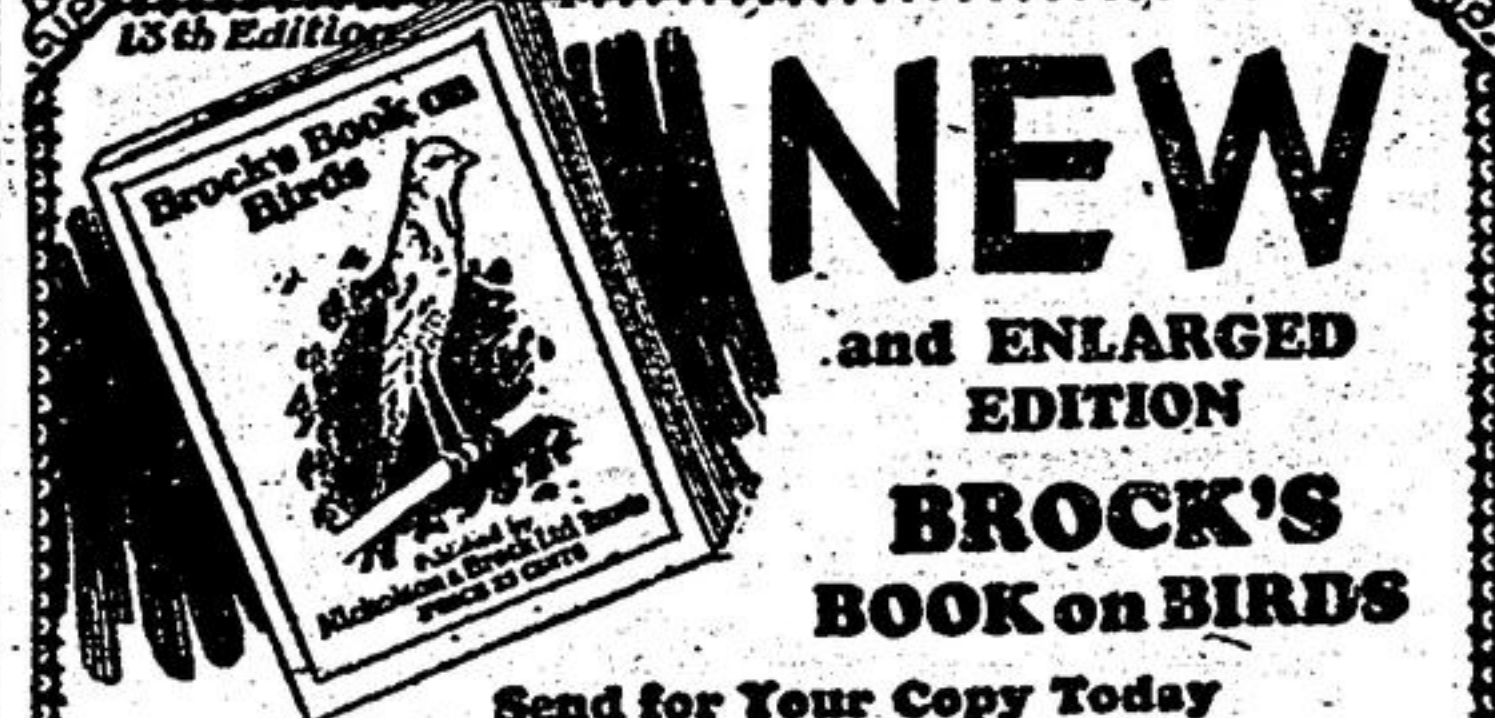
She leaned close. "Because I was waiting to see what you were doing."

"What was I doing?" said Peter.

"The telescope—father's telescope."

"Ho was thinking that one could not

ISSUE No. 8—'30



NEW and ENLARGED EDITION BROCK'S BOOK ON BIRDS

Send for Your Copy Today
This wonderful book on birds is a new and revised edition replete with 312 pages of valuable information on the care and feeding of cage birds; including 80 pages of practical advice on the treatment of bird diseases.

This regular price is 15c, but to those answering this advertisement and enclosing 10c, we will send a copy of Brock's Book on Birds—and a generous sample of Brock's Bird Seed, a correctly balanced diet prepared from the finest seeds, selected from all parts of the world—together with a real treat for your bird, a sample of Brock's Bird Treat, a tonic that brightens the plumage and strengthens the soles.

Mail the coupon and only 10c for book and samples.

BROCK'S BOOK ON BIRDS & BROCK'S BIRD SEED

MAIL THIS COUPON 69
Messrs. NICHOLSON & BROCK, LTD.
127 George St., Toronto 2.
Dear Sir: Enclosed please find 10 cents for Brock's Book on Birds, a sample of Brock's Bird Seed and Brock's Bird Treat, as advertised.
Name _____
Address _____

written six hundred years ago, they say.

Peter, with his usual adaptability, acquired both words and music. He sang. He danced upon the rolling green plain.

And at last seizing Muriel's waist around the belt of her sporting coat, he swung her almost off her feet and together they whirled merrily—two tiny tops spinning upon the vast expanse.

When they stopped, the girl, almost dizzy, and breathless, clung for a moment to his coat and looked up into Peter's eyes. He could feel her warm breath upon his chin.

Peter was not lacking in perception; he knew at once that his visit at the Benhams' must come to an end.

Peter, as he chatted with Mrs. Benham that night, at dinner, faced the long French windows of the dining-room. Just outside was the blue stone driveway of the house and the path to the side door. Upon this path Peter thought he had seen a flash of white, a mere flick of movement out of the corner of his eye as he put down his gilt coffee cup.

"What did you see?" asked Muriel suddenly.

"I? Why I thought I saw a white spot in the dark out there—like a person's face."

Muriel stiffened. "I don't know who it could be," she said. "Lucy, turn on the light outside the North door."

The electric lamp above the outer door threw down its light like an overturned bucket of yellow liquid. A woman was standing there, and Peter believed that as she had stood in the dark, unseen, she had been looking straight into his face.

She wore no hat and her hair piled up in immense snake-like coils was the color of certain frost-turned leaves of Autumn which are neither red nor gold, but both colors at once.

(To be continued.)
Use Minard's for Neuralgia.

Needless Pain!

Nowadays, people take Aspirin for many little aches and pains, and as often as they encounter any pain.

Why not? It is a proven antidote for pain. It works!

And Aspirin tablets are absolutely harmless. You have the medical profession's word for that; they do not depress the heart.

So, don't let a cold "run its course." Don't wait for a headache to "wear off." Or regard neuralgia, neuritis, or even rheumatism as something you must endure. Only a physician can cope with the cause of such pain, but you can always turn to an Aspirin tablet for relief.

Aspirin is always available, and it never fails to help. Familiarize yourself with its many uses, and avoid a lot of needless suffering.



ASPIRIN
TRADE MARK B.M.

How to Reduce

To get rid of fat, adopt a proper diet, prescribed by a competent physician, and under his supervision.

This is the simple method announced by the National Better Business Bureau, after consultation with a number of obesity specialists. Below are the answers to the Bureau's questions, substantially as quoted from The Long Island Medical Journal in Medical Insurance (Reno, Nev.). We read:

"Treatment for obesity can not be scientifically and safely prescribed without a personal examination of the patient by a competent physician. It is essential that the cause of the excess deposit of fat be determined in order that suitable treatment may be prescribed."

"There are two distinct groups of overweight persons:

"First, there are those who eat more food than they need, and who are not sufficiently active to use up this surplus fat through exercise. This group constitutes the greater number of overweight persons. The safe and sane method of control under such conditions consists of diet and exercise."

"The second group is composed of those suffering from glandular obesity. Each case requires individual study and intelligent diagnosis and treatment. Reducing remedies may be administered by physicians, but only after careful diagnosis, and under personal observation and supervision."

It is true, we are assured, that persons who are definitely over-eating could with a reasonable degree of safety reduce their own diet without supervision:

"However, it is desirable for any reduction in diet to be made rationally in order to insure proper balance. A dietitian can advise a diet that will be low in fat-making material, or a dietitian can arrange a combination of foods which will be nutritious and not have tendencies toward the deposit of excess fat, but only a competent physician can determine what is technically wrong with the human anatomy as regards this disturbed functioning; a deposit of excess fat or its safe reduction."

"Obesity can be neither safely nor scientifically treated except under the supervision of a person with an intimate knowledge of the human body and its processes—that is, a physician. Under any reducing regime, secondary disease conditions may arise, which, if unrecognized, may lead to permanent disability, or even death."

Periodical examinations by a physician are recommended, because it is desirable that the patient's condition be carefully watched:

"Some treatments for obesity carry with them a definite risk to the heart and kidneys, and these organs need careful watching. We are advised that numbers of obese persons have diabetes often unsuspected by them."

"It is also possible for the beginning of tuberculosis of the lungs to exist in a fat person, and to be aggravated by reducing treatment. The diet also must provide certain essential materials during the period of reducing, and the medical examiner must know whether the health is endangered by lack of these and general undernutrition."

"The treatment is primarily dependent upon diet and exercise. Most cases of obesity arise from the eating of more food than is actually consumed, the surplus being stored as fat. The removal of this surplus can be accomplished only by reducing the intake or increasing the consumption. These measures are synonymous with diet and exercise."

"Each case of obesity is a law unto itself. The amount of exercise and the amount of diet can be scientifically determined only on the basis of an intimate and expert knowledge of the individual under treatment."

Medical experts state that soaps, creams, bath salts and other external applications can have no possible influence in permanently reducing obesity. There is nothing that, put in the bath water, will reduce weight.

"Hot baths in themselves have some weight-reducing power because they speed up metabolism, and sweat out water from the body, but this weight is quickly replaced unless the diet is reduced. Rubbing and massaging will reduce weight to a limited degree, but any creams or pastes used in this treatment serve only as lubricants."

"The use of laxatives as a treatment for obesity is considered unscientific. Laxatives may create an apparent reduction of weight to such an extent as they hurry the food through the intestinal tract before it can be properly assimilated."

"Instead of overstimulating the intestinal tract unnecessarily for the purpose of hurrying food through before it can be wholly utilized, it is obviously more rational to eat less and digest that which is eaten."

"The use of desiccated thyroid as a home treatment for obesity is fraught with danger. So powerful a substance as thyroid has no place in the legitimate field of home remedies. Medical experts state that the thyroid preparations are a valuable adjunct to the treatment of obesity where the patient is suffering from thyroid deficiency, but they would use it only after careful diagnosis and under personal supervision."

"The majority of fat people do not suffer from an under-active thyroid gland, and the indiscriminate sale of remedies containing this product for self-medication is contrary to the public interest."

The bigger the bank roll, the tighter the rubber band.