Salada quality and price make premiums unnecessary

'Fresh from the gardens'



"Yes," she said. "I had kept the

"It's here?" asked Peter eagerly.

It was filled with the tone of agony,

of sickness of soul.

"You dare-"

face in her hands.

I want them."

unsigned, were the words:

of some strong chemical.

fight on their hands."

were following his.

carpet began.

stairs.

"Be warned before it is too late."

"Damn them-whoever they are,"

A thin film of dust covered every-

thing in the Parmalee home. To Peter.

the whole house except that part

could be found of any significance.

He was about to return to the lower

floor when he saw in front of him

upon the bare dusty varnished boards

was of a small, well-formed foot-

and the next beyond and the next-

There sprang into his mind the ref-

erence of Parmalee to footprints. He!

found himself listening now, the vic-

tim for the moment of fear, as if sud-

denly the contagion had reached him.

Then it occurred to him that the

prints probably were made by the

smiled again and went down the

At the bottom of this flight above

the hall stand was an old carved Chi-

nese frame holding a dusty mirror.

until they stopped where the stair

a distinct print of a human foot. It

torn paper.

then, Brena, if you love me.'

'em, to that house up the Hudson.

He stood before her.

"Peter, be merciful."

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Brena Selcoss, an orphan, receives a again?" threatens you, something will protect purse. It belonged to my mother. Brena and Peter DeWolfe fall in story of her life: After her father's death found the scrap of paper." while living in Dallas, Texas, she went to St. Louis to marry Jim Henne oin, who failed to show up. Hennepin's mployer. Compton Parmalee, then marries her and they travel widely. Parmaee seems to fear something, and he, too, to Peter. vanishes, as did Jim Hennepin. Parmapaper bearing the figure of the Aztec and the two words "this sign,' scraw deity "Kuk-ul-can," which Hennepin had ed beneath. GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Well," said Peter DeWolfe as Brena finished her story. "That is not a very pretty story."

The gray light of early summer sitting gazing at him. dawn filtered through the chintz curtains of Brena's apartment.

a pretty story."

sleep, feels the dawn as a wet shroud. Beconshire, to Beconshire, to my gar- Henry Wycoff, and the words "reluc-"You can see now, Peter, why the den, my books, the wide view over the tant to present but you" and below I found it folded in an old brown book time when your arms were about me sweep of open country? Can't you see "Only this justifies" and "the owner Among things faded, dusty and forand your lips were on mine is the that I want the memory of these days though aware of your possession of the end," she said. "If I knew I was free, to end with your kiss-that now we imperfect copy, accordingly he" and And at the face I could not help but Peter, I could not see more of you. I are only obliterating that memory?" "You don't think there is to be an could not bear the thought that you ending-now?" he asked. "We've definite work cut out for us

"Would vanish?" he finished and laughed.

She did not answer.

"But you can't believe-" he began. "Damn it-the thing is absurd!" to this thing! You might believe, too, you, dear. It's the work first." if you had heard not my words but

the words of life itself!" "You've told me all?" Brena, sensing the presence of a touching the repetitions of the pattern

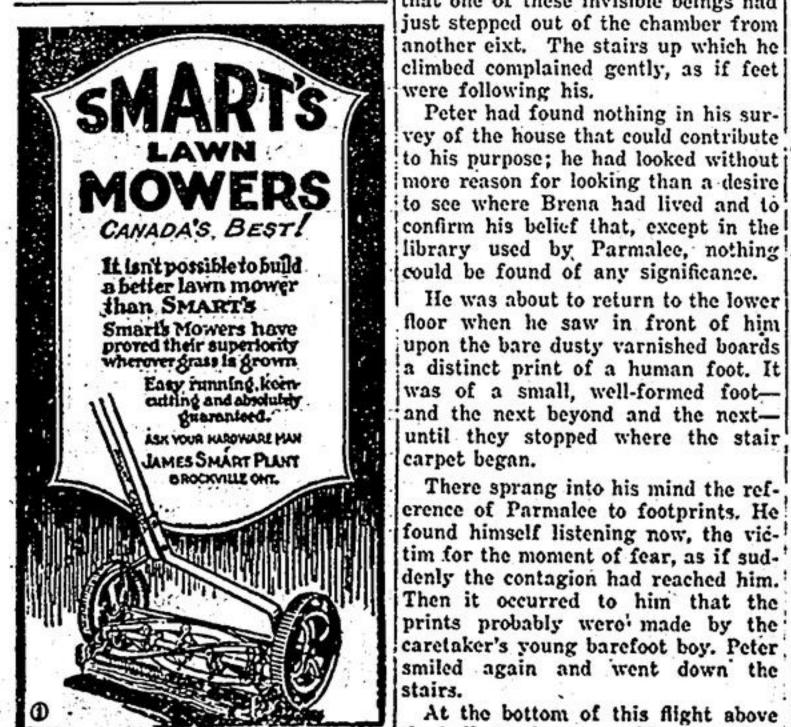
with the toes of his shoes. What about this Kuk-ul-can? You



Life-like good golf-is made up of many little things each

one of which helps the score. Better-digestion-steadier nerves-clearer brain, are all factors that count and are gained from the WRIGLEYS





ISSUE No. 14-30

Peter glanced at this mirror, saw himself, stopped. The expression on his own face alarmed him. He imagined that upon it was the first faint expression of terror written, not as it is written upon the face of a man who is a coward, but the dim suggestion of fear of unknown dangers and of subtle influences.

Peter had an unpleasant idea: it was that his subconscious self as endeavoring to transmit to his conscious self some message of warning.

That many things in the great library had been disturzed since the moment when Parmalee had walked out into oblivion was evident. The cor-

pondence on the large desk in the .: tre of the room had been gathered into a neat pile and tied with string: The papers once held by a waste basket, now empty, had been poured into the open fireplace and most of them burned. The study had the nir of having been cleaned and straightened.

Peter, who had Brena's permission to examine anything, Lound at first no interest in the correspondence.

The mail was the miscellany received by a man whose personality had no power to be loved or remembered, who was on the mailing lists of book dealers and others desirous of reaching a man of means by personal letters addressed to his weaknesses or his vanities. There were a few leters from inever found that scrap of paper stock brokers as to investment changes and a few bills.

One of these bills was the only piece of matter that gave Peter the slightkept it. In the lining-last year-I est interest. It was from the famous of whose death Peter had read. This "Yes." She rose, opened a box on bill was for two thousand eight hunthe bookshelves and gave the torn bit dred dollars-an account that had probably been settled by Parmalee's Peter examined the crude drawing attorney, Lanfrew. It was something of a bill for one book-a book describ ed as Kolb's privately reprinted ver-He as interrupted by Brena's voice. sion of the Jesuit MSS. entitled "Ex- thirty-seven. The two preceding leaves plorations of Father Carlos in Mes- of the book had been torn out! c lero Desert," shipped via registered post on 18th inst. Below this state-He wheeled about. She had been ment of account were the words, "Please see letter."

"Can't you see, Peter, that you must The letter was missing, but Peter, Time pushed it from a parlor-table, say good-bye to me? Can't you see that searched among the burned papers in "No, Peter," she replied. "It is not it is torture not to say good-bye? Can't the grate and was rewarded by two For long it stood, and with the tenderyou see, Peter, that I want you to go, bits of paper upon which were the She shivered as one who, having no that I want to go myself—back to "Yours most truthfully" of John 'Twas handled, as some loved one "not in your confidence."

Peter turned toward the library shelves and found the book was a beautiful piece of bookmaking in per-First we've the job of getting your

freedom-or finding out and proving fect preservation. Peter reading the descriptions of that some death-dealing agency has given it tofyou already. Then we'll the old missionary who had braved the "You forget that I have lived close uncover this trail of fear that tracks terrors of thirst and heat to penetrate eastern New Mexico, suddenly came upon a hiatus in its continuity. Page "Dare?" said Peter. "Don't make thirty-two began a description of Lost fun of me. Do you suppose I'd quit Pueblo, where according to legend a now? I want to go and get the facts, city whose age was of centuries had doubt, said, wearily, "Yes, Peter-all." Brena. I want to knock to pieces this been ended as a punishment for fail-He walked up and down the rug, hideous waiting you've done-this me- ing to worship the god of water. nace. I want to come and get you scourge of thirst has been visited upon the degenerate Indian dwellers who "Love you, Peter?" She buried her had been so long protected by the terrors that the waterless desert must have had far more warlike tribes who "I want this scrap of paper," he would otherwise have attacked them. said. "I want the keys, if you've got The well around which the pueblo had I been built-the very life of the people want a letter to Lanfrew, the lawyer. -had been dried up in one night by A world, jogged memory a while; want your permission to do anything a miracle.

haps. I may cable you for more facts upon the walls of this Lost Pueblo," said Father Carlos. "Especially I noted a figure of great size, a serpent | Minard's Will Kill Corns. It added somewhat to Peter's need with feathers, like a bird, a figure of thinking when he found at the dock such as is seen never but in the lands n Liverpool a plain envelope address- to the south and beyond the Great o. to him in which was a scrap of River."

The next page began: "These ac-Upon it in typewritten letters, and counts of treasure are but the poor speculations of the ignorant. Long after the sandstorms have covered the ·Peter raised the scrap of paper to pretentious dwelling places of man his nose; it as pungent with an oder such perversity will endure that worldly avarice will conjure into belief the tradition of fools. he said. "This time they've got a

This was not page thirty-three but page thirty-seven. The pages between

For a moment DeWolfe was puzzled. This was not a perfect copy. which Brena had occupied, seemed to After a moment's reflection he felt be filled with unpleasant ghosts of the the humiliation of stupidity.

personalities that had lived in it. He Of course the copy he was examinopened no door without the feeling ing was the imperiect volume that that one of these invisible beings had Parmalee had owned originally; the just stepped out of the chamber from one sent by Wycoff probably would be another eixt. The stairs up which he found in its place on the shelves where climbed complained gently, as if feet | Brena's husband had put it-one of the last acts he ever did in that house. Peter had found nothing in his sur- In less than three minutes he had vey of the house that could contribute found the other copy of the quaint old to his purpose; he had looked without book and taken it down.

more reason for looking than a desire | He blew the dust off the once gilded to see where Brena had lived and to ton of its pages and as he did so he confirm his belief that, except in the noticed that at one place the pages library used by Parmalee, nothing did not quite press close together. The volume fell open there-at page

"The European regards music as a pleasure, a joy; the American looks faults.-La Rochefoucauld, upon it as a course in education." -George Jean Nathan.

Great men should not have great

Use Minard's in the Stable.



Getting Ready For 1930 Accidents

The tide of motor traffic will soon be swelling with the coming of summer. It is some comfort to know that, old John Henry Wycoff of Baltimore, along with "Safety First" injunctions from many quarters, Bell Telephone linemen and construction chiefs will be the trail for Confederation when he found on many highways carrying on their big 1930 construction program. The Bell men are practically all skilled made his way to the Pacific Coast. first-aiders. They undergo a thorough training in that useful art, and their timely aid in all parts of the province has saved the lives of many who, without skilled initial attention to injuries, would have been in grave danger. Over 2,300 Bell employees-men and women-successfully passed First Aid examinations in 1929. Sixty-three per cent of the 7,500 male workers are qualified First Aiders.

(To be continued.)

ON A PICTURE FOUND IN A SECOND HAND STORE

viewed it there.

She had it taken on a summer day;

'Twas long before Time's thieving took away That hair's young gold-done in that

girlish way. She dressed for it, and tied that rib

And stood before the mirror, al The style says it was forty years ago!

Twas given and received-a kindly Eyes lit with joy on getting it, I wot; Now giver and receiver are forgot! From home to home it went, as the

owner moved. And gathered the choice things the family loved:

By chance it was to this dim region This picture served its day-recalled

want-burn the house down, per- "Many and curious are the carvings It back, but whose it was-I have no

-Alexander Louis Fraser.

ELEVATION OF SOUL I know of but one elevation of a human being and that is elevation of soul. Without this it matters nothing where a man stands or what he possesses; and with it he towers, ho.1s one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale .-

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you can always turn to an Aspirin tablet for relief.

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



## Future of Canada Revealed in Fast

Col. Bovey Reviews Growth of Country at Lions

Diminution rather 'han enlargement in the size of cities, an increasing importance of food production as a national industry, and the end of modern rush and worry, were amongst the guesses about the future of Canada made by Colonel Wilfred Bovey, when he spoke on "Looking Backward and Thinking Forward," in Montreal resently.

Colonel Bovey in a rapid review of Canadian history said in Canadian history books that too much stress was apt to be laid on the doings of politicians and too little attention was paid to the work done by the real pioneers of science and commerce. He was recently reading a history of the Dominion which devoted nine pages to the "Canadian Pacific scandal" and 10 lines to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The only reference that it made to banks was one to Cartier's visit to the banks of the Newfoundland. That kind of history, he added, was all wrong,

Colonel Bovey recalled that during the war with America, James McGill founded the North West Company; John Molson operated steamships on the St. Lawrence three years before they were used in England, and Alexander Mackenzie had already blazed

Again during the rebellion, Canada used its first locomotive, steamers were plying on the Lake Ontario; and St. Lawrence river between Montreal and Quebec was as busy as it was to-day.

That progress, said Colonel Bovey, never ceased till the years of the World War and during the war Canada so conducted herself that she won a place for herself in the counsels of the world. During the final battles of war the Canadian corps defeated as many German divisions and reconquered as much territory as the whole United States Army.

While little economic progress was possible in those years, the nation had found itself so that after the war the progress that had been made was astounding. Canada had discovered the North and the air. The future of the north was very well assured and the value of air transport to the. Dominion was remarkably well realized.

It was because of that history that, said Colonel Bovey, he was prepored to make some guesses as to the future of the country. His last prophecy was that while Canadian patriotism, which was new, would become idealized, it would never cease. "Fifty years from now," he concluded, "our sons and daughters will still be inspired by love for Canada, the Canada that they will know far better than we ever may."

## Birkenhead's Son Fluent Speaker

Viscount Furneaux Discusses Political Situation at Oxford Union

London-Viscount Furneaux, 22year-old son and heir of the Earl of Birkenhead, revealed at the Oxford University Union more than a trace of that audacity in debates which first brought his father into notice when, after his maiden speech in the House of Commons, he was hailed as the "white hope" of Conservatism.

The Oxford Union was considering a motion endorsing Right Hon Stanley Baldwin's latest pronouncement-that he would submit to the people the question of import duties on foreign products, chiefly food, in the form of a referendum when the Conservative party was returned to power ..

"I seem to see some similarity in two notable conversions-those of Lord Rothmere and, if one may say so without irreverence, of Saint Paul," remarked Viscount Furneaux. Speaking of the "comedy" provided by Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothmere, he described them as "those two noble Lords who eventually embraced with such screaming and disgusting exuberance."

On the whole, Viscount Furneaux said, he thought Lord Rothermere had finished a bad third to Mr. Baldwin, had accepted the Conservative ! leader's position and found himself "wheeling the free-food baby which he always loathed in an alien peram-

bulator. "He might end by depositing the unwanted bantling either on Mr. Baldwin's doorstep or with the porter of the Daily Express office," he concluded. It is understood Viscount Furneaux

will "start first in the city"-the financial world, thus reversing his father's career. The Earl of Birkenhead after a brilliant political career is now a power in the financial world.

LITERATURE AND LIFE One of the greatest mistakes the moralists-many of whom are literary critics-make is to imagine that literature is primarily a representation of life. Of course, it is nothing of the sort. Life consists for the most part of innumerable ordinary moments of which the lives of ordinary people are made up. Literature scrupulously pushes aside the ordinary person, or takes him into account only in some moment in which he becomes extraordinarily interesting or beautifil.



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