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**DESPITE THE NEW DUTY and
INCREASE IN SALES TAX**

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Canada's Largest Selling Tea Will Not Cost the Consumer More Despite the New Taxation.

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TO GROCERS: You Will Find No Sales Tax or Duty Item Added to Our Invoices. We Will Pay These Ourselves in Order That You May Serve the Public Without Extra Charge and Keep the Same Profit as Before.

Salada Tea Company of Canada, Limited

THE TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF
WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

SYNOPSIS.
Sheila O'Shea, formerly a popular actress, and now the wife of the young multi-millionaire, Don Ellsworth, disappears, leaving no trace behind her. Don visits Dr. Cavanaugh, the famous criminologist, and confesses that his married life has been very unhappy.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)
"If she did leave you," Dr. Cavanaugh amended, so low that he might have been only thinking aloud.
"But—Don's face was a study in angry bewilderment.
"There are other possibilities. I doubt, in fact, if the one you have mentioned would be the first to occur to most men in your position."
"Well, she couldn't very well be kidnapped from her own boudoir, in a house full of servants. And by the same token, she couldn't have met with an accident, or have been held up by bandits without leaving a trace. I did not mean to speak harshly of her just now, when I said she might have staged a vanishing act to plague me. She wouldn't set out deliberately to hurt anyone—she merely wouldn't notice whether they were getting hurt or not if they got in her way. And you must remember that Sheila was used to the most complete freedom of action. She wasn't the sort of person you could put in a bottle and keep there. Suppose she turned up in a week or two and announced that she had merely gone away to pay a sud-

den visit and that it was surely her own affair, not that of the police. A pretty fool I'd look!"
"Yes," Dr. Cavanaugh agreed softly, "but, you see, she hasn't turned up."
"No-o," Ellsworth admitted slowly. "But I still think Mrs. Kane may know where she is."
"My dear man, beware of obsessions!" The doctor's tone was almost bantering. "However, you may be quite right, of course—she may."
"I've even thought every day that I might get a letter from Sheila, herself, with an explanation."
"And if she did leave you—you'll have to pardon me for being very personal—would she have any reason that you know of? If you let her see as plainly as you have let me see that you regarded your marriage as a failure, the knowledge could not have made her particularly happy, could it?"
"She'd never have left me just because I wasn't enthusiastic about our marriage," Don said with bitter emphasis. "She was getting very much what she wanted out of it—until she decided that she wanted something else. I did think of that, of course—that she had gone with another man. She could turn any man she wanted blind and crazy. I know, because she did it to me—and the names of some

cross no bridges. We'll hope it won't come to that."
"I hope not," Don agreed fervently. "Meanwhile, what would you advise me to do?"
"This Mrs. Kane—is she still in the house?"
"Yes—we're on a plane of armed neutrality, at present. But I couldn't very well ask her to go."
"Don't. She knows your wife perhaps better than I do. That means that she may be useful, whether she wants to be or not."
"You think—?"
"I have no reason to think anything—yet."
Dr. Cavanaugh's leisurely emergence from the deep chair left Don no alternative but to rise also.
"I wish I knew more—" he said as they stood in the open doorway.
"Perhaps you know that old Elizabethan recipe for cooking hare. It begins, 'First, catch your hare.'"
And with this dubious reassurance, Don had to be content.

CHAPTER IV.

"Piper!" The city editor's raucous voice rose above the clack of typewriters and the murmured exchange of jokes in the "Herald" local room.
"Peter" Piper untangled his legs from the rounds of his chair, caught up a sheet of copy paper and a pencil, and ambled over to the city desk.
"I want to get a 'follow' story on the Ellsworth case."
"Anything new?"
"There isn't anything new. That's the trouble. We've got to nurse it along till there is. It may blow up any time, of course, but it's a great story while it lasts. And it's lasting."
The city editor, who on dull days was a man to avoid like a violent and insufficiently caged wild animal at the zoo, was content as a cat in a led of catnip when a "big story" broke.
"Peter" Piper's long, mobile face, which had drooped disconsolately over his typewriter, was slit by a wide grin.
"What's the dope?" he asked, his bright, near-sighted eyes waking up from a bored contemplation of the bulletin board.
"Here are the clippings on the husband. We've used all that stuff, of course. But he'll bear watching. He's not telling all he knows, not by a damn sight. See if you can get anything on him. Meanwhile, you might go out and see if you can get an interview with Cavanaugh."
"Cavanaugh! I didn't know he was in on this."
"He isn't—not yet. But he's likely to be. When the police are in doubt—and they seem to be in quite considerable doubt, his trip—they always play Cavanaugh. Besides, he's good stuff, any time. Get him on the psychology of why wives leave home, or something like that."
"Peter" blinked—an exaggerated blink which conveyed a decidedly adverse opinion of the reasonableness of city editors.
"Hells bells, Jimmy!" he protested. "Cavanaugh's about as easy to interview as the Dalai Lama. He charges forty dollars a look—by appointment only—and then if he doesn't like your looks, good night!" Peter Piper was a student of law in his off hours, and was entitled to wear—though he never did—a Phi Beta Kappa key, but his office vocabulary was strictly in the vernacular.
"Now don't go off thinking you can't get an interview with Cavanaugh. Because I know you will. Here, take these." The city editor thrust a sheaf of clippings from the office library, each one pasted on a strip of colored paper, in Peter's hands, and turned to the telephone.
"What an assignment!" Peter groaned aloud. The groan was entirely spurious, because the stimulus of doing difficult things was the wine of life to him. Like all reporters, he affected to be blasé and cynical, and like many of them, though he would never commit the outsider's solecism of calling newspaper work a "game," it really was a game to him, played with immense and carefully concealed gusto.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Bachelor: "Horace, did you—aw—tell your sister that I was waiting?" Horace: "Rather! She said you ought to get a job like that in a restaurant."

"The educational value of the newspaper and its power to form public opinion can hardly be exaggerated."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

PAINS

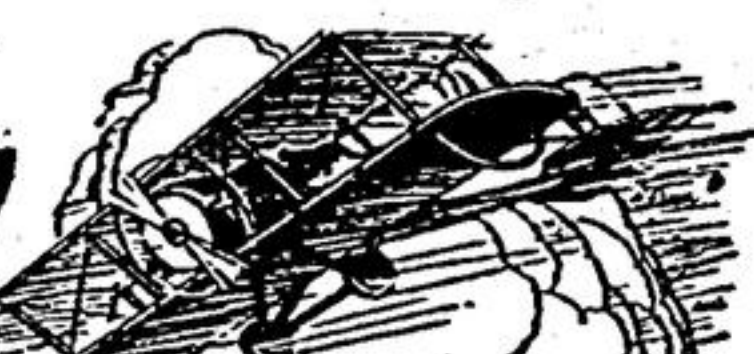
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Aspirin always stops pain quickly. It does it without any ill effects. Harmless to the heart; harmless to anybody. But it always brings relief. Why suffer?
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ISSUE No. 24—31

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: After many adventures in China, Captain Jimmy meets an old friend, Lieut. Stone. The two escape from bandits in a freight train, which is wrecked in enemy territory. Eluding the soldiers, they set out to find a plane they had hidden in the woods.
By the time I had forced my horse through the mob, Scottie had got himself untangled from the officer and was in pursuit of Jed Stone who had a horse for himself and was busy getting Fu, our interpreter, on another.

Such yelling and such shrieking! Every man for himself. We were a hundred yards or more away before a single shot was fired and at that distance we might as well have been home in bed for all the danger of those soldiers hitting us.

Except for a lot of shooting, there was little attempt at pursuit. We circled through the woods, and after going a few miles, turned out again to the railway tracks. Turning the corner of a thicket, I was suddenly confronted with the most welcome sight of my life. Giving a great war whoop I started forward.
There, just as we had left it, stood our old plane. A hurried check up showed that it was just as we had left it—but no gas, no oil, no anything! A fine situation. There we were, with a perfectly good plane, powered with a tremendous engine that used so much fuel it called "Gas! Gas!" every time it went by a gasoline station. And we had just about enough in the tank to clean a grease spot in a suit of clothes.

"We'll borrow some from the soldiers," Jed Stone suggested.
"Ha, Ha, Ha," I laughed, "and while you're at it, just borrow a ten course dinner for each of us. My stomach is so empty it's digesting itself."
"Quite right," he said. "We'll just do that. Of course, it may not be a

ten course dinner, but we will eat shortly—and by soon after—just as soon as it is dark."

Our plan was perfectly simple. If it worked, it was grand. If it didn't—we wouldn't need any more gas and oil. We settled down to wait for darkness; a long, hungry wait it was, too, till near midnight.

We were mounted, Lieutenant Stone, Fu Hsu (the interpreter) and I—Scottie trotted along on foot. With every possible precaution against making any unnecessary noises, we circled the place where the old engine lay on her back. About a mile below that spot we crossed the tracks and shaped our course for the sleeping camp—a couple of miles away.

Perhaps half a mile from the camp, we dismounted. Fu Hsu and Scottie stayed with the horses—Lieutenant Jed Stone and I went forward to reconnoiter. All was quiet in camp. Sentries pacing to and fro were all that seemed to be awake. We crept as close as we dared.

On our left, a large roomy tent stood out against the sky line.
Back at the horses once more we arranged our plan. Fu Hsu, on pain of death, agreed to stay alone with our horses.
Jed Stone mounted his horse, circled back and to the right so as to reach a point of the camp as nearly opposite the large tent as we had seen, as possible. Under compulsion, Scottie went along with him. He much preferred to stay with me, but Jed Stone needed him to help him carry out his part of the plan. I crept quietly back towards the big tent.

(To be continued.)

Note:—Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2019 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

Earlier Egg Plant

Produced in Canada

An egg plant which promises much of value to Canadians is referred to in the annual report of the Director of Dominion Experimental Farms. As the result of long continued studies the Dominion Horticulturist makes the following observation:
A Japanese egg plant called Negasaki, with fruit too small for the general market, having proved the only egg plant that would produce a satisfactory crop in many parts of Canada owing to its earliness, was crossed with the Black Beauty, one of the large but rather late varieties, with the result that an egg plant of good

size was produced, which is much earlier than the Black Beauty. Experimental work in this connection is now being centred upon getting the type fixed. When this is accomplished an egg plant suitable for cultivation under Canadian conditions will be established, and it will probably become an important new factor in horticulture throughout Canada.

Unless the noises of cities decrease, their residents will have to depend upon artificial hearing by the next century, according to one expert.

"Everything comes to him that hustles while he waits."—Thomas A. Edison.

IT'S CLEAN AS CHINA CAN'T HARBOR DIRT SANITARY and HYGIENIC NO CHANCE OF INFECTION



SMP ENAMELED WARE

Greenland's Bergs Fail to Appear

Exceptional Conditions This Year, Puzzle Meteorologists and Ice Experts

Something Meteorologically strange is happening in Greenland. The ice has not moved out and come down on the transatlantic steamship tracks as in other years. Two Coast Guard cutters, the Mohave and Pontchartrain, have been lying in Boston for weeks prepared to run down the year's first iceberg and send out warnings to vessels of its presence and location, but none has appeared.

A 125-foot patrol boat, the General Greene, sent out to scout and make sure no "mountain" of the deep had escaped notice, reported by radio that she found but two insignificant bergs and those were down only as far as 47 and 48 degrees of latitude, or up east of St. John's, Newfoundland.

The reason for icebergs is fast waning. April 1 to July 1 is the usual time for them, reckoning over a period of years. In 1914 the prowlers appeared on Feb. 17 and did not disappear until Aug. 8. Last year one loomed up on March 25, and all had gone on June 9. The year before the procession began on March 20.

Commander Stanley Parker of the Mohave and Commander William T. Stromberg of the Pontchartrain are about convinced that if Greenland's icy mountains do not have their Spring landslides within two weeks there will be no bergs in the shipping lanes next Summer.

Why icebergs leave home is now less important than why they do not. Weather experts of Washington found some time ago that certain parts of the Arctic region were becoming warmer, while other parts were growing colder. They set about to solve the mystery. In the Greenland Sea, north of Europe, milder weather and less ice than ever has prevailed, while in the Bering Sea and the regions of North America unusually heavy ice was reported. It was the kind that clung, and would not let go for a voyage south.

The Gulf Stream, usually the target when meteorologists find themselves up against a problem, was blamed by some. It is known that the warm waters of the Gulf, as they swing northeastward toward Europe, eddy to the north in the direction of Greenland and the birthplace of bergs in Disko Bay. The warmer water blasts the glaciers at the ocean edge, and chunks of them swing away.

The Labrador Current picks them up, and its cold water nurses them along as they pass the coast of Baffin Land and Labrador. Further south the current swings back north. It swirls and eddies. Some of the bergs continue in it back home. Others slide out to the south, some to drift and become ugly cast-offs, others to be caught up by the neighboring Gulf Stream there and dissipated in its warm water.

Since 1903 there has been talk of a nine-year cycle of heavy ice early in the season north of the Newfoundland Banks. There was such a condition that year, and again in 1912, the year of the Titanic disaster. Heavy ice also appeared in 1921 and last year.

Reports from fishermen, sealers and explorers about Spitzbergen and the Eastern Arctic pointed to a radical change in climatic conditions and hitherto unheard of warmth in that part of the earth. Old glaciers had disappeared and land loomed bare where there had been but ice.

Captain Martin Ingebrigsten, who had sailed the Eastern Arctic for fifty-four years, reported that he first noted the warmer conditions in 1918, and that as a region it was far different from what it was between 1863 and 1917.

So the Coast Guard finds itself in a position of watchful waiting, an ear to the word from the practical adventurer, the other to wisdom of scientists and both eyes on the sea.

Duke of Sutherland Offers Alberta Lands For Sale

Montreal.—One of the show farms of Alberta; the 7,000-acre holding of the Duke of Sutherland, at Brooks, will be sold. The farm is situated in the C.P.R. Eastern Irrigation block, and includes 5,023 acres of irrigable and 1,798 acres of non-irrigable land. It will probably be subdivided.

Twenty years ago the father of the present Duke of Sutherland purchased the farm with the object of inducing British families to settle on the land, and a number of them were placed. Of late years it had been farmed as a unit, and in good years produced about 100,000 bushels of wheat. A few years ago, when it was under the management of R. B. Sangster, the farm won a \$1,000 prize for the largest yield on a single acre of land, with an average of sixty-seven bushels.

No crop will be placed on the farm this summer, it is understood, and if the property has not been sold privately in the meanwhile, it will, in whole, or in convenient sized lots, be offered for public sale next November.

"If the machine is highly enough perfected, it is, in the final analysis, cheaper than labor at its lowest price."—Albert Einstein.

"Villains have a disappointing way of turning out to be rather decent, when you know them."—Lincoln Steffens.

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Salty....
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