

# NO INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF SALADA TEA

DESPITE THE NEW DUTY and  
INCREASE IN SALES TAX

### To the Public:

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

Do Not Pay More Than the Price Shown on the Package.

WE PAY THE DUTY AND TAX

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'Shay, formerly a popular actress, and now the wife of the young 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. Dr. Cavanaugh agrees to investigate the case. Peter Piper, enthusiastic young reporter of The Herald is ordered to cover the case.

### CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

Peter Piper had emerged from the locker room with a soft gray hat, its crown shapelier, and its brim a series of irregular ripples from exposure to many rains on his head, whistling under his breath. What tune there was to this musical performance consisted of two phrases, endlessly reiterated, in a lugubrious, monotonous minor calculated to lift his nose and howl. "Put it out!" growled the water-front man whose desk adjoined Peter's. Peter stopped whistling long enough to grin, then absent-mindedly resumed his wailing cadence at the precise note where he had left off. He tossed all the clippings but one into a drawer, which already contained carbon paper, cigarettes, a torn bag of peppermints, an assortment of very soft black "copy" pencils, and an upset box of paper-clips. The remaining clipping, he thrust into his coat pocket, which already bulged with several sheets of folded copy paper.

"You'll emit that series of sounds once too often some day," the water-front man said, "and there'll be another ax murder. 'Crazed reporter slays mate.' What's the good cheer?"

"Oh, one of Jimmy's wild goose chases. Nothing to it. It's bound to be a fiasco. If Jimmy got the idea that there was a chessmen-gongers' convention being held in the moon, he'd send some poor devil of a reporter out to cover it—and by heck, he'd get so firmly fixed in the idea that he mustn't

come back without the story that the chances are, he'd get there!"

Nevertheless, Peter was cheerful. "Hoo-coo-oo, hu-hu-hu-hoo." The wailing notes were cut short by his effort to dodge a wadded piece of copy paper hurled after him by the water-front man. He ducked with exaggerated alacrity, and made a hasty exit into the library.

"Say, Ben, dig up what we've got on this bird." He thrust the clipping which he had brought from the local room into the hand of the library attendant. "The society department must have run a picture at some time or other. If not, of what earthly use are they, I ask it?"

A few minutes later he had recrossed the local room, still whistling, and slammed the door behind him. He angled his battered car out of the Herald's parking lot and favored the watchman with a hoarse honk of greeting. Peter called it car "Bossy" because, he explained, it had a crumpled horn like the cow in "The House that Jack Built." It also had four crumpled fenders whose waves and dents were only to be matched by the waves and dents in Peter's hat. It was painted bright green, and there were two bullet holes in the side curtains, relics of Peter's rather too prompt arrival on the scene of a shooting fray between the police and a fugitive holdup man. Peter would not have exchanged it in even trade for a next year's model Rolls-Royce.

Twenty minutes later he parked hastily, with a shriek of brakes, opposite the house of Dr. Cavanaugh. The haste was due to the fact that a small sport coupe, very shiny as to nickel trimmings, was at the moment drawing up at the Cavanaugh entrance. Peter's long legs swung over the door, whose catch had a habit of sticking, and by the time the girl in the sport

coupe had alighted and clicked the door shut behind her, he was standing on the sidewalk beside her, hat in hand.

### CHAPTER V.

Peter surveyed the girl with one rapid glance, and took a chance. "I'm a poor man, your honor," he began.

The girl took one step backward and stopped. The backward step was the first reaction of one startled by an unexpected voice at her elbow. But Barbara Cavanaugh was a girl who usually stopped to look things over before running away from them.

She saw before her a tall young man in a baggy blue suit. His thick black hair sprang up recalcitrantly from a centre part. His long face was slit by a wide, intelligent mouth which divided a determined, untrusting chin from bright and peering gray eyes.

Barbara hesitated for a moment, then grinned back. "You're a very poor speaker," she capped. "And while you're undoubtedly mad enough, you'd never do for the Mad Hatter—with that hat."

"I knew it!" Peter growled. "You look so exactly like Alice in Wonderland grown up that I had to risk it. I really am in a hell of a hole, but if you'd said 'Sir!' or 'Who are you?' I suppose I'd just have had to stay in it."

Peter forebore to tell her that he had diligently studied photographs of Barbara Cavanaugh in The Herald's morgue, and had already decided that she looked like Alice in Wonderland grown up. The clipping, at present crumpled in his coat pocket, had led him straight from the city editor's desk to the library's photograph files—but there was no use exposing the machinery behind an inspiration.

Barbara did indeed bear a resemblance to Tenniel's immortal child. She was very straight and slender, and so short that her face was habitually lifted a little. Her straight hair, yellow verging to soft brown, was combed smoothly back from her forehead and lifted behind ears that had nothing to fear from exposure. She achieved the difficult feat of appearing quaint, even with a shingled coiffure and attired, as now, in a white tennis dress rumpled from active play and a sweater of vivid rose. Perhaps the effect was unconsciously favored by the shy and dazzled look in her wide-set brown eyes. Barbara had lived in an orphan asylum until her fourteenth year, and she had never recovered from the wonder of life, which had begun as an inexorable mechanism and had miraculously taken on the aspects of a fairy tale.

She stood tapping the tip of her tennis racket up and down on the sidewalk.

"But you couldn't have been after seeing me?" When agitated or puzzled, Barbara's voice—a low and somewhat breathy voice, like the beginnings of wind in leaves—relapsed into the diction of her orphan asylum days.

"I just was, though!" Peter asserted. "I'm a newspaper reporter, and I'm out on the Ellsworth case."

"I know nothing about it!" Barbara said sharply.

Peter's eyebrows lifted slightly. She'd been rather too quick about that. He swiftly reviewed in his mind the information contained in those clippings pasted to colored slips of paper, with the typed heading, "Cavanaugh, Barbara." It was a slim little file as compared with the bulging manila

envelope devoted to the exploits of her father, as chronicled in the press. From it emerged a general conception of Barbara as a member of the younger "countryclub set," more addicted to athletics than to formal social functions. Barbara with a silver cup or two, Barbara as runner-up in the inter-club tennis tournament. Barbara arrested for speeding and naively telling the judge as she paid her fine that she'd "like to leave something extra for the cop—he was such a pleasant cop and absolutely in the right!" (A good little "freak" story, that had been). Barbara's name underlined in red pencil in the society chatter of "Suzanne." What did this engaging youngster have to do with Sheila O'Shay who must have crossed the "forty" line (though dates were very hard to find in all the stories about her), who boasted in Paris that two men had fought a duel over her and another had committed suicide in despair of winning her favor, all on the same day.

And yet—there was that bit about Ellsworth. It might mean nothing, of course; Ellsworth wrapped in the glamor of his fabulous wealth, was always copy. There was Ellsworth's sudden unheralded marriage to Sheila O'Shay a little less than a year ago, and the equally sudden omission of his name from the lists of parties where Barbara was to be found. Sheila, of course, in her own sphere, was glamorous enough for anybody. In these days only the most faded of dowagers would decline to meet the latest successor of Helen of Troy. Had Ellsworth purposely kept himself and his wife out of Barbara's way? All this was the vaguest speculation—but Barbara's quick and unnecessary disavowal had given her a "lead."

"Of course you couldn't possibly know anything about the Ellsworth case," he agreed. "Nevertheless, it's because of that case that I've looked you up. There's a point on which I think you might help me. If I may talk to you for just a few minutes?"

"And why should I?" Barbara said coldly.

Her face had shut down as if a blind had been drawn across a window. Barbara, who on ordinary occasions could easily have passed for sixteen suddenly looked all of her twenty-three years. Her lips tightened, losing their childish curve. Her eyes flitted from side to side, from the coupe at the curb to the doorway of the big house. Peter suddenly thought of a chipmunk which he had caught when he was a boy. It had lain quite still in his imprisoning fingers, its eyes darting from side to side like hers.

"I think you should talk to me," he said, "because the Ellsworth affair may turn out to be a very serious case."

She twisted the tennis racket round and round in her hands. Then she turned without another word and opened the door of the coupe, slipping into the driver's seat and holding the door open for him to enter.

(To be continued.)

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Wearable and chic is this little French model. And believe me, you'll love it!

To be certain, it's fashioned of lovely white satin, so thoroughly modish, with self-fabric binding. It's very simple to make. The tiny kimono cap sleeves give it so much distinction. Then, too, it has the new peplum hipline, belted waistline and exceedingly flattering neckline.

Style No. 3103 is suited to miss or matron. It is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

The saving in cost over the original model is enormous. It is a blouse that will go beautifully with any color scheme. It may also be worn with a separate skirt.

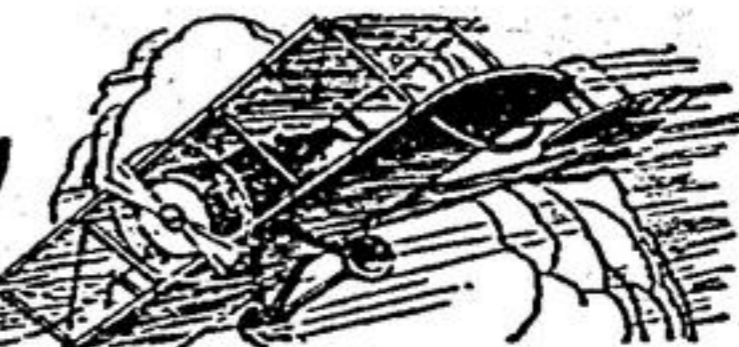
Printed crepe silk, printed batiste, cotton lace, tucked net, linen, dimity, shantung and wool jersey make up smartly in this youthful type.

Size 36 requires 2 yards 35-inch or 1 1/2 ards 39-inch, with 4 1/2 yards lining.

### 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.

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before? After many adventures, flying over China, Captain Jimmy and his friend Jed Stone seek to recover the plane which Captain Jimmy was forced to land in enemy territory. They plan a night raid on the army camp to secure food and gasoline.

Under the cover of darkness I made my way quietly toward the big tent. If our plan succeeded we would soon have enough gas and oil for our plane—if it failed, we wouldn't need any.

While I softly crept along, taking advantage of every shadow, Jed Stone was busy arriving at what he figured was the proper place to carry out his part of the plan. He dismounted, threw the bridle reins over the horse's head and probably hoped the animal would be there when he got back. Together, Scottie and he crawled close to where a lone soldier was walking his post.

Jed Stone and Scottie edged up, bit by bit, until they were right in back of a hummock and not over fifty feet from him. He was a nervous sort of soldier. Every now and then he'd turn quickly and peer out into the darkness; then he'd step along quickly as though he wanted to get away from there in a hurry. Many a good Chinese soldier is afraid of dragons in the dark. This China boy must have been sure there was a big, bad dragon on his trail for he was surely nervous.

At the end of his post he turned and started back. Scottie stood tensed, scarcely breathing. He sensed the excitement and he strained against his collar which Lieutenant Stone held tightly gripped.

The sentry was just in front of them when Jed Stone let go of Scottie's collar. "Go get him," he whispered, and Scottie was off like a rifle bullet. At the first jump, that sentry stopped dead in his tracks, the hair standing up on his

head. He was frozen still in his tracks.

"Somewhere out in front in the darkness there was a sound of scurrying. Something was about to pounce on him, to grab him, but that soldier couldn't move, neither could he utter a sound. (I'll bet that you, yourself, have before now had just such a frightful nightmare.)

From out of the unknown inky blackness it came. Not till Scottie sank his teeth into his leg did that soldier cry out. He couldn't—his vocal cords were paralyzed.

But then he yelled sudden murder, pulled the trigger of his gun and was bowled over, all in the same instant. Sentries from all over came were running—firing as they came. Between shots I gave a shrill whistle and Scottie came up, zigzagging his way pell mell for Sunday across the camp, spreading destruction at every leap.

Excitement was working up to fever heat when out rode an under officer on horseback. He had jumped on a horse and with only a halter to guide him had ridden out into the melee with goodness knows what idea in his head.

An enthusiastic soldier fired and, with better luck than usual, shot away the officer's hat. Pandemonium broke loose. Then while it was getting too hot around that corner for Lieutenant Stone, he slipped off into the darkness to find his horse. The horse had deserted at the first shot, however, so he walked on, carefully avoiding soldiers, back to our plane.

(To be continued.)

Note:—Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 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.

### Trade-Wind

Breath of the seas, of the four-way seas  
Balm of the tropic isles  
Watture of ease, of the month-long ease  
Roll of the magic miles,—  
The trade-wind blows from the end of days  
Soft and silken and rare  
Curling the crests of the blue-white sprays  
Playing my sleeves and hair.

Blow, ye trade-winds, blow,  
The ship is swinging low;  
Blow, ye trade-winds, blow,  
Around the world we go.

Dreams of the mains, of the blue-thin mains  
Sighted from tar-patched sails  
Call of the lanes, of the long salt lanes  
Flavor of old sea-tales,—  
Down the tropic and far on the Line  
Safe past the doldrum calms  
The trades bring word of the rover brine  
And reefs thin-ringed with palms.

Blow, ye trade-wind, blow,  
With music soft and low;  
Blow, ye trade-wind, blow,  
Over the earth we go.

Athwart the lines the world-winds roam—  
The freighted ships are sailing home.  
—L. H. Bailey, in "Wind and Weather."

### Opportunity

There are no men or women who owe more to themselves and their fellows than those to whom opportunities are constantly coming, before whom doors are constantly opened. Such a lot is the highest of all good fortunes, since it means not only success but growth, not only talent but the possibilities of character. Every new opportunity should send a man to his knees, instead of lifting him up in his own mind; should give him additional poise and balance, instead of excess of vanity. Nothing is more painful than the spectacle of one whom a little success makes self-conscious and inflated; the larger the success which comes to such a man the plainer becomes his essential weakness. On the other hand, there is nothing which comforts those who are striving with adverse conditions so entirely as the untainted and the unspilled spirit which receives success as a trust, not as a reward, and bears it as a possession, to be divided rather than hoarded.—Outlook.

"So Edith has caught that young fellow who rescued her while skating. He seemed awfully shy." "Yes; she had to break the ice."

## Old and New Ideas In Chinese Stores

Though Small Shop System Still Persists, Modern Trends Enroach on Old Customs

Shanghai.—China's great merchant classes in her interior cities, accustomed centuries to consider only the costs of primitive transportation and the exactions of official classes, are now feeling the impact of modernity, with the result that trade customs are changing as rapidly as are the appearances of the shops and the classes of goods carried.

Most modern and startling of all new things, however, is China's new tariff law, which has increased import duties to such a high level that the price of nearly everything is soaring to new heights. Coupled with the fall in the price of silver, it has forced all merchants to mark up their prices from week to week—often from day to day. Because of continued civil war, banditry, high taxation and the Communist domination over vast areas in the interior provinces, there has been little if any increase in wages or salaries in China within the last two years. The result has been that as prices have gone higher and even higher, the scale of living of all except a handful of Chinese has had to go lower and lower.

In the larger coastal cities or in the interior places which have long been open to trade and residence for foreigners, Chinese methods of doing business have already undergone considerable modification. In Shanghai, Canton, Tientsin, Hankow and Mukden are to be found to-day many tall buildings housing foreign-style department stores which are owned and successfully operated by Chinese.

But even in the larger cities, and certainly in the interior, the small shop system still prevails. The small shopkeeper deals in one or two commodities or specialties, and runs the shop himself, with the assistance of an apprentice or two. The shop owners are organized into guilds—the Tea Guild, the Silk Guild, the Fish Guild—and the workers have corresponding unions.

The art of the silversmith is an ancient one in China, and the silver shops are filled with many objects of beauty and utility distinctive of the country. But Chinese silver is too pure, and consequently too soft, to be put to many uses for which it is most employed abroad. Chinese forks and spoons, for instance, bend too easily to be generally used.

The tea stores are always small "specialty shops." The various grades of tea are priced in huge air-tight cans, and ranges run from less than \$1 a pound, Chinese money, to \$50 a pound and even more. Besides the teas, black and green, the tea merchants have in stock canisters of dried jasmine blossoms, of red and yellow rose leaves, of lemon tree blossoms, and of dried pink geranium flowers. These are added to the tea in quantities to suit the taste of individual customers.

The Chinese are inveterate smokers of tobacco. Shops sell snuff, cigarettes, cigars, fine-cut tobacco for pipes with diminutive metal bowls and long-cut to smoke in the old style water pipes which are still widely used in the interior provinces.

Honey is a highly esteemed delicacy in China, and is used for medicinal purposes as well as for preserving various fruits. The Chinese use honey for "putting up" fruits, as Western housewives use sugar syrup, and every honey shop displays huge Ming blue bowls filled with what they call "pickled" pears, apricots, crab apples, oranges and ginger. The honey is also sold separately in jars for table use, and in some shops sea bass and other salt water fish is found, preserved in jars of golden honey.

In spite of the rather rapid spread of Western ideas of medicine, all Chinese cities have scores of old-style medicine shops, as well as the shops of the old-time herbalists. The herbalists scorn drugs obtained from animals or fish, and confine their prescriptions to leaves, flowers and roots. They hold that it was the God of Agriculture who first transmitted to man a knowledge of how to cure disease. The chests and bamboo canisters containing their drugs are engraved with poetic names for their different concoctions. Ginseng, for instance, is usually labeled "Saint Detached From Sordid Life."

Bookstores to-day tell the most surprising tale of the trend of the times. Fully half of the works sold in the larger cities are translations from the Russian, and most of those are books written by Communists since 1918. Karl Marx is a great favorite, as is Henry George, and any books about Lenin and Trotsky can be certain of wide sales.

Foreign fiction is only measurably popular.—Hallett Abend in the N.Y. Times Magazine.

### Range of Sugar Maple

The natural range of the sugar maple in Canada extends from the Maritime Provinces to the Lake of the Woods in Ontario. In the forest it may reach a height of over 100 feet, but ordinarily does not average more than 75 to 80 feet in height and 2 to 3 feet in diameter. It occurs either in pure stands or is found associated with other hardwoods.

So economical...



KRAFT Salad Dressing offers everything anyone could ask for in exquisite, refreshing flavor, yet it's sold at a price so low it's within the reach of everyone.

A large 12 ounce jar costs only 25 cents, one-half the cost you're used to paying. Get some to-day. Try it and you'll instantly know why it's the favorite everywhere in Canada.

## KRAFT Salad Dressing

Made in Canada by the Makers of Kraft Cheese and Velveta