

Salada Orange Pekoe has a most fascinating flavour

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

What New York Is Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON



And as for the making—it's child's play! This semi-sports type is lovely for now and just the thing for school wear.

With its smart-peplum flounce and contrasting materials, it simulates the two-piece mode.

It is carried out in a supple woolen in rust brown shade in combination with a vivid red woolen mixture. The collar is white pique.

Style No. 528 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Crepé satin, crepe silk and crepe marocain and light wooleens also suitable.

Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch with 1 1/2 yards 39-inch for waist, and 3/4 yard 39-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of your 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.

PROFESSION

It is of great importance to observe that the character of every man is in some degree formed by his profession. A man of sense may only have a cast of countenance that warns off, as you trace his individuality; while the weak, common man has scarcely ever any character, but what belongs to the body; at least, all his opinions have been so steeped in the vat consecrated by authority, that the faint spirit which the grape of his own vine yields, cannot be distinguished.

Society, therefore, as it becomes more enlightened, should be very careful not to establish bodies of men, who must necessarily be made foolish or vicious by the very constitution of their profession. — Mary Woolstonecraft.

"THESE HARD TIMES"

"The hard times and scarcity of money makes it more important than ever to economize. One way I save on clothes is by renewing the color of faded or out-of-style dresses, coats, stockings, and underwear. For dyeing, or tinting, I always use Diamond Dyes. They are the most economical ones by far because they never fail to produce results that make you proud. Why, things look better than new when redyed with Diamond Dyes. They never spot, streak, or run. They go on smoothly and evenly, when in the hands of even a ten-year-old child. Another thing, Diamond Dyes never take the life out of cloth or leave it limp as some dyes do. They deserve to be called 'the world's finest dyes!'"

S.B.O., Quebec.

THE
TULE MARSH MURDER

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

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

SYNOPSIS

Don Ellsworth's wife, formerly the actress, Sheila O'Shay, disappears, leaving no trace. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been very unhappy.

Peter Piper, Herald reporter, while trying to get an interview with Dr. Cavanaugh, meets Barbara, the attractive daughter, and finds she was engaged to Don Ellsworth before his marriage.

Dr. Cavanaugh identifies the body of a woman found in the tule marsh as that of Sheila O'Shay, and when Barbara hears this she faints. After many questions Peter determines to call on Barbara.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd)

Neither the etiquette books, which Peter hadn't read, nor the novels which he had, provided for a situation just like that. She'd probably take him for a cheeky rounthead. Maybe he was! But still, he had to see her. He couldn't make her out. She kept playing hide and seek with his imagination, at the most inconvenient times; when he was dead tired and trying to go to sleep, for instance, or when he was half-way through a story that had to make a deadline. That was the devil of having an imagination! If he saw her again, she'd drop it to place and he'd discover that he'd been making it all up. The best way to lay a ghost was to face it.

"Yes, sir?"

Peter jumped. The door stood open, framing a maid done in Igdia pink and Chinese white. The tone of her voice indicated that the door had been open and the maid standing there for an interval long enough to require patience.

"I'd like to speak to Miss Cavanaugh," Peter spoke with his best Herald dignity to cover that absurd start.

"Yes, sir. What name shall I give, sir?"

A small shining tray was whipped into play before him. Peter had never possessed a calling card in his life. The only cards he owned were printed with "Evening Herald" in large Old English letters in the middle, and "J. A. Piper" in small block letters in the lower left hand corner. He looked haughtily past the small shining tray, damming it into invisibility.

"Tell her it's Peter Piper of The Herald." His tone challenged the India-ink-and-Chinese-white automaton to make the most of it. The tilt of his long chin even indicated that for two cents he'd knock her block off. The automaton stood her ground, undeterred by this display of arrogance.

"I don't think—" she began.

"Well, you needn't, need you?" There was something sudden and disarming in Peter's wide smile. "Suppose you put it up to her? I'll bet you two bits she sees, me. Are you on?"

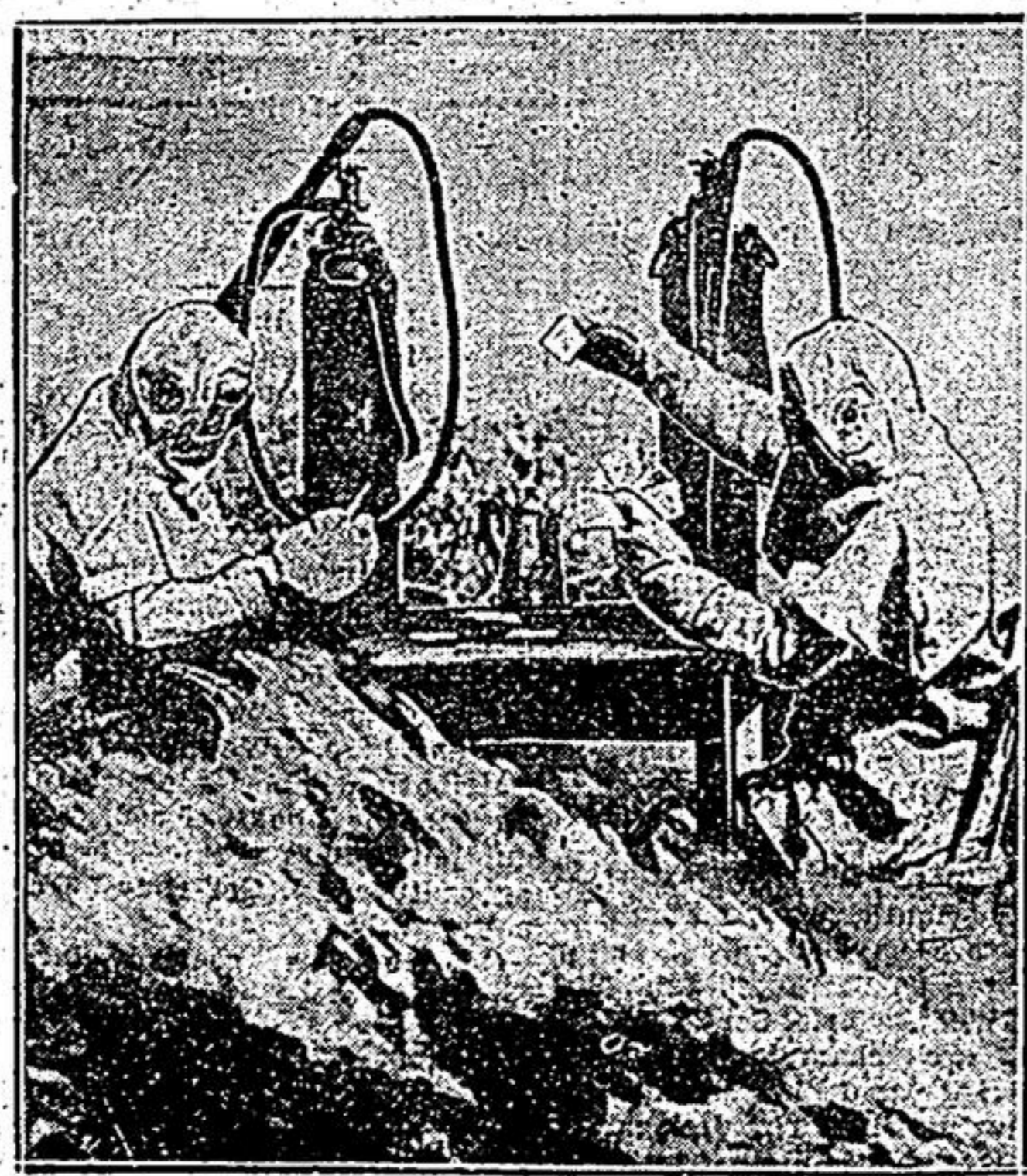
The faintest flicker of responsive friendliness rippled across the automaton's face.

"Will you come in and wait, sir?"

Peter dropped into the nearest chair in the hall, and lapsed into unplumbed depths of discomfort. It was like sliding down an inclined plane. "Peter Piper of The Herald" had slid from his lips by habit. What did he want to say that for? It sounded unbelievably silly—like "Lord Raven of Ravenswood."

What had he come for, anyway? He and this girl had absolutely nothing in common. Curiosity—that was it! Curiosity was said to be fatal to cast. "Cats—bats—bats—cats." Albe in Wonderland. The immortal wonder-child of Lewis Carroll's imagination. Was she really like that—Alice in Wonderland grown up? Or was he betrayed by that trick of

A Warm Game



Mike Farris and Harry Miller enjoying their game of cards. Constraining new asbestos pyjamas at Los Angeles for firemen. Enture into any fire without fear of injury.

The ADVENTURES of
CAPTAIN JIMMY
and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before? Captain Jimmy sees a pirate ship shelling another little vessel. A fight follows in which the pirates are driven away but first set fire to the vessel they pursued. Captain Jimmy rushes to the rescue.

But we laughed too soon. Chung had no control at all, and the next moment that stream caught me squarely in the chest and bowled me over end. Scottie must have stopped to laugh at me for the next moment I saw him half sailing and half skating down the deck in a stream of water.

Picking ourselves up, we finally got control of the hose and began playing it on the woodwork of the burning boat.

After Chung had soaked most of the passengers with his hose and one of the crew had dived overboard to avoid getting drowned at his hands, we finally got the stream under control and played it on the burning ship, while the freighter took off the people on board.

In spite of the use of two hose, the fire burned rapidly and as the ship's officers finally left their boat, the decks smoked under their feet. In another moment we cut the freighter free and backed away full speed astern.

We were only a few hundred feet away when the decks blew up with a tremendous crash, shooting columns of flame and sparks high into the air. The ship now burned brightly all over and began to settle rapidly into the sea. There was nothing more to do, so after watching it for a few minutes, we put about and soon the burning vessel was but a red glare on the horizon.

We sailed on for a few days after we had rescued the crew of the burning ship, then, early one morning we came in sight of a long dark shoreline. "Formosa" the captain called it—and what a picture that brings to mind.

Formosa, the beautiful island of rugged mountains, from which the savage head hunters of the hills still descend on the rich camphor groves and tea plantations. With such a fairyland so near to us, you can imagine that we took advantage of the opportunity to make a plane flight to the island. From the time it first appeared as a dark blue blur on the horizon, we were impatient to get started. "But you'll have to watch the Japanese" cautioned the Captain of the Madrigal.

"Formosa" is a Japanese possession and lies south west of Japan about ninety miles off the coast of China. Quite naturally they don't want strangers flying over their island without permission and the soldiers might shoot first and inquire afterwards.

It was still early in the morning when Captain Stuart, of the little ship whose crew we had rescued, and I took off in the plane. The island presented a splendid picture, sleeping in the bright sunlight. The coast at the eastern side rose up abruptly thousands of feet above water.

Picture for yourself those unscaleable cliffs, five or even six thousand feet high. Over beyond were deep wooded valleys and high mountain peaks, while far to the west a coastal plain reached down to the sea.

From the north to the south side of the island runs a wide, cleared pathway. This is the "Guard-Line" that separates the mountain country of the Taiwans or head hunting savages from the rest of the island. Away up in the valleys they live, in a beautiful wooded country.

(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.

ed, were slim and straight, like herself. So were the clothes of every other girl on the street, but the fact had escaped Peter's observation. She was a girl who never bothered with being surprised. The cascade of coins on the hall floor passed without immediate comment.

"Nellie needn't have put you in the Coventry like this—in the hall," she said. "Come in, won't you?"

She held aside a curtain and they were in a small rather jolly little room which seemed to be full of a fireplace and orange marigolds. Peter followed the casual wave of her hand towards an arm chair.

He was already in it before he noticed that Barbara remained standing, her elbow crooked across the corner of the fireplace. Another of the tribal customs! He ought to have waited till she sat down. But it was too late now to jump up.

"Well," said Barbara, gazing down into the fire and addressing the glowing heap of coal. "I don't suppose you came on purpose to play with the card tray. Don't tell me you're after another story!"

Peter rose in his chair with deprecation. He was more angry than he had ever been in his life before. Anger broke over him, wave upon wave, and left him trembling.

He forgot that he had ever in his life gone after a story and was proud of it. He stood over her, tall and menacing, by the fireplace, with less than a foot between them. His clenched hands were drawn back, the arms slightly bent.

Barbara stared into furious gray eyes. If she had been a man, she knew that he would have knocked her down. She squared her shoulders, ever so slightly.

"Story—be—damned!" Peter said slowly, striking each word a separate blow. "What do you take me for? I came to see you. I tell you! I came to—make a call!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Barbara's laughter was not polite, controlled, musical laughter. It was the helpless, choking, clutching laughter of one seized and shaken by an irresistible hurricane of mirth. "So—so that's the way you make a call, is it? Do you—do you—do it like this—very often?"

She leaned her forehead against the mantel piece, her shoulders shaking. Against the mighty wind of such laughter there was no defence.

Peter was caught up in it, helpless. Barbara lifted her face, scarlet from chin to brow, and wiped the tears from her flooded eyes.

"No," said the grinning Peter. "I never made a call before."

"Let's begin then. The first thing people usually do in the course of a call is to sit down. Suppose we do that." But before she turned from the fireplace, standing very straight

A Happy Home

Six (says Mrs. Hamilton) are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholster. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilation, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Britain comes second in the list of nations using motor-vehicles, with 1,556,980. The United States of America has 26,461,84, and France is third with 1,520,501.

MOSS GOLD MINES

Send for our Special Circular covering this Interesting Speculation

F. W. Macdonald & Co.

Members Standard Stock & Mining Exchange

Montreal Curb Market

38 King St. W. 159 Craig St. W. TORONTO MONTREAL ELGln 6255-6 MA. 7785-4121

Wire connections to all principal markets

Africa Remembers Great Missionary

A testimony of another sort, and more recent, comes from the mouth of an erstwhile heathen, or child of heathen parentage, who confesses to owing all that he values most in life to the influence of the greatest missionary Africa ever saw. It is written by Miss Mabel Shaw, and is extracted from her Journal Letter of June, 1928. Miss Shaw is Principal of the L. M. S. Livingstone Memorial Boarding School for Girls at Mbereshi among the Awemba, Czebembe tribe. Describing a visit paid by her to a district within her radius, she gives a brief, unadorned account, memorable in its mingled pathos and beauty, of a conversation with a man still living who had once come face to face with Livingstone:

In that village there is a very old man, the last man on the Uaupala who had seen David Livingstone. He had come to the camp that morning to talk to me, and he and I sat looking over the river, he once again a boy seeing the white man coming round the bend in a little dug-out. The people scattered, climbed trees, the roofs of their houses. He had fallen from the sky, they said. "He had clothing on his feet," the old man said excitedly. "I was a boy. I went near, I touched, but the head man pulled me back. 'You'll be bewitched by his medicine,' they said. Then he sat long in silence, and at last he said, as if to himself: 'And he laughed, there was love in his eyes, he was not fierce.'

Again the silence I dare not disturb. "And he made a path through our land, and you his followers have come. God's Light-bringers; and more come to-day."

I was a very little child, seeing a great and high adventure that morning. I have never met David Livingstone as I did then. I, too, saw him coming round the bend in a little canoe, carrying, all he possessed. It became holy ground. Then the others came, his followers, with all their innumerable packages. I thought of the array I came out with. He, the great saint and pioneer, God's adventurer, could put all into a little canoe; and he cut the highway of God all across this great continent, and that old man's eyes grew misty and his voice tremulous when he spoke of him, and tears came to me; and we seemed to share a wonderful thing, that old African and I on the bank of the great river.

The vignette thus etched illustrates, as perhaps no lengthy dissertation could, the indelible impression produced for good by the impact of Livingstone's personality upon the imagination of benighted Africa. In the Last Journals, vol. I, p. 303, appears this entry: "1863, June 11th—Crossed the Mberese, ten yards broad and thigh deep." This is all; but under the simple memorandum, as we now see, a piece of work was unconsciously done that remains an immortal memory in the mind of at least one Negro. Here and there throughout Central Africa signs like this abound, pointing to the enlightening and uplifting influence exerted by Livingstone's mere presence upon the Africans he met day by day in his four years. Incidents like this are a sufficient demonstration of the fact that the predominant interest in his life was not that of exploration for its own sake, or that of amassing information about curious and unfamiliar features of natural history, but of bringing to bear upon heathen Africa the fraternal spirit of the Gospel of Christ.—From "Livingstone," by R. J. Campbell.

Russia Will Challenge America's Power

Moscow.—In the next decade Soviet Russia will have developed 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 kilowatts of electrical power. G. I. Lomoff, president of the committee for preparation of the new 10-year electric plan, told a conference of electrical engineers recently.

He forecast that in that period the Soviet Union will have surpassed the United States in electrification projects under the new plan which will go into operation early next year.

In the next five years, Mr. Lomoff said, Russia expects to exceed the United States with production of 150,000,000 tons of coal and 60,000,000 tons of pig iron.

"These figures sound fantastic," he said, "but they will be found to be of solid substances. We are forging ahead in deeds, not in words."

Russia has purchased most of its electrical machinery from the United States and Mr. Lomoff envisioned a huge market during the next 10 years.

Chinese Official Is Spanked In Public for Abusing Judge

Tsinanfu.—The disgrace of being bent over a barrel and publicly spanked to the extent of 300 strokes administered with a wooden paddle was the sentence which the court here imposed upon Wu Chia-ding, Commissioner of the Wenchang Bureau of Public Safety.

Mr. Wu was thus disciplined in public after having been convicted of slanderling Judge Pan Kuo-tso, of the district court, as being a confirmed opium smoker. The sentence was approved by General Han Fu-chu, chairman of the Shantung Provincial Government, who first slapped Wu in the face in token of his personal displeasure.