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Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnishes With Every Pattern



3321

Puffed elbow sleeves and a scarf collar treatment, lend dignity to this chic model.

It is black crepe satin with flattering pinkish-beige contrast. Note the snugness through the hip-line and smart pointed seaming at the front that creates a lengthened line, so slimming.

Style No. 3321 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, with 1/4 yard 39-inch contrasting.

Another equally charming scheme is black sheer dull woolen enlivened with green in the neckline scarf collar.

Canton-faille crepe in wine-red is stunning for this smart individual model.

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.

Winter Bulbs

Success with bulbs depends more than anything else on proper root growth, and most of the failure and disappointment amongst those who have potted up a few bulbs and grown them on, with the only result a few leaves of stunted growth and no bloom can be traced to this cause. If the plants were turned out of the pot it would be found in many cases that there were very few roots. Some varieties of bulbs will not stand forcing at all, others will stand a certain amount and some can be forced. To come into bloom several weeks ahead of time. The easiest grown and the ones that offer the most chance of success when grown in the house are the Paper White Narcissus and the Chinese Sacred Lily, which can be grown in pots in the usual manner or in flat bowls of water, the bulbs being kept in place by pebbles—these bowls or pots should be kept in a dark cool place until roots have been formed, and when brought to the light they should be placed where they can get the most sunshine, otherwise the leaves and flower stalks will grow very 'a' and weak. These bulbs are for indoor use only, not being suitable for outdoor planting in Canada. If bulbs are planted in succession a week or two apart the period of bloom can be lengthened considerably.—T. J. in the Montreal Star.

Toll

Little prairie graveyards
Neat and trim they stand
Eloquent of progress
Through the virgin land.

Wide new fields in tillage
Cattled slope and knoll
From each little village
Nature taking toll;

Ere she yields her treasures
Recompense for toll,
Thus she holds the living
Bonded to the soil.
—Lynette, in the Calgary Herald.

Many a rich man is unable to offer anything but an excuse.

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, former actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns their married life has been unhappy. Peter Piper, a Herald reporter, while trying to get an interview with Dr. Cavanaugh, meets his daughter, Barbara, and finds she was engaged to Ellsworth before his marriage. Dr. Cavanaugh identifies a body buried in the tule marsh outside the city as that of Sheila O'Shay. Barbara faints when she hears of Peter's discovery. Dr. Cavanaugh enters the Ellsworth house and, climbing up the porch, finds the doctor in Sheila O'Shay's boudoir.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

Dr. Cavanaugh's eyes reflected in the wide mirror of the dressing table suddenly met Peter's—met them with an out change of expression, but with an unmistakable glance of recognition. In another instant the window was quietly opened from within.

"You might as well come in—you seem to be a fairly ubiquitous young man, by the way."

Peter felt exactly like a small boy caught in the farmer's apple orchard and required to make an ignominious descent from the tree. Stiffly he thrust his long legs over the window sill. His first words seemed to himself absurdly inadequate to the situation.

"But—but you couldn't possibly have seen me in that mirror?" he stammered. "I was behind a window at least fifteen feet away, and in the dark."

The doctor gently closed the window before turning to the astonished and shame-faced Peter.

"You have a good mind," he said gravely. "You have seized on the one factor that seemed inexplicable. As a matter of fact, I didn't see you. I merely looked encouragingly in the direction where you were most likely to be."

"Most likely!" Peter flopped heavily on the lace-spread bed in his astonishment. He completely forgot that he might have been expected to make rather than to ask for explanations.

"Thee's no 'quick, Watson, the needle' about it."

The doctor's heavy face was illumined by one of his rare and genial smiles. "I saw you start to follow me across the street, and then think better of it. Well, I've observed that you are a young man who never thinks better of getting things—only of the best means of getting them."

"You didn't follow me in at the front door; therefore you would follow me at the rear. I've known Don Ellsworth for years."

"I've walked under that pergola—though I never tried your mode of progress along the top. From the looks of you, I don't think I ever shall."

"I'll go if you say so," Peter strove to keep his tone matter-of-fact, but there was no banishing the wistful eagerness from his shining, expectant eyes.

"It's housebreaking, you know. God and the police look with disfavor on it."

Peter leaped to his feet, his stiffness forgotten. "God and the police may not like it, but Jimmy surely will!" he chortled. "Gee, what a tragic waste of talent it is that you're not on a newspaper, Dr. Cavanaugh! You'd be a wow as a reporter."

There was not a trace of irony in Dr. Cavanaugh's response to Peter's earnest tribute—the highest it was in his power to pay.

"We're both very lucky men," he said. "We're doing the thing of all the things in the world that we'd choose to do. Most men are less single-minded—or less lucky. Which reminds me that you haven't asked me what I'm doing at this moment in the boudoir of a lady with whom I am only slightly acquainted. Has it occurred to you that we may be just two house-breakers together?"

"At least I can be flattered to meet such a distinguished fellow burglar," Peter said with cheerful impudence. "I'll bet a dollar you thought you'd come around before the police got to it and take a look at those breach of promise papers!"

"I hope most of your investments are under that one," said Dr. Cavanaugh. "Because in this instance you'd lose at least fifty cents of your dollar."

"But what about the other fifty cents?" inquired the unchastened Peter.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The other fifty cents," said Dr. Cavanaugh, "is safe. I did come, amongst other things, to look into the matter of those papers. But Captain Camberwell is responsible for my presence in this unconventional fashion. He didn't quite fancy leaving the survey of the last spot where, so far as we know, Mrs. Ellsworth was seen alive, to the estimable detectives promoted from the traffic squad. And the rest of the department, in a rare

burst of diplomacy, backed him up. It's rather a ticklish case, this, from their point of view. Mr. Ellsworth has not given them what you'd call co-operation. He was not at all cordial to the sergeant who came in response to Mrs. Kane's call. To be exact, he turned him out of the house."

"Yes," Peter agreed with a reminiscent grin. "He's rather good at that. I'd like to have been present at the interview—it must have had its dramatic moments."

"Doubtless. At any rate, Ellsworth has them rather baffled. The department is shy about sending a couple of uniformed policemen to batter in the door of a prominent millionaire, flourishing a search warrant unless they have something more definite to go on than they have with Ellsworth. He might make things too uncomfortable later, if they were on the wrong track. And yet it is obviously necessary that a thorough investigation be made of the scene of Mrs. Ellsworth's disappearance."

"Camberwell is thoroughly competent to undertake the job himself, of course; but Ellsworth, I'm afraid, would not have greeted him with the respect his very high talents deserve."

"No," Peter grinned again. "Respects for people who come to interfere with what he regards as his private affairs is hardly one of Mr. Ellsworth's outstanding traits. I've noticed that myself."

"Well, the upshot of it all was, that at Camberwell's request I was called upon to fill the breach. Camberwell has an all too flattering opinion of my abilities. But at least I have the advantage of personal acquaintance with Ellsworth."

"He'd hardly shut the door in my face—provided I arrived when he was here to shut it at all, which, in the circumstances, I thought would be hardly tactful."

"I'm armed with a deputy sheriff's badge and a search warrant, to use as a last resort—but I rather think our police friends had faith that I'd manage to get along without what I believe are sometimes referred to as strong arm methods. In return I stipulated that my services, such as they are, must be taken strictly as a favor. I prefer to have an entirely free hand; and the police accept that little idiosyncrasy, albeit with a certain reluctance."

"I'll bet they do!" Peter looked across at the doctor, who had resumed his somewhat precarious seat on the dressing table chair, with a very boyish enthusiasm. "They're like the transcendental female who told Carlyle she 'accepted the universe,' and the old bird said, 'Egad, she'd better!' The police, if I know them, will take whatever you choose to give them, and be grateful. But what's your idea about Ellsworth, anyway? Does—this—er, visit mean that we're getting the dope on him?"

"We haven't what you call the dope on anybody yet; and I make it a point not to have too many ideas in advance of the evidence."

The faint emphasis on that "we" brought a quick embarrassed flush to Peter's cheeks.

"You know I didn't mean—" he faltered, feeling more than ever like a small boy.

"Quite. You wouldn't be here at this moment if the "we" were disallowed. I did my own bit of house-breaking precisely because I haven't a fixed idea about our young friend. But I don't want him to run into more trouble than is strictly necessary, so I was willing to take the part assigned me in conducting this more or less official preliminary survey, at the same time following a little idea of my own. If he's left those papers alone well and good. If he's taken them away, he may be a panicky fool or—something else. In either case, I can do more good by taking my time looking about before the police wind the whole place up in yards of red tape and regulations. By the way, at the present moment you're not representing a newspaper. That's understood."

"I'll take back to the office exactly what you give me permission to take," Peter assured him.

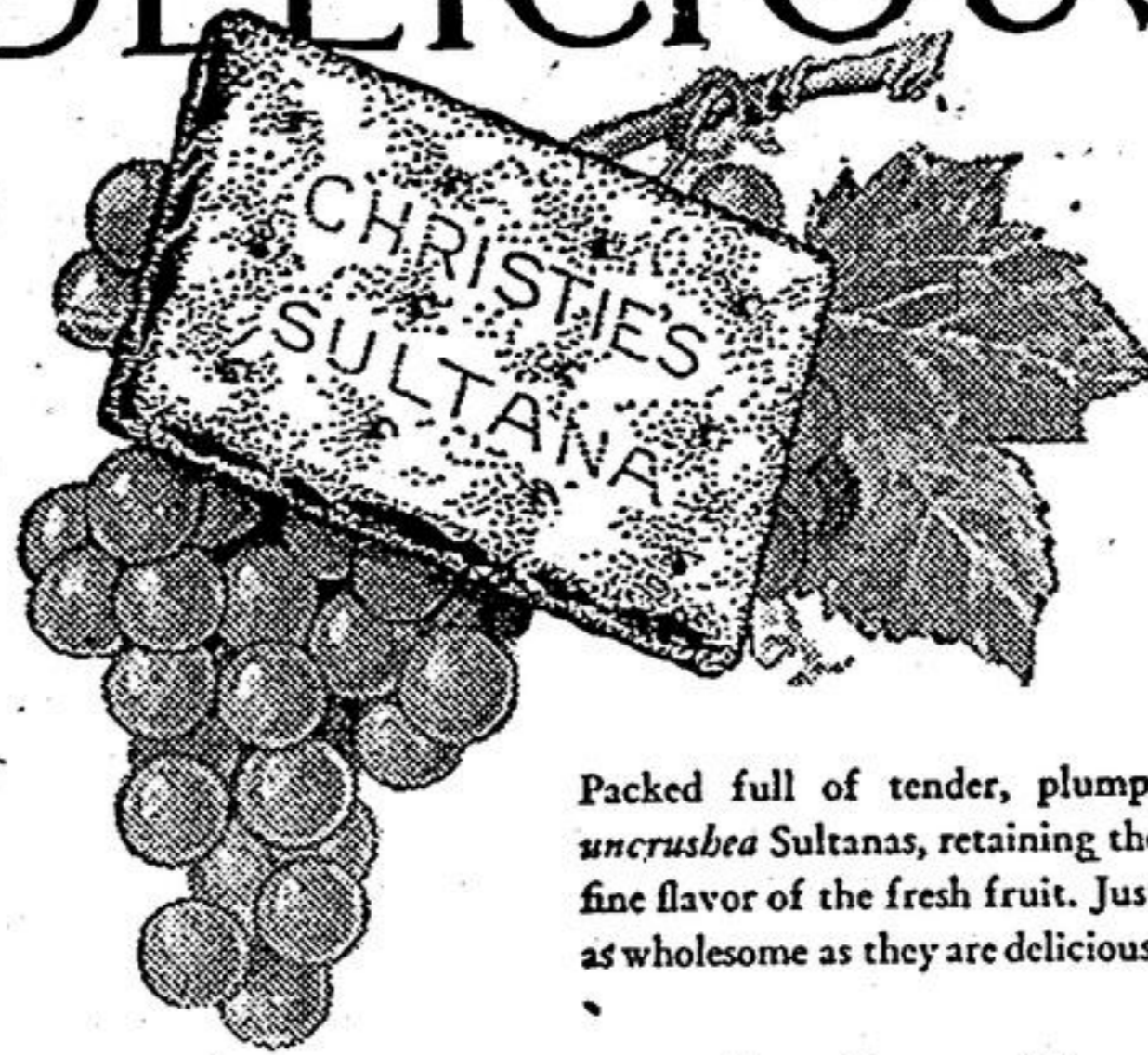
"We might as well begin, then. The safe won't be locked, so that part will be simple."

"But you haven't tried it yet!"

"No, but look at this." Dr. Cavanaugh turned to the dressing table and lifted the ornate roof from a box which was a replica of a French cathedral. Peter leaned over his shoulder. The chest was filled with a higgledy-piggledy assortment of jewels—a strand of pearls entangled in the points of a diamond and platinum brooch, bracelets and rings piled in a helter skelter mass.

"You see, she didn't even turn the key in her jewel case—the sort of person, I fancy, whose possessions were usually in a state of confusion."

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Can and Cannot

Astronomers can weigh a star, And tell a planet's birth, And bring the moon from skies afar Well nigh in touch with earth. But who can tune the throistle's throat Or match the streamlet's song, Or estimate the joyous note Upon the skylark's tongue?

By mathematics men can count The motions atoms make, And calculate the vast amount Of force when billows break. But love's equation cannot be By sign or figures given, For, boundless as eternity, It touches earth and heaven. —A. B. Cooper, in the Methodist Magazine.

Truth

If anyone will tell me how truth may be spoken without offending some, I will spare no labor to learn the art of it.—Bishop Horne.

Good Start

Dora was in the middle of her singing lesson when her mother came into the room, and then broke in: "Ah—er—how is my daughter getting on? D'you think she will make a great singer?"

The teacher coughed and seemed at a loss for a reply.

"It—it is very hard to say," he said at last.

"But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?"

"Well—er—she's got a mouth, certainly!"

AID

If you are sure of omnipotent aid, what can be too heavy for you? Begin the day joyously, and let no shade of doubt come between thee and the eternal sunshine.

"Even in motion pictures there should be a suggestion that marriage might be a lovely thing."—A. A. Milne

The Tide Takes Its Storm Toll

In Tropical Hurricanes Water Usually Plays a Destructive Part

The records of the tropical hurricanes that have recently visited American shores illustrate the fact that water usually plays a destructive role as wind, if not more so, in storms of this character. Disastrous inundations—sometimes result from the torrential rainfall attending hurricanes, but on lowlying shores more damage is done, as a rule, by the great waves and the general rise of the ocean surface produced by the storm. Most of the 6,000 human victims of the Galveston hurricane of 1900 were drowned by the invading waters of the Gulf, while on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, in India, storm floods have, in some cases, cost scores of thousands of lives.

Within the immediate area of a tropical cyclone the mere reduction in barometric pressure causes a rise of water amounting to two or three feet, and where a storm passes directly over a coast this rise, especially if coupled with the normal rise due to high tide, would tend to cause moderate floods. More serious floods, however, are due to the cumulative effect of the great waves produced by the winds. These waves travel far beyond the storm area and sometimes break on distant coasts in relatively calm weather. This happened at the island of Santa Domingo on Aug. 29, 1916, when huge waves from a cyclone passing to the southward of the open roadstead where the U.S.S. Memphis lay at anchor drove that vessel high and dry on the beach.

The "Roller" Waves

Many islands and coasts of the Atlantic are notoriously subject to heavy swells, which roll in regardless of the presence or absence of wind, and are sometimes very destructive. The most celebrated waves of this sort are the "rollers" of Ascension and St. Helena, in the South Atlantic. They come on without warning and produce a heavy surf, which makes the landing of small craft difficult or impossible. Their origin has been the subject of more or less controversy. They have been ascribed to earthquakes, submarine volcanoes and the return of the waters after being heaped up by the trade winds, but it is now generally agreed that they are caused by distant storms in either the South or the North Atlantic.

The heavy seas, known locally as "resacas," that occasionally visit the Bay of Rio de Janeiro and the adjacent coasts, afford another interesting example of swell traveling for long distances and being converted by the shoaling of the water from long, smooth undulations into leaping and destructive waves. At Rio these waves, on striking the sea wall, sometimes send a solid sheet of water 100 feet high.

The Swell of Morocco

The dangerous swell that frequently occurs is generally due to cyclonic storms crossing the Atlantic from the west. For the past ten years it has been successfully predicted on the basis of radio reports from Portugal and the Azores of sea disturbance in those regions. There is an interval of about fifteen hours between the occurrence of a northwest swell on the Portuguese coast and its appearance on the coast of Morocco.

The storm waves and storm tides that wrought destruction in the recent hurricanes were reported in the press as "tidal waves." A generation ago the use of this term might have evoked a protest from scientific purists, who formerly tried hard to limit daily upwelling of the ocean waters under the pull of the moon and the sun. To-day, however, science as well as the general public habitually describes as a tidal wave any sudden, abnormal rising of the waters along a coast or on the high seas, whether due to a storm, an earthquake or a submarine volcanic eruption. Thus the International Geologic and Geophysical Union has incorporated the term, in this broad sense, in the name of a committee later organized for the study of the phenomena in question.

Giants

The world's largest grape vine has been found in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, according to an announcement from the Department of the Interior.

This giant, found by Dr. Herman S. Pepon, formerly of the University of Chicago, is described as ninety inches in circumference at a point twelve feet from the ground. It is supported by five large trees and is estimated to be at least 150 years old.

Dr. Pepon are a chestnut tree more than thirty feet in circumference and a tulip tree which measures eighteen feet around. He also found a giant mushroom, weighing more than twenty pounds. It was not poisonous, but was too tough for the table.

Desperation

Bales of reports on the amusing juxtaposition of movie titles on film theatres' electric signs are thrown away, but this one, which glittered before a theatre on Dobbs Ferry recently, may be worth setting down: "Lover Come Back. Devil to Pay."—The New Yorker.

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