

# ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

## Air Routes Must Be Held

### Declares Toronto Daily Decries Present Nationalistic Tendencies

"Freedom of the air," advocated by Great Britain and France just after the war, seems to be becoming little more than empty phrase, laments the Toronto Mail and Empire in this editorial:

"Aviation, unmindful of the lesson to be drawn from sea experience, is turning more and more toward nationalism. Closing of national areas already has thrust serious difficulty in the way of the development of British air highways, notably on the India route. Conditions imposed by Persia have made necessary important changes in organization. Italy, too, has interposed obstacles, which have resulted in the revising of the arrangements for the carrying of the air mails to Cairo."

Up to the present, Britain has not laid down obstructive regulations, and Italy retains permission to use ports of call in several parts of the Empire, while French and Dutch lines continue to operate across India.

With the possibility that the development of air routes will become, in some parts of the world, at least, a matter of little nationalistic bargaining, it is manifest that close attention must be given to the "blazing of trails"—especially those of the important Atlantic passage.

The exploratory flight of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh is significant in many respects. Leaving North Haven, Maine, on July 10, the "Lone Eagle" and his wife proceeded, by way of Halifax, and St. John's, Newfoundland, to Labrador and Greenland. Thence the flight carried them to Scandinavian points, and on to the Gulf of Finland. Visiting Moscow, the fliers, on their return trip, have reached England, where Mrs. Lindbergh has visited her invalid sister.

On the departure of the Lindberghs, unofficial statements indicated that their purpose was to study the possibilities of the Greenland route—one of the two northern air lines deemed most favorable. A report being prepared by Colonel Lindbergh undoubtedly will convey important data relating to the northern lands he visited and the facilities they offer in the development of air routes and airports.

The North Atlantic is the shortest but most difficult of the Empire routes. Service over it is expected to develop by stages, and Newfoundland, which was the scene of a conference attended by British, United States and Canadian representatives, may become the key-point of the route.

Under license from the Danish Government, Pan-American Airways holds exclusive rights to carry on commercial service across Greenland. As the London Times has pointed out, "the example set by the granting of exclusive rights to certain companies at other ports on the Atlantic routes is presumably one which Newfoundland, and therefore the British Empire, will be unable to ignore."

It is clear that the safeguarding of British flying interests will call for energy and foresight on the part of the best Empire experts. The future of Newfoundland, as a strategic point, presents an especially interesting problem. Whether or not development there will take the form of an oceanic airport in which several nations will be interested presents a question demanding an early decision.

Similar problems attach to the Azores route, which, it will be remembered, was chosen by General Balbo and his armada at the last moment for his return trip to Italy. France holds exclusive rights in the Azores; but Britain here also possesses a strategic point of first importance in Bermuda. If bargaining for the right to fly over the Atlantic becomes necessary, it is certain that the reservation of rights on the British island would become an important factor in the situation. Happily, however, a joint arrangement arrived at by Britain, France and the United States regarding the Bermuda-Azores route promises to work out satisfactorily.

Fresh evidence of the importance of the Lindbergh quest is to be seen in the current discussion of its possible relationship to the future development of Russia's Arctic coastline. Since large-scale mining development in Siberia, has been predicted, as well as

the rise of diversified industry in China and Manchuria, the problems of long-distance air transportation press increasingly for solution.

There must be no lagging by Empire countries in the safeguarding and developing of key-points on the world's chief lanes of air travel."

## The Fall Fair

The remarkable attendance of 9,000 persons at the Burford Fair has led the Woodstock Sentinel-Review to comment on the significance of these local exhibitions and their value to the community. Motor transportation has undoubtedly contributed to the extension of the sphere of influence of the fall fairs. Exhibits are brought from considerable distances. Cattle, horses and other live stock were brought from as far as the vicinity of London and Toronto to Burford to compete with the local products. Thus the competition was made keener. It is said that some of the stock shown was not placed in as high a rank at Burford as at the Western Fair in London.

Perhaps it is better that local producers should be subjected to outside competition as it is likely to improve the quality of the exhibits. The object of these fairs is to provide competition and encouragement for the farmers within reach of them. Now that motor transportation is available the range of the fair is extended. The success attending some of the local fairs shows that the smaller ones have their places as well as the larger exhibitions at Toronto and London. Anything that is calculated to promote excellence in agriculture is worthy of the greatest support and commendation.

The directors of the Burford fair deserve hearty congratulations on the splendid success achieved this year. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of the prolonged dry spell, the exhibits were of a remarkably high order, and they showed what can be done even under unfavorable circumstances. The Burford fair has achieved a notable place among the fall fairs of Western Ontario because of its real merits.—Brantford Expositor.

## The Song of the Auto

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't, or can't. Through town and countryside you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires, so new, but now you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattle box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice; now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why. Thy motor has the gripper, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now; no more 'twould choke the cow, as once before. Yet, if I had the mon, so help me John amen, I'd buy a car again, and speed some more.

## Glamis Castle Rich in Associations and Legends

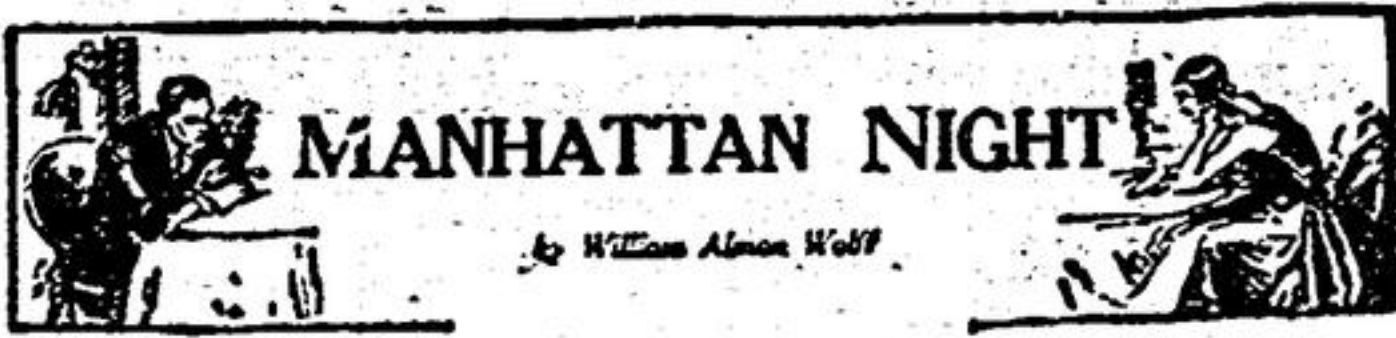
Glamis Castle, immortalized in Shakespeare's "MacBeth," is one of the most interesting places in Scotland. It was the girlhood home of the Duchess of York.

The castle, as seen nowadays, dates mostly from the seventeenth century, but the walls of the tower, 15 feet thick, were built when MacBeth was Thane of Cawdor. Shakespeare took a dramatic liberty when he had MacBeth murder Duncan within these walls, but nevertheless Glamis is rich in romantic associations.

On the authority of Sir Walter Scott, we are told that the castle contains "a secret chamber, the entrance to which, by the law or the custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, namely, the Earl, his heir apparent and any third person they may take into their confidence."

Weird stories have been told of some ghostly creature being imprisoned in the secret chamber for centuries, but the mystery has never been cleared up to appease the curiosity of the public.

Quinine says the schoolboy, is the bark of a tree; canine is the bark of a dog.



## MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Allen Miller

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Tack Thayer, Peter Wayne's college mate at Yale, had been murdered in his penthouse apartment and Martha Thayer was in love, were suspected by Inspector Connolly. Peter had fallen in love with Martha on his return to New York. Detective-Sergeant Charlie Mitchell asked Peter to work with him in clearing up the mystery. Benny, of Emma's night club, had blackmailed Martha after Tack lost heavily in a crap game. Benny demanded "five grand" to withhold corroboration of Connolly's theories and the location of the pistol used by the murderer. But Charlie had found the pistol in a safe concealed in the Thayer fireplace. Now Charlie, Peter, and Police-man Dan Purdy enter a room in a house in 49th Street, descending through the skylight, and passing through a vault-like steel door and a narrow stairway leading from a closet.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Know where you are now, Pete?" whispered Charlie. "So Benny wanted five grand tonight, did he? Well, he's got somethin' comin' to him, but it ain't a cheque. If I'd come in downstairs Benny'd have been off before I was half way up in the elevator. He's got another get-away—I don't know where. But—he don't know about this one! Now—quick—and listen!

"We're goin' right out that door. I gotta word to say to Benny. Dan—you head for the bar. Make out it's a liquor raid—see? Stick to Dan, Pete. If Ross or Zahn are in there, tip Dan off—I want to see them both. Every one else but Zach—he's the bar-keep, Dan—can go for all of me. All set? Let's go!"

He flung open the door. Peter caught a glimpse of Benny's face, gone white, sudden, with fear and amazement; he laughed hysterically, as he saw Betty Rogers and Jimmy Bronson just stepping out of the elevator. Purdy slipped past him; he heard his pleasant voice, in the bar. "Quiet, please, ladies and gentlemen. I'm an officer. This place is being raided, but none of the patrons will be molested. Bartender—stay where you are."

Peter tore himself away from the sight of Benny standing, hands in the air, before Charlie. He pushed past Betty, who clutched at him, vainly, to Purdy's side. Zahn and Ross were in the far corner of the bar, sitting at the table Zahn always seemed to have, as if by some pre-emptive right.

"There they are—those two!" he said. "See—at the table by the mirror, between the windows!"

"Right—I see them," said Purdy. Only seconds had passed, really, though they seemed like endless minutes to Peter, since he had taken his eyes from Charlie and Benny. Their postures were unchanged, and as Peter crowded up, close to Charlie, he heard his speaking in his softest voice. "Midnight yet, Benny?" he was asking. "You had an idea you wanted something before midnight tonight, didn't you?"

"What the hell is this—a pinch, Mitchell?" said Benny.

"You're right it's a pinch," said Charlie.

"All right—get on with it. You know what's comin' to you for this, don't you? You know who I stand in with, don't you?"

"For sellin' liquor, Benny—sure I know. But it don't cover murder."

And, again, with triumph filling his voice:

"What time is it, Benny? What time is it?"

"How the hell do I know what time it is?"

"You got a watch, ain't you, Benny?"

Skilfully his hands slipped over Benny. But it was not a watch that he brought up first, and transferred to his own pocket, but a pistol—own brother, by its looks, of the one that had killed Tack Thayer.

"Buy 'em by the dozen, do you, Benny? Come cheaper that way I guess, don't they?"

"Think you're funny, don't you?"

"I've seen guys pullin' down heavy jack that never cracked a joke as good as this, Benn. All right—put 'em down. An'—what time is it, Benny? What time is it?"

Benny snatched a watch from his pocket. "Twelve ten—and be damned to you!"

"I think that watch runs slow, Benny. I think you got a better watch than that. Come clean!"

And now, for the first time, there was real terror, Peter saw, in the Italian's eyes. He made the movement of a cornered animal.

"No, you don't!" said Charlie. Once more a hand plucked at Benny's pockets. And this time it came out with a thin, white watch. Peter cried out: "That's Tack Thayer's watch!"

Peter heard something click. Benny was standing, staring stupidly at his handcuffed wrists.

"Benjamin Rufano—" Peter heard a new note in Charlie's voice. "I arrest you for the murder of Tack Thayer. Anything you say can be used against you."

Peter waited in the bar. Zach, negligent, indifferent, leaned across the counter. Two uniformed policemen blocked the doorway. Peter had a confused impression of people behind them, in the hall; of Emma's yellow face, with her slanting, Mongol eyes; of the fat piano player; of seared waiters. Meyer Zahn and Ross were back at Zahn's table; Purdy, watch-

ful, but with an air of easy unconcern, stood near them.

"May I ask why I am being detained?" Zahn asked, silkily.

Sergeant Mitchell wants to talk to you, Doctor," said Purdy. "He will be here in a minute or two, I think."

Peter knew what Charlie was doing. Just for a minute he had been in the small office; he had seen Charlie, rancor incarnate, glaring at the manacled Italian. Then Charlie had ordered him out.

"Go in with Purdy," he said; "I'm going to sweat this wop alone for a bit. Hold it, Pete—we're in the home stretch now."

The policeman in the doorway moved. Mitchell came in. As Peter looked at him he saw triumph blazing in his eyes for a second. Then every bit of expression was wiped from his face; as he crossed the room to Zahn and Ross he was again the stupid, brutal promoted patrolman.

"Ross!" he said. "Know what's happened? Know that Benny's under arrest for killin' Thayer?"

Ross, still—or again—in a panic, stammered, couldn't speak.

"Ready to talk? Hey?"

"Murder?" said Ross, slowly. "You mean you've arrested Benny—you mean he killed Tack—?"

"You know damned well he did! Just like you knew he was tryin' to frame Thayer's wife to save his own rotten hide!"

"I didn't!" Ross cried. "I swear I didn't! I—"

"You lie, you rat! Where was you after you left Sanborn's? When you said you was with Rita Gould?" Mitchell swung around suddenly. "Where was he, Doc? You answer for him! Where was he—uh?"

"My dear man, how should I know?" answered Zahn.

"O.K. How about it, Ross?"

Ross was trying to speak, Peter thought. But, before he could, Mitchell was giving tongue again; his voice rasped; it was hoarse with triumphant contempt.

"I'll tell you!" he said. "You was in such and such a house—telling what you'd been sent to find out! Telling where Thayer was—telling where his wife was—givin' a time table!"

"Yes—yes—but—"

"Ross!" Zahn's voice rang out, clear, sharp, compelling. It silenced Ross for a second; he turned his hunted eyes to stare at the Jewish doctor. But now Mitchell had the advantage.

"Damn you—I won't keep quiet!" Ross cried. His voice, as he turned back to Charlie, was desperate. "I didn't know! I swear I didn't. Murder—my God no! You've got to believe me! I tell you I didn't know! I'll tell you anything you want! Zahn—he had me—he knew something about me—he was going to give me away. But I didn't know why he wanted—"

"Hold it!" Charlie's voice stopped the rush of Ross's words as a stream of water is cut off when a tap is turned. "That's all I want from you! You had your chance—too late to talk to me now. You can tell it to the D.A., if he'll let you—that's up to him. Clancy!"

One of the patrolmen from the hall came in.

"You take this bird along—hold him downstairs till I come."

"Right, Sage." His hand fell on Ross's shoulder. "On your way, fella."

"There is a charge against Mr. Ross, then?" Zahn's voice was as silky as ever.

"Sure. Sure," said Charlie. "Conspiracy—for now." He leaned forward. Once again Peter heard a click. And then Zahn, amazed, outraged, was staring down at his own handcuffed wrists. "How about yourself, Doc? Interested in the charge against you?"

"Against me?" Zahn had recovered the poise that, for a moment, he had lost. "Really, Sergeant—I have some small standing in this city, after all—"

(To be continued.)

## Centuries Bring Little Change

A bob-haired debutante of 3,000 years ago has been excavated near Haderslev, Germany, by Prof. Thos. Thomsen of Copenhagen.

The costume of the mummy, identified by the Professor as the body of a Teutonic princess between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, looks a lot like some of the present day. She wore a short skirt, a blouse with a broad belt and pumps very much like those of modern times. Her bob was kept in place by a ribbon, such as women tennis players use. She wore arm and ear rings of bronze. In the heavy oaken sarcophagus there was a collection of manicure instruments and with what looked like the bronze-age equivalent of a cocktail at her feet.

A birch-bark vessel, containing residues of a brew of grain, berries and honey, stood at her feet.

A plate of stainless steel recently exposed to sea water continuously for nine weeks showed that, left unpainted, it was immune from barnacles and rust.



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## Balanced Diets Prevent "Nerves"

### Interesting Remarks About Dietetics By Doctors at Chicago Convention

Chicago.—The average woman of today is three inches taller than the average back in 1893, dieticians meeting in conjunction with the American College of Surgeons, were told by Dr. Charles F. Read of Elgin, Ill.

Dr. Read, who is superintendent of the Elgin State Hospital, said he attributed the growth in women to a better knowledge of balanced diets and a subsequent lessening of nervous ailments. Balanced diets, he said, act to prevent nervous disorders.

It is bad business, the surgeons were informed by Dr. Alfred W. Adson of the Mayo Foundation of Rochester, Minn., to correct children at meal time, because it destroys their digestion, and acts upon their nervous systems. It has a like effect upon the parents.

"Fear," the doctor said, "is the chief cause of all nervous troubles, and it must be avoided. Take your time about everything, eat plenty of good food, get the proper amount of sleep, have a bit of recreation each day, and you won't be bothered with nerves."

The "worrying doctor" found support among the surgeons. Dr. J. Bentley Squier of New York, president of the college, said:

"The day when the doctor loses the human touch and his patients become just so many numbers to him in a hospital, is the day when medical science will begin to lose ground."

Childbirth, said Dr. C. Jeff Miller of New Orleans, is no longer a natural process, and should be supervised by a physician as closely as a serious disease.

## Egypt, New Market For Maritime Apples

Saint John, N.B.—A new market for New Brunswick apples has been opened up in Egypt, and the first shipment has just left this port for Alexandria. Shippers expect larger consignments to follow during the fall and winter months.

Canadian apples, grown chiefly in British Columbia, have found a market in Egypt for years, but it was not until recently that New Brunswick exporters became alive to the possibilities of this trade. The first shipment is being sponsored by the provincial government.

Shippers are hopeful, also, that export of New Brunswick potatoes to Egypt may be begun before long.

## Age of Viking Ship Set As 400 A.D.

In the Gothenburg historic museum can be seen the oldest sailing ship ever found in Scandinavia. It is called the "Galtabek Ship," and was found about five years ago by a farmer while digging a ditch at Galtabek, near the town of Varberg on the west coast, south of Gothenburg. It was carefully dug out and a considerable part of it was preserved so as to allow a complete reconstruction, which was carried out by experts with infinite care. The ship is about fifteen yards long, clinker built of oak boards joined with oak nails and beautifully shaped. It is regarded as having been a most seaworthy vessel, with considerable loading capacity and carrying a mast with a square sail, with assistance from oars as well. By means of a careful analysis of the surface of the hull and of the surrounding geological conditions the age of the ship has been fixed at about 400 A.D. This shows that the art of navigation is several centuries older in Scandinavia than archaeologists have hitherto been able to deduce, and the ship also reveals a very advanced skill in shipbuilding at that remote period.—After having rested in the earth for more than 1500 years, the Galtabek ship is now given a place of honor in the museum.

## Chileans Use Nitrate To Aid Wheat Crop

Santiago, Chile.—Chileans at last have begun to practice what they preached—greater use of nitrate for fertilizer—and as a result this year obtained a bumper crop of wheat. Chilean nitrate thus has saved the country from footing a heavy cold bill for wheat imports.

Although Chile for half a century practically existed on her sales of nitrate to the United States and Europe, exporting as much as 3,000,000 tons yearly, her farmers rarely used it. This year 17,000 tons of nitrate were used by Chilean farmers, compared with 431 last year. The Caja de Credito Agrario (Agrarian Credit Bank) arranged for wholesale purchases and resold the nitrate to the farmers on easy terms. The state railways, co-operated with ordering facilities and storage space at each station.

Barometro Economico, a publication of the State Statistical Bureau, estimates that the crop would have been even larger, because of the four-fold increase in nitrate use, but for the exhaustion of the soil during the two previous years, when so little of the fertilizer was used.

## About Eggs

Eggs for market should never be exposed to direct sunlight, rain, or to extreme heat. It is a good plan to keep the eggs covered with a cloth or other means to prevent fading or evaporation. In marketing, or at any other time, eggs should be placed near kerosene, onions, etc., or other strong-jelling substances, because the eggs readily absorb odours.

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