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WINGS OF FORTUNE
BY
LESLIE BERESFORD

SYNOPSIS
Sylvia Darnley, an orphan employed at a travel bureau, in that way she meets John Christopher Fellowes, going to Paris and Monte Carlo. Because of poor business Sylvia loses her job, but at the same time Mrs. Paula Carmichael staying at the hotel with her brother, Tony Mallison, surprises her by telling her that she is heiress to a fortune by her uncle Luke Massingham. Accompanied by Paula and Tony Sylvia goes on a shopping spree in Paris. Paula lends Sylvia her maid, to help Sylvia dress for her first big party in Paris. Sylvia feels Paula has a definite dislike for her. Paula warns her of fortune seekers. She meets John Fellowes.

Even the comfort of her own home when her father had been faded to insignificance before that which was hers now. Only one thought disturbed her happiness and peace of mind as she looked around her. It was: perhaps a foolish thought, but one which came naturally to her mind which was sensitive to the sufferings of others.

All this was only hers, it seemed, because John Christopher Fellowes had quarrelled with her uncle. Not that he seemed to be suffering much on that account, either. He certainly did not seem in the least poor. And yet, of course, it was not always right, Sylvia knew very well, to judge a man's real circumstances by his appearance at the moment.

Once her thoughts began to dwell on John Christopher, they raced on from his circumstances to what mattered even more to her, her own feelings towards him. Why was it that she could not dismiss him from her mind, as she wanted to do? Why, for instance, had she been really thinking of him most of the time that night when she was dancing with Tony Mallison?

Was she, as more than once she had wondered since she left Malchester, in love with John Christopher?
"As she was considering this question once again, the door opened and Paula appeared.

"It's quite impossible to sleep," she laughed. "We leave so early for Monte that it's not worth while going to bed. I thought we'd chat, if you weren't sleepy either."

"You're welcome company, Paula," Sylvia admitted eagerly. "I've enjoyed myself so much. I'm sure I couldn't sleep a wink to excitement."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, darling!" the other kissed her. "I have too, except for one little thing. You know, I was really quite upset this evening when John Christopher walked in on us like that."

As Sylvia stared at her in surprise, Paula sank into the cushioned depths of a settee near the open window,

with curtains drawn back but a few minutes since by Sylvia, to let in the red glitter of dawn.
"I think I ought to confide in you about John Christopher, because after all you should know the kind of man he is, so that you'll be prepared if you do meet him again in Monte Carlo," she said thoughtfully.

CHAPTER VII.
Gay Preference.

Paula's sudden and quite unexpected reference to John Christopher, just at the moment when Sylvia had been thinking about him so vitally, struck the latter at once as a curious coincidence. And then even as more than that, something which was meant to happen. Something which was intended by fate to affect the question she had been asking herself about him.

It was after all, only fair to Paula that Sylvia should hear what she had to say about this mysterious and puzzling John Christopher. He had not hesitated to darken Sylvia's mind with the shadows of suspicion which—without actually mentioning their names—could only apparently refer to Paula and Tony. Sylvia sank into the depths of the settee beside her friend.

"Tell me, dear," she said simply; and added, as she looked out at the glitter of the dawn: "I must confess I've been quite a little puzzled—and worried too—about Mr. Fellowes."

"No need for you to worry!" laughed the other, who had taken a cigarette from a tiny jewelled case, and was holding the tip of it in the yellow flame of a lighter. "The fact that you have come into the money which might have belonged to John Christopher needn't cause you, any sleepless nights or nerve-strain. He's not starving, and isn't likely to be. He's far too clever for that. Clever, precious, in a way that Tony and I have felt you ought to be warned about."

"Warned!" Sylvia toyed with a crepe-de-chine sash to her skirt.
"Why, yes. You don't think he likes you coming into all that money, do you?"

"He doesn't seem to be very poor. Why should he grudge it to me?" Sylvia turned questioning eyes on the other, who shrugged a pair of smooth, naked shoulders in an imitatively graceful way.

"Just the nature of the beast, I suppose. If you ever do get to know more of him, darling, you'll understand. He's a money-making machine, pure and simple, though you probably would never think it by just meeting him, as you did for a little while to-night."

"Well no, I certainly shouldn't have said so, Paula. And I shouldn't have imagined he envied me that money, from the way he spoke—"

"That was to be expected, sweet innocent!" laughed Paula. "He didn't want you to know, didn't imagine that we could see through him. Probably he hadn't any idea that your uncle told Tony and me the truth about him."

"It's really a bit difficult to put it in brutal words, my dear," she hesitated. Paula's lips sent out a thin little stream of blue cigarette-smoke. "And of course we only had the story from your uncle, after he and John Christopher had parted. He made us promise that we would never repeat what he told us."

"That was why," she continued. "I told you last night that there was a mystery about the reason for their quarrel. I hadn't meant to tell you that, but—when we were talking together just now—Tony thought it was only right you should know, in case he did call on us in Monte, and tried to become friendly with you, I wonder if you remember one thing he said to you when he came on us at the table downstairs? About your uncle being the best friend he ever had?"

"I thought how very nice of him it was to say that," nodded Sylvia.
"Exactly. He was playing on your emotions, darling. And that's why he said it. Now I'll tell you why your uncle and John Christopher parted company. Your uncle discovered that he was being robbed, and that John Christopher was the thief."

For a moment, Sylvia said nothing. She was not surprised, so much as frankly incredulous. It seemed an accusation which she could not accept as true without much more definite evidence than mere word of mouth. Whatever doubts of John Christopher she fostered, that seemed too absurd to be accepted off-hand.

"A thief?" She looked Paula straight in the eyes, shaking her brown curls with decision. "Why, Paula dear, he doesn't look or talk at all—"

"Oh, quite!" nodded the other. "I guessed you'd say that, just as both Tony and I told your uncle when he put it to us. But he proved it to both of us, then and there. You see, John Christopher was in the financial syndicate in which your uncle's money was invested. He'd every chance to swindle the old man—"

"Don't, Paula! Don't, dear!" Sylvia, risen suddenly to her feet, hid a pallid and startlingly drawn face behind shaking palms. She had moved towards the balcony beyond the open windows, through which there crept the noise of Paris, never really asleep, but beginning a new day. The glitter of the sun in the East seemed to blind Sylvia. She swung round on her heels.
"That's really, honestly true?" she demanded.

"Why should I tell you what was not true?" Paula eyed her in surprise. "And why are you behaving like this, looking like death? Surely, John Christopher, whom you only met for the first time last night?"
"Well, it is rather a shock," Sylvia interrupted her. "I'd been feeling—quite differently about Mr. Fellowes. I'd thought him—rather nice."

"So he is, it seems, till you get to know him," Paula drew her back to the settee. "Your uncle, of course, was quite taken in by him, poor man. Why—now, I'm telling you more tales out of school—your uncle had it in his mind, before he and John Christopher parted, that John should go over to England and search you out, with the idea that you might fall in love with each other."

"I'm glad he didn't. I might never have known, you see—"
Sylvia hesitated. And now, once again, it was on the tip of her tongue to reveal to Paula that she and John Christopher had not met last night for the first time, as well as his mysterious warning of danger. But, again too, some instinct held her dumb over this. She was moved to laughter, instead.

"Of course I'm tremendously grateful to my uncle for remembering me in his will," she said. "But I don't know that I should have been so grateful to him if he had insisted on choosing a husband for me."

"That is probably what John Christopher thinks he may still become," said Paula. "Otherwise—Tony agrees with me—he would have gone back to China by now, as we happen to know he intended doing. At any rate, if he does come to see us at Monte you'll know what's probably at the back of his mind."

So that was it? That was why John Christopher had come to Malchester, deliberately aroused her interest in him? Clever enough, not to go too far, at the same time guessing that she would at once take advantage of her inheritance to satisfy her longing to go abroad. He had perhaps even known that Paula and Tony were coming for her. And then, no doubt, meeting her here in Paris as if by accident, later on at Monte, too, he would have begun to make love to her.

But not clever enough to realize that Paula might so easily have upset his plans as she had done. Or perhaps he counted on—Sylvia taking seriously the mysterious warning he had offered her last night. That was his mistake. As for his warning, Sylvia had no interest in it. As to whether he tried to make love to her, or not, she was indifferent now. More, she was a little ashamed at the em-

"SALADA"
TEA
Orange Pekoe Blend Fresh from the Gardens

'Paddle-Wheel' Planes Seen For Future by Scientists

Berkeley, Calif.—Airplanes having neither wings nor screw propellers were pictured recently to the American Association, Society of mechanical engineers, as the possible aerial craft of tomorrow, by F. K. Kirksten, professor of aeronautical engineering at the University of Washington.

This prospect, the aeronautical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was told, is supported by principles of air mechanics developed in Germany, France and the United States, and is of proven practical value.

Professor Kirksten outlined the essential feature of this new type aircraft as resembling nothing so much as the time-tested ferry boat propelled with paddle wheels. Air instead of water would constitute its ocean.

Dealing with the characteristics of cycloidal aircraft and their performance and stability in flight, Professor Kirksten reached the conclusion:

"Lifting cycloidal propellers should be superior to fixed wings in standard gliders of airplane form. Cycloidal

aircraft offer advantages for military duty in that there are no wings to obstruct the view or to interfere with machine guns. The cycloidal propeller has the important advantage of being noiseless.

"There seems to be no reason why this type cannot exceed the airplane in any manoeuvre now performed."

Unless technical improvements of present day aircraft are simplified it will soon be necessary for a pilot to gain a doctor of philosophy degree in engineering before he will be able to fly a plane, E. T. Allee, test pilot of California, informed the aeronautical engineers.

The task of the pilot has increased greatly during the shift to the new analysis meteorology in which he is rapidly becoming adept, Allee said. The pilot must be able to meet the requirements of extensive high flying operations and operate a highly supercharged engine with rigid limitations upon manifold pressure, power and engine revolutions which involve a whole new field of engineering, Allee pointed out.

Storing Lemon Juice An Old Art Well Worth Reviving

Method of "Putting Away" Fruit Described in More Than Century Old Cookery Book

When lemons were plentiful our great grandmothers used to preserve them and cranberries in various ways for use when they were scarce. Their juice may be kept indefinitely by boiling it down with sugar to half its bulk and then bottling, but the fine flavor of the fresh fruit is lost.

In days gone by fresh lemon juice or some preparation of citric acid that preserved all its virtues for a long time was an absolute necessity for long sea voyages. Different methods were tried for this purpose, some of which are worth experimenting on today. In an old book dated 1807 the following is found:

To keep lemon juice, buy the fruit when cheap, keep it in a cool place two or three days. If too unripe to squeeze readily, roll each lemon under your hand to make them part with the juice more easily. Squeeze the juice into a china basin, then strain it at once through some muslin which will not permit the least pulp to pass. Have ready some perfectly dry, very small bottles, fill them at once with the juice so near the top as only to admit 1/4 or 1/2 teaspoonful of sweet oil into each (according to the size of the bottles.) Cork the bottles and set them upright in a cool place.

Ready For Use.
The reason you must have small bottles is because, when once opened the lemon juice must be used the same day. When you want to use it, open the bottle, wind some clean cotton round a skewer and dipping it in the oil will be attracted; and when all is removed the juice will be as fine as when first bottled. Care must be taken to squeeze only sound fruit.

With a little trouble the entire lemon may be preserved for the longest cruise in air-tight casks as follows: Take some fine sand make it very dry. Let it get cold, put a quantity of it into the bottom of a dry cask or other clean vessel; then take the lemons and put a layer of them in, stalk downwards so that they do not touch each other, and strew in more sand, as much as will cover them two

inches deep. Then set the vessel in a cold place, and the fruit will be in high preservation at the end of several months. Oranges may be preserved in the same manner.

Bottled Without Sugar.
Fruit juice may be bottled in fruit bottling jars without sugar. Squeeze the juice and strain through muslin into glass bottling jars or fireproof bottles, put in the cork or cover tightly, put into cold water, bring it gradually to boiling, let it boil for fifteen minutes; press the corks in tightly, lift out the bottles and keep them in a cool, dark place till required.

The great point in preserving lemon juice is not to let it stand at all, because if it does a fermentation begins which very materially alters the acidity of the juice's anti-scorbutic qualities.

Wealth From Canada's Mines

Ottawa.—Total dividends and bonuses paid by the Canadian mining companies during 1933 are estimated by the Department of Mines to amount to \$30,000,000, compared with \$26,500,000 in 1932. These totals are exclusive of dividends paid by petroleum companies, and are also exclusive of stock dividends. Metal mining companies contributed 91 per cent. of the total dividend disbursement in 1933. Gold dividends made up 67 per cent. of the 1933 total paid by all mines, and 74 per cent. of that paid by metal mines. The aggregate total of dividends paid in 1933 was approximately 13.6 per cent. of the value of the mineral output for the year. It is estimated that total dividend payments by Canadian mines in 1934 will probably exceed \$50,000,000.

Gold mines naturally play a large part in the production of new wealth from Canada's mining industry. The biggest dividend-producer in 1933 was Lake Shore Gold Mines, Limited, which distributed \$6,000,000. Hollinger Consolidated was second with \$4,182,000, and Noranda third with \$3,357,700. Teck-Hughes paid \$2,384,300; International Nickel \$1,933,900 (all on the preferred stock issue); Dome, \$1,716,000; Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, \$1,480,000 (including stock dividends); McIntyre, \$1,197,000; Wright-Haigreaves \$962,500; and Falconbridge, \$799,900. Official data as to total dividends paid are incomplete, as several companies do not publish financial statements.

A Smile

Teacher—Junior, give a definition of home.
Junior—Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car.

Dignity, Elegance Return to Dress

NOTED BACHELOR SEES WANE OF THE CARELESS MODE

PARIS—Says the most fastidious of Paris bachelors, M. Andre de Fouquieres: "Parisians definitely are abandoning that devil-may-care attitude in dressing, and are returning to the dignity, grace and elegance of other days."

Andre's brother, Becc de Fouquieres, is the "Chief of the Protocol" and regulates the department of presidents, ambassadors, ministers and even kings on occasions bringing them here. Andre sets the style for unofficial folk when it comes to fashion and social custom.

"Formal evening attire," continues the perfect bachelor, "is the sole attire which is correct for a big dinner, a soiree, or a gala ball, and it steadily is resuming its vogue here. To be well-dressed is an expression of optimism, and also a courageous manner of combatting the crisis. To be well-dressed gives confidence to oneself and to others; it cheers and beautifies the atmosphere and clarifies the sky. We must defend Paris against the bad taste and pretentious ugliness of the hostesses who go about hatless, either to save money, or to avoid saluting women whom they encounter. We must protect Paris against such vulgar ensembles as gray trousers, a green vest, a red muffer, a brown coat, a black and orange checker suit."

The dinner jacket, he concludes, "is a masterpiece of vulgarity and ugliness when worn at a fashionable soiree." Tails and a high hat only, harmonize with the beauty of feminine finery for evening.

Urges Nudism For Children

Vast Aid in Education Hillsdale Professor Contends

Iowa City, Ia.—Nudism has an educational value for the young and growing child, Dr. David M. Trout, professor of psychology at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich., asserted in a prepared address delivered before the Iowa conference on child development.

Children should have the opportunity to see persons nude until they learn fully the anatomical differences," Dr. Trout said.

He further declared that it is unwise to require a child to say prayers or to force any concept of God upon him.

He pointed out that children under six years of age were unable to conceive of God as a reality, and that if ideas were forced upon them they were most likely to become confused. "If a child asks his mother, 'What becomes of us when we die?' the answer should be, 'We are just dead mother should explain that it is just like when you are asleep.'"

Dr. Trout advised parents to encourage the "lies" told by small children.

"Before the fifth year," he said, "the child is unable to imagine time or distance accurately, and for that reason the tales he tells are not lies but the products of an awkward imagination. Parents should treat this story telling as a game, and help the child play it."

SEASON'S BEACH SUITS KIND TO PLUMP FIGURE

The large woman outfitted in a bathing costume styled for her slimmer sister has long been an object of ridicule. Designers of beach wear for 1934 have come to her rescue, however. Not only do the new styles minimize her size, but they are good-looking, as well.

The trend is to wide shoulder straps and armholes cut to attract attention from the plump shoulder, also pleats on the side to decrease the width of

South Sea Designs In Home Decoration

"Savage" Trends in Fabrics Especially Noticeable in London

The tendency to "go native" in matters of interior decoration makes itself felt in the latest furnishing fabrics which, throwing to the four winds of Heavens the ribbons and roses of the traditional designs, have gone to the South Seas for inspiration, writes Mrs. Gordon Stables in a London daily newspaper.

Visions of Samoa and of Stevenson, of jungle growths and camp fires are conjured up by the new materials in which we are expected to cover our chesterfield and envelop our divan.

Exotic Flowers.

The flora of Java cluster their spike, exotic leaves upon a heavy cloth with a background so shaded as to suggest the sun rays endeavoring to assert themselves through a dense undergrowth. To those who have gone no further afield than Kew Gardens, it is the hottest greenhouse of all that leaps to the mind at the sight of it!

Samoa has contributed the theme of a very arresting stuff, whose surface shows a cunning medley of conventionalized waves and some species of plant of the edible kind that in the neighborhood of the Pacific supports life without effort. In these strenuous days a cheerful object for contemplation.

For those who have adopted the cult of the negroid carvings there is the appropriate hanging to be found in a cloth that is directly inspired by the Tappo fabrics of the African, a mass of fine geometrical designs in brown on a fabric in the natural color of the flax.

Cobra Curves.

Something more sinister has gone to the planning of a material which simulates the sinuous movements of the cobra, its broad curves shading their colors gradually into one another so as to give a curious sense of vitality, such as is generally wanting in striped patterings. This applies likewise to another stripey motif that is derived from birch-bark, and really gives the effect of something that has life in it.

Another feature of the South Seas is conveyed by a fabric that is based on the swirl and whirl of a maelstrom.

The Loved Dream

Bert Cooksley in New York Times.
Sweet was my home in the far away,
Under a tent of heaven's blue,
But sweeter by far was the restless play
Of gold in the hair and the smile of you.

Dear was my youth in the long ago,
Filled with the fields and the idle stream,
But dearer by far were the lips I know
In every waking and sleeping dream.

Sweet were the songs in that lovely past,
Delicate, laughing, or sad and lone,
But none has clung to me quite so fast
As the little song that was all your own.

Years have passed, but ever I turn,
When the hearth is low and the winds walk by,
To the one for whom my heart must yearn
As a tired child for a lullaby.

And ever I hear my heart repeat
The embers will burst again in flame,
And I shall find her little street
And call once more her brief sweet name!

CONSULT DOCTOR IF NECK GLANDS ARE ENLARGED.

A lady who had been suffering from glandular trouble for some years came in to see me, writes a doctor. Her general health was good, but there were two glands in her neck which were about the size and consistency of a golf ball. She had already had a gland removed and the others treated with ultraviolet rays.

Now this was one of those painful cases which we meet from time to time where little can be done either to arrest the trouble or to remove it. I advised radium therapy for this lady, as I had seen a similar case where radium had stopped the spread of the disease in other glands.

All glandular enlargements are not of such serious character. But medical advice should be taken when glands in the neck or elsewhere begin to enlarge. Of course, if there is any source of infection, such as a decayed tooth or a discharging ear, an enlarged gland is an obvious result.

It is the foolish man who puts down his character in an effort to build up his reputation.



A PAGE FROM MY DIARY
by P.C.2

I am a fair-minded guy, I reckon, in spite of that people sometimes say about speed-cops. But there is one thing that gets my goat sure and plenty.

What do you suppose we put up signs for and all of the country schools for? Ornament—or something?

Know that stretch of highway beyond Johnson's farm, 'other side of Jonesville? A couple of miles of straight-a-way with a little school house on the north side? Well, sir, week-last Wednesday I happened along 'bout the middle of the afternoon, when I see a commotion up by the school. I was not long getting there, and believe me, there was trouble. Group of little kiddies sobbing; teacher trying to calm them; a couple of ladies sitting on the side of the ditch, holding one another, and crying, 'oo; and on its side in the

ditch a light sedan with one of its wheels half a dozen yards away.

The story? Didn't take long to get that. Car comes bowling along—driver gossiping with passenger—too busy to see the school sign—bunch of kids came jumping out of the playground—driver scared of hitting them—loses her head—car wobbles over into the ditch—kiddies scramble for safety—nearly set run down and go into hysterics from sheer fright.

Sure, not much damage done, barring a broken-off car wheel, and a whole lot of tangled nerves, but—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MAJOR TRAGEDY.

Why won't people understand that kids haven't got the sense of grown-ups? Why can't people give 'em a chance, and slow down by the roadside schools?
Well—I'll be seeing you.

Issue No. 29-'34

FALSE TEETH
Dr. WERNER'S POWDER
Sold the world over—Dr. Werner's Powder—justly called "the perfect powder"—holds false plates firmer for hours longer. Leaves no sickening gummy paste—teeth fit so snugly, yet comfortably they feel like natural ones. Prescribed by world-leading dentists—just sprinkle on. Inexpensive—any drugstore.

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