

THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR

Velvet and Steel

By PEARL BELLAIRS

Synopsis

Joan Denny, of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her salaried secretary-companion. Georgina is anxious for her to marry well and intends to introduce her to Piers Hannen, head of the Hannen Steel and Iron works. Lord Edward proposes to Joan.

And in a minute Piers and Joan were tearing on again through the night. The road began to climb gently at first, then steeply, until they were swinging to and fro on the long hairpins of a mountain ascent. Joan had time to accept the situation calmly. It made her furious to think that he could inflict so much discomfort on everybody by his high-handed ways. She thought she would try to enter into the spirit of the thing—tomorrow would do for letting him know what she really thought. Tonight there was a

long drop over the side of the road, there was not another soul for miles, presumably, and she was decidedly nervous!

She laughed, and he glanced at her. "So this is to show me what an inconsiderate man is really like!"

"No; it's to give you a chance of explaining why you look at me as though I were a cold, bad egg!"

They were hurtling along the precipitous road, and he pulled up suddenly, saying:

"Here will do as well as anywhere."

He drew the car up at the side of the road, switched off the headlights and turned on the light on the dashboard; then settling himself back in his seat he turned to look at her with mocking eyes. She tried to appear nonchalant, but she was trembling a little, even though she was amused.

"Well? What is the matter with me? Explain!"

Waiting, he lighted a cigarette, and when, under his amused eyes, she still hesitated, he said:

"Perhaps you would find it easier to explain to me in the dark."

He switched on the light on the dashboard.

"It might not be dislike for you which makes me—as you assert—look rather doubtful about you," said Joan painfully, at last. She was determined not to say that she liked him, at the same time she knew it would only amuse him now if she told him how ill she thought of him. But some other time—later—such a revelation might teach him a lesson!

The thing to do was to evade the question if she could.

"I might be uncertain about you. It might be that I never know quite how to take you, never know when you're joking or when you are in earnest." She explained it in as reasonable a tone as possible, and she little knew how disarming her quiet voice was.

"Do I believe that?" he asked, musingly.

He was silent, and Joan, fancying that he was a little disappointed by her compromise, had time to look about her. They were very high up and the mountain tops were outlined faintly against the stars; there was a deep valley below filled with dark and the sound of trickling water. It was very quiet, and warm, so warm that Joan threw open the great leather coat she was wearing. Poor Lord Edward! She was thinking. What would he think of her believing that she had gone off willingly in the middle of his proposal? Oh, but she would be even with this captor of hers as soon as she was safely out of his hands!

She heard Piers Hannen laugh suddenly in the dark; he stopped and said:

"I can smell daphne."

She was surprised at a man of his type being able to recognize that sweet scent.

"I have a piece on my frock," she said.

"I like it, I'll have it."

"I'll have it!" she mimicked. "Seriously, why should you?"

For answer he switched on the light on the dashboard; his face purposeful, his eyes attempting to look as grim as the rest of him, he leaned over and would have taken then daphne from its place where it was pinned on her shoulder, had she not forestalled him. With a certain breathlessness, a twinge of very real

fear, she detached the little sprig of pink flowered laurel herself, and gave it to him.

He took it and put it to his nostrils, looking at her; her hands quivered a little as she drew the coat more closely about herself; she was ashamed of her moment of terror and more exasperated than ever by him.

"Do you want it?" he asked quizically.

For answer she turned her face slightly away.

"Will you thank me nicely for it?" he asked, and when she still said nothing, he added: "Thank me nicely for it, or I'll throw it out of the car."

(To be Continued.)

Some Howlers

Keats is an insect powder.

Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Wellington.

Socrates was poisoned by an overdose of wedlock.

The Royal Mint is what the King puts on his nose potatoes.

Acronymy, which is called holy, is another name for marriage.

Lot's wife looked back and turned a somersault.

Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives.

Two famous Scottish patriots are Robert Bruce and Edgar Wallace.

Sir Walter Scott was called the "Blizzard of the North."

The knight fell down an abyss that yawned in front of him.

A gasometer is where you put in your pennies.

When Elijah went up to Heaven, his mantlepiece fell on Elisha.

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

What We Eat

When times are bad and purses are light, Canadians turn to pork for their meat diet, but when times are better they return to beef, according to the Dominion bureau of statistics. During the worst of the depression years the per capita consumption of pork ran from 83 pounds in 1931 to 74 in 1933 and beef from 57 to 56. But in 1934, when things were better, the consumption of pork fell to 66 pounds and beef rose to 68. It was the first year since the depression set in that the Canadian people ate more beef than pork. It was evident that, while pork might have been dearer in the worst years, they could make it go further. Canadians eat comparatively little mutton and lamb. The per capita consumption is only six or seven lbs. And yet lamb and mutton, next to fowl, is the best meat to eat.

An Orderly Dog

Edmonton Journal — Occasionally observes the Edmonton Journal, there come from our courts pronouncements that are out of the ordinary but that immediately commend themselves to the good sense of the community.

Such a one emanated from the Calgary Police Court the other day and reveals Magistrate H. G. Scott in a Solomonian light. He ruled that a dog going in orderly fashion to the butcher shop to get his daily rations, according to the regular custom cannot be declared to be wandering at large. Under this ruling, a charge against one John Riddock of violating a city by-law was dismissed.

Riddock admitted his dog was about a block from his house without being under immediate restraint. He explained however, that the 12-year-old Alfrédale was in the habit of going daily to a nearby butcher shop for a bone and on the occasion cited a Wednesday afternoon, the dog forgot about the butcher shop being closed for the half holiday and was standing barking at the door when observed by the police constable. Such a dog could not be described as "wandering at large," the court held. He was in lawful pursuit of his business and might be described as a purposeful dog.

"You might warn him about the early closing bylaw," the magistrate advised Riddock, a remark which says the report was greeted with laughter. But why?

An intelligent dog would soon realize that his butcher shop had two "Sundays" a week, and being a purposeful and orderly dog, would act accordingly. Undoubtedly on this occasion he was not inciting his butcher to a breach of the Wednesday closing bylaw. He, as his master explained, just forgot. Even humans do that, as witness the appearance of a tin of pork and beans for Wednesday evening dinners.

Women Should Be Drafted For War

Cleveland—Amelia Earhart, noted aviatrix, believes women should be drafted for war just the same as men.

"Women should be used behind the lines, doing anything that able-bodied women can do," Miss Earhart said.

The aviatrix emphasized she did not wish to convey the idea that she believes in war, but that in her own case she would want to fly a fighting plane if the United States were attacked.

WHAT DOES YOUR HANDWRITING REVEAL?

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GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR
Graphologist

(Editor's Note: hundreds of those to whom Mr. St. Clair has sent a character analysis have written in to express their pleasure at his accuracy. And he has helped many in solving their personal problems. See his invitation to you following this week's article.)

—O—

Mrs. L. R. writes as follows: "I am a widow with two children, and have been corresponding with a man from the West. He wishes to marry me, and although I have never seen him, his letters are so pleasant that I find myself drawn to him. He is married, but has not lived with his wife for some years, and offers to get a divorce if I accept his offer of marriage. I feel that I should remarry, because I am still young, but I naturally don't want to make a mistake. My first marriage was very happy, and my husband left me a substantial sum of money. Any help you care to give me in showing what you think my correspondent is really like will be welcome."

I am sorry that I cannot be overly optimistic about your chances of making a really favourable marriage with the man who is writing to you. He is not generous—he is, as a matter of fact, of rather a narrow viewpoint; not really broadminded.

He is likely to get very irritable, if not bad tempered and whilst a lot of us have that little trait allied as it is in this case with narrowness of mind it shows that this man is not easy to live with.

He is rather changeable, too. He will be inconsistent, not at all stable, temperamentally, but fickle in his moods. It would be difficult to understand him at times.

Another characteristic that stands out in this man's vanity. He expresses this in his letter to you when he remarks on the number of lady friends that he has had, and whilst he is endeavouring to convey a subtle compliment to you, in that he prefers you to all the others, this also shows conceit. And his handwriting bears this out very clearly.

I mentioned that he is not very generous. I would go further and say that he is economical and cautious to the point of parsimony.

As regards you?—your writing

shows that you have a rather emotional nature, you are quick to feel joys and sorrows, and possess a marked capacity for affection. Yours is essentially a nature that needs company. There is nothing of the cold or aloof type about you. You are ardent, lovable, spontaneous—like lots of fun, and have a liking for being "on the go."

—O—

Would YOU like to have YOUR handwriting analysed? And perhaps you would like to know the truth about your friends? Mr. St. Clair can help you as he has helped so many others. In order to get your personal character analysis, you must send for a copy of Mr. St. Clair's new Chart, the Graphochart, which contains over 100 illustrations, and shows you how to read character from writing. It is fascinating and very interesting. Send 12 cents for your copy of the Graphochart, and an additional 10c coin for each specimen you want analysed. State birthdate in each case, and send 3c stamped, addressed envelope to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont. All letters are confidential and will be answered as quickly as possible.

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Issue No. 14—'35



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FRIENDS OF THE CROW DENOUNCE EFFORTS FOR HIS EXTERMINATION

(From the Chicago Daily News.)

The Illinois Department of Conservation is making war on crows. Its bombers boast of slaughtering 150,000 since the first of the year, and hope to kill 200,000 more by spring. When Mother Nature balances her accounts with these violent conservationists they may not be so proud. She has a way of demonstrating the wisdom of her own order that frequently has made her human revisionists appear very foolish.

There are two major counts in the indictment of the crow. He helps himself to the farmer's grain with an almost insulting bravado, and he kills the young of our lovely songbirds. We fear that a verdict of "guilty" must be rendered on both those counts. But there is something to be said in mitigation of his offenses.

Against his thefts of grain should be set his insatiable appetite for field mice and other small mammals, for insects and cutworms. One authority declares that he "amply repays the farmer for what he takes by destroying the vermin in the fields." Fewer crows, more mice and cutworms—so nature may take toll for man's interference.

It is less easy to palliate the crow's criminal assaults on the nests of other birds, but many ornithologists hold that murderous offense is rare—much rarer, probably, than man's violence to members of his own species. Possibly the human race should be exterminated—some pessimistic philosophers have suggested as much—but the majority is still opposed to a remedy so drastic.

Generally the crow is conceded to be the most intelligent of birds. Captured when young he soon becomes fearlessly familiar with human folk. He is discriminating, picking whom he will for company, and raucously scolding those he dislikes. Always he remains a rascal, a lovable rascal, cockily independent and impudently predatory.

Only a mind insensitive to nature's moods could look unmoved upon the etched beauty of the scene when, as the setting sun hangs on the dark edge of the distant woods, the crows come cawing from the fields in flock formation to merge

with the mystery of the lengthening shadows. Some of us would spare them for the sake of that thrill. But a more practical defense rests on the part they play in the economy of nature with which man meddles at his peril.



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GIRL GUIDES

Australian Writer Asks More Sympathy For Movement. — Suggests Change In Uniforms.

An appeal for more public appreciation of the Girl Guide movement, and suggestions for changes in the uniform to make it more attractive and comfortable to various climates are made by "Vesta," women's editor of The Melbourne Argus, following the recent visit of the Chief Scout and Chief Guide, Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, and the various celebrations in Australia.

The article says: "Why is it the Girl Guides have failed to evoke the sympathy and enthusiasm that has been poured out unsparringly on the Scouts? Why is it they find it difficult to obtain an adequate number of suitable Guides? "It is not enough to say that the Guide movement is younger than the Scouts. It has to be admitted that the movement in Australia has not even begun to rouse any fervid sentiment in the public at large, and that women generally have still to be convinced of its value to the individuals composing it and to the community outside."

The Australian writer declares those who have been responsible for the building up of the Guide organization have had to meet a strong though silent opposition due to the persistence of the idea that girls should spend as much of their time as possible in their own homes, and that anything, except school, that takes them out of their homes is likely to have a bad influence on them.

"Notwithstanding the fact that many forms of recreation and pleasure do in any case take girls frequently out of their homes, and notwithstanding the fine moral influence that the Guide precepts and laws should exercise, this objection is still frequently met with and persisted in, however reasonably and logically it may be answered," the article says.

"Personally, I was much disappointed that with so many Guides gathered together here, there was no occasion on which the public could see them in their strength, independently of the boys. My own impression was that the various companies of Guides are kept too busy sight-seeing in addition to their camp activities."

The Argus women's editor declares: "The present uniform is in many cases neither becoming nor neat, so that it is impossible to regard it with much pride. It is most unsuitable, too, in our hot weather, which calls for something light in color as well as light in weight. I understand that it is permissible to use lightweight materials in summer; but navy blue is a color which does not look well in thin, cheap materials, and a Guide uniform must be inexpensive."

The writer observed that "some of the Australian women Cubmasters looked very well in their pleated khaki skirts and blouses, and some shade of dark fawn might be found practical for Guides."

"Not all countries have adopted the navy blue uniform, so that there is no reason why we should adhere to it," the editor says. "The black stockings worn with it, too, are both hot and ugly; and I am sure that the movement would benefit if some uniform more becoming and more adapted to our climate could be devised. A normal girl likes to look her best, and it would probably be found easier to obtain Guides also if they were not asked to assume a uniform which few of them really like."

Duchess Of Kent "Sweetest Girl One Could Wish To Know

Miss Florence Forrest, of Port Hope, Ontario, who has been in Jamaica all winter the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lewis Emery, Jr., had the honor of being invited by the Duke and Duchess of Kent for luncheon at "Sunset Lodge" where they have been spending their honeymoon. "Sunset Lodge" is the attractive bungalow which is chateauc. Mrs. Emery put—with its staff of servants—at the command of the Royal couple.

Writing to her mother in Port Hope, Miss Forrest describes the Duchess of Kent as "extremely beautiful and wonderfully charming—just the sweetest girl one could wish to know." Of the Duke of Kent she said: "He is tall and fair, has curly hair and blue eyes and not stilted, as his pictures seem to make him." They made her very much at home, said this young woman who was called to the Bar in September last, and will upon her return take up the practice of law.

Politeness in Tibet requires you, when greeting a stranger, to grasp your right ear with your right hand, and then stick out your tongue as far as it will conveniently stretch.

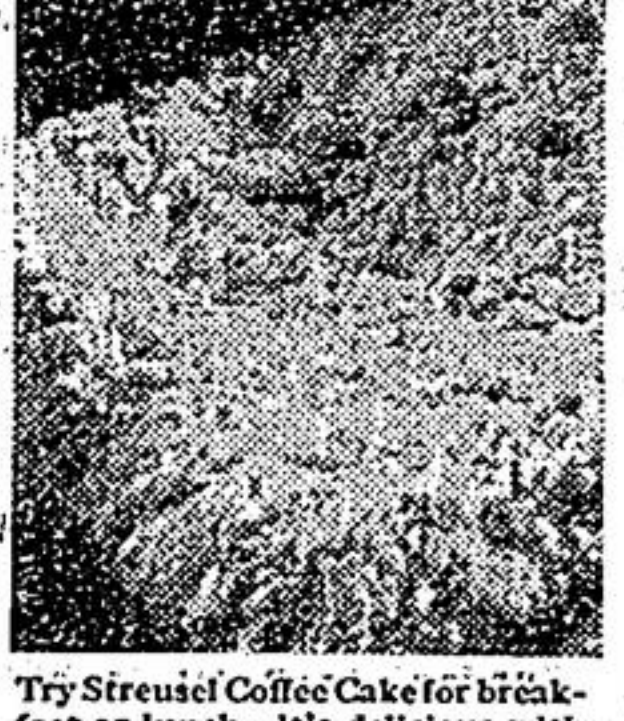
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