

Any Time is Tea Time

"SALADA" TEA

(THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR)

Velvet and Steel

By
PEARL BELLAIRS

SYNOPSIS

Joan Denby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her secretary. She meets Piers Hanneh, millionaire, who forces his attentions on her. Lord Edwards proposes to Joan.

Joan leaves Miss La Fontaine to become a mannequin at the Salon Celeste. Piers Hanneh takes Joan and her family for a cruise aboard his yacht.

"Why do I go on living?" she asked Joan.

"Because we're meant to, whatever happens," Joan said. "We're meant to struggle on — and try to keep smiling."

But Lydia little as she wished to live, yet clung to life. Next day she was holding her own; the day after that the nurse told Joan that there was a bigger chance for her now. At the end of a week she was able to whisper a few hoarse words to Joan: "Rather go on living," she whispered, "than make a mess like this!"

"Darling, you must go on living," said Joan. "God means us to go on living. It was so wrong of you! Try — try now, to get better!"

Lydia clung to her hand, and Joan thought that she saw in her eyes some impulse towards life, a newly acquired bravery. Joan spoke to the sister before she left, and the sister told her that they believed that Lydia would pull through.

"It's young Dr. Harvey," said the sister. "I think he'll save her. He's been so wonderful with her!"

And day by day Lydia improved. Dreadful as this experience had been for Joan, it made her think very seriously about her own life, her comparative good fortune, and the possibility that she might waste it by making some foolish mistake; not that she would make the mistake that Lydia had made, but that she might in her lack of understanding throw away some of the best things of life.

When she thought of Piers Hanneh now she realised that his love, overbearing and domineering as it had been, had not been anything to scorn, even though she could do nothing but reflect it because of her own feelings.

She had been careless and cruel, she had not given thought to the pain he was suffering which had made him behave as he did. And though she would still refuse him if he asked her again, all that she had seen lately of the dark side of life, had taught her to be more kind.

The spring went on and it was summer; Joan went to see Lydia regularly. It was ten weeks before she came out of the hospital, and she came to the Salon Celeste the day after, to see Joan and the others who had been her friends there.

All her beauty but that of her lovely dark eyes was gone; her face had always been pale, but now it was sallow, and she was so thin that she was almost a skeleton. Her voice was hoarse still, for the acid which she had taken had burnt her throat; but she was smiling, smiling as the old beautiful Lydia had never smiled; and there was a light in her eyes which had never been there before.

(To be Continued)

"Peace is the greatest of British interests. Everyone is agreed about that."—Viscount Cecil.

Suit Your Type

Select Becoming Colors — Plenty To Choose From

What color will you choose for your new outfit? Time and time again this vexing question crops up. But you'll have plenty to select from this season, as shades are particularly varied.

Many have borrowed the rich, deep colorings of a bygone century. Reds that stand out vividly or darken to a rich rose wine, berry shades with a bluish tinge.

Greens vary from a bright Robin Hood, lime and olive, on to subdued hues that give an almost fated appearance.

Lots of black is shown in Paris, with brilliant colors introduced as yoke, belt or scarf. Royal blue, steel grey and purple are also featured, while tangerine and green, red and blue, orange and turquoise effectively combine in day and afternoon frocks.

A famous dressmaker once gave a word of advice: "Always keep the color of your eyes and hair in mind when choosing fabrics." This is very sound, as there are certain shades that can absolutely overshadow your own coloring.

Women can be broadly divided into four types. Those with soft, rather delicate coloring, the florid, the dark complexioned, and those whose coloring is indefinite.

The fair complexioned (by this blondes also are not referred to, but also the fair skinned brunettes), can afford to wear bright shades, as the fairness of their skin subdues color to a certain extent. Green, blue and black for the golden haired, and red, blue, orange for her darker sister.

The swarthy type can wear green, shades of brown and orange to good effect. Those with florid coloring should select the rich, subdued tones of the berry shades, but they will find that black or navy will do more to help them to soften their superfluous coloring than anything else.

Color, to give a touch of relief, can be introduced at the neck in the form of collar and cuffs, scarf or waist belt.

As to the "in-between" type, who are neither dark nor fair, select bright shades. You can wear shades that are colorful without being too brilliant.

Quints Set The Fashion

It is human nature for the mass to fix its attention on and follow the examples of the chosen few. With the passing of time those examples have been broadly labelled "fashion" and Canada has no more important leaders of fashion than the Dionne Quintuplets.

It is no exaggeration to say that the bulk of the recent arrivals in this country — and others — are having their clothes, their daily routine, their diets, in fact their very lives, determined by the Quints. And, taken by and large, it seems a very sensible practice for that time, at least, that the Callandar babes remain under the supervision of their "commonsense" physician, Dr. A. R. Dafoe.

Latest fashion set by the Quints is that of being immunized to diphtheria. The result of the press story announcing this precaution was a 60 per cent increase in the "first doses" of toxoid given to Toronto children over the average for the year. According to figures supplied by the Toronto Social Hygiene Council by the city's clinics 91 first doses were given at 11 clinics over the two days immediately following the story.

Woman Kept Silence For Twenty-Five Years

Miss Eloise Reinzi, former teacher of seven languages, who in the past 25 years had never conversed with her Charlestown, Mass., neighbors, not permitted anyone to cross the threshold of her home, died after being taken to hospital, Police, summoned by nearby residents, battered down the locked door of her house and found her lying on the floor with a fractured left leg.

Because the 90-year-old woman refused to let anybody in the house, the building was without electricity, water or gas, all of which had been turned off years ago. She would not tell how long she had been lying in her home with an injured leg. Neighbors said that they notified Police when she failed to be seen for several days.

The Buying Sex

WASHINGTON — Feminine taste is an important factor in American Journalism. Eleanor Medill Patterson, editor-in-chief of the Washington Herald, told the convention of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism here recently.

"Fifty to 75 per cent of newspaper readers today are women," she said. "And if they are not, they should be because at least 50 per cent of the buyers today are women."

Women Farmers Take Honors

LONDON. — Of recent years women farmers of the British Isles have been steadily proving that they can hold their own with the more astute males in the ancient art of agriculture. Last year at the great fat stock shows which came in December, the stock shown by several women landowners gained championships and this year, while not as many women were exhibiting, the honors gained by them were just as interesting.

A comparative newcomer, Lady Evelyn Maud Robinson, widow of Sir John Robinson, had a small group of Aberdeen Angus cattle from her Kirklington Hall estate near Newark, Nottinghamshire, at the Norwich, Birmingham and London Smithfield shows. At Norwich her heifer Iris of Kirklington animal reserve. Lady Rochampou and at Birmingham she also won the supreme honor with another "Kirkling" on animal reserve. Lady Robinson thus won three challenge trophies worth approximately \$1,500 and \$150 in cash prizes.

Later at the final court of appeal for all fat stock, Smithfield Fat Stock Show in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, Iris was again reserve to the supreme champion of the show, the champion this time being another Angus heifer shown by J. J. Cridlan of Maiseimere Park.

Another titled lady whose stock has won several prizes at the English shows was Baroness Buron with Angus stock from her Inverness estate. In fact these two ladies, along with H. M. the King and Mr. Cridlan just about provided all the champions and runners-up at Smithfield. Fanny, Lady Leon of Bletchley Park, also had one or two "winners" showing at London, but could scarcely reach the charmed circle of champions.

At the Scottish National Fat Stock Show at Edinburgh where last year Mrs. Brewster Grant won the supreme championship, sincere regret was expressed on all sides when word came of her death the day before the show. Seven of her animals were forward, and took a good share of the prizes. As usual Miss E. M. Smith of Kennerty, Peterculter, the noted Clydesdale horse and Shorthorn cattle breeder, was forward with several prize winning pure bred and cross bred steers, to mention only a few of the landed proprietresses who are playing an important part in improving farm practice in the Old Country.

An Examination Of the Examiners

(From the Peterboro Examiner)

They have been making an investigation in England into the question of examinations—both school and Civil Service tests—and the findings leave exponents of the examination system with a lot of explaining to do. It has been shown for example that not only are the markings widely different when done by more than one board, but that the same examiners do not always see the same answers in the same way.

The investigating committee sent a set of papers to examiners who had marked the identical papers a year before and this time the marks were quite different. Similarly when answers were submitted to seven different groups of examiners there was a variance in the results that was amazing.

Finally two squads of examiners, some of them in the Civil Service, were called upon to test 20 candidates by the viva voce method and to place them in order of merit, and it was discovered that the pupil who was marked first by No 1 panel was put in thirteenth place by the other panel and the first place student selected by the second panel was only rated eleventh by the first.

So much emphasis is placed on the importance of examinations both during school years and afterward that the publishing of these findings has caused somewhat of a sensation in England and already steps have been taken to improve the system. At the same time another very progressive move has been undertaken in the decision to abolish the matriculation examinations, except in the case of pupils who intend to enter the universities, and to substitute a leaving certificate, showing the student to have completed his secondary education.

These are developments that should be of more than passing interest to educators in our own country. Is our system of examinations any more accurate than that followed in England, and isn't it about time that we too got away from the fetish of matriculation which should only concern a comparatively small percentage of the students in our secondary schools?

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The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN

"Down The ICE" by Foster Hewitt (Reginald Saunders, Toronto), \$1.50 is a volume long-needed on Canada's national sport. Hockey players and hockey fans will want a copy of this book by Foster Hewitt, who with his close contact with players, coaches and hockey authorities, is probably better qualified to write on these subjects than any other person today.

How many know the year this national sport came into action in Canada. For that matter how many know the origin of hockey? These questions and many more are answered in this fascinating book as a matter of fact every hockey fan should have a copy—then when visitors arrive who have never seen this game on the ice — just hand them the "book of words" rather than a lengthy discourse on the subject.

"High Speed Ski-ing," by Peter Lunn (Reginald Saunders, Toronto), \$1.25 is a handy-sized, well-printed handbook, on skiing written by so great an authority as the Captain (for the third year in succession) of the British Ski team. Ski-ing in Canada, year by year is gaining its enthusiastic followers. The Toronto Ski Club, starting in 1922 with a handful of enthusiastic tyros, now has 1,500 members with a commendable average of skill. It is recommended to these members, that they all should have a copy of Peter Lunn's book. Unlike a great many experts he knows how to put technical ideas in clear and lucid language. What more could you ask as a recommendation?

Waiting To Be Told

Something is wrong with you young people who are always waiting for some one to tell you how. It does not matter what your perplexity is—how to get a job, how to get a raise in salary, how to make friends, how to win the approval of the boss—you are always looking for an advisor, and leaving it to him.

This does not mean that good advice should not be heeded. It is a question of attitude. If you assume that you have to be told how to do things you want to do, if you are at a loss until somebody comes along to act as a sign-post, pointing the way for you to take, then your chances are poor. There cannot be any great degree of success for a learner. Self reliance is one of the indispensable qualities.

Ask advice if you are in doubt, take advice if you feel it is better than what you had thought out for yourself, but do not feel that you are helpless without an adviser.

The Nest

A straw, a thread of moss, a wisp of hay,
A withered leaf, a twig of lins; year's date—
These are his prizes, these his precious freight—
All things outworn, and lost, and cast away;
Yet, challenging the universal Nays,
He finds in each a brick predestinate

And from his innocent plunder of the State
He makes a home out of the world's decay.

And I, too, pick and choose with curious eye,
From out the multiplicity of things,
To build a niche against Immensity,
A shelter from the beating of Time's wings;
A thing of naught for others, but for me
A base, a refuge, a security.

—F. H., in the London Observer.

Graphic Portrait

Emil Ludwig Presents Hindenburg's Life In Detail

Emil Ludwig, the exiled German historian and biographer, has written a life of Hindenburg, in which he presents a graphic pen-portrait of that massive personality. To the world in general the name Hindenburg suggests a physical Colossus who bestrode the German nation during the Great War while the soldiers marched between his legs and found themselves dishonorable and muddy graves on the Western Front. It was to whom the Germans reared an immense statue of wood, into which the people were allowed to drive nails — at so much a drive.

Perhaps no living writer was better fitted than Ludwig to write the biography of this great figure. He has written a powerful life of Napoleon and many other biographies of the leading political and military giants of Europe — among the last of these is "Hitler and Hindenburg." As an example of Ludwig's style and his presentation of the man Hindenburg, as compared with Hitler, the following portrayal is illuminating:

"Here was a man of mighty frame, who for seventy years had been accustomed to wear uniform, confronted by an uneasy fellow (Hitler) who had come to wear uniform only through the chances of War, and had speedily relinquished it; a man whom nothing fitted, not even the brown shirt that had been his own invention, whereas old Hindenburg had devoted whole days of his life to the important problem of buttons, buckles and decorations. The man with the biggest monstache in Germany was confronted by the man with the smallest: the square-head by the oval-head. A man with no nerves was facing one who was a bundle of nerves; a healthy man, a neurotic, a good trencherman, a vegetarian; a patrician, a confirmed bachelor. The man who produced an effect spontaneously and without effort, was confronted by the man who was unconsciously trying to produce an effect; the man who did not know the meaning of fear, by one who was always in a state of excitement; the man born to command; the man who had grown naturally and easily to his high position; by the man who had shot up into the firmament like Jack's beanstalk. A Junker was faced by a petty bourgeois; a Protestant by a Catholic . . ."

The foregoing may be over-rhetorical, but the features and character of the subject stand out in bold relief. According to Ludwig, Hindenburg himself had arrived at his lofty position by a course of events no less freakish than those which raised Hitler to power. He tells the story of how this big but otherwise undistinguished Junker secured military employment during the war and became a national hero and legend within a year. It appears that while Hindenburg was the imposing popular figure-head, Ludendorff was the brain. Ludendorff, however, was apt to lose control of himself in a crisis, and it was the imper-urbable Hindenburg who is said to have never allowed anything to interfere with his victuals, drink and sleep, who calmly saw the thing through.

Hindenburg never had any love for Hitler, but when he realized that the ambitious plebeian was gaining popular acclaim he pocketed his Junker pride and received him—not altogether with open arms. The old man at the time was physically and mentally worn out, and probably weary of the whole business. Hindenburg showed embarrassment when he came face to face with Hitler, but he placed the general welfare of Germany before his own wishes. In this he might be said to have been an opportunist, as he undoubtedly was throughout his career, but he must be given the credit for having trimmed the sails of the ship of state according to the wind, and thus avoiding the rocks of disastrous revolution.

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Didn't Want To Leave Classroom

EDMONTON. — Farm women of Alberta learned recently of a new system of teaching primary grade pupils. It calls for pupil participation instead of pupil listening and has already been adopted in 60 Alberta schools.

Mrs. W. Ross, convener of the committee on education, and Miss Mary Crawford, of Edmonton, explained the new method at the annual convention of the United Farm Women of Alberta.

Miss Crawford said children like to imitate the action of adults, and situations similar to real ones among adults must be presented in the classroom. She told of one class of seven and eight-year-olds who were busy playing house when she visited them in the school room.

"They were working in committees, making articles used in houses," she said. "When the time came to go home they did not want to leave the classroom."

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There are five sentences in the following group of words, and these five sentences, then write them correctly, and legibly.

"Another New Year—not to win for himself—the measure of—happiness is something that—finds us here by constant—effort—man—alone in this creation—has chest expansion—one swallow may—prove—the more — a man is certain you ought to be—but one grasshopper still hanging on—not by his—rolling sphere—makes many—springs—the less you can—make a—summer to a."

Send your result in on or before February 15th, 1936, with an entry fee of twenty-five cents. 25 per cent of the entire receipts will be shared between those who send in a correct list, 15 per cent with one error, and 10 per cent for two errors. All contestants will receive results by mail.

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