

# 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 Hannen,

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 Hannen takes Joan and her family for a cruise aboard his yacht. Joan is horrified when confronted by Hannen with a blackmail letter from her father.

"If you send him to gaol what will happen to mother — and the boys?" she asked piteously. "I know father deserves it—he deserves it a thousand times. But think of the publicity—your name will be suppressed, but his and mine will be in every newspaper. They'll send him to prison, and I'll never get a job again so that I can keep the others—never! For the sake of—of what you once said you felt for me—let father off! I swear it will never happen again; I'll kill him if he worries you any more!"

But Hannen laughed; and in her distressed state she surprised and shocked her. Gazing at the agonised face he repeated gently: "For the sake of what I once said that I felt!"

Then he rose, and in his face she saw what had happened. Perhaps during that last scene down in Hooley Street, perhaps during the long interval since she had seen him, his feeling for her had undergone a change. His love was dead. What he felt for her now was hatred—hatred and desire!

"Very well," he said. "Marry me!"

Joan shrank away from him; the look on his face whipped up her energies, collected the resources scattered by the blow of her father's guilt.

"You can't make me do it!" she cried.

For answer he put his hand out to take up the telephone receiver.

"Shall I ring the police and give them my information now?"

Joan turned away her head.

"You can't want to marry me and be willing to ruin my life too!"

"Can I not?"

"The whole thing is absurd!"

"Quite! It's the old trick adopted by villains the world over. But it works, you see! If it hadn't worked, my dear Joan, it wouldn't be such a favourite."

"Do you hate me very much?"

"That's beside the point," he replied, and his face went white before her eyes. "I'm only waiting to

ring up the police and get them to send a man up. You can stay here and watch me give these letters from your father to him. Just as you like!"

Filled with anger against herself for being unable to keep calm in his presence, Joan broke down.

"I'll do it—if you insist!"

She sat there in the chair, with her hands hiding her face, trying to control the sobs which rose in her throat and were racking her body. She heard him move over to the window, she heard him come back, and heard the sound of a match striking and knew that he lighted a cigarette.

"When?" he asked calmly, after he had allowed her a little time in which to recover. "To-day?"

"To-day?" Joan raised a tear-stained face in helpless supplication.

"Thursday, then. I'll give you three days."

That he should want to marry the daughter of such a father was beyond her; but his next words, like a whip-lash across her face, were like an answer:

"Don't think that it is to your honour that I'm according so much consideration," he said. "But I have scruples—perhaps foolish ones—about my own!"

Scalded to the depths of her being, Joan suffered this without remark; how far away seemed the day when she had told Miss La Fontaine that Piers Hannen would never do anything really wrong or ungenerous.

He spoke again, this time casually and politely.

"We'll be married at St. Stephen's on Thursday, then. I'll let you know the time to-morrow. I suppose it will be impossible to keep the wedding an entire secret—it always is. However, you can tell whom you like about it."

"Very well," said Joan. She rose, took up her handbag, and walked shakily to the door. There was nothing more to be said.

"My chauffeur will drive you anywhere that you want to go."

"No, thank you."

"The car is down below."

"Thank you—no!"

He opened the door for her, and the soft-voiced, elegant secretary showed her through the outer office into the corridor.

The door closed behind her, and Joan stood for a moment, gaining command of herself.

She heard the whirr of the lift in the shaft, heard the hundred noises, the murmur of work going on all over the big building. All this was Hannen's, all this, and all these busy people moved to his will; and now she, too, was in the toils. . . .

(To be Continued)

## One Profession Closed to Women

### Men Retain Nerve-Racking Positions as Shorthand Reporters

OTTAWA—Women may qualify as Senators and as member of parliament but no woman yet has qualified for the work, usually considered a feminine occupation, of shorthand reporter in the House of Commons.

At each session, members' speeches are taken down by one of six men who sit at desks in the centre aisle and who alternate, each working 10 minutes in the hour. The work is intense and nerve-racking. Members in the back benches sometimes mumble inaudibly and there are often interruptions.

After the shorthand reporters leave the House, they dictate their notes to women typists. These notes appear in the official printed record, Hansard, the next day.

### Their Carriages!

A reference to the good old days is assuredly to be found in the "25 Years Ago" notes of The Ottawa Journal:

The Journal spoke sternly to the Toronto Star which had suggested that Ottawa was overrun with snobbery and social climbers. "Ottawa possesses," said The Journal, "probably half a hundred millionaires . . . and we doubt if half of the fifty keep carriages!"

Try and find the half a hundred millionaires today in Ottawa?

If you are seeking mental improvement and efficiency, you should write for particulars of the courses offered at moderate fees by The Institute of Practical and Applied Psychology.

Read "THE HELPER"—a new monthly magazine of help for everybody published by

The Institute of Practical and Applied Psychology

One dollar a year  
Sample Copy—Ten Cents  
Write for your copy TODAY!

910 CONFEDERATION BUILDING  
Montreal

Issue No. 10 — '36

## EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC  
By Dr. M. M. Lappin

### THE TRUE WEALTH OF LIFE

The readjustment of the social and economic order has been talked about a great deal in recent years. Writers, politicians, clergymen, as well as the man in the street, have all shared in the talk. Nor has the talk abated. I frequently receive letters, mostly from younger men, complaining bitterly about the unequal distribution of wealth. Here is an extract from one such letter.

"Ever since I was able to work I have worked hard. Before I got married I saved all I could toward getting married and, since then, my wife and I have always tried to live as economically as possible so that we might be able to do the right thing by our children. We have three children—two boys and a girl. Our oldest boy is just about ready for college. We think he should have a college education, but although we have stunted and saved all our lives we have hardly enough to justify us sending him to college. Don't you think it is time something was done to get rid of our existing order in which a few people have more wealth than they can handle and the majority have not enough to make life worth while?"

Well, we are all willing to grant that there are flaws in our social and economic order. There always have been and, it seems to me, there always will be. No human order is perfect. But I think we must also admit that there is a very real attempt being made today to improve things, and it is true, surely, that things are not just as bad as they were many years ago. On the whole, the standard of living has been raised.

It is so easy to blame the "existing order" for so many things. I am not capitalistically minded, but I do feel that, in a great many cases, men could do a great deal more than they do to better their own positions. I am not blind to the difficulties in the matter of getting employment which have existed too long, nor to the fact that there are glaring discrepancies in our existing order, but I know of many cases in which men, with their wives and families, are suffering needlessly. If these men whom I am thinking of, had only kept their eyes open to see opportunity, and had had the faith and courage to go forth to seize opportunity when it presented itself and make full use of it, they and their families would not be in the position they are today.

Granted that all classes of hardship and suffering through poverty do not come within this category, but it is nevertheless true that life is for us, to a great extent, just what we make it. I agree that it is one of the outstanding sins of our own age that men, especially young men, have been kept without work until they are almost unemployable. But it is a sin in which we have all had our part and to which we must all plead guilty.

To come directly to the case of my correspondent, he is to be admired for having done his best. No man can do any more. I think, however, that the question which he has to first answer satisfactorily is—Is this boy a college curriculum? If so, it will enable him to make good in life? If he can answer these questions in the affirmative, then he should be willing to take the chance, make the sacrifice, and let his boy have the benefit of a college career. He will probably find that any sacrifice he makes will come back to him greatly increased—not perhaps in actual dollars and cents, but in the satisfaction of seeing his boy equipped to take his place in life and become a helper of his fellow men.

Not the least part of our trouble today is that we are materially minded. We have a wrong view of wealth. We think of wealth in the form of a large bank account, and while there are many things that a



## Your Birth Date Reveals Your Vocation

By ANN PENNINGTON

One problem of vital importance that confronts young people is to determine the vocation or trade for which he or she is best suited. The purpose of this column is to be of service to those who are seeking help in this important matter. Your birth date can be used as a guide to a proper decision.

Let us suppose that you, or someone in whom you are interested, were born between March 21st and April 15th. Such a person should seek a type of work with a spice of danger, or intrepidity would please these people even more. The profession as Surgeon should prove successful to people born during this period because of the knowledge that people's lives, and your own reputation depends on your actions. The trade as construction engineer would also prove very successful. A woman of this period being self-assertive and an excellent conversationalist should be successful as a promoter, dramatist, writer. A very good example of this type is Mary Pickford, the actress, and of the men Charlie Chaplin, the movie star. Their great love of giving to the needy, and their sympathy in abundance will bring much success to these persons.

As this period is symbolized by the Ram, a person of this type will be

large bank account can assure for us, there are many other things—equally essentially if not more essential, to happiness, which the possession of money, however much it may be, can never guarantee. And even the worth while things which money can secure for a man are not denied that man who has no money. For example, even the poorest among us can have skilled medical attention if we need it, thus ensuring care of the body, while in most of our towns and cities there are public libraries, and in small communities where there are no public libraries, there is usually some club or institution, it may be the church, which provides corresponding facilities. Through our libraries we have access to the great minds of the ages and are thereby able to enrich our minds.

In a word, the true wealth of life may be said to consist of love, faith, hope, sympathy, courage and honesty. "A good name is better than riches," and money can never buy that.

NOTE: The writer of this column is a trained psychologist and an author of several works. He is willing to deal with your problem and give you the benefit of his wide experience. Questions regarding problems of EVERYDAY LIVING should be addressed to: Dr. M. M. Lappin, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose a 3 cent stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

### Winter Sunset

I heard the wind blow through the pines,  
I saw their branches bend and sway,  
I saw the sun sink low, and paint  
The snowy slope in colors gay.

Beneath a pine a rabbit paused,  
His head thrown back, his glance alert,  
My gun beside me was forgot;  
That helpless life I could not hurt.

A bird flew low, a streak of black  
In hold relief against the white;  
The day was fading fast, the world  
Was resting in the arms of night.

Gone was my passion for the chase,  
I bowed before the age-old law,  
"Live and let live." In this calm  
place,  
Amid the pines I knelt in awe.

—Beverly Githens.

## Do This to Ease Sore Throat Instantly

Relieve Soreness in Three Minutes This Easy Way



1. Crush and stir 3 "Aspirin" Tablets in 1/2 glass of water.

For quickest relief from sore throat you've ever known, follow directions above.

Relief will come almost instantly. For the "Aspirin" acts like a local anesthetic to ease throat pains; and at the same time soothes irritation and soreness.

Doctors endorse this treatment. For it provides a medication, and it



2. Gargle thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat. Do this twice. Do not rinse mouth.

takes medicine to combat a sore throat. Try it. Results will amaze you.

"Aspirin" Tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

DEMAND AND GET "ASPIRIN"

## Culture in Russia

NEW YORK — The desire of thoughtful Russians to widen the cultural basis of the people is reflected in a questionnaire which has been laid before 300 readers by Ogonek, short-story magazine, writes Harold Denny in a special article from Moscow in the New York Times.

The questionnaire consists of 10 questions for readers to ask themselves and their friends to test whether they are really cultured.

The test includes such problems as:

"Recite by heart one poem by Pushkin."

"Name and characterize five plays by Shakespeare."

"What composer do you like best? Name three of his best-known works."

"Which three paintings did you like best in the art exhibition you saw last season?"

The others include a smattering of mathematics, Soviet automobile manufacturing and sports, and one question of great current interest:

"Explain in detail why the Stak-hoff movement became feasible in our country."

IGNORANT OF POLITICS

In presenting the questionnaire "Ogonek" remarks editorially that there are now too many "cultured people who have a splendid knowledge of their own specialty but are extremely ignorant of politics, art and science" and that the truly cultured man must know these latter as well as his own work.

In this campaign Ogonek is trying to correct a trait that many foreigners note in Soviet Russia. Great emphasis is being placed everywhere on "cultural life." But despite Russia's magnificent theatre and lively if too often crude literature, the encouragement of veneration of the great artists of Russia's past, and the "liquidation" of illiteracy in the remotest parts of the Soviet Union, the meaning of the word "culture" to the average Russian today is pretty vague.

PIANO HIGH POINT

To most, "cultural life" means having a gramophone, radio and, perhaps for the better-paid, Russians, even a piano; sleekly varnished furniture, colored rayon lampshades, and the use of cosmetics, toothbrush and bathtub—in other words, the commonplaces of the more prosperous of the working class and the bourgeoisie in America.

In its unobtrusive campaign Ogonek is adding its voice to a number recently lifted in the Soviet Union, asking that the word "culture" be made to mean what it means in advanced Western countries.

Caution in Caledonia

Leap year privileges for lassies in Scotland are gallantly bolstered by a quaint legal statute which legend attributes to parliamentary decree back in 1228 and which reads:

It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blisssit Mageste Margaret, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of boothie high and lowe estate schal have liberte to bispoke ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wyf he schal be mulet in ye sum of ane hundrit pundes, or less, as his estait may be, except and alwaiss gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit to anither woman, then he schal be free.

Most distressingly, a United Press dispatch points out that Queen Margaret of Scotland wasn't then on the throne, thus somewhat clouding a charming tradition. But the legend isn't a bad one, with its implication of Scottish caution in the matter of plunging into matrimony. A tale is told of a braw and canny young Scottish farmer who had been courting a long time—so long indeed that Maggie felt it "ower lang." She and he were driving one day in his dogcart.

"Ye're nee speakin' much th' day, Duncan," speired Maggie.

"Two miles later:

"I'm wonderin' if ye'd marry me, Maggie?"

"I'd be ge' pleased, Duncan."

"Three miles later:

"Ye're verra quiet the noo, Duncan."

"I'm wonderin' if I haena' said ower muckle a'ready," reflectively replied the admiring but cautious young swain.

On the whole there is something to be said in excuse for the dilatory suitor's slightly less than ardent wooing. It was all very well for Sir Walter Scott to apostrophize:

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
but everyone knows poetry and pounds mix none too easily. After Duncan's somewhat uncertain encouragement, Maggie might have, the following Leap Year, herself done the proposing. "Gif he then refused to tak ir to bee his wyf," and a fine of "ane hundrit pundes" should be the penalty dug out of some musty old statute book—well, that's a heap o' siller for any man to find—even in countries not lapped by the waters of the Silver Tweed.—Christian Science Monitor.

EACH CAKE WRAPPED AIR-TIGHT

ROYAL YEAST CAKES are always Full Strength

RAISIN BREAD

STREUSEL CAKE

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Royal Yeast Cakes and Royal Sponge Recipes assure light, tasty breads . . .

Royal Yeast Cakes come to you with the protection of a special air-tight wrapper for each cake! This assures absolute freshness—full leavening power. You can use Royal Yeast Cakes the day you buy them—or months later—and be sure of uniform results! No wonder 7 out of 8 Canadian women who use dry yeast insist: Royal!

BOOKLET FREE!  
"The Royal Yeast Cake Book" gives tested Royal Sponge Recipes for the breads illustrated above and many others. FREE! Just send coupon!

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED  
Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.  
Please send me the free Royal Yeast Cake Book.

O'LEARY MALARTIC  
Circular upon request  
Waverley 3461  
BRIDGER HEVENOR & CO.  
MEMBERS THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE  
33 TEMPERANCE ST. TORONTO

Crimes - Justice Mysteries - Solution Experts - Money Men and Women  
If you have an inclination for solving problems, yet are unable to solve the important one of choosing a profession for yourself, write at once for our literature giving details of how you may become qualified to set in the well paid capacity of a  
Special Investigator or Special Agent  
Write for full information to  
The BRITISH SCHOOL of SECRET SERVICE  
Founded (England) 1920  
14 Bondfield Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Best for You and Baby Too  
Baby's Own Soap  
10 Individual cartons