Green tea at its best SALADA GREEN TEA

Stolen Adventure

By VIVIENNE CHARLTON CHADWICK

at the suburban home of her flance's strait-laced family, seeks relief one evening by stealing the car of the young man next door, Ronald .Man-She becomes involved in a series of adventures in which she and Ronnle, who proves to be a G-man, are pitted against a gang of counterfeiters. Her fiance, Barry Vernon, and a strange girl, Juanita Arkwright are also entangled, and are kidnapped by the gang. Ronnie has been working with a man known as Arkwright, supposedly a Canadian officer and Juanita's father. Then he discovers that this man is not the real Arkwright but a member of the gang. On a lonely pier where he believes the gang is going to stage some sort of a coup, he knocks him out, then sends Iris to phone for aid.

CHAPTER X

It took half an hour to unload the press. Ronnie and the aviator carried the lighter on board the houseboat, but left the main section on the dock. It had proved almost too much for the two of them, and they needed help down the gangplank.

As they finished their labors and stood mopping their foreheads, Ronnie glanced toward the shed. Every time the Canadian had passed the little building, Ronnie had tensed, fearing that some sound might come from within. But the shed had remained silent. Evidently he had done a good job gagging and binding Frank.

The Canadian reached for the leather coat he had removed and thrown it over a rail. He put it on and pulled a paper from a pocket.

"Voila! Your list of ze parts, my frien'. I sink you will find everysing in order. Cramer have tell me you know machinery, so you will see she is very cheap for t'ree tousand dollars! Now I suppose you tow your houseboat away queek, no?"

So Cramer was buying the machine and towing it away to new headquarters. Ronnie was learing fast. "Just as quickly as we can," he

The aviator squinted at the sky. "Ze dawn, she is almost here. So ifyou will be so kind -" He paused. "I will collect my money, if you please.

An' if you will put on again ze Ronnie drew in a long breath. He wondered if there was three thousand dollars here somewhere for this man, "Oh, yes," he said, and made as if

to fish something from his inside coat pocket with his left hand. The aviator stepped to his side. And instantly for the third time that night, Ronnie's right - fist went into

action. It shot up and caught the other man flush on the chin. It was a handsome smash. The man's head snapped back, his feet

left the ground, and he went out like a light.

him inside the shed, gagged and rop-

Irls Courtney, bored during a visit | ed with his own handflerchief, relieved of his gun, and securely tied. His shoes were lined up alongside those belonging to Franks, who, when Ronnie swung his flash onto his face,

glowered in smooldering fury. Ronnie chuckled, "Well," he commented, "there's two of you! By jove, if you'd come along one at a time like this it would be quite simple. Nothing to it al all! Now, if only I did

Cice more the quiet of the night was broken by the measured beat of a distant engine. Ronnie strode hastily to the pier and listened intently. A power launch - down the river!

"Cramer!" he decided instantly. "Coming in a motorboat to town the houseboat away! Now - let's see-"

He closed the shed door and shoved the peg into the statple that held the latch. He wished that he had a padlock to make sure that his prisoners would not get out, or the newcomers get in! But that, he had to leave to chance.

He ran down the pier and across the meadow to the plane. If he could make Cramer believe that Franks and the Canadian had both left, and delay the man and his gang until Castle arrived, the party would be a decided success!

He caught the plane by the tail, and hoisted and shoved it. It rolled over the ground unwillingly, and Ronnie was panting when he finally had it as far away from the river as was 1. ssible and partly hidden by the shrubbery. The sound of the launch was closer now.

He ran back across the field and dropped down into the long grass at the edge of the river, some twenty feet back of the boat shed.

He was not a moment too soon. A beam of light shot across the water. The launch had arrived.

The boat's motor went silent suddenly and, from his hiding place, Ronnie could hear voices. He heard the light impact of the boat as it drifted against the houseboat, and the pound of feet as men jumped from one craft to the other.

Then, the voice of Cramer, low but penetrating, carried clearly over the

Other voices chimed in, and Ronnie presently identified the various members of the gang. He could hear them swearing as they searched for Franks and discovered that he had apparently disappeared into the night without a word.

The perspiration stood out on Ronnie's forehead. He momentarily expected to hear a shout of surprise from one of the searchers who might suddenly become curious as to what was in the shed. If this occurred, Ronnie was prepared to slip silently into the water under the pier and let the gang waste time hunting for him. In no time at all, then, Ronnie had | But, apparently no one thought to look in the shed.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

With the return of better times, telephone construction camps begin again to dot the

countryside along many Ontario highways. For 1937 the Bell Telephone Company's gross

outlay will exceed 13 million dollars. Recent reductions in rates for farmers' telephones

have induced many farmers to restore the telephones discontinued in depression years and

many new rural subscribers are being added to the telephone community.

Cramer was furious at the supposed absentee.

"Leavin' this stuff lyin' about! . Blast him! Well, come on- we've got to get goin.' Wherever he's gone, he can follow us."

"But it looks funny," another voice put in. "Something's wrong."

"What could be wrong?" Cramer snapped. "Parker phoned that Manning arrived and was going to stay in the city all night. And we got that interfering fool of a Vernon and the girl before they could squawk! Get busy-we've got to get this junk aboard. Slim, you start casting off the moorings. It'll be daylight in a half hour!"

Ronnie stood up silently in the long grass, and swore softly. Unless he could do something effective in a large hurry, his prey would be on the move before help could arrive, and that would mean that their capture would be problematical. Aware of any pursuit, they would simply



You'll call this "bra" costume slip a "find". It's so essentially important for your fitted and flared frocks. It's made at a modest budget price, too.

You won't have to worry about conflicting lines to your outer garments with this one-piece slip with "bra" top. You'll welcome the shadow proof hem at the front for your sheer frocks.

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HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS Write your name and address plainly giving number and size of pattern wanted. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred-, wrap it carefully, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

cut the houseboat loose and vanish in their high-powered launch like a streak of lightning.

He looked toward Rockaway Road and strained his ears. But no sound of an approaching car rewarded him. He looked up at the sky and was aware of a faint graying. The stars were paling.

He stooped and started untying his shoes. . . -

(To be Continued.)

Advice to a Young Lady

There is a certain young lady who lives in a great castle on a hill in Burlingame. This beginning sounds like a good opening for a fairy story, but, alas, the daughter of the financial king of whom I write lacks some of the perquisites of a fairy princess. For although she is very rich and has everything in the world that she wants - well. no. not everything, for it is said that the choice of her heart is a most unpleasant one in her father's eyes . . . she nevertheless is uncharitable of speech toward others. Sometimes, even, she goes so far as to make unkind statements which she cannot possibly back

If these lines should chance to fall beneath her gaze, let ner remember that kindliness and tolerance are admirable, but that malice and untruth are an abomination, and things which should never be found in the best society.

Prospectors Are Out

In the bush the snow has left the ground and within the next few days a small army of prospectors will start the assessment work necessary to hold their claims.

Altogether 10,324 claims have been recorded in the Sault Ste. Marie mining division, and of this number roughly 3,000 are entirely new stakings, chiefly in the Goudreau

There is a tendency to regard initial staking lightly, as something of little consequence, yet this year, through the performance of the 40 days' work required on each of the 3,000 new claims staked, Algoma's prospectors, in wages alone will contribute roughly \$300,000 and an additional \$100,000 for board and merchandise incident to the work that must be done.

Third Degree **Brutal Method**

(From the Chatham Daily News) Recently the Daily News took occasion to depreciate the "Third Degree" methods employed by the New York police in the investigation of a triple murder in that city. Joseph Gedeon whose wife and daughter were victims of the crime was "put through his races" in a brutal session with the police. Even American newspapers condemn this sort of thing-at least those not included in the yellow press-and this is the way one American writer indicates the third degree system as applied to' Mr. Gedeon.

"This murder had the coppers stumped. Being stumped, they did what coppers usually do-fell back on the old game of laying hands on the nearest suspect and trying to put the heat on him until he confessed. It was Gedeon's hard luck that the police cast him in the role of likely suspect.

"Observe, now, what happened Here was a man against whom no murder charge was formally placed; a man who was guaranteed protection under our laws. What he actually got was a deal so raw it would bring blushes to the cheeks of Ogpu or Gestapo.

"From the housetops, the police announced that this man was an unspeakable monster. By the broadest and most unmistakable implications, they declared that he would presently be proven guilty of having slain his wife and daughter. They announce that he was given to vicious practices in his private life; they rolled their eyes over the fact that he had nude pictures on the walls of his bedroom; they named his various girl friends and declared they would put these young women on the grill as soon as they could find them.

"As if this were not enough, the yellow journals of New York joined in the hue and cry. Given their cue by the police, they tore Gedeon to tatters-not forgetting to take an occasional swipe at his dead wife and daughter also. The murdered daughter had been a model; so the city's tabloids had a field day with photographs that the old Police Gazette would have turned down.

"It must be said that the out-of-



Household Science

SUSAN FLETCHER

The Cook's Ode To Spring Greet the summer in any way you want but don't forget to do it with Strawberry Shortcake as well. Let poets and robins sing all kinds of odes to this joyous season but your family and friends would appreciate it if you served your ode. There is nothing that quite takes the place of strawberry shortcake in anyone's life and if you see that vacant, starryeyed look in the eyes of the younger generation, it may not be love but just a longing for this delicious des-

Just imagine it! Rich and flaky. spread with butter and juicy red berries, and crowned with a fluff of whipped cream. But do more than imagine it - make it. This strawberry shortcake is a triumph indeed, to set upon your table.

When nature has given us such a delicious fruit, don't fall down or your end of it and serve a poor shortcake. By using only the best cake flour - which means the most finely milled - on the market, you can produce a superb cake which is deserving of praise in itself but really fulfills its purpose when smothered in strawberries.

Strawberry Shortcake 3 cups sifted cake flour; 3-teaspoons baking powder;" 1 teaspoon salt; 1/2 cup butter or other shortening; 3-4 cup milk (about); 2 quarts

fruit. .

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed: Roll 14 inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with 3-inch floured biscuit cutter. Place half of circles on baking sheet; brush with melter butter. Place remaining circles on top and butter tops well. Bake in hot oven (350 deg. F.) · 15 to 20 minutes. Cut fruit in small pieces or slices and sweeten slightly. Separate halves of hot'biscuits, spread bottom half with soft butter and sweetened fruit. Place other half on top, crust side down. Spread with butter and remaining fruit. Serves S.

MEAT VARIATIONS. Lamb Chops With Dressing

6 lamb chops; 1/2 onion chopped; 11/2 cups bread crumbs; 2 tablespoons fat; 1-6 teaspoon pepper; 3-4 teaspoon salt; 1/4 cup hot water; 1 beaten eg.: Mix bread crumbs, fat, seasoning, water and egg. Spread on lamb. Put chops in a pan close together; add a little water to cover bottom of pan and bake in a moderately hot oven one hour, basting occasionally.

Flank or Round Steak Stuffed and Rolled

1 lb. top round or flank 1/2 inch thick; 2 or 3 small slices suet; 1 onion sliced; 1/4 cup carrot cubed; 1 cup boiling water.

Stuffing 1 cup ambs, 2 tablespoons butter (melted); 2 teaspoons parsley; 1/2 teaspoons onion juice; 2 tablespoons chopped celery; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1-8

teaspoon paprika. Trim edges of steak, spread stuffing over it, roll and tie it, then place on onion and carrot in pan with suet on top. Pour the water into pan, cook, closely covered, for twenty minutes or more in a very hot oven, then uncover and cook thirty minutes longer. Serve with brown gravy made

from 'drippings in pan.

Veal Birds 2 1/2 pounds veal cutlets; 2 cupfuls soft bread crumbs; 1-8 tenspoon pepper; 1/2 cupful minced onion; 1/4 cupful fat; .1 teaspoon salt.

Brown the bread crumbs in the fat and season with the salt and pepper. Cut the veal into two-inch squares and pound until thin and the piecesare as large as the palm of the hand; spread with the filling. Roll and tie up with cord. Make the birds as round as possible, browning them in a little fat and when thoroughly browned remove the cords. In the meantime make a stock from the onions, gristle, bones, etc. Make a gravy in the pan in which the birds were browned, using a tablespoon of flour mixed to a paste to each cupful of flour. Place birds in the gravy. Transfer to a baking dish or casserole and bake gently for four hours in a 350 deg. F. oven. Serve six.





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town papers and the press associations behaved with restraint. They did not certify the upholsterer's guilt, nor did they compel their readers to look on the kind of pictures that are of a one-chair barber shop. But in New York the sky was the limit.

"This went on for a week or more, and then what happened? Gedeon was turned loose, and all talk about his 'guilt' was forgotten. Instead the police announced positively that the solution of the crime would lie elsewhere; a young sculptor would be shown to have committed the crimes, and, just as soon as they could catch up with him, the case would be closed.

"Now the point of all this is that these enthusiastically blundering coppers managed to put their big feet on the constitutionally-guaranteed rights of this man Gedeon in a way that the worst dictatorship could not surpass. Aided by yellow journalism they tore his reputation to tatters. And he has no recourse, no redress.

"This is a free country, and you are protected against tyranny-unless some policeman happens to decide that he can sweat you into confessing to a murder he isn't bright enough to solve by lawful means."

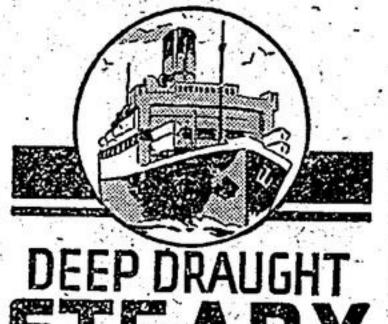
This is a severe indictment, and coming from an American writer, it is all the more impressive. It shows that all of the newspapers and citizens of the United States are not in accord with such brutal methods in the attempted solving of crime in their country. It is hoped that such plain talk will have the effect of rousing the people to protest against this inhuman practice; and incidentally this is one feature of police investigation which, it is hoped, will not spread to this country.

Cameraman Likes Babies In Repose

TORONTO .- Fathers like a laughing picture of their children; mothers like them in repose and the mother is right as a reposeful picture is the better, Thornton Johnston said at the Ontario Society of Photographers' convention here.

"Heavens," exclaimed Mr. Johnston in declaring photographers understood babies better than do most mothers, "I've handled thousands of children. The average mother has only one, two or three."

No baby should be photographed before four months because "little children are not the most (beautiful things in the world when they are born." Baby photographs are best at two different periods - four months and two years.





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Issue No. 22-'37

Home Chores By Hilda Richmond

"Why in the world do you send James to the grocery when Herbert could do the errand so much better and get home sooner?" asked Mr. Croft when his son had delivered the parcel minus the string and plus some dust, showing the little boy had dropped it. "James could be given some work at home, if it is the training you have in mind."

"Then James would never learn to do errands properly," said Mrs. Croft. "I change the duties about so all may be taught to accomplish each task well and so as to be fair, too. James might feed the cat and weed the onions better than Herbert-in fact I know he would-but he must learn to carry things carefully, also, and to bring home the right article and the right change."

"Maybe you are right, Mary, but for the sake of your nerves it would be better to put each child at what he can do best. This is a day for specialists, you know, and to me it seems a waste of time to require the children to perform tasks that they do not like."

But Mrs. Croft stuck to her system, and one day a year or two afterwards when her husband was cutting the grass in the back yard, he heard the children of his neighbor complaining and wrangling over some trivial tasks. "I never get a chance to go to the store," whinned Richard.

"Of course not,' retorted Fred. "Mother likes her meat and cheese to be still covered with paper when she receives them. But you needn't complain for you always get the job of sprinkling the flowers."

"That's because you don't do it the right way," explained Richard. "Allthe same, I don't think it is fair for you to get all the easy things to do." "Easy!" said Fred. "I like that. Going through the hot sun or the rain isn't easy."

Mr. Blank came out to quiet the boys and then leaned over the fence to ask his neighbor about his garden. After a little they began talking about their children. Both fathers were proud of their sons. "John and Arthur are a bit quarre some about their chores sometimes," said Mr. Blank, "but they are fine fellows. Your three boys don't seem to wrangle so much. How do you man-

age it?" "I can't claim any credit for it," answered Mr. Croft. "In fact, I used to think my wife was making a mistake with her bookkeeping system of alternating the chores so cach boy would take his turn at hard and easy ones, but it seems to work out very

"Is that the way you do it!" exclaimed the neighbor. "It sounds reasonable. I remember when I was at home on the farm I always had to get the cows because I was a poor hand at picking vegetables. I still feel, occasionally, that I got the worst of the deal, but Aunt Marthe, who brought us up after Mother died, had a way of fitting the chore to the boy and keeping it there. Jim and I would both have enjoyed a chance occasionally, but she had cast iron rules, and I never was allowed to go down to the letter box to get the mail until I was well past 12 because once

I dropped a letter in the mud." "It seems children are the same in all generations," laughed Mr. Croft, as he picked up the lawn mower.

"Hey! Richard!" called Mr. Blank, "Mother wants some whole-wheat bread for lunch. Run down to the store and get a loaf and let Fred rake the grass."

The look of gratitude on the face of his little boy as he took the money and skipped joyfully away, quite touched Mr. Blank's heart. "I've been a dumbell," he said to himself.

Becoming a Farce

In our feminist civilization, seems impossible to celebrate any of the great events of this mortal life without selecting a pretty girl, dressing her in a flowing Greekish costume, or a bathing suit, and call ng her "Miss Class of 1937," "Miss Bumper Peach Crop," or "Miss Cherry Blossom." Military schools have "sponsors" to whom the class colors are presented at graduation, and there is a "queen" for the welcoming of all sorts of events, from the opening of a new amusement park to the inauguration of the spinach season.

Very little can be done about th's, of course; but the custom may slaughter itself if it is reduced to the comic level of West Branch, Mich., where a personable young lady has just been elected "trout queen" to rule over the opening of the troutfishing season.

I hope this sort of thing ends right there, before it spreads to Maryland and makes necessary a pampano queen, a soft-shell crab queen, and a Baked Bay Shad au beurre no're queen .- Baltimore Sun.

A Litter of 21 Pigs

A pure-bred Yorkshire sow belonging to Claude Thompson, Oxford, N.S., gave birth on his farm to a litter of 21. The two-year-old mother and 14 of the newcomers are doing well.