

Green tea at its best

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Stolen Adventure

By VIVIENNE CHARLTON CHADWICK

Iris Courtney, bored during a visit at the suburban home of her fiancé's strait-laced family, seeks relief one evening by stealing the car of the young man next door, Ronald Manning. She becomes involved in a series of adventures in which she and Ronnie, who proves to be a C-man, are pitted against a gang of counterfeiters. Her fiancé, 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.

"Voilà! Your list of ze parts, my frien! I sink you will find everyting in order. Cramer have tell me you know machinery, so you will see she is very cheap for tree thousand 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 learning fast.

"Just as quickly as we can," he said.

The aviator squinted at the sky. "Ze dawn, she is almost here. So if you will be so kind —" He paused. "I will collect my money, if you please. An' if you will put on again ze lights."

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.

In no time at all, then, Ronnie had him inside the shed, gagged and rop-

ed with his own handkerchief, 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 smoldering 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 at all! Now, if only I did know—"

Cite 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 staple 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 gauged 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 possible 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 water.

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. But, apparently no one thought to look in the shed.

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

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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 up.

If these lines should chance to fall beneath her gaze, let her remember that kindness 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 area.

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 paces" 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-

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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 charge 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," whined 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. "All the 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 quarrelsome 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 manage 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 each boy would take his turn at hard and easy ones, but it seems to work out very well."

"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 Martha, 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 dumbbell," he said to himself.

Becoming a Farce

In our feminist civilization, it 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 calling her "Miss Class of 1937," "Miss Cherry Peach Crop," or "Miss Cherry Blossom." Military schools have "sponsors" to whom the class boys 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 this, 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 trout-fishing season.

I hope this sort of thing ends right there, before it spreads to Maryland and makes necessary a pangampan 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.

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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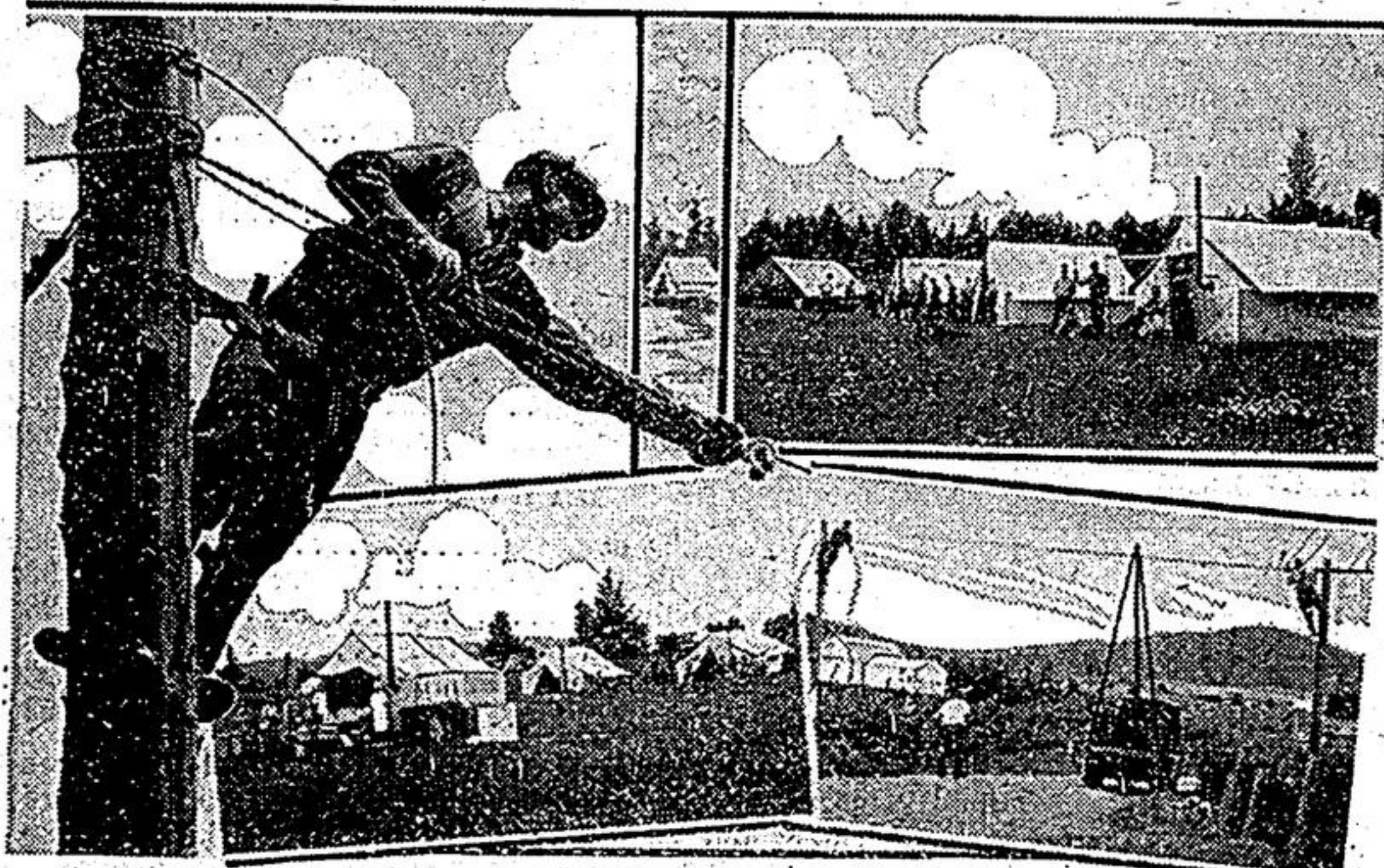
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SIGNS OF THE TIMES



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.

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