

Orange Pekoe Blend "SALADA" TEA

THE CHINA STAR By JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

Hugh Morley, U. S. Secret Service agent, is aboard the China Star, bound from Shanghai for San Francisco, under order to guard Eli J. Brandon, international financier, who is travelling incognito as "John B. Ellis." Morley is attracted to the lovely, Sylvia Ames, who has some connection with Ellis; and he is also carrying some valuable historic jewels. Morley has not made his identity known to Ellis but, when he gets radioed orders to warn him that he is in danger from radicals or jewel thieves, he goes to his stateroom to find him gloatng over a heap of pearls.

CHAPTER IV

"Get out! Get out before I ring for the steward." Ellis, his blue eyes blazing, pointed an unsteady finger toward the door.

Morley grinned. "I must have a talk with you, Mr. Brandon."

Ellis strode to the stand beside the bed, snatched open the drawer, and took out a revolver.

"Now! What do you want? Why do you call me—Brandon?"

"I'm an agent of the United States Secret Service," Morley said crisply, and produced his credentials. "I've received orders to guard you and to warn you that you are in danger—probably as a result of this trade pact you just signed."

"You're crazy! My name is Ellis. I'm a gem collector."

Morley shrugged. "Still, there is danger of jewel thieves. Why not put those pearls in the purser's safe?"

"The purser's safe! I wouldn't trust any safe aboard this ship! I have a hiding place—" Ellis broke off. "And you?" he shouted. "You are a fake! Miss Ames warned me against you!"

Morley started. So it had been to discuss him that Sylvia had wanted to see Ellis! Obviously, Lon had put ideas into her head. And she thought that he—that he was what? A jewel thief?

He saw the stubborn suspicion in Ellis' face. Impossible to reason with such a man.

"Very well," said Morley, with a shrug. "I've warned you—I have nothing more to say."

He bowed himself out.

Morley understood now that Eli J. Brandon, financial wizard, who held the destinies of whole nations in the palm of his hand, feared people!

And Sylvia Ames? What connections had she with Brandon that she should warn him? And why had she warned him against him, Morley?

With these questions annoying him, Morley went in search of the purser—a young man named Benson. To him, Morley showed his credentials and spoke at length, in strict confidence.

Benson nodded. "Right. We can't have trouble aboard. I'll talk to Mr. Ellis at once and try to convince him that our safe is the only place for the pearls."

Morley asked, "Do you know anything about Miss Sylvia Ames?"

Benson raised his eyebrows. "No—nothing unusual."

"How about Phil Lon, the amiable Chinese-American?"

The purser grimaced. "He's too inquisitive."

Morley nodded. "You'll talk to Ellis, then? Good. Perhaps we'll need a guard. . . . He's a rather important personage, you know."

Morley went to his stateroom and had been there only a few minutes when someone knocked softly. He opened the door to Phil Lon.

"Oh, hello, Lon. Come in," he in-

vited cheerfully, suddenly deciding to cultivate the Oriental. "What's on your mind?"

Smiling genially, Lon stepped into the compartment.

"I just thought I'd stop in to tell you that I remember now which jewels Ellis has with him. They are the pearls."

Morley's eyes narrowed. "You blamed fraud! Don't tell me a man selling soya products must possess knowledge of pearls!"

Lon sat down without being invited.

"Mr. Morley," he said evenly. "I also handle sidelines." He took his cigar case from his pocket, and selected a cigar with great care. Then: "But I am not interested in pearls—desirable and valuable as they may be."

Morley flipped his lighter and held the flame to Lon's cigar.

"Let's cut out all this fencing with words. What do you want with me?"

Lon did not look at him. "You, I take it, are interested in jewels?"

Morley lit a cigarette slowly. He must lead Lon on.

"All right," he said, with feigned reluctance. "I am."

Lon grinned smugly. "Perhaps we can be of use to each other. I can close my eyes to many things—to further my own ends."

A sharp knock sounded upon the door. Morley frowned, but opened the door and saw the purser in the passageway.

"What luck, Benson?"

"None at all. Ellis is a touchy old fellow. Says he's already put the pearls—" He broke off as he saw Phil Lon.

Morley invited him in and closed the door.

"It's quite all right to talk before Mr. Lon."

"Mr. Ellis says he has already put the pearls in a safe place," said Benson. "I was unable to get into his confidence. He distrusts me, the rest of the ship's officers—everyone."

Lon turned to Morley and asked pointedly, "The purser—he is in your confidence?"

"Yes—Benson and I understand each other," Morley replied enigmatically.

After that, Lon became strangely uncommunicative, and soon departed. Benson left immediately afterward.

As Morley prepared for bed, his thoughts were confused. He was at a loss to explain Phil Lon. The Chinese professed to have no interest in the fortune in pearls that John Ellis possessed. What then? The trade pact?

The next morning, Morley was up early for a stroll on deck. He met Sylvia, looking fresh and boyish; with her hair tousled by the wind, on the boat deck.

"Hello, Hugh Morley," she greeted him cheerily.

He fell into step beside her. She walked fast, her head up, her slim shoulders squared, her arms swinging.

"Miss Ames—Sylvia," he said, a trifle awkwardly, "I wanted to tell you that I was very much in earnest last night."

"Last night?" she queried, with raised eyebrows.

"Yes. When I told you that, subconsciously, I had long been searching for a girl like you, I meant it."

"How nice," she said, with exasperating unconcern.

He was ruffled. "And another thing—there's absolutely no need for you to go about warning people against me."

"Oh—" She looked surprised. "Well, I'm not so sure."

"What do you mean by that?" She gave him one of her probing glances. "Just before you came on deck just now, I was having an interesting discussion with Mr. Lon. We were discussing you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Horses Brought \$175

Some crops are scarce at times in sections of Alberta and it may be the car and tractor have given the horse quite a run for continued existence, but the horse buying season is about over for the year and Alberta has done well. Good drafters which two or three years ago were bringing from \$75 to \$80 have been bringing over \$150. A car of good grades shipped from Alberta to Vancouver recently was said to have brought an average of \$175.

"Piano Expert" Works Racket

He Undertakes to Remove Moths For \$5 Price Then Vanishes

WOODSTOCK. — Complaints about the operations of a man claiming to be a piano expert who specializes in "moth elimination" have been made to Woodstock police.

His procedure, according to complainants, is to examine a piano, report that it is being ruined by moths and make a deal to fumigate it. His usual fee is \$5. Asking the housewife to leave the room in which he is working and to leave it closed for several hours afterwards as the materials used in fumigating are dangerous—he spends a few minutes in the room with the piano, collects his fee and departs. Investigation shows that no fumigation whatever has been undertaken in the cases reported.

The "expert" is reported as being about five feet, 10 inches tall, fresh complexion and having a scar on his right cheek. When operating in Oxford he wore a grey suit and hat and carried a small club bag.

Says War Retarded Science By Decade

OTTAWA.—The research scientist who has his eyes fixed on the dollar sign rather than on the alleviation of suffering can find the quickest and easiest road to wealth by seek-

Sun Frocks



Let them play in the sun in this dotted cotton percale peasant dirndl apron dress. Matching bloomers make it a complete playtime outfit.

The all-around gathered skirt is just like older sister and mummy are wearing. A wide sash ties the halter-back so cunningly at the waist.

To sew it! Cut it out! Gather the skirt and attach it to the brief little halter bodice. Finish the entire edges and pockets, too, if you please, with bias binds or ric rac. The bias binds come already folded and are easily stitched along the edge. Elastic is inserted at lower edge of bloomers.

Old-fashioned rose-bud dimity print; calico print; candy peppermint striped lawn and plain bright monotone cottons are adorable for this cool ensemble.

The pattern can also be used for separate bloomers or apron. The detailed sewing instruction chart included in the pattern shows exactly how to cut and stitch it.

Style No. 2957 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 3/8 yards of 35-inch material with 3 1/4 yards of binding for apron with 7-8 yard of 35-inch material for bloomers and pockets.

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.

BABY'S OWN SOAP Best for You and Baby too

Issue No. 28-'37

Jitters Defined

DENVER.—Reduction of jitters to terms of volts of electricity was reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science here.

Platinum-iridium wires, so fine they can be stuck into a muscle or nerve without causing pain, pick up the electric current constantly flowing in human tissues.

Five to 10 millionths of a volt marks a very tense person. These currents are stepped up to read on a dial.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson, of the laboratory for clinical pathology, Chicago, who made the "neurovoltmeter," said it should be useful when a doctor wants to know exactly how nervous or tense his patient is.

Even the effect of imagination shows on this meter. Dr. Jacobson said that imagining you are lifting a 10-pound weight causes a strong deflection of the needle.

ing employment from governments as an inventor of deadly gases and other death-dealing agencies, declared Professor Antoine Lacassagne, assistant director of the radium institute of Paris, here recently. Professor Lacassagne, who collaborated with Madame Currie, discoverer of radium, is in Ottawa to address the joint conference of the Canadian Medical Association and the Ontario Medical Association.

The Great War may have increased man's knowledge of death-dealing chemicals and apparatus, Professor Lacassagne declared, but it retarded genuine medical research by almost a decade.

"I was about ready to open our splendid new laboratory at the radium institute in Paris when the war started," he explained. "Immediately all my assistants, along with all available physicians and surgeons, were rushed off to the front. Throughout the war our task in radiology was at a standstill. When the war was over we found the United States and a number of other countries, whose scientists were not directly affected, had made great strides. We had lost valuable time."

Chickens Turn To Gold Digging

Large Nugget Found in Crop Of Bird To Be Eaten

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—Just about 50 years ago a report that gold had been discovered in the shore sands in the vicinity of West Point, P. E. I., created considerable excitement throughout the Maritime Provinces. A big boost in land values of the locality where the gold was said to have existed occurred, but the gold did not "pan out" to expectations and the excitement abated. The value of farms in the vicinity reverted back to normal prices of good farm lands.

But now real gold has been found. Not long ago while one of the household of Neil Boulter of West Point was preparing a fowl for the table a large nugget of almost pure gold was found in the crop of the bird. Mr. Boulter's nephew, Edward Livingstone was present when the gold was found.

After he returned home he told his mother of the circumstances and expressed wonderment as to where the gold could have come from. His mother then related the following:

"When my grandfather Boulter came from England, he settled where Neil now lives. He had some gold coins which were kept in a corner cupboard. These disappeared but were afterwards found by the granddaughter to whom they were then given. She rolled them up and again put them in the cupboard. Some 40 years ago they finally disappeared. It is believed they were gathered up with waste paper and thrown into the stove and later the melted gold was taken out with the ashes and Neil Boulter's hen's have become gold diggers."

Under the Chestnut

(Lewis Milligan in the Stratford Beacon-Herald.)

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The service station stands;
The clerk a smart young man is he,
With large and oily hands;
He greets your car with open arms,
And asks for your commands.

Day in, day out, from morn to night,
The fellow's on the jump;
He swings the hose from which
The gas is measured from the pump;
He is a most obliging man,
And never gets the hump.

Oiling, pumping, wiping,
On through the day he goes;
Oftimes before one car pulls out
Another's on his toes—
Before he gets it on the hook,
Down comes again the hose.

Alas, alack for poesy!
Where once upon a time,
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree,
Rang out the anvil's chime,
A baffled poet stands forlorn,
And writes this silly rhyme.

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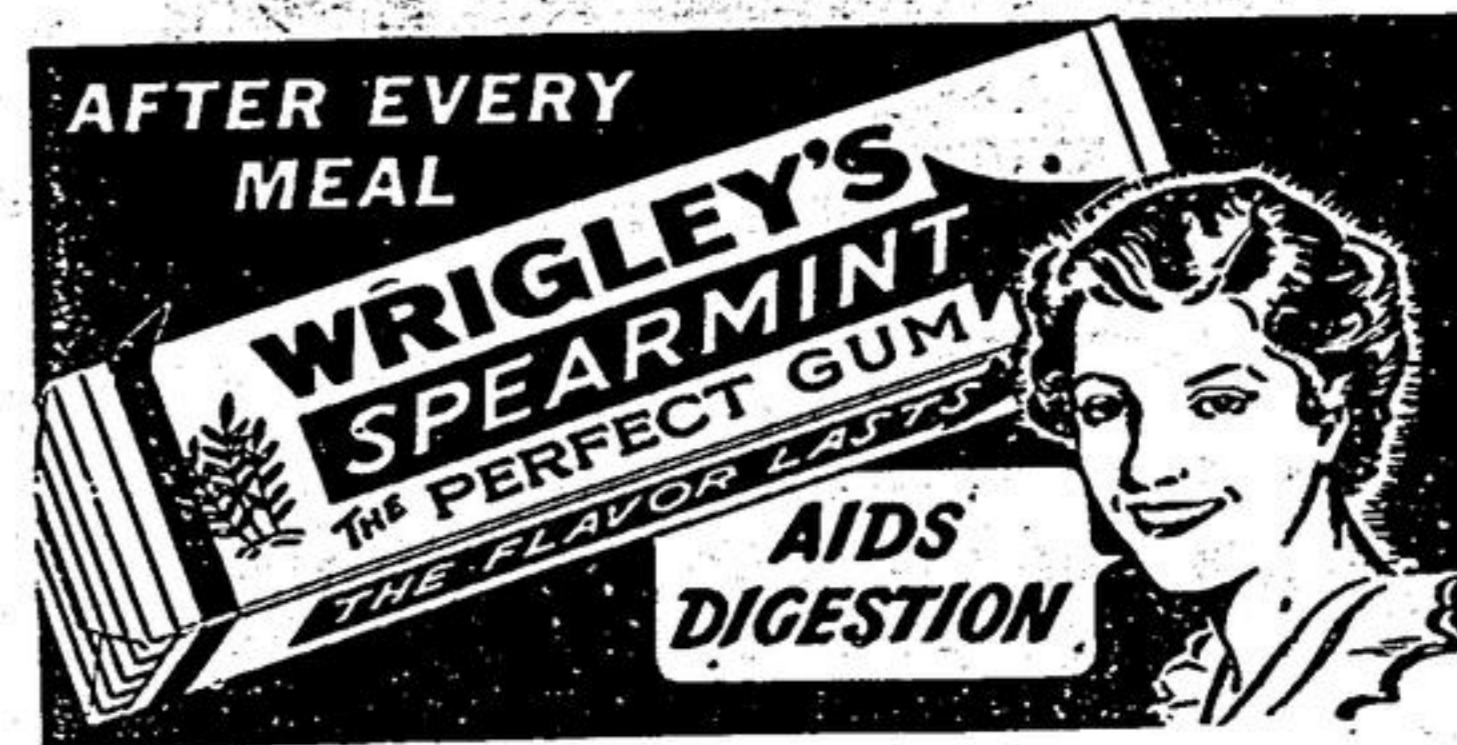
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Household Science By SUSAN FLETCHER



"Cherry Ripe, Cherry Red"

There's no resisting the appeal of luscious, ripe cherries! And when plump, red, juicy cherries are transformed into jelly for use during the winter, there is nothing in your cupboard shelves that will be more thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. There are many different ways to use cherry jelly, either in making attractive desserts or in dressing up plain dishes. This recipe gives a jelly that goes particularly well with meat because of the tartness.

Every housewife can now carry over the summer time flavor of this fruit into the winter by making her cherry jelly by the short boil method. You use fully ripened fruit, in order to get the fullest flavor and color and none of it is wasted by long boiling.

Cherry Jelly

(Any kind except wild or choke-cherry)

3 1/2 cups (1 3/4 lbs.) juice
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin.

To prepare juice, stem and crush about 3 pounds July ripe sour cherries. Do not pit. Add 1/2 cup water, bring to a boil, cover and simmer 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 10 eight-ounce glasses.

Date Nut Loaf

And here's an excellent recipe of this old favorite. An ideal cake for the picnic box since it retains its moisture.

- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 3-4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup chopped walnut meats
- 1 cup finely cut dates
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 3-4 cup milk
- 4 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add sugar and mix well. Add nuts and dates. Combine eggs, milk, and shortening; add to flour mixture and blend. Bake in greased loaf pan, 8 x 4 x 3 inches, in moderate oven (350 Deg. F.) 1 hour, or until done.

Uncrowned Kings

A Tribute to Sir Robert Borden Above the petty things That mock and mar this glorious life, They walk our ways, the Uncrowned Kings, Freed from earth's strain and strife.

Like mighty mountain peaks Above the mists and fogs below, Their feet upon our humble streets, Their heads in Heaven's glow.

The vision splendid leads To deeds that make an hour sublime, To lifting wings toward sun-lit throne, Unheeding place or time.

Their helping hands have pressed Against the world's slow-moving gate; Done daring deeds—endured life's test Unarmed,—have conquered fate.

—Dorothy Sproule.

Declares Doctors True Life-Savers

Lord Tweedmuir Addresses Canadian Medical Associations

OTTAWA.—"The true life-savers" Lord Tweedmuir told the Canadian and Ontario Medical Association, "are the doctors and not the pacifist."

"Supposing we had tomorrow universal peace assured for all time," he said, "there would be no real security for human life." His Excellency declared that "today every sane man must be a devotee of peace, for most of us, except the very young, have had personal knowledge of the terrible consequences of war."

"Heaven forbid that I should minimize these terrors; the best guarantee of peace is that the world should remember them. But great though the toll of war is, if you will look back through history you will find that the toll of disease is far greater."

The Governor-General drew on his store of knowledge to tell his audience that "in history we find that the loss of life by plague has always been infinitely greater than the losses on the battlefield. The plague in Athens devastated her from more than the Peloponnesian war. In the crusades it was not the deaths on the field that depleted Europe, but the leprosy which was brought back from the East. In the Thirty Years' War in Germany it was pestilence and not battle that wrought the worse devastation."

His Excellency declared that man "is a septic animal and if he is given a chance he poisons himself and his neighbors."

Yellow Fever Menace

Despite medicine's triumphs, he declared, new problems have arisen. He instanced yellow fever, confined at the moment to West Africa. "If, through modern communications, it should reach East Africa and spread hence to India and the Far East, we might have a repetition on a far greater scale of the plagues of the middle ages," he declared.

The problem is no less great in long-settled lands, he continued.

"Our modern industrial civilization has raised a host of new conundrums which your profession has to face daily. There again, you have won great triumphs such as the lowering of infant and maternal mortality. But the problem before our health services never ceases. The organization of your profession has become a complicated as the organization of a great army. We have to see to the care of school children, the provision of pure milk, and a wiser and more nutritious diet. In our industries we have the problem of nerve strain, of which we are only beginning to understand the rudiments. The work of preventive medicine is not merely the control of epidemics, but the laying of the foundation of a healthy society."

Population Must Be Healthy

"If, as seems probable, the population of the old countries is likely to decline, we must at any rate make certain that the smaller population of the future shall be a healthy population. Never before in history, I think, has the work of the doctor been so closely allied to the work of the statesman.

"That is one great side of your work. There remains the fight with one of two major diseases. We have done wonderful work in the case of tuberculosis, but that is a war in which there is no discharge, for modern life perpetually reproduces the conditions which encourage the disease.

"Everywhere today, too, research work is being done in connection with cancer, that most terrible of scourges, and there is good hope that with increasing knowledge we may find new preventive and curative methods.

"There is one thing worth while remembering. We have done so much in recent years to reduce mortality in the diseases of early life that the diseases of later life, such as cancer, will bulk more prominently, and statistics, which may have a depressing appearance, should not mislead us into pessimism.

Ask Rheumatism Study

"There is another malady, in connection with which I should like to see a determined campaign. The various rheumatic diseases in England account for more last working days than any other single complaint. Comparatively little research has been done on them, and I remember, before I came out here, I insisted on the Pilgrim Trust of which I am a trustee, making an effort to endow research work on this subject."

"I understand that in Canada, as in the United States, the thing is as much a scourge as at home, and I hope that the medical profession here will give it serious attention. Here is a disease where medical research has the most direct bearing upon our economic welfare.

An American has written a book entitled "It Was a Nice Depression," and it would appear that quite a number of Americans are hankering to get back to it.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Shutting the eyes tightly and concentrating is advised by a psychologist, when people face a crucial and immediate problem. But supposing the driver of the other car does the same thing?—Ottawa Citizen.

BLACKHEADS

Don't squeeze blackheads—dissolve them. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store and rub gently with wet, hot cloth over the blackheads. They simply dissolve and disappear by this safe and sure method. Have a Hollywood complexion.

Ladies

Send us your name, and receive absolutely FREE, sample of our Highest Quality, Hospital Sanitary Napkins. Hygeia Products, London, Ontario.