

For lovers of green tea

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"BELOVED CASTAWAY"

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

Karen Chase leaves her home in the little town of Two Rivers to travel to a far-off place where she can forget the bitterness and unhappiness brought to her and her dead mother and father by a vengeful woman, Mrs. Masters, who as a girl had loved Karen's father and had been spurned by him, and had, in revenge, concocted a malicious scheme, whereby she had brought him to financial ruin. Karen goes to the little fishing village of Smoke Mountain. There she stays, with Peg O'Farrel, devoting her time to tending the villagers in their illnesses. Meanwhile, Peg's fisherman son, Job, has fallen in love with Karen.

CHAPTER VI

When Rory MacLeod, with the aid of Karen and Job, had safely reached the top of the bluff, Karen introduced the two men, and then, they all hastened to the Trew house in the village. Karen found that Little Sandy had been severely cut and bruised by a fall from a wharf, though no bones were broken. However, he was such a frail child that the fall had been quite a shock to his system. "Tell me if I hurt you," said Karen, busy with hot water, liniment and bandages. "Yes, m. I will. Ye don't hurt none!" The child spoke with defiant bravery, for in a moment he winced. His big eyes strayed to Rory MacLeod and he managed a wan smile. Not before a man and a stranger, would his staunch courage admit of hurt. Rory smiled back at him. Job had gone back to his trawl tubs after learning that the boy was not seriously hurt. "Now," said Karen briskly, "I think we'll have your cot near the window, Little Sandy, so you can watch the road and the children. There! How's that?"



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- "CARINTIA" to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
- Conductor, Mr. J. Mason
- 11—"ANDANIA" to Plymouth, London
- 13—"ATHENIA" to Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Conductor, Mr. A. Stewart Veysiey
- From ST. JOHN, N.B.
Dec. 11—"ATHENIA" to Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Conductor, Mr. A. Stewart Veysiey
- From NEW YORK
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Issue No. 42—37

"Proper good, I'm right down happy," the child assured her, although pain etched lines in his pinched little face. "He never complains," declared Mrs. Trew proudly. "He's got a hefty o' grit into him, Little Sandy has."

He Doesn't Whimper
Karen beckoned Rory MacLeod out of the room and to a small back porch. She leaned against a lattice that supported a honeysuckle vine. "If they'd make a fuss about things," she sighed, "I could better bear to see them suffer. But even the children are little Spartans. They think it a disgrace to show pain."

"I can see that. What a trump that little chap is! I hope my staying here won't be a trouble to Mrs. Trew now, with her child laid up." "I'm sure it won't be," Karen said. "I'd stay if I were you. Perhaps you could lend a hand. Besides, I don't believe the boy is hurt seriously in any way."

"All right, I'll stay. I want to very much. But are you sure the boy is all right? Why don't you call the doctor?" "I can't know definitely, but I believe so. And if you think calling a doctor is so easy, try it! The physician who serves this district may be anywhere within a radius of a hundred miles, or even farther. Only good luck ever reaches him. We have to do the best we can without him most of the time."

"Are you a nurse, then?" "No—I just try to help them." A week after the accident, Karen crept into the Trew house late one night, not feeling content to go to bed until she had seen how Little Sandy was. The house was silent. She came and stood in the doorway of the kitchen, which served also as Little Sandy's bedroom. A pale flame burned in a kerosene lamp on the table and shadows lay deep in the corners. Sitting on a hard, straight-backed chair beside the table was Rory MacLeod, his chin resting on his chest, his long legs thrust out—fast asleep.

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"He makes funny speeches all the time, and keeps me a-laughing fit to bust. It hurts a little when I laugh, but I don't mind. He gave me a jack-knife, too, with three blades."
Karen could see the bright pleasure in the boy's eyes. "Good night," she whispered, and started toward the door, fearful lest she wake the sleeping man. She had come upon him unawares; if he woke, she would feel embarrassed. She gazed at him a moment. Sleep made him look younger—an almost childlike tranquility lay on his face. She stole away and walked home under the stars.

Not To Be Forgotten
Job was at the kitchen door when she reached home. He stood there, a stocky figure half filling the doorway. "You oughtn't to be gone down there alone like that, Karen," he said reprovingly. "Why didn't you tell me?" "I heard you say you were leaving for fishing at three in the morning. You should have been asleep, getting your rest, hours ago." Karen spoke in a low, affectionate voice, glad to find him there.

They stood together on the little porch. The sweet fragrance of lilacs filled the air. "Karen, you're a good woman—doing what the women have done here always, and no clack about it." "Job," she whispered, "haven't you decided yet about me?" Quite overwhelmingly, she yearned to rest in his strong arms, safe and sure. "Job, tell me. He drew away, stiffening. "Don't." He spoke harshly. "Isn't it hard enough trying to be fair?"

She sat down on the top step. A lilac branch brushed across her throat. "Am I not to be considered at all?" she said. "Only your own righteous conduct?" She knew the taunt was unfair the moment it left her lips. But she was lonely in a new, disturbing way tonight—and a little afraid. That glimpse of Rory MacLeod had done something to her. She saw Job's hands open and shut at his sides. "You know I love you!"

He dropped down beside her. His arm slid about her. With his other hand, he tilted her chin. Then he crushed the lilac branch against her throat with his lips, until a sweeter fragrance was released from the bruised petals. He sprang up. "You'll never forget that kiss as long as you live, darlin'! No matter who you marry!" He bolted into the house. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Household Science
By SUSAN FLETCHER
NEW GRAPE PRESERVES
"... for our vines have tender grapes," so sang the Song of Solomon hundreds of years ago. It is quite as true this year as it was then. Nature has been kind and given us a bountiful crop of the most luscious, tender fruit this season, and now is the time to capture all the goodness of ripe grapes and save it up for winter use. Ontario grapes were never better or more plentiful than at the present and there is an abundance on the market to fill your preserving requirements if you get busy right away.

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Children Exposed To "Bad" Music

Sir Ernest MacMillan Urges Sound Training at Toronto Convention
The present-day exposure of children to "bad" music must stop if they are to be given a musical education, Sir Ernest MacMillan told the Ontario Music Teachers' Association at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto.

Commenting on someone's statement that no music was bad—that it was simply music that wasn't as good as it might be, Sir Ernest said: "Someone once defined dirt as matter in the wrong place."
Some Jazz Is Bad
Questioned after the convention Sir Ernest replied that "some jazz" might come under the definition "bad." He refused to elaborate further. He urged co-operation between professional and school music teachers, so that the work of one might supplement that of the other and thus avoid overlapping.

Twins Hadn't Met For 52 Years
Believed to be the oldest twins living in North America, Robert L. Bond, Ottawa and Richard N. Bond, Walla Walla, Wash., born at Carleton Place, Ont., 86 years ago saw each other for the first time in 52 years. After the twins have finished renewing acquaintance they will go to Lanark village, near Perth, Ont., to help their older brother, George Bond, celebrate his 100th birthday.

Train Disaster Reconstructed
To most people, a train crash is a serious affair, to be avoided at all costs.

THE TALKER'S FRIEND

RELIEVES DRY THROAT

In India they have just staged a terrific crash at forty miles an hour—and they did it on purpose.
There was method behind their apparent madness, however. The crash was specially staged by traffic experts—at a cost of several thousand pounds—in an attempt to find out the real cause of the Punjab-Calcutta express disaster in July in which 119 were killed.

Monster Catches Pearl Diver
So far this season 13 Japanese pearling divers have lost their lives off the Australian coast, and the latest victim is believed to have been trapped by some undersea monster.
Descending to a great depth, the diver was busily at work when men on the attendant ship felt a violent tug on the diver's life-line. The next moment the broken air-pipe came bobbing up on the surface, and the diver has not been seen since.

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Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

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Soviet Children Are Recruited as Police Agents

Taught to Spy on Their Own Parents—Many Homes May Be Broken Up
Soviet school children are being recruited as volunteer police agents to assist the political police in detecting "spies, diversionists and public enemies." They are being urged to watch and report even their own fathers and mothers, if they are or talk suspiciously.

A 14-year-old Armenian boy, V. talik Abryattian, has been held up as a Soviet children as a hero because he reported his father to political police and by his testimony caused his father's conviction of "counter-revolution." The boy received prizes, including a free trip to a children's camp.

HELD UP AS MODEL
The children's newspaper, Pioneer Truth, which is read in most Soviet schools, presented this boy as a model for others. It explained that the boy read in newspapers about the need for watchfulness against "public enemies" and thus came to recognize that his father was carrying on counter-revolutionary agitation. So he immediately informed the political police.

NO UNFRIENDLY CRITICISM
If the events of that period are repeated now, there will be many other incidents of this kind. Children who "expose" their parents are publicly praised and receive substantial prizes. The details of the Armenian father's "counter-revolutionary activities" are not revealed, but children have been told that they are justified in reporting their parents or other adults if the latter indulge in unfriendly criticism of the Soviet regime.

Married Hypnotist While In Trance
Insomnia Victim Claims to Have Been Tricked Into Wedded State
Mrs. Eda K. Eggers Marcelle, of Los Angeles, went to consult a hypnotist about her insomnia, she said, and the next thing she remembered was awakening ten days later from a trance and learning that she was the hypnotist's bride.

It happened in New York nearly four years ago, she told Superior Judge Joseph W. Vickers. The judge listened with interest but denied her plea for an annulment of her marriage to the 27-year-old Ernest Marcelle.

Ring Around Moon Not Sign of Rain
Studies of the weather which follow the appearance of a ring around the moon show that this phenomenon does not herald the approach of stormy weather. Neither rings around the moon nor changes of the phases of the moon appear to affect weather. The moon has been an object of superstition from early times, because it is the most conspicuous body in the night heavens. However, most of the popular beliefs about it are false; and when a ring appears around the moon the weather which follows may be wet, but it is just as likely to be fine.

ALWAYS TIRED?

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