To make ICED TEA - Brew tea as usual—strain off leaves—allow to cool—add lemon and sugar to taste—pour into glasses half full of crushed ice

ICED "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

THE

TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

SYNOPSIS

Don Ellsworth's wife, formerly the famous actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears, leaving no trace. Dr. Cavanaugh, the criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been unhappy.

Peter Piper, Herald reported, tries to get an interview with Dr. Cavanaugh. Instead he meets Barbara Cavanaugh, the attractive daughter, and finds that she was engaged to Don Ellsworth before his marriage.

An unidentified body is found in the tule marsh outside the city. It has been burned by a fire in the moss until it is entirely unrecognizable except for the fact that it is a woman. Dr. Cavanaugh is called in to help with the identification. The only thing by which the body can be identified is a patch of scalp with some hair attached. Dr. Cavanaugh takes this home with him and tells Don of his latest discovery.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"Language is an absurdly ambiguous instrument of communication," the doctor meditated, completely ignoring Don's agitation. "For example, that last sentence of yours. On the face of it, it might mean that you are indifferent to all else but Sheila's welfare and her possible danger—or it might mean that you hoped above all things that Sheila would not be found. Naturally, I assume that the first interpretation is the correct one."

"I don't know what I meant!" Don's hand was flung out in a gesture of impatience. "I don't feel much like entering on a discussion of grammar."

"Oh, but it sometimes matters quite a lot—quite a lot," the doctor murmured.

"Well, I'm not in a mood to choose my words very carefully. Suppose Sheila never shows up—simply drops out of sight altogether. I'd still be legally tied to her, wouldn't I? Unless—" a faint gleam of eagerness shone in Don's hollow eyes—"unless i could get a divorce on grounds of desertion. Do you think I could?"

"No doubt. But that's not the particular bridge we are crossing at the moment." Dr. Cavanaugh ruthlessly pulled him back.

"Well, then, suppose she came back —with all this turmoil there's been in the papers. I'd be in a sweet position then, wouldn't I? Things would be as bad as before—no, a hundred times worse, because the one thing I put my neck into the noose to secure, decency and dignity would be gone. What a life!" His lips twisted in what was almost a grimace. "I wish I'd been blind and deaf before I ever met that woman!"

Dr. Cavanaugh listened calmly to this jerky, spasmodic outburst, his face as expressionless as that of an image of Buddha. He waited without interruption until Don relapsed into a silence as abrupt as his speech.

"There's still another possibility," he said then. "A cutting of all Gordian knots. I don't say that it is more than a possibility. But I wouldn't be too sure, if I were you, that the activities of our friends, the police, as outlined in tonigh.'s paper, can be disregarded."

With an obvious effort at self control, the young man forced his hands to stop their nervous clenching and unclenching and lis tightly closed in his lap. Only the involuntary twitching of a muscle at the corner of his eyes betrayed an agitation beyond the power of his will to conceal.

"I don't understand what you're driving at," he said in a low, breathless voice. "You said—the body they found in the marsh couldn't be identified."

"You came here not long ago and asked me to help you," Dr. Cavanaugh went on, as if Ellsworth had not spoken. "But the positions are reversed—I am now about to ask you to help me. I said that the body I mentioned was unrecognizable. It was —except for a tiny patch of scalp." Without raising its tone, the doctor's voice took on a new emphasis. "That scalp belonged to a woman about forty years of age. She patronized an expensive beauty parlor, where she had recently had what I believe is called a marcel. She was in the habit of using black narcisse perfume. She was fair of skin with brown eyes and vivid color that accompany this particular pigmentation. Her hair, naturally red, was darkened to auburn by the use of henna, and was worn long—in fact, rather surprisingly in this day, it had never been cut. It was thick and luxuriant, and she took an extreme pride in it. So much for what the microscope tells us.

"From measurements taken of the body itself—Camberwell of the identification bureau was kind enough to supply me with the figures over the telephone (I have no seen it myself) —we are safe in saying that this woman of expensive tastes which she was able to gratify, and a somewhat overweening consciousness of her personal appearance was rather tall—five feet seven inches. Naturally, she would have been of the opulent, deep-bosomed type. But she kept herself trained down to the fashionable slenderness. The articulation of the bones, particularly of the feet, indicate that she was trained in dancing. The formation of the roof of the mouth makes it probable that she was a singer—though she had not taken her singing very seriously of late, as stains on the teeth show her to have been an excessive smoker of strong cigarettes. Does all this convey anything to you?"

The face in the chair opposite might have been carved out of ivory-yellow white, with burnt-out coals for eyes. Don cleared his throat and ran the tip of his tongue across dry lips. "You mean—it's Sheila," his voice was a rasping whisper.

"I mean it was someone who at least bore a general resemblance to Mrs. Ellsworth," Dr. Cavanaugh amended imperturbably. "But there is a way of finding out whether we are dealing with a resemblance or identity. Under the microscope the cell structure of the hair is as individual as the whorls that make up the pattern of finger prints. I have the hair of the woman who was found in the marsh. Will you bring me for comparison a hair belonging to Mrs. Ellsworth—from her brushes, her gowns—any place where you can be sure the hair was hers? That ought to be easy."

For a moment the face before him did not change. Only that twitching eye muscle marred its absolute rigidity. The teeth were clenched so tightly that the line of the jaw stood out sharply. Then a dark flush, almost purple, flooded his cheeks and mounted until even the eyes were blood-shot. His fist crashed suddenly on the arm of his chair.

"I'll be damned if I will!" he shouted.

CHAPTER XIII.

With a sinlge movement that was like the springing of a puma, Don Ellsworth catapulted from his chair. His face caught in the fringe of a rug. He half stumbled, but recovered his balance blindly, hardly noticing the check to his progress. In another instant he had flung himself from the room, his hat forgotten on the table, and the outer door crashed shut, propelled by the backward fling of his arm.

Dr. Cavanaugh's hand paused a fraction of a second, his cigar half way to his lips. Then the interrupted movement was completed, as deliberately as it had been begun. He had not risen to intercept Don, and he made no effort now to follow him.

"Hm!" The sound was half a hum, half a gentle sigh. It was Dr. Cavanaugh's equivalent of half a dozen excited ejaculations. He settled his thick shoulders against the pillows of the chaise-longue. But there were no more smoke rings. Instead, he drew from his inner pocket a small leather bound notebook, propped its lower edge against his arching middle, and proceeded to make notations in almost microscopic hieroglyphics, first on one, then the other, of the two pages spread open before him.

"Hm!" he murmured again, like a gigantic bumble bee. "On the one hand we have a young man of undisciplined emotions, subject to gusts of rage which he has never been taught to control. Unused to delaying his reaction to any impulse. Caught by the tremendous vitality and charm of the dazzling Sheila O'Shay. But the attraction evidently soon spent. Query: Why did he marry her?" The query was underlined in the little notebook, and further marked by a star in the margin. "Corollary: Why did she marry him? Money, probably. But did she capture him before he had time to get back his emotional balance, or had she some means of forcing him to it? Not inferable from present data. Leave that out—confuses the present problem." Dr. Cavanaugh accordingly drew a line lightly through the "corollary." He carefully deposited an inch of white cigar ash in the tray, allowing the notebook kto flop forward, then adjusted it at its former angle.

"In general, people will subconsciously choose words that tell the truth, even when it is not the truth they mean at the moment. A great little master of the double entendre, the subconscious is!" he mused. "Let's see. Don did not say that he wanted his wife back—and that he wanted her to be rescued from the undesirable publicity aroused by her disappearance. That's quite different. His anxiety was not for her, but for the effect on himself. He resented the interference of Mrs. Kane, and of the police. He didn't care what we found—so long as it wasn't Sheila.'

"On the other hand"—Dr. Cavanaugh's minute scratchings were now scrawled on the opposite side of the facing pages—"His own subconscious desire to have his wife out of the way might have a powerfully disturbing effect when that unexpressed wish was suddenly fulfilled. There is also his extreme dislike, amounting almost to a phobia, of publicity, by which he feels that he has been victimized. The impulse to run away from an intolerable situation—all the more intolerable if it were to involve him in a sensational murder case—may have become overpowering; and so he ran away, without even considering the futility of the escape, nor its consequences. One thing is certain: Don Ellsworth would not be capable of any carefully devised plot. Unless we have to do with a person clever enough to convey the impression purposely, the whole evidence—what there is to it—does not point to premeditation either on the part of Mrs. Ellsworth, if she actually left of her own will, nor of her murderer, if she was killed. Ellsworth might conceivably act with extreme rashness, follow an instinctive immediate course of self protection, and then wake up to find himself in a mess, utterly helpless both by temperament and training to devise any sort of scheme to extricate himself."

(To be continued.)

"Then a dark flush, almost purple, flooded his cheeks and mounted until the eyes were bloodshot.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2040

The youthful animation of hem makes this dusty-pink washable crepe silk frock especially attractive. It is equally suited for sports or spectator sports.

The cape sleeves of the yoked bodice of plain crepe in blending shade are outstandingly chic in their unique pointed treatment.

A narrow belt of self-fabric is adjustable and is smart worn at the higher or the natural waistline.

Style No. 2840 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. In the 16-year size 3 yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting is sufficient.

It's very snappy in navy blue silk crepe with white crepe contrast.

Other very charming ideas for its development are pastel handkerchief linen, printed dimity, men's cotton or silk shirting, shantung, printed chiffon voile with dark background, eyelet batiste, eyelet linen and pastel flat washable crepe silk.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred, wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Too Much Weight

They were talking earnestly in the club room.

"Jove," said Higgs, "it was a weight off my mind when my wife told me she could cook."

"That's a change these days," said his friend. "And I suppose she really can cook?"

Higgs grimaced.

"No; the weight is on my stomach now," he replied.

New Chapeau

New gesture in millinery that made its first appearance at the French races. Shallow crown with a mushroom brim set at a most tantalising angle.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before: After many adventures flying over China, Captain Jimmy agrees to fly General Lu to Japan. Running out of gasoline, he is forced to land on a lonely island.

There we were on that lonely little island; General Lu, the Chinese War Lord; Ching, his faithful servant, Fu the interpreter, Scottie and myself.

Rank and fortune suddenly counted for nothing. We were four and hungry men—and a dog. Even General Lu's huge fortune, which we had stored away in our plane would not buy us a square meal.

The sea stretched away on every side like a flat mirror. The island went back four or five miles and ended.

Above, the sky rose in a huge empty dome.

"Look here General," I said, "you and I are going rabbit hunting."

After that we tramped and hunted for hours, but never found a rabbit. In fact, we never even saw a mouse or a squirrel. The island rose to a peak near the spot where we had landed. The remainder was covered with crusted brush, often burned brown from the sun's heat. The rocks were blazing hot.

More serious than the lack of game, was the absence of water. Hour after hour, we searched for fresh water, but not a drop could we find. As we walked home over a flat sandy place, General Lu suddenly gripped my arm.

In the sand was a long, streaky, track, as if you had drawn a stick along. At first I could make nothing of it, then it suddenly occured to me that the mark was made by the tail of some animal, while the sand was wet during the rain of the night before. A lizard, or a turtle might have made it, but because the track appeared so far inland, it seemed probable that the creature was heading for some known water hole.

The track faded out after a hundred yards, but soon another appeared. This in turn faded out.

We continued to follow in direction the last track had point. Some large sand dunes rose in front of us. Climbing to the top of the a very small, green valley appeared below.

Hurrying down, we found a rocky dell, from which came the distinct tinkle of water. Out from tween two rocks poured a clear, sparkl

General Lu drank so much I ly feared he would drown. We filled our water can and went back to the plane, where Ching the Interpreter anxiously waited us.

Meanwhile Scottie had gone on the beach, and was busily digging the sand, and half growling at himself. The sand flew in all directions. Then he came racing back to us. Sure enough, he had found a nest eggs buried in the sand. His method had ruined some of the eggs, but there were almost a dozen left.

I put the good ones in my hat and back to the boys I went. Chinese seemed delighted, and about baking them by the fire. Well, perhaps I am not a very good judge, but to me those eggs surely seemed terrible.

The interpreter looked at me questioningly. likes eggs?"

Then he pointed meaningly at sea. "Fish, he go mighties easy catches, hai?"

(To be continued.)

Note: Any of our young readers writting to "Captain Jimmy," Star Building, Toronto, will receive a signed photo of Captain Jimmy.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. - - Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers

To a Returned Traveler

(From The Spectator)

Wise with your wanderings, you thought to find
Us somehow altered, too; but we amaze
Found us contented with the very ways,
The thoughts, the projects that you left behind
And in our littleness we were so blind.
Unshaken by the splendor of your days
We talked of them as of a finished
And then forgot, nor knew we were unkind.

Then, in the grip of swift reaction held,
You kept yourself apart; we thought you strange,
Unconscious of the worlds dividing us.
We did not guess how fiercely you rebelled
To think that you must take in poor exchange
Our hobby horses for your Pegasus.

—Diana Carroll.

Violets

(From the Observation)

He was ragged—as tramps are,
Perhaps he was hungry
As he knelt in the cinders of the bank;
Then, as the great train slackened speed,
I saw a flash of purple in his hand,
And in the gaunt, unshaven face—up turned,
I saw and knew;
A tramp may also love the spring—
And feel himself a gentleman
Picking flowers in his garden—
A little patch of violets by the track.
—Caroline Lawrence Dier, in "Out of the West."

One Smoked

The two tourists had spent six hours climbing the great volcano. At last, weary of limb, the reached the top and approached as near as they dared to the crater. It was smoking ominously.

One of them sat down to admire the view, but the other turned his back on it.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "let's go down and get back to the hotel. I can't stand watching that thing any longer."

"What!" ejaculated his friend. "We've climbed right up here, and as soon as we reach our objective you want to go back again." He paused and looked anxiously at his friend. "It isn't that you're afraid, is it?" he added.

"No," came from the other tourist. "It's only that I can't endure watching that crater smoke after I've found that I've left my tobacco at the hotel."

He Got the Job

The senior partner had dismissed his office-boy for untidiness and general slackness, and was interviewing in turn a waiting line of seven applicants.

Presently a smart looking youth was ushered in.

"Well, my boy," said the partner, "I am looking for one who is smart and tidy. He must round the office and note down things that have to be done. The must look clean and tidy. I'm not with boys that never see anything requires doing, and I'm determined have an office boy with eyes in keeping things as they should be. You understand me, of course?"

The boy nodded briskly.

"Yes, sir, certainly," he said. I begin by putting your two

"This confounded nuisance always breaking down."

"Oh, you'll get over it."

"I'm not thinking about Getting under it is what me."

Gain Recorded in Pop

The population of Stockholm increased so much that the census of the various districts has more than 500,000 inhabitants. Published in March and showed a total population at the beginning 1931 was 502,203 persons.

SCIATIC

Here is a never-fail form of relief f sciatic pains

BAYER

Take Aspirin tablets and no needless suffering from sciatic pains and similar excruciating Aspirin do relieve, they don't do the most stubborn cases. But be sure it is genuine

ASPIR

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Made in Canada

ISSUE No. 31—

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

We are pleased that as a result of the publicity given to Lone Scouting through these columns many new members have joined the movement during the past few weeks. This week applications for membership have been received from Cobden, Hyde Park, Burkes Falls and Harriston, and Durham there is every prospect of a full Patrol being formed.

A recent check up of the records of the Ontario Lone Scout Department showed that since its inception two years ago about 460 boys have been admitted to membership in the movement. Of course quite a few of these have been since transferred to regular troops which have been formed as a result of Lone Scout activity.

The Lonies at Fenelon Falls under Senior Patrol Leader Doug. Warren have had a very busy time just recently.

On July 4th they had the pleasure of again meeting their friends of the old Toronto Troop, who camped near the town. The Lonies helped the Toronto Scouts to make camp, and enjoyed to their activities with zest.

Later the Lone Scouts were invited to visit the camp of the 90th Toronto Troop at Sandy Point, on Sturgeon Lake. They hiked over to the camp on July 8th, and to their surprise met an old friend who turned out to be no other than "Cookie" ("Colonel" Bishop), who was so popular at the Lone Scout Camp at Ebor Park last summer. The Lonies stayed over night with the 90th, and entered into the programme enthusiastically, having a great time at the evening campfire.

We like to see this fraternization between the Lonies and their city brothers, and we are pleased to state that quite a few members of the Lone Scouts have gone to camp this year with regular troops, at the latter's invitation.

The Fenelon Falls Lone Scouts also report a rather unique "Good Turn" which might be copied by other Lonies who live along the lake shore. They recently assisted the local town authorities to clean up the beach, which

Latest in Gas Masks

Three charming young ladies are exhibiting the latest types of gas masks at the Society of Chemical Industries exhibition held in Westminster, England. The exhibition displayed many of the latest marvels of science.

it brings the further disadvantage in its train that it prevents an animal from having a constant temperature higher than its surroundings, for its bulk is so small in proportion to its surface that the heat generated by the chemical combustion in its muscles all leaks away in no time.

So insects are not only small, but the whole tempo of their lives goes up and down with the temperature of the outer world. They cannot achieve the constancy of living possible to a bird or mammal, and are at a great disadvantage in winter, being out of action more or less completely by the cold.

However, though birds can grow big in comparison with insects, they are severely limited in size in comparison with other vertebrates. This comes from the fact of flight; the laws of aerodynamics make it very inconvenient for a flying bird to weigh over 50 pounds, and quite impossible for it to weigh as much as a horse or even a leopard. It is only birds which have given up flying, like the ostrich or cassowary, which have even begun to grow big according to mammalian standards. The stock size for birds, in fact, is from something under an ounce to about 10 or 15 pounds.

Birds and mammals developed from two quite distinct reptilian stocks. Birds have kept some reptilian-looking scales on their feet, and have stuck to the reptile's method of reproduction by large-yoked eggs. In some ways, however, the bird branch has evolved beyond their rivals, the mammals, and in these respects must be regarded as at the very tiptop of the tree of life. Birds have the highest temperature, and therefore the greatest speed of vital chemistry, of any creatures. They have the greatest activity, the greatest emotional variety; they show the highest extremes of beauty in color and pattern, they have the most striking and highly developed courtship of any group of animals, and their songs are by far the most beautiful and elaborate music that the world knew before the coming of man. They are the most mobile of creatures, and so are at a great advantage over every other kind of animal in high altitudes; for they can breed there and take advantage of the riches of the Arctic lands and still more of the Arctic seas during the summer, and then migrate to temperate climates.

What part do birds play in the elaborate system of exchanges which constitutes the balance of Nature. The great majority of them are eaters of other animals. For this they have stuck to the ancestral predilections of vertebrates, which were all in origin flesh eaters.

The birds as a whole stuck to a meat diet; but their average size determined the average size of their prey. The great majority of them are so moderate in bulk that they can only eat small creatures, though they will include worms and snails and spiders, will for the most part be insects. Some of the larger birds eat creatures up to the scale of frogs and mice, or are carrion feeders, or prey on smaller birds or on fish. But if we could take statistics on the food of all birds, we should find that insects headed the list.

Now insects are in the great majority vegetable feeders. So that in regard to what we may call biological trade—the complicated circulation of matter through lifeless forms in earth, water, and air, through green plants, animal bodies, and microscopic scavengers like moulds and bacteria, and back into lifeless forms again—the net effect of birds is to be a check upon insects in their consumption of green plants and their products. In this way they are allies of man.

So birds have a place in civilization. While we are mechanizing life, we should see that a place is kept for them, for our delectation and that of our posterity.

New Letters Patent For Governor-General

Ottawa.—New letters patent constituting the office of Governor-General of Canada have been issued by King George V., together with new instructions for the guidance of the conduct of the Governor-General. The last time letters patent were issued was in 1905 by King Edward VII. In general the recent documents bring the office of the Governor-General into accord with the recommendations of the Imperial Conference of 1926, which were adopted by the Parliaments of the Empire at various dates since that year.

Specifically, they remove from the Government of the United Kingdom the last vestiges of control exercised by that Government over the appointment of a Governor-General to Canada, making it a direct and personal one by His Majesty, acting on the advice of H.M. Government in Canada. Formerly in defining the powers and authority of the Governor-General, the letters patent directed His Excellency to carry out such instructions "as may from time to time be given him under our sign manual and signet, or by order-in-Privy Council, or by us through one of our principal secretaries of state." In the new issue, the last two references are eliminated.

The same deletion occurs in the document containing the King's instructions.

An archaism is removed from these instructions having reference to the grant of pardons, etc., by the Governor-General. Previously His Excellency had the authority to prescribe banishment for political offenders. That obsolete form of punishment is done away with by merely deleting the sentence which conveyed that power.

Prayer

He who prays as he ought will endeavor to live as he prays.—Owen.

British Star

"Bunny" Austin, England's ranking Davis Cup tennis player, returns a fast one during a set which he won from Sydney Wood of New York.

Seven Women Fliers to Compete In British Air Classic

London.—Forty-two competitors, including seven women, are ready to start in the 1,000 mile race for the King's cup, British air race classic. The field includes the first Canadian in the event, John C. Webster, of Montreal, flying a Canadian machine.

A daughter's challenge to her father is one of the features of the race. Capt. The Hon. Frederick G. Guest and his daughter, Miss Diana Guest will fly moth planes, leaving together 28 minutes and nine seconds after the first starters.

No one would be surprised if the trophy remained in feminine hands for another year. Miss Winnifred Brown, who last year was the first woman to capture the trophy, is heavily handicapped, however, leaving an hour, 17 minutes and five second after the first machines.

Lady Bailey, famous for her long distance flights, is most heavily handicapped of the women entrants, being scheduled to start an hour, 52 minutes and 27 seconds after the first machines which take off from Heston airdrome at 6 a.m. Miss P. J. Crossley, daughter of a motor car manufacturer, in a plane piloted by flying officer H. S. Deach, a member of the Royal Air Force speed flight, takes off with the first group.

The scratch competitor is Flight-Lieut. C. R. Winchett, whose plane is capable of a speed of 150 miles an hour. He starts two hours, 33 minutes and 13 seconds behind the first plane.

Grasshoppers Still Invade Nebraska

Country Left Barren in Wake of Hordes Despite Desperate Offensive

Buffalo, Neb.—Wooden fence posts, wagon tongues, even clothing hung out to dry, were quickly devoured by the gray-yellow horde. Anything containing vegetable fibre attracts the hungry grasshoppers.

Although farmers said several millions of the grasshoppers had been killed, additional swarms are expected when eggs now infesting the ground have incubated. Fires in which bodies of the slain insects were being burned dotted the plains tonight. Introduction of poison as a weapon resulted in the death of thousands of the insects.

At some points the bodies of the grasshoppers were piled high on the rails, impeding trains. At others they made the ground slippery beneath the tires of automobiles.

Some of the farmers, their crops destroyed, raised money by packing the dead grasshoppers in preservatives and selling them to fishermen for bait at 20 cents a pound.

The insect invasion has devastated gardens, crops and fruit trees, and behind their advance stretches a sere swath. Damage already is in the millions of dollars.

Entymologists said the grasshoppers soon would sprout wings and increase the area of their damage. Unless checked soon, they will be in control of the entire tier of Northern Nebraska counties.

Fields, green today, may be splotched tomorrow with barren stretches. Another day, and the fertile Platte Valley may be barren.

City and town dwellers also are witnessing the march of the grasshoppers. Gardens and trees are left leafless. Hungry grasshoppers swarm solidly on the houses, gather in clusters and fall to the ground from trees and telephone poles.

Burning of the insects was decided upon when farmers feared their cattle would die after eating the bodies of grasshoppers which had been killed by poison.

Harvesting In West Early This Year

Winnipeg. —Wheat cutting commenced in the St. Adolphe district of Manitoba on July 25th, the earliest, it is believed, such operations have occurred in Manitoba.

One farmer, resident in Manitoba, for 26 years, declared it was "the earliest date for wheat cutting in my experience." St. Adolphe is two miles south of Winnipeg.

Water Replaces Steam in New British Engine

Tradition of 300 Years Upset by Invention Using Liquid Working Substance

London.—A new kind of engine that uses liquid water instead of steam, discards boilers and condensers, develops more power in less space than ordinary steam and gas engines, with freedom from explosion hazards and heat waste, will shortly be offered for experimental commercial use here.

It is the invention of J. F. J. Malone, engineer, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who has experimented with the novel water engine for several years. The details of its operation have just been revealed.

Since steam and other engines have been worked always by the expansion of gases of one kind or another for some 300 years, this new kind of prime mover that is operated by expansion of liquid instead of expansion of gases has created much interest in engineering circles.

Water Stays Liquid

Both the new water engine and conventional steam engines use water, but i nthe case of the steam engine the water must be changed to steam before any work can be done. In the Malone engine the water stays liquid even under pressures of tons per square inch created within the engine.

Rapid heating and cooling of the liquid water are necessary in order that the water engine will operate. This was accomplished by Mr. Malone through the development of a novel form of heat transfer within one of the cylinders of the water engine.

Other advantages claimed for the engine are:

Only a small amount of water is needed and this reduces the size of the engine and allows it to be used where water is scarce.

It runs and changes speed more noiselessly than conventional engines.

It loses less heat than other engines and its outside shell is cool to the touch.

Its mechanism is simpler and the working parts need be opened for inspection only once in four years.

There is no incessant boiler cleaning, no water gauges, no risk of shortness or foulness of water.

The control system is simpler than in the steam engine.

It has no exhaust, as the water is used over and over.

All bearings within the engine are cold and lubricated by the water itself.

New Cards Invented To Aid Bridge Players

Zurich.—A new kind of playing cards, according to The N.Y. Times, will soon be adopted by bridge players all over Europe and America, according to Dr. Paul Herrmann of Zurich, an authority on the game.

The cards, made in Austria, lessen the chances of a revoke at contract bridge, a game rapidly becoming more complicated. Hearts are red, diamonds pink, spades black and clubs dark green; the cards themselves are longer and narrower than those at present used and are made to fit the present-day duplicate contract boards.

Dr. Herrmann thinks that bidding by players themselves, in duplicate contract, will rapidly be superseded by the employment of an announcer, thus eliminating all likelihood of information being wrongly transmitted by inflexion of the voice when calling.

Efforts are being made to adopt a more uniform system, both in the forms in which contract bridge is now played and in the methods of scoring, in order that international competitions may be arranged between leading bridge clubs.

70-Year-Old Man Enters University

Toronto.—A freshman has been admitted to Queen's University, Kingston, for the summer classes, who is 70 years old, is an ex-mayor and also an ex-member of the Canadian Parliament. Mr. L. E. Pedlow of Renfrew, Ont., is Canada's oldest "freshman."

Mr. Pedlow's college days will be followed with great interest, for he has carved out an honorable and useful career for himself, and is now taking his studies, which usually come first, last.

Scientist Explains New Discovery

New Germ Isolation Process May Aid in Devising Cures

Chicago.—A mild-mannered little man, described for fellow scientists here recently his disease germ discovery, expected to have as far-reaching effect on the treatment of human ills as the processes evolved by the famous Louis Pasteur.

The man is Dr. Arnold I. Kendall, professor of bacteriology at the Northwestern University Medical School for the last 20 odd years. His discovery consists of a process of making visible under the microscope bacteria so tiny that research workers heretofore have been unable to identify it.

"The discovery is as startling the the scientific world as the discoveries of Pasteur," said Dean Irving Cutter, of the Medical School.

"Dr. Kendall's accomplishment means that we now stand on the threshold of a great discovery," added Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, eminent bacteriologist.

Dr. Kendall has developed what he calls the "K Medium," a soupy solution in which the invisible bacteria now may be isolated. His experiments are not over despite his years of research, he said, and practical use of his discovery is yet to come. He now is hard at work on a paper describing his "K Medium" in detail, so that it may be manufactured in laboratories other than his own.

A small intestine of a rabbit, dog, swine or man, chemically treated, is the essential ingredient of the solution, he said. He asserted that his experiments in Chicago hospitals over a period of years indicated that it could and would isolate the bacteria of a majority of the malignant diseases.

Isolation of the infinitesimal germs means that such diseases as sleeping sickness, paralysis, influenza, cancer and rheumatism may be traced to their primary causes and that physicians hereafter may be able to devise specific cures for them.

Saskatchewan-Britain Cattle Trade Growing

Regina.—Saskatchewan is shipping 150 head of cattle per week to Great Britain as a result of contracts entered into by the British Co-Operative Wholesale Society.

During the visit of officials of this society to Regina during the spring it was suggested approximately 100 head be shipped weekly. Officials of the Government and the Saskatchewan Live Stock Pool did not feel that the province was in a position to handle this order, and suggested starting with a small shipment and increasing it as the pool became supplied.

As a result it was learn from unofficial sources shipments had grown to 150 head per week under the contract.

Former Cannibals Demand Classics

London.—Civilization and education have wrought such a change in the head-hunting and one-time cannibal tribes of New Guinea that an urgent request came from that country for Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in the Tubetube language. This is one of the tongues of a Papuan tribe, and is the 123rd language into which the Religious Tract Society has translated the famous classic.

This edition has eight colored illustrations, and some thousands of volumes have already been dispatched. On arrival they are made up into suitable-sized packages to go up country on the heads of the native bearers.

Edison Forced To Cease Active Work

West Orange, N.J.—Thomas A. Edison, inventor, has been forced to cease active work at the age of 84.

Overwork during experiments in producing rubber from the golden rod plant, on which the aged inventor worked steadily all winter at Fort Myers, Fla., have made it necessary for Edison to take a vacation from the laboratory, according to his brother-in-law, John V. Miller—a vacation that may presage retirement.