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181

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE

# TULE MARSH MURDER

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

*BY NANCY BAER MAVITY.*

SYNOPSIS:

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

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

An unidentified body is found in the Tule marsh outside the city. It has been burned by a fire in the marsh until it is 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 curly white some hair attached. Dr. Cavanaugh takes this home with him. He asks Don to secure for him a strand of Shella O'Shay's hair. Don refuses.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

Dr. Cavanaugh snapped the notebook shut, restored it to his pocket, and heaved himself somewhat wearily erect.

"That hair is beginning to be important," he said aloud. "But it's less important for me to get it than to find out who is unwilling for me to have it—and why. That's what Camberwell and his policemen will never quite appreciate. Which means that I'll have to go after it myself."

Having bet himself a nickel that Don Ellsworth would not have turned homeward after his explosive exit from the office, and verified his prediction by means of a telephone call, Dr. Cavanaugh pocketed his winnings, leisurely shrugged himself into the overcoat which always hung in readiness in the carved Florentine wardrobe that filled one corner of the room, and backed his small, unobtrusive black runabout from its place in the double garage.

The other side of the garage yawned empty. Barbara had driven to a party at the house of friends, and for once, Dr. Cavanaugh was glad of her absence. After all, she and Don had been very good friends not so long ago. He might yet have to be glad that the friendship had lapsed. But meanwhile, though she often followed his cases with eager interest, he hoped that he might avoid giving her an account—or, what was just as bad, obviously declining to give her an account—of his progress in this one.

The maid who answered Dr. Cavanaugh's ring at the front door of the Ellsworth house stopped short, her eyes as round as marbles, at the sound of his name. She, at least, was an avid reader of the newspapers, and the wonders to be expected of the great Dr. Cavanaugh, who was reported to have been called in consultation on the "Tule marsh mystery," had been the theme of delightful flights of imagination in the kitchen not an hour ago. Ethel's expression was a mixture of awe and fright, as if Dr. Cavanaugh, by black magic, was likely to weave a connection between murder and anyone so unwary as to stand in his vicinity.

Dr. Cavanaugh submitted to this fascinated scrutiny with patience. Servants to him were human beings, and he was neither surprised nor offended when they dropped the pretense of being machines.

"I'd like to see Mrs. Kane," he announced with his usual directness, thereby shattering Ethel's previous conception of the devious ways of criminologists.

The girl's face reflected a shocked astonishment, not unmixed with malice and sheer delight in a thrilling situation. Already she could hear herself telling the cook that she had let the great man in, that he had looked "just like you or me, not a bit like a 'criminologist,' and no airs at all"; that his request for Mrs. Kane made her feel "just like in the middle of a story—and I hope he's got something on that old cross-budget—and anway, isn't it exciting, just?"

For the moment, however, she was confronted with a social emergency for which she was unprepared.

"Yes, sir," she stammered. "Come in, sir, and I'll bring Mrs. Kane right down—or should I take you to the servants' sitting room?"

"I wouldn't dream of turning you out of your sitting room, with the radio program not half over," Dr. Cavanaugh said, smiling a little at Ethel's surprised acknowledgement of this slight demonstration of insight and consideration. "Mr. Ellsworth left my house only a short time ago; and though I know he did not come straight home, I think I may venture to take possession of the library in his absence."

"Certainly, sir."

Having opened the door for him, Ethel scurried down the hall. He listened to her footsteps, pattering almost at a run up the stairs.

"So Mrs. Kane does not sit with the other servants in the evening—Don was right about her unpopularity, then."

Other steps came down the hall, a resolute, flat-footed thud-thud.

Dr. Cavanaugh picked up a magazine from the table, and was leafing its pages when the door opened. He did not look up until, after a moment's hesitation on the threshold, the footsteps, a shade less resolute, entered the room.

"And what, may I ask, do you want of me?" said Mrs. Kane.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dr. Cavanaugh finished reading the caption under a cartoon on the open page of the magazine, smiled appreciatively, and returned the periodical with meticulous care to its place in the row on the library table. There was plenty of time to look at Mrs. Kane. He knew the embarrassing effect of a pause—already he had put Mrs. Kane on the defensive by forcing her to open the conversation.

When at last he looked up his glance was casual, with no effect of scrutiny. He saw before him a tall, heavy-boned woman, whose hair, shinily black like shoe polish, was drawn up from her forehead in a still sausage formation—the "pompadour" in vogue twenty years ago.

"Dead," Dr. Cavanaugh inwardly commented. "Now why should she bother to dye her hair—not for beauty, certainly."

Her skin showed a network of tiny blood vessels. Her cheeks and nose had a tight, red, shiny look, even as her hair was tight, black and shiny. That nose was the dominant feature—a heavy beak overshadowing a sunken mouth.

"False teeth," Dr. Cavanaugh continued his silent observations. "And put in far too late, after the gums had shrunken."

Mrs. Kane's dress, like her hair, followed an extinct fashion. It touched the ground with its dusty hem-binding of dingy black. The collar and cuffs were rumpled, and showed a faint brown line at wrist and neck.

"A visit to the cleaner's and the laundry would seem to have been indicated—not at all the attire to be expected of a servant in a millionaire's home." With all this, Dr. Cavanaugh's survey had been so brief and unobtrusive that Mrs. Kane was left with the impression that it was she who stared. It was a hard, belligerent stare, from small but by no means dull, black eyes.

"I won't take up much of your time, Mrs. Kane," Dr. Cavanaugh began courteously. "But won't you sit down?"

"I'm busy. Besides, I prefer to stand."

A dramatic old codger! Whoever first started the idea, firmly fixed in the cheaper sort of literature, that it was the thing to "prefer to stand" in the presence of an enemy? Had it an anthropological basis—readiness to give instant physical battle? Dr. Cavanaugh decided to look it up some time. Meanwhile, it had its advantages. It showed conclusively that Mrs. Kane was not merely indulging her usual forbidding manner but regarded him definitely as an antagonist.

"Indeed? I would have thought your duties would be considerably lightened in your mistress' absence," he remarked suavely.

"My duties concern myself. I believe you had something to say to me."

Dr. Cavanaugh had some difficulty in restraining his eyes from a fascinated attention to Mrs. Kane's mouth. The false teeth had indeed been installed too late. When she spoke, the upper set moved up and down beneath her lip, like a stage drop retreating and appearing behind a lifted curtain. But her manipulation was expert. The teeth moved with a gruesome independence, but they never quite fell out, and when she stopped speaking, the clamp of her jaws thrust them into place with a slight click. The necessity of this constant management gave her sentence a clipped, jerky brevity.

"Well, to ask you, rather," Dr. Cavanaugh amended. "Perhaps you know that Mr. Ellsworth came to me for advice when Mrs. Ellsworth—left?"

"Mr Ellsworth didn't seem to bother much until the police got busy," Mrs Kane remarked grimly.

"At your request, I believe."

"He made me mad. I don't say I had ought to done it, if I'd stopped to think. But when I asked him what he was going to do, he said, 'I druther not discuss it.'" Mrs. Kane's thin lips snapped shut, and Dr. Cavanaugh found himself waiting anxiously for the reassuring click. "He druther, not indeed!" The voice rose harshly. "Well, there's other folks as has their druthers, as well as him. I've got my druthers, too, if you want to know!" As if realizing that she was opening too much of her mind to this stranger, she stopped. Her whole face seemed to shut down, to become an expressionless mask.

"I think you did quite right, Mrs. Kane. You showed excellent judgment."

The praise brought a momentary flash from the small black eyes.

"I don't know about that," she said grudgingly. Then the impulse to unload a 'piece of her mind' to a willing listener became too strong. "Fancy losing a lady like Miss O'Shay and paying no more attention than if it was a lost dog that you might enquire for at the pound when you got around to it! An insult to Miss O'Shay it was—her that's had lords of Europe waiting at the stage door for her, and princes begging her to take their strings of pearls, and risking what their king-dads would do, which would be aplenty, if they ever found out. Twist them around her little finger, she would, in them days."

(To be continued.)

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The theatrical orchestra was rehearsing the music of a new piece. The harmony was ruined by the eccentric behaviour of the trombone player, a new member. "What on earth are you doing?" roared the conductor. "You were a couple of bars ahead of the rest nearly all the way." "Sorry," apologized the offender. "You see, I once belonged to a street band, and the first to finish used to take round the hat."

FRESH as Fresh can be! And *Good?* Listen....

Once you have tasted Shortbread like the Christie Bakers make, you'll agree you never knew before how very delicious really *fresh* shortbread could be. Sold by the pound or in children's packages.

Christie's LORNA DOONE A BONNIE RICH SHORTBREAD

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

*Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern*

2538

Feminine rippling cape gives animation to a thoroughly practical dress of printed chiffe cotton voile. It's very inexpensive. It's tubbable, which makes it a very economical choice.

Horizontal tucks pinch the normal waistline.

The low-flared circular skirt shows downward tendency at the back.

It may also be made with dipping back hem.

It is gracious for more formal afternoons and informal evenings in plain or printed chiffon.

Style No. 2538 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. The 16-year size requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

Iris-blue chiffon, Patou rose handkerchief lawn, navy blue voile with white pin dots, yellow tub silk and green and white printed batiste are charming suggestions.

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.

## A Parable From Nature

In the meadow behind the house
This morning I saw
Cows feeding on apple-blossoms.
Wrench,
Crunch,
Munch,
Shatter and scatter;
They bit off more than they could chew,
And splashed the grass
With pink bright petals.
There they stood, crushing
In wrinkled and crinkled,
Aspint and askew,
Wicked black jaws
Mouthfuls of present beauty
And harvest to be.

I told my neighbor the poet.
He scowled, and said he knew
Reviewers exactly like those cows.
—Edward Thompson, in The Week-End Review.

## What is Man

The glory and the scandal of the universe.—Pascal.

A little soul bearing up a corpse.—Epictetus.

The masterpiece of over-daring nature.—Zoroaster.

Master of the world, without and within.—Dr. S. Cox.

One more lump of clay to hold the world together.—Emerson.

"They're very formal people, Very."

"How?"

"They actually try to maintain table manners at their summer cottage."

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

**What came before:** Captain Jimmy is forced down on a deserted island while flying General Lu from China to Japan. They find no game, so decide to try their luck at fishing.

That was an idea. The shores of that island had never been touched in a thousand years. No doubt the water fairly teemed with fish. But the suggestion nearly cost the lives of two of us on the next day.

Early the next morning we kindled a hugh bonfire on the bald peak of the island, and piled on plenty wet grass to make smoke. If any ship passed within miles, it would be sure to see our signal.

All day we gathered wood and piled it near, so we could make a big bright fire through the night. The Interpreter and I went down to the shore to fish.

Taking a pin from my coat I made a rough fish hook. This I fastened to the end of a long cord, and cutting off a corner of General Lu's bright colored cloak, we had a home-made, but attractive fish-bait.

The Interpreter begged for a chance to try his luck, and I let him go first. We selected a little sandy cove, where the tides cut a deep hole between two rocks. At high tide the water formed a clear, round pool, shallow at the edge, but rapidly sloping down until the bottom disappeared among the green shadows.

The Interpreter waded out to his waist, then dropped his bait into the pool. General Lu and I sat lazily on the shore and watched him. Suddenly he gave a quick yank—his pole bent almost double. A great silver fish leaped high in the air, and the battle was on.

General Lu sat still as a mummy, but I fought that fish all over again. Several times it rose to the surface and came down with a grand splash. Then we could see it scoot just a few inches below straight toward it's captor.

Right between the Interpreter's legs went the fish, bowling him over and tangling his legs in the line. Then both fish and Chinese merged out of sight. A terrific fuss and splashing began, which ended when the Chinese came up with his prize clasped tightly in his arms.

The pair looked too funny for words. I began to laugh, but General gave a sharp exclamation and pointed to the entrance of the cove.

For an instant I froze with fear. A sinister black fin, clove the surface of the water like an arrow, rushing straight toward the unsuspecting Chinese. With a bound I grasped a short sword which General Lu still wore at his side, and plunged into the water between the rushing black fin and Hin Pu.

The shark turned and came at me instead. The water reached my belt—too high for quick action. I waited for the one chance that would come. The shark turned on his back and opened his huge jaws to grab me, while row after row of gleaming teeth, sharp as razors, glittered menacingly.

I dodged to one side, and lunged at his smooth white stomach with my sword. In excitement, I only scratched the surface, and he turned again, mad as a nest of bumblebees. Murder in his little pig eyes as he came into the fight.

(To be continued)

Note: Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy," Star Building, Toronto, will be 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.

## Glasgow to Outlaw Smoke Nuisance

Glasgow.—The corporation of Glasgow has resolved that their contractors and sub-contractors must employ smokeless methods in carrying out their contracts. This information was given by Sir Thomas Kelly, Lord Provost of Glasgow, who was speaking on the subject of smoke abatement at a conference of sanitary authorities held here.

Mr. W. Brownhill Smith, sub-convener of Glasgow Gas Committee, in his paper "Banish Smoke from Britain," said to prevent smoke they must prohibit the burning of coal in its raw state, but before they could do that they must provide substitutes that would be more convenient and more economical.

Sir Francis Goodenough, chairman of the British Commercial Gas Association, suggested that municipalities should consider the question of allowing a reduction in rates for property in which no smoke-producing fuel was used.

## Multum Ex Parvo

(On giving a needle-case to a going abroad.)

You who are going to Europe
would neither toil nor spin
Pray let me paint a moral—
needle or a pin;

Kindly stitch up all the rents
old Europe now presents
Start the British workman
at his various trades once
Mend the Russian Bolshevik—
you chide them for their
And can't you patch up the
Reichtum as it was in
yore?

And strengthen France's border
Sew up all the ravelled strife
Belfast and Sinn Fein,
Darn the haughty Turks and
naughty modern wives
And fashion out a Concert
for Italy again.

If you've any needles left, and
just a woe bit deil,
Please make a Robe of Peace
all the weary world!
And when you're welcomed
after all these months or years
We must declare you simply
very useful girl!
—Christine Henderson, in
Montreal Daily Star.

A London express stopped not at Slocombe. A man, almost breathless, arrived at the booking office. "Am I late for the London train?" gasped. "No; there's plenty of time," replied the stationmaster. "What time is it, then?" "It is now five o'clock," replied the station-master, "the train goes at 7.55 tomorrow morning."

## Safety First

Donald had heard the rumor that his neighbor Moses was obtaining remarkably good racing information. But Moses was a close secretive kind of man, from whom it was difficult to obtain much in the way of a tip.

However, Donald thought he would make an effort, so on the eve of a big race he invited his neighbor to take refreshment on a generous scale. When he thought Moses had reached the desired state of mind, Donald made his proposition.

"Mo," he remarked, "suppose somebody gied ye fifty pounds to put on a horse in the big race tomorrow, which horse would ye put it on?"

Moses jerked his head on one side and replied with a wink: "A non-runner, my boy!"

---

Ancient Mariner: "Did I find it 'ot out in the tropics? I should think it was 'ot! Ow day I went ashore and a crow of blacks started chasin' me and, believe me, it was that 'ot both me and them walked!"

LUMBAGO

A pain in the lower part of the back can torture you. But not for long, if you know about Aspirin. These harmless, pleasant tablets take away the misery of lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, toothaches, and systemic pains of women. Relief comes promptly and complete. Genuine Aspirin cannot depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross, thus:

BAYER

Made in Canada.

ISSUE No. 32—1[illegible]

## Ancient City May Contain Secrets Of Civilization

### Weird Stories of Honduras Jungle Told by Visiting British Explorer

Buried in the Jungle of Honduras, by earthquakes and guarded by a host of venomous reptiles and insects, lies a city older than any other found in Central America. So did think P. A. Mitchell-Hedges, explorer for the British Museum, believes it to be the origin from which the later Mayan and Aztec cultures came; and he believes the country is full about it to be one of the ancient cities of mankind.

"It is no dream city; of that Mr. Mitchell-Hedges has already shown me proof, for last year he brought to the museum of the American Indian over 400 pieces of pottery, fragments of jade and weapons, and ornaments from the ruins of the ancient city. Scientists have studied these. They have found them to differ entirely from the relics of other Indian civilizations discovered in the jungles of Central America.

"It is old," Mr. Mitchell-Hedges admitted guardedly when questioned about his find. "It is so old that there are not even any date stones to be found in it, as far as I can say. There are no carvings of the feathered serpent god of the Mayans whose cities have dated back to 600 B.C. It is older than any of these.

"Do you know," he warmed up to his subject, "I'm a little diffident about talking of this because it seems so extraordinary. There is a wall about the city. Inside there are two mounds. On these mounds have stones about 6 feet—exactly like Stonehenge! Nothing like it has yet been found in the three Americas."

**Strange Happenings**

Strange things have happened on the site of this ancient city, according to Mr. Mitchell-Hedges. Earthquakes have torn and tossed the masonry about. They have opened great cracks through the old city. They have eaten portions of it and turned others over. The work of destruction has been aided by the jungle plants whose growing roots have torn to pieces the stone structures there were built of stones.

"It's a weird sort of place," Mr. Mitchell-Hedges said reminiscently. "There is a three-acre patch of land, there is a lot like that 'Lost World' that Arthur Conan Doyle wrote about.

"On this patch there are gigantic birds with a spine that makes them look as if great combs for the hair are growing out of their back bones. They are seven feet long," he continued. "They must have been cut off from the rest of the world for thousands of years, for I cannot otherwise understand how they can have developed in that fashion."

**Peculiar Animals**

Animal life, according to the explorer, has altogether received peculiar stimulation along that part of the Caribbean from which he will use entrance to his secret city next journey.

"I have caught turtles there which are 11 feet long from front to back and nine feet in width," he said. "I have found crabs three feet across, and in the lagoons towards the sea there are crawfish that are five feet long."

And then the explorer was once more discussing his city. He has had experience in judging the age of the walled towns buried under the jungle of Honduras and Yucatan. For years he has been collecting specimens for the British and other museums. In 1924 he was one of the co-sponsors of Lubaantum, oldest Maya city in British Honduras, whose site has been entirely taken over by the British Museum now.

"The only clue I have so far found to the age of this new city is a strange one," he confessed, "I have found pottery, about 18 inches high, buried in the ground when I dug among the ruins. Now do not forget that they are granite. But when I touched them, I found that parts of them had become as soft as toothpaste, that they had turned to clay. A geologist could tell you more about their age. There are other strange things about this ancient city, according to Mr. Mitchell-Hedges. There are great limestone caves under and around the city. Many of them have, of course, been filled by earthquake subsidences, but many are still left. And these have man-cut shafts going down into their blackness from what formerly was the great city."

"My husband always puts ten cents on the plate on Sunday."

"I shouldn't think that would do much good in a case like his."

## Canada Drives Back The Last Frontier

By Russell Owen, in the New York Times Magazine

Canada's northern frontier—the last frontier in North America—has moved in the last two years 1000 miles nearer the pole. It rests now on the fringe of those Arctic islands which used to be so inaccessible, so far from civilization, that the fate of Franklin's expedition among them is still a mystery. The north country, once thought a land of ice and snow, valueless except to the trapper, has become the happy hunting ground of prospectors; to parts of it, homesteaders are turning; planes fly over it any time of the year; its barriers are down to stay.

Mining, the hope of mineral wealth, has been the greatest incentive to this northern movement. The rich discoveries of gold and copper a few years ago in conjunction with the advent of the airplane as a reasonably safe means of transportation, gave a tremendous impetus to northern mineral exploration. Planes flew all over the north country. It is known that they were disappointed in their first inspections just west of Hudson Bay, but what they have found further west they have kept pretty much to themselves. It is significant, however, that a company has been formed to build a railroad line from Churchill on Hudson Bay west to Lake Athabaska, where there are rich mineral deposits.

The airplane is the advance agent of the railroad, and Canada, always noted for pushing her railroads in advance of development work, is gambling heavily on what the airplane will find. And side by side with this farflung exploration for minerals there exists the steady advance of settlement.

It is the advance of a machine age, using all the tools at its command to conquer swiftly a country hitherto inaccessible. It it had not been for the development of the air-cooled motor these northern flights would have been impossible, and without the stimulus of finding ore, and even coal, iron and oil, it is doubtful if the railroads would be willing to spend huge sums on pioneer building. As it is, they are largely subsidized by the government, in many cases government-owned and operated.

The obstacles which they have faced at times have been tremendous. At present much of Northern Canada seems an ideal country over which to build a railroad. South of the bay it is almost flat, rising slowly toward the height of land, and then sloping gently down to the north. Its rivers are broad and filled with smashing drives of ice in the Spring, but they can be bridged. The timber grows thinner and shorter as one travels north and finally disappears in the tundra. Further west, of course, there are mountains and broad valleys, but where most of the railroad extension has been taking place the country is apparently ideal. Canada, however, is cursed with a surface known as muskeg. It exists in large patches, almost everywhere in the North. It is swampy, a mushy mass of decayed vegetation, the bane of all railroad builders. Year after year the lines take on a snake-like or roller-coaster appearance and have to be reballasted.

Storms also make railroad work often as dangerous as exploring.

The men who are doing this practical exploration and construction are as different from the old-time pioneers—prospectors and trappers—as could be imagined. The pilots are young, adventurous, who will take their planes anywhere you wish to go, provided a fuel cache is in the neighborhood. They are used to forced landings when the thermometer registers 40 below zero; they know how to warm their engines under difficulties, and to fly by instinct and by their knowledge of landmarks over a desolate country.

Man, of the prospectors now are young engineers or geologists, working on salary for large companies, hopping by plane from spot to spot where photographs have shown interesting formations. One of the most important pioneers of this new North is the construction engineer, the man building the railroads and hydro-electric plants, a man who does not know when he is licked, who will divert or dam a wide, ice-laden stream to build his bridge or furnish water for power.

The hydro-electric plants are built to fill a real need, but the railroads are built largely on hope, and the fever of mining. When one goes out from The Pas to Flin Flon, an 80-mile trip which takes more than five hours by train, it is possible to realize the lure of mining, the hope of rich reward which has made these towns spring mushroomlike in the wilderness. In The Pas, which only two years ago was a wilderness town colonizing money and filled with laborers, engineers and prospectors, they now play Badminton and wear dinner jackets to dances, but Flin Flon is a real mining town. The main street is built on muskeg, and is humpy in Winter and knee-deep in mud in the Spring. The houses and stores have dummy fronts run up to make them seem larger in the time-honored frontier manner.

Prospectors have found more than minerals in these areas of the once "barren" North. In the Peace River district and the Lake St. John country, areas which for years were thought unsuitable are being settled by farmers.

A map of the resources of this northern country is dotted with markings of copper and gold, lead and zinc, silver, bituminous sands and oil, coal and iron. Ore from the Coppermine on the Arctic Circle is no longer an impossibility. And between all these points, extending almost to the mouth of the Mackenzie River on the Arctic Sea, lies the limitless forest. Year after year the paper mills have been growing in number and size, and reforestation is being done to conserve their supply. In the Lake St. John country there are enormous paper mills, and there also a little town, Arvida, has been built around a mill which will turn bauxite ore from South America into aluminum, a mill made possible by water power.

A little further west in Ontario the town of Kapuskasing has been constructed as a unit, a modern, comfortable town, with all the household comforts and many of the entertainments of much larger cities in the south. It has its moving pictures, its community house, Badminton courts, hockey and curling rinks. This town was erected in a region formerly so desolate that during the war it was used as an internment camp because the prisoners could not possibly make their way out. A paper mill was built and the carefully planned town grew around it; a railroad was constructed over the muskeg to Smoky Falls and a hydro-electric power house built to supply the mill.

There are hundreds of such centers of activity in regions which used to be beyond the reach of all but the trapper, all along the southern fringe of the new frontier from British Columbia to Labrador. They explain why the Hudson's Bay Company has been forced to push its posts further and further to the north, even to the Arctic Islands. Men dig for coal a short distance from the place where Hudson died, and drill for oil almost at the Arctic Circle. The trappers are turning from the trap line to the fur farm, and there is talk of a fishing industry in Hudson Bay as large as that of the North Sea. It may be years before some of the dreams are realized, but the skeptic is shouted down by the optimist of the north, who already has deeds for proof.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

*Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern*

2633

as well as smart for mid-summer wear.

It's an economical choice! It can be worn all through the fall.

It's slimly straight and becoming.

A flounce that provides attractive flare to the skirt is cleverly designed to keep the silhouette slender. It shows a sharp downward curved line from just below the right hip. It concentrates its fulness at either side in youthful kilted plaits.

Style No. 2633 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Linen, shantung, silk pique and silk shirting are smartly appropriate.

Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

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.

## Avoid "Herd Instinct," Says Chief Scout

Adelaide, S. Aust.—"Reading, writing and arithmetic are important but they do not matter so much as character," declared Lord Baden Powell, Chief Scout, at a luncheon tendered him here by the Commonwealth Club recently writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. Character building, he said, is the keynote of the Scout movement.

Many of the boys, he went on, were learning too much of the "herd instinct" and were having every thing done for them. They did what was fashionable and therefore began to lose initiative, resourcefulness and courage.

## Generous in Love

A man may be a miser of his wealth; he may tie up his talent in a napkin; he may hug himself in his reputation; but he is always generous in his love. Love cannot stay at home; a man cannot keep it to himself. Like light, it is constantly travelling. A man must spend it, must give it away.—Macleod.

"The world today is many times more interesting than when I began."—Lincoln Steffens.

## Physicians Slow to Recognize Presence of Cancer in Themselves

Even doctors do not always know when they have cancer of the stomach, but may go on for years neglecting symptoms which should send them at once for an X-ray examination and if necessary to a surgeon. So reports Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, well-known stomach specialist of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, in an account to the American Medical Association of 41 physicians operated on in that clinic during the past seven years. In some cases the physician's failure to realize in time what was causing his own trouble apparently was due to long standing symptoms of indigestion so that the victim did not at first recognize the relatively slight difference in the new symptoms of cancer. In other cases the trouble was regarded at first as a stomach ulcer presenting relatively little danger. In a few cases there were no important symptoms until the time for a successful operation had gone by, these individuals being victims of the kind of cancer which gives almost no warning until it kills. Even in physicians, who should be able sooner than other people to detect dangerous symptoms, stomach cancer easily may become fatal, Dr. Alvarez concludes, before it is recognized as dangerous. The only sure precaution, he suspects, would be for everybody over 35 to have a skilled X-ray examination every six months whether or not he feels ill, but this is recognized as impossibly expensive for the average individual. A more practical suggestion is that every disturbance of digestion that appears suddenly in a middle-aged or elderly person should be taken seriously and studied at once by an X-ray specialist.

## Sunday School Lesson

**August 16. Lesson VII—Sowing and Reaping (Temperance Lesson)—Galatians 6: 1-10. Golden Text—Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians 6: 7.**

ANALYSIS

I. GENTLY SCAN YOUR BROTHER MAN, Gal. 6: 1-5.

II. REWARDS FOR WORKERS, Gal. 6: 6.

III. NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD, Gal. 6: 7-10.

INTRODUCTION—The painful news reached Paul that his converts in the Galatian churches were forsaking his teaching. Judaizing missionaries from Palestine had come among them. They were evidently belittling Paul as a mere underling, Gal. chap. 1. They were also rapidly persuading the Galatians to accept circumcision and with it the regulations of the old Law, 5: 2, 4. The Galatian church was in danger of becoming a sect of Judaism.

In the first part of this letter (Chaps. 1 to 5: 12) Paul vindicates his own independence as an apostle, and sets the choice before them—Christ or the Law. Another danger confronted this Galatian church. The liberty of the gospel was being abused. No longer under the law, some thought that they were free to indulge their lower impulses. In the second part of the letter (5: 13 to 6: 10) Paul warns against this danger and gives practical guidance for avoiding it. He mentions four safeguards. The first is love, 5: 13-[illegible]. They are, indeed, free from the Law, but if a man loves his neighbor as himself, freedom from a legal code will not tempt him to steal from him. The man who loves will observe all laws. The second safeguard is being filled with the Spirit, 5: 16-24. The man who follows the promptings of the new spirit within him is in no danger of breaking any law. The last two safeguards compromise our lesson today.

I. GENTLY SCAN YOUR BROTHER MAN, Gal. 6: 1-5.

There are two ways, other than ignoring them altogether, of dealing with other people's sins. They can be dealt with critically or kindly. One can "kick the dog (that's down" or help him to his feet again. Paul says, help him to his feet again, "restore" him. Monitor. Character building, he said, is the keynote of the Scout movement.

Many of the boys, he went on, were learning too much of the "herd instinct" and were having every thing done for them. They did what was fashionable and therefore began to lose initiative, resourcefulness and courage.

The great hindrance to such a kindly attitude is self-righteous pride. The man who considers himself too good to have anything to do with a stumbling brother or sister is deceiving himself, v. 3. Let no one take another as his standard of goodness. He who takes Christ as his standard will be saved from the sin of the Pharisee who said, "Lord, I thank thee that I as not as other men." Each one is responsible for his own character. Verses 2 and 5 are not contradictory. They refer to different kinds of "burdens." Some can be shared; others cannot. Verse 2 refers to those troubles, sorrows, shames which our sympathy can lighten. V. 5, to a man's own responsibility which he must shoulder for himself.

II. REWARDS FOR WORKERS, Gal. 6: 6.

Paul turns to one special duty—that of paying the Christian teachers, v. 6. The Galatians had evidently been failing to remunerate adequately those who were rendering to society the most vital and important services. Those who teach the community how to live—the educationalists, social and

A crep silk that you'll find useful religious workers, are among the most poorly paid of all public servants.

III. NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD, Gal. 6: 7-10.

One more warning! The consequences of sin cannot be avoided on a technicality. God is not fooled. One is rewarded or punished according as his deeds are good or evil.

Rewards and punishments are of two kinds, arbitrary and natural. A diploma is an arbitrary reward for work well done. The enriched personality, the increased capacity for work, service, enjoyment, are the natural rewards. A jail sentence is an arbitrary punishment for drunkenness. Trembling nerves, lowered resistance, lessened efficiency, weakened will, are the natural punishments.

God's rewards and punishments are natural. As the ripened grain grows from the sown seed, so rewards and punishments grow from the attitudes and activities of man. After sowing his "wild oats" a young man may reform, but the disease which he has contracted will some day show itself in his children. Potentialities undeveloped, die. On the other hand, "sowing to the spirit" produces values which are eternal.

After the sowing comes the period of waiting until the harvest is ripe. So, too, in the spiritual realm. Therefore we are not to grow "weary in well-doing," v. 9. Columbus, with each day revealing nothing but interminable wastes of sea, with nothing to indicate that he would ever see land again, wrote in his log, "This day we sailed on."

## Manchester Holds Clean-Up Campaign

Manchester, Eng. — Nearly 600 more receptacles for junk have been placed in the streets of Manchester during the last 12 months in a big effort to make citizens more tidy, and the total number is now nearly 1000.

The improvement in the streets, of which this is evidence, is regarded as satisfactory, but little improvement is noticeable in the parks. The authorities are holding in reserve as a last resource against untidy citizens the power of prosecuting offenders who leave litter in the parks.

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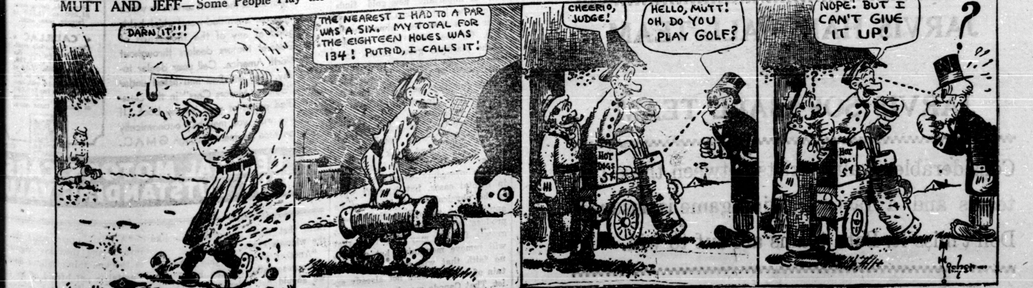
"Yer couldn't see a man starve, could yer, lidy?" "Not very well. I've come out without my glasses."

MUTT AND JEFF—Some People Play the Piano the Same Way.

By BUD FISHER