ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

SYNOPSIS.

Annassa West leases Bride's House in Connecticut, agreeing to the condition "Ask No Questions." The first week of her tenancy, one of the graves in the private burial ground is opened, her stable boy, Otto, being murdered. She calls in a deputy to guard the house and the first night he is killed. Annassa and her housekeeper fly for aid to Dr. Cranson, but he is seen dragging a woman in black across the clearing. Ann sinks in the marsh and is rescued by a stranger who disappears. The newspapers hail the story as "Two Deaths in Twenty-Four Hours."

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

In fact, the office was still in an uproar when Cropsey had left it at six o'clock that morning, and the only possible reason he could think of for all the excitement on Diamond's part was that the red-headed Miss West was just as determined to remain at Bride's House now as she had been before.

Well, women were funny creatures. The longer you knew them the less you understood them. Thank God, he'd had the sense to remain a bachelor all his life! Take the occasion in hand, for example. The Jane didn't live who could gum up a vacation for him. How many married men could say as much?

Cropsey packed a fly rod. By the way, that Terhune fellow hadn't called up the office. Must have had the letter hours ago too. Special deliveries were delivered on Sundays, or in the middle of the night, for that matter. But hell, if the architect didn't care enough about his ex-fiances to find out whether she were alive or dead, that was nobody's business but his own.

The next thing that went into the bag was a box of fishing tackle. Those spoons were going to be good for bass. The man in the sporting-goods house had said they would hold a twelve-pound— But was it nobody's business? Miss West was not the sort of girl who ought to be let down by a man at a time like this. Were the circumstances reversed and Mr. Gately Terhune in danger, no one would have had to write to her. She'd have been there, at his side, fighting like a wild-cat. Yes, whatever faults she red-headed kid might have, a lack of loyalty was not one of them.

The manager of the Daily Free Press moved a little uncertainly toward the bed where his clothes lay in neat piles -all ready to go into the suitcases. Was he going to need one sweater or two? Surely that light sweater would be enough—with a leather jacket. But then, the nights in Canada were always cool. Especially on Lake Winnipeg. He decided to take both sweaters.

If this West girl had a valid reason for staying in the haunted Runnels house—and by this time there could be no doubt but that she had—it was a safe bet she's stick till a certain well-known winter resort froze over. Ill-advised and plucky! Hang it all, a man couldn't help but admire such gameness. Especially a man who'd ever done any bass fishing.

Laying aside the hip boots with which he had been toying, Cropsey reached for the telephone book. After he had found what he wanted:

"Give me Plaza 83203. I said 203 not 303. What's the matter with you? Has the hot weather affected your hearing or—I beg your pardon."

A female voice at the other end of the wire had remarked somewhat tartly: "This is Plaza 83203. And my ears are quite all right, thank you."

"My mistake. I as trying to get Mr. Gately Terhune's apartment. Must have given me the wrong number."

Said the voice, less tartly: "This is Mr. Terhune's apartment. What do you want?"

"So that's how the cat jumps!" grunted Cropsey to himself. Aloud, "I'd like to speak with Mr. Terhune, if I may."

"Well, you mayn't," came the prompt reply. "He isn't here." Then, in more conciliatory tone, "And if you've got any idea where he is, I wish you'd tell me, because I haven't seen anything of him since night before last."

Cropsey waited a moment before he asked, "And who are you?—if that's not an impertinent question."

There was something which sounded like a simper. "I'm just a friend, visiting Mr. Terhune for a day or two."

Cropsey hoped, rather grimly, that she was having a nice time.

"Well, I'm not," volunteered his unseen acquaintance. "Got having a rotten time. That dirty bum has left me flat. Not a nickel to buy myself a package of mints with." And as though the weight of her wrongs had grown too heavy to be borne any longer alone. "Got me to give up my job, before I left the theatre Saturday night without notice. What's that? Yeah, I'm an actress. With Georgie White. I was the blonde on the left, as they come down the staircase in the last act. Next season I nights got a line to speak too."

The managing editor did some rapid thinking. "I don't blame you, sister, for getting sore at Terhune. A man has no right to make a woman give up her career."

Even over the phone one could feel the crushed flower raise its drooping head.

"Just what I told the girls when I called them up a little while ago. Me kissing a job like that good-bye; and not even a wrist watch to show for it! Believe it or not, I hadn't been in this house twenty minutes when the telephone rings, and after Mr. Terhune had answered it, out he goes like a wild man, jumps into his Isotta-Fraschini, and beats it. Without even telling me whether I'm to wait till he comes back or not."

"What time was that?" asked Cropsey.

"Oh, I don't know. A little after twelve. Maybe a quarter to one. We came straight here after the show."

"And that was Saturday night, you say?"

"Sure it was Saturday night. What's eatin' you? And this is Monday—two whole days and me with nothing to do but play Mah Jongg with the Chink who does the cooking."

Cropsey did some more thinking, as a result of which he said, not unkindly:

"If you're the blonde I think you are, you'll go straight to Mr. White and say you'd like to have your job back again. He'll take you on, all right" And without waiting to hear whether his advice was acceptable to the ditched damsel or not, he hung up the receiver.

So Terhune had been called away suddenly Saturday night? He had left with every appearance of agitation; and he had not been back since. This put a somewhat different face on the matter.

Just what the purport of that mysterious telephone message had been, it was not difficult to imagine. But from whom had it come? The same person who had called up the Free Press office? Ah, that was a nice question and one that led to several avenues of conjecture.

Abruptly Cropsey began hurling things out of the suitcases. Unless one were going to Canada, all this heavy stuff was superfluous. But there was a place in Connecticut, kept by his stenographer's cousin, where a man, properly introduced, might get a room and board for two weeks, night rest and sleep, do a little casting, look about a bit. Only a couple of miles or so from Hales Crossing, too, if he'd understood Miss Sinnott correctly. Which would be handy in case the chief should need him for any reason.

The suitcases by this time had been repacked, not as neatly as they were accustomed to being packed, but with every requisite for a two weeks' stay in a sleepy New England town.

CHAPTER XI.

Like all intellectual men, Alva Cropsey cherished the delusion that the world had lost a second LeCoq when Fate saw fit to turn his talents into other and more prosaic channels. Once the fishing trip had been definitely given up and his Canadian reservations cancelled, he began to feel actually elated. The mystery hanging over Bride's House had fired his imagination from the start. Not only because it had baffled the police for almost a quarter of a century, but because in all the annals of crime it stood unique: a history of sudden and unexplained death. Four, to be exact, and one disappearance. The man who solved it would prove himself clever at deductive reasoning; and Cropsey had a passion for deductive reasoning.

The next morning the editor of the Daily Free Press sat down to breakfast in the Appie Blossom Tea Room with the business-like air of one who starts a much-anticipated enterprise under auspicious circumstances. Strawberries in thick cream. An omelet so light it all but floated from the plate. Hot biscuits. And coffee that actually smelled and tasted like coffee. With a curiosity that bordered on awe, he stole a look at the author of all this toothsomeness.

Miss Malvina Upjegrove was a maiden lady tarrying somewhere on the shady side of forty. Years before she had fared forth from the hills and valleys of her native state with the avowed intention of painting her way to the Beaux Arts and Paris. Unhappily for genius in the bud, Greenwich Village say her coming and thrust out a metaphorical foot. As a stumbling-block in the path of progress Europe-

Be Proud of your Baking

You'll get a thrill of preparing new, delicious, economical dishes. The big, new Purity Cook Book contains 743 tested family recipes, each with a simple step-by-step method which assures success. A complete course in home cookery—bread, pastry, cakes, meats, salads, desserts—everything! Opens flat at any page, easily read, grease proof cover. Took two years to complete. Very popular everywhere, thousands have already been sold. Well worth $2.00 a copy. Address: Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited, Dept. 297, Toronto, Ontario.

Sent Postpaid for 50c

Spots Are "In"

A coat of black, rough wool with puff sleeves and scarf, collar and muff of leopard is a popular number in Paris. An antelope beret completes the outfit.

ward, the foot proved efficacious. In less than six months Miss Malvina was back in Connecticut again, sadder, wiser, and humbler to the extent that she was willing at last to take her stepmother's advice and turn the old family home into a tea and gift shop.

Of that excursion into art, however, not all was loss. Instead of canvases, the walls of the Apple Blossom received the outpourings of their owner's thwarted soul: murals that gradually spread from floor to ceiling. Extraordinary cows lunchings off violet buttercups. Humming birds that resembled in size and spread of wing the American eagle. A pair of Puvis de Chavannes females dancing over what looked like a forest of tomato plants. That crazy Upjegrove house, the neighbors called it; but of late the young intelligentsia driving out to tea and dinner had seen fit to set the seal of their approval upon it, and the place enjoyed a certain vogue. Nor was its popularity undeserved. For, in addition to the decorations, the food was such as only Miss Malvina knew how to cook and serve.

(To be continued.)

Who Wants Fog?

London's "Worst Ever" Lasted from November to the Following February

The latest achievement of science in Soviet Russia is the manufacture of artificial fog in a Leningrad laboratory, writes London "Answers." It is one which will arouse no enthusiasm outside Russia. To Londoners fogs from Nature produces are enough—or rather, too much.

The popular supposition is that the banishment of coal grates would eliminate the fog nuisance.

As it happens, that isn't true. Fog is prevalent in the country, as well as in town, and it would still occur even if coal fires were abolished. It is caused in a variety of ways, one of the most frequent being the sudden cooling of the air that is saturated with invisible water vapour. Part of this vapour then takes visible form, and tiny drops or particles of water become suspended in the air.

Actually, then, a fog is a cloud that has formed on ground level, instead of in the sky. And the water in it is quite sufficient to blanket out the surroundings, without any assistance from smoke or soot.

November is the worst month of the year for fogs in Britain's big cities. After this month is over, the number of fogs declines gradually until the middle of February. But at least once—in 1878—London experienced a winter of almost continuous fog. It started in the beginning of November, and lasted practically until February, 1880.

Another such winter is not likely to occur again. And even when the weather forecast predicts "fog," things may not be quite so bad as they sound. Officially, it is a fog if you can't see a house or tree against the sky at a distance of 1,000 metres.

That's a good bit over a thousand yards, so the condition might easily be fulfilled without pedestrians, or even motorists, being unduly worried.

And at sea November is one of the clearest months of the year—the worst time for ocean fogs is spring and summer.

Rainy Night in the Country

Over the rose garden the rain falls
Softly; the warm rich earth flows
In odors of sweetfern and blossom; a bird calls,
Hidden in green from slow showers.

A first lamp kindles in the rain-gray night;
Trees shimmer in the moist silver, misty and cool;
Meadows fall—over the low roof of light
Patter of rain is music, quiet and beautiful.

—Carl Edwin Burklund, in "The Gypsy"

Superstitious?

Are you superstitious? Do you, for instance, avoid walking under a ladder? If so, do you know why it is said to be unlucky? This is the reason given by Sir Charles Igglenden in "Those Superstitions."

"The dread of passing under a ladder has been looked upon by many in a material sense—the avoidance of anything falling from the hands of the painter, the bricklayer, or the man with the hod when ascending the ladder—but the superstition arises from the fact that when the ladder leans against the wall it forms a triangle, and is thus symbolical of the Trinity. The ordinary layman of olden days would, therefore, consider himself debarred from passing through this sacred arch."

THE SUPERSTITIOUS THIEF.

A Scotland Yard detective once gave Sir Charles an extraordinary example of the ladder superstition. A thief who was being chased suddenly found that he had passed under a ladder. Although the police were close upon him he turned quickly, came back under the ladder, and then rushed into the road to pass it, this delay was fatal. He was caught and his remark, laconically uttered, was: 'Well, it's better to be copped than have bad luck all my life.'"

Possibly he did not know that all would have been well if he had crossed his fingers after passing under the ladder—some people say you should keep them crossed until you see a dog. This same detective told Sir Charles that most criminals are superstitious, and that few well-considered crimes, such as burglaries, take place on a Friday.

SIR MALCOLM THE FATALIST.

Sir Charles once asked Sir Malcolm Campbell whether he was superstitious. Sir Malcolm said that he wasn't, but added that he believed in luck, and was a fatalist. He said that

"every time he started on a speed trial he felt that Fate had already determined if it should be his last. Nothing could make him swerve from the feeling that his end was foretold. Nobody who has passed close to the valley of death could believe otherwise. "But I am no fool fatalist," he added. 'When I cross the street I look on either side. Before driving my car I personally inspect every bit of the machinery.'"

IRVING AND THE PEACOCK FEATHERS.

The Stage, even today, possesses all kinds of strange superstitions. Whistling, says Sir Charles, is barred in most dressing-rooms, and if a first night happens to be on a Friday, actors and actresses will put off their dressing-rooms left foot first! A peacock's feather in a theatre is regarded with horror.

"and Sir Henry Irving once caused a sensation by sending a polite note to a lady in the stalls at the close of the first act of 'Othello.' On "be slip of paper he wrote 'For God's sake take your peacock feather fan out of the theatre to prevent disaster.' The good lady meekly called an attendant and sent her the fan. But the girl drew back in horror. The lady herself, rather than make a scene, went to the entrance of the theatre and threw her fan into the road."

As a contrast to Irving there is a story of Lord Roberts and the superstition about the ill-luck that follows a dinner party of thirteen people. He used to tell how

"he and twelve brother officers dined together just before the Afghan War, and, although they fought in that campaign, all were alive eleven years afterwards."

Again, as a contrast, Sir Charles says that he was speaking

"to one of our best-known authors, and he told me that for very good reasons he decided to see a black moth in his box. Twice the advent of such a moth had preceded a death in the family."

COURTING BAD LUCK.

Some of those who read this book will find that they have been courting bad luck all their lives. If a girl "sits on a table while talking to a man she will never be married. A girl is also running the risk of spinsterhood should she fail to look towards the north when she goes out of the house before breakfast. If you trip when going upstairs it means a wedding in the house, the bride or bridegroom being the next single person to follow the tripper."

Again, if when dressing you place a button

"into the wrong buttonhole it will bring bad luck, just as hooking the wrong eye is disastrous. Should either of these accidents occur, however, you can ward off ill-luck by taking off the garment and putting it on anew."

Sir Charles tells us that he came across a curious old Scottish custom which is said to bring good luck to a bride and bridegroom. During the present year a Scottish policeman was to be married at Strathspey, and friends on the eve of the wedding went to his house and the house of the bride. he two were stretched full length upon the floor, their feet made bare, and then smeared with soot and blacking. Afterwards they were commanded to stand up and receive similar treatment to their fa ."

Afterwards the same ceremony was carried out with the best man and the bridesmaid. An equally old custom in a Staffordshire family was for a bridegroom to take his young wife

The Household Word For Tea

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

An Understanding of Children

From very early college days began to emerge that beautiful side of Lewis Carroll's character which afterwards was to be, next to his fame as an author, the one for which he was best known—his attitude towards children, and the strong attraction they had for him. I shall attempt to point out the various influences which led him in this direction; but if I were asked for one comprehensive word wide enough to explain this tendency of his nature, I would answer unhesitatingly—love.

I think children appealed to him because he was pre-eminently a teacher, and he saw in their unspoiled minds the best material for him to work upon. In later years one of his favorite recreations was to lecture at schools on logic; he used to give personal attention to each of his pupils, and one can well imagine with what eager anticipation the children would have looked forward to the visits of a schoolmaster who knew how to make even the dullest subjects interesting and amusing.

Again, children appealed to his aesthetic faculties, for he was a keen admirer of the beautiful in every form. Poetry, music, the drama, he delighted him, but pictures more than all put together. I remember his only showing me "The Lady with the Lilacs," which Arthur Hughes had painted for him, and how he dwelt with intense pleasure on the exquisite contrasts of color which it exhibited—the gold hair of a girl standing against the purple of lilac-blossom. But with those who find in such things as these a complete satisfaction in their desire for the beautiful he has no sympathy. . . .

Again, the reality of children appealed strongly to the simplicity and genuineness of his own nature. I believe that he understood children even better than he understood men and women; civilization has made adult humanity very incomprehensible.—From "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood.

Two Good Rules

Life is a battle, as every human being finds out somewhere between the beginning and the end of life. Every man and woman who is worth anything has fought through more than one discouraging struggle all the way.

The publisher of a big mail order magazine, who has fought his way to success, quoted the other day two rules, which he said he had learned from an old cavalry captain and had found to be the best guiding aphorisms:

First: "When in doubt, charge."

Second: "Admit nothing to be a hardship."

The first rule applies to action; the second to thought—to a soldierly attitude of mind. Taken together they equip a warrior to enter struggle with more than a chance of victory. They are equally valuable to the publisher asserted, to the modern business man struggling the press of work and worry; they are certainly applicable to the daily difficulties of life.

The worst obstacles, which seem as one looks at them, often melt away before a determined charge upon them. A man, is more beaten by his fears than by his enemy. As for hardships, young people cheerfully endure when on a camping trip or a tour, discomforts by which they would be completely discouraged doing church work, for example. The most nothing bearable is a hardship to a determined and cheerful and very few really unbearable hardships ever confront the average man.

To learn these rules, and them will be a help toward

Miss Jones—'Of course, I read 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Mr. Smith—"Can't say I have. I don't care for puzzles."

Love's Nobility

For this is Love's nobility—
Not to scatter bread and gold.
Goods and raiment bought and sold.
But to hold fast his simplicity
And speak the speech of innocence
For he that feeds men serves the few.
He serves all who dares be true.

Sabbath Twilight

A Sabbath stillness broods o'er all the land—
The softly misted hills lilac are blue,
The sunset fires by fairy hands are fanned,
The hazy marshes cold and wet with dew.
A cricket chirps, a plaintive robin sings,
And gleaming where the sun has sunk to rest
Beneath the sombre twilight's wide gray wings,
A single brilliant star shines in the west.
A vague wind whispers to the nodding trees
While Night in sable robes comes out the west
And like a priestess chants on bended knees
Her canary that puts sweet day to rest.
Nature's cathedral filled with fragrant balm,
I feel His Presence in this holy calm.

—Annette Thomas, Bothia, Alberta.

Honesty

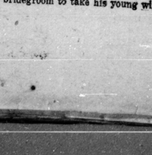
A saint's life in one man may be less than common honesty in another. From us, whose consciences He has reached and enlightened, God may look for a martyr's truth, a Christian's unworldly simplicity, before He will place us on a level even with the average of the exposed classes.—J. H. Thom.

We must learn to despise petty adversaries. No good sportsman ought to shoot at crows unless for some special purpose.

EDWARDSBURG

"CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP

At trifling cost



the most Nourishing Delicious

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL

High Speed at High Altitudes

Future travel by plane will be at altitudes of five or six miles, far above cloud and storm, in the calm air of this great height, thinks A. Bostaric, who contributes an article on the subject to the scientific column of the Revue Hebdomadaire (Paris).

Owing to the extreme thinness of the atmosphere at this height, both the air in the cabin and that which feeds the motors will have to be mechanically compressed.

He writes:

The construction of airplanes is in continual evolution. Every year the aeronautical salon at Paris shows important improvements by which inventors have attempted to increase speed, solidity and safety of their machines. Setting aside for the moment all the technical details of these improvements, I would simply direct attention to the progress that seems to be bringing aviation toward high-altitude flight.

Many will doubtless ask what good is to be accomplished by such an advance beyond developing aviation as a sport. They will be greatly surprised to learn that its effect will be to increase notably the safety of

The greatest enemies of aviation are wind, and storm, exist only in the lower parts of the atmosphere, below a height of about six miles. Above this all agitation of the air disappears; it is a region of calm, where storms are unknown. The airplane that flies at such altitudes need not fear that it will be lost in fog or carried away by tempest.

But at the same time that its flight is safer, it may also become much more swift. The principal thing that limits speed is the difficulty of rendering it sufficiently, in the course of descent, to allow a landing to be made. If the flight is at a great height, the descent will be correspondingly long, and the most qualified specialists believe that at ten miles elevation a speed of 350 miles an hour would be practicable.

A primary difficulty, which is in such a serious one, at once presents itself. How can the pilot and the passengers live during a long journey at such a height, where the air is extremely rarefied as to be quite unsuitable to breathe. The use of tanks fed by pure oxygen, quite proper in a merely sporting flight, would be uncomfortable and out of the question in a passenger plane. The only acceptable solution would be to place pilot and passengers in a hermetically sealed cabin where the pressure would be artificially maintained at a point near that which obtains at the earth's surface, the renewal of the oxygen taking place at the same time as the absorption of gaseous products of respiration. The construction of airplanes with cabins would present some difficulty, but the celebrated balloon ascent of Professor Piccard to a height of ten miles has shown its possibility.

Another difficulty now presents itself. It must not only assure the proper functioning of our lungs at a height, but also of the motors, these utilize the explosion of a dense mixture of gasoline vapor and air. The rarefaction of the air at increasing height involves a diminution of the explosive force of the mixture and so of the power of the motor. Says M. Boutaric:

Years plans have been proposed to overcome this difficulty. Some of the simplest was that of the late Auguste Rateau of the Academy of Science. It consists in super-feeding the motor as the height increases, by compressing the air before admitting it. Rateau used to use a compressor driven by the motor itself, or, more economically, a small turbine operated by the gases of the exhaust. Rateau's apparatus is simple and makes it possible to super-feed up to the desired degree. At a height of three miles air would be fed at a pressure twice the normal pressure at this altitude. This is also increasing the speed.

Given all the planes built on the plan have been for military purposes. Pilot and observers are uncovered and breathe through oxygen masks. But as soon as we have planes with a proof cabins there will be no trouble in compressing much further, insuring the attainment of much greater heights. Then transatlantic flights will present little difficulty, and New York and Paris will be only a few hours apart!

Dog Outfits Offered At New Bargain Prices

The Pas, Man. — Dog prices have slumped to a new low level in this northern city. A beautiful team of huskies plus harness and Alaskan sled sold for $75, as compared with about $200 the outfit would have fetched three years ago. The Manitoba provincial police disposed of them "on the bid."

And the sale has more than passing significance. Dog teaming out of The Pas, famous all over the world as the mecca of mushers, has now come to an end. Railways and airplanes have put an end to freighting with dogs.

At present all signs point to great activity in the God's Lake gold country northeast of here. In other years many dog teams would have been engaged in freighting supplies and equipment into the district. So far this Winter there have been only a few calls for dogs, prospectors preferring to use a plane.

The trip from Mile 127 on the Hudson Bay Railway to God's Lake occupies eight days by dog team. A plane covers the distance in a few hours. So dogs go into the discard.

New Phone Service

"London — Radio-telephone service to South Africa has now been extended to Durban, it is announced by the Postmaster-General here. The charge for a call from London to any place in South Africa open to service is $30 for the first three minutes and $10 for each subsequent minute.

A record sugar beet crop of nearly 150,000 tons was harvested in Southern Alberta this year.

Teen-Age Weakness

Aunt Tells How She Learned That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Benefit Growing Girls

"I swear by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," writes Mrs. M. Lunt, Brandon, Manitoba. "When I was in my 'teens I had anaemia very bad. My mother used to turn to water. A friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In three months I felt like a new person. I have since taken lots of these Pills each spring, to keep my blood, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved invaluable blessing to thousands of women, by creating an abundance of new, red blood cells. Carry out part of the nervously exhausted system, this rich blood renews and rebuilds it in a truly natural way. All run-down conditions similarly benefitted by these pills. At druggists, 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What's Wrong Puzzle

There are from fifteen to twenty mistakes in each of the cartoons which will appear weekly on this page. See if you can find them and then compare with list which will be published next week.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Giraffe do not have beards.
Giraffes are spotted instead of striped.
Stripes are running in wrong direction on zebra.
Eagle's cage has no top.
Wrong kind of trunk on palm tree.
Rhinoceros in Hippopotamus cage.
Rhinoceros has wrong kind of feet.
Pheasants in pelican's cage.
Word "lion" misspelled.
Lions do not have striped coats.
Ibex should not be in glass cage.
Walrus in cage marked "seal."
Word "wolfs" should be "wolves."
Monkeys in cage marked "gorilla."
Snakes are not kept in open cages.
Ear on man in back, round in backwards.
Lady's hair is dark on one side and light on the other.

EXCESS FAT RUINING HER HEALTH

Better after Losing 14 lbs.

There are a number of bodily ailments that are apt to arise in overweight men and women, and it excess fat is reduced in the right way, very often improved health follows—as it did with this woman:—

"I used to have a great deal of fat that seemed to nearly stop me breathing, especially when I knelt down to do my housework, or was walking up a hill. I would simply have to fight for my breath for about 2 minutes. But now that has all gone, thanks to Kruschen. I have lost 14 lbs. in weight, and am able to get about in comfort. I can work all day and not feel tired. I feel so much better, and I am pleased to have lost the fat that was steadily gaining ground with me, and ruining my general health."—(Miss) A. K.

There are six vital mineral salts in Kruschen. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system, its tonic effects extend to every organ, gland, nerve and vein.

Seeks Honey Market in Britain

Prof. E. J. Dyce, head of the Apiary Department of the Ontario Government, who sailed for Europe last week in the "Ausonia," the last Cunarder to leave the St. Lawrence this season. Prof. Dyce will act as expert to the Ontario Honey Producers in Britain in their contemplated effort to obtain a wider market in the Old Country for their products.

WELL MEANT

The Scottish express was about to start when an elderly woman ran on to the platform in breathless haste. The guard pounced upon her, fairly lifted her into a carriage, and as he slammed the door the train moved out of the station.

The first stopping place was sixty miles down the line, and when the train arrived the guard saw the woman getting out of her carriage in a state of boiling indignation.

"You almost missed it, ma'am," he said.

"Missed it!" roared the woman: "I only wanted to post a letter in the late-fee box in the train, and now you've brought me here."

"You are looking way down in the mouth."

"Well, that's natural. I'm a doctor."

About 50 per cent. of all humans killed in Africa by wild animals can be credited to the crocodile.

The motorist who blows his horn too vigorously in Berlin is fined.

For COLDS

"I always use BABY'S OWN TABLETS to break up my baby's colds," writes Mrs. Wilbert Colquhoun, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

"When I see a cold coming on, it is to BABY'S OWN TABLETS that I turn," writes Mrs. Robert Greenhorn, Philipsville, Ont.

Mothers everywhere report in like vein of the safe, sure results that follow the use of BABY'S OWN TABLETS in treating children's colds, teething troubles, simple fevers, disordered stomach, colic, constipation. 25 cents.

Dr. Williams' 246

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Looks Like a Frock

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

3294

Such a darling pajama vogue for a young girl and youthful women types. It buttons up smartly at the neck, has the Victorian sleeves, snug hips and "swinging" of hem, all features much beloved by youth.

In luxuriously lovely hyacinth-blue transparent velvet was the first model. Crinkly crepe satin in cherry-red or black rough crepe silk is fascinating, too.

It will make a charming Xmas gift.

Style No. 3294 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards of 39-inch material with 2¾ yards of 1-inch ribbon.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c 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.

Rapacious Flowers Of the Deep

By DR. HANS NITSCHKE

In Illustrierte Zeitung

Man calls them "sea-roses" "sea carnations,' like the pampered pets of his flower garden. Thousands upon thousands of them grow in the seawater, covering shell-banks and submarine rocks, thriving alike on wrecks of sunken ships and jetties of excursion liners and merchant-men, white and pink, greenish, salmon-colored or brown, yellow and red. The eye never tires of contemplating these marvelous flower beds of the sea.

The blossom of the sea-carnation consists of innumerable delicate threads-like petals, while the petals of the sea-rose are thicker and resemble those of a dahlia. Some are quite open, others half-closed as if budding or completely folded up.

But these marvels are not flowers that could be picked. Water is their vital element, for they are animals, and behind their multi-colored splendor lurks death. Each of the petals, which respond to the slightest motion of the water, is loaded with innumerable little poisonous arrows, which at the slightest touch spread around them a paralyzing venom. They are tentacles, and in their midst is hidden a mouth which is a mouth, gorge, stomach and intestine all in one. Woe to the beings that venture near one of these flowers. They invariably fall prey to it. Searoses catch even small fish and crustaceans.

Similar to lassoes, the tentacles of the flower of prey close upon its victim and begin to suck it in, until it has completely disappeared in the only cavity of its body. The semi-closed flower which causes the admiration of the innocent onlooker is either in the process of digestion or preparing to make a new catch.

Within its body corroding humors do their work until flesh, bones, skin or shell of the victim have become a soft mass which is then eliminated through the same opening. When this interior cleaning is completed, the mouth or stomach is once more drawn in and closed, the tentacles open and stretch and the "flower" is ready for another of its vicious attacks.

Thus these marvelous creations of nature, so flower-like in color and shape, are in reality most rapacious and predatory animals.

THRIFTY MEN SMOKE PLUG TOBACCO

DIXIE IS 20c A BIG PLUG

Camping in the Bush

We pitched camp, therefore, on the edge of the Great North Road. Water was close by, and even though we were not on the hill, there was a lovely view over miles of country. That night we made a huge log-fire and decided to risk it and not keep watch—we were all much too tired and sleepy to bother about night prowlers. Our slumbers were disturbed only by the expanding and contracting of petrol tins, which we vowed in future should be placed far away.

The next morning we spent a busy time sprucing up camp, as we felt that we should be there for some time. And, in fact, twelve days passed before we were on the move again. Judge produced a white ensign, a relic of war days, while Day and I fixed up a flagstaff; then with due ceremony we broke the colors, lowering them again at sunset. Each day the ceremony was repeated.

Feeling that now was the time to practice camp gadgets, Budge announced her intention of making a stool. Armed with a hammer, nails and a varied collection of wood, she retired into the solitude of the bush and wrestled valiantly with various pieces of uprights and refractory legs that would splay out at inconvenient angles. After much pain and labor, a stool, designed on most original lines, was achieved, and the crowning test came when, with bated breath, I sat on it. On the whole, however, I felt that discretion was the better part of valor, and waived my claim, passing the stool on to Day, who faithfully tried it for the rest of the trip, although in strict confidence she confessed that a parraffin box was infinitely more restful.

A plate-rack was my contribution. In theory it was a very superior plate-rack, but actually it demonstrated the unbreakableness of our plates.

Day was in her element at last. She had gone into her own. Hot scones were produced at lightning speed, and all sorts of delicacies sizzled in the frying-pan. On one occasion a passing lorry presented us with a leg of duiker, and a joint of sable antelope, so our cook had a field day amongst the pots and pans. A potroast settled the sable, while the duiker appeared in various forms, but the culminating achievement was a marmalade pudding cooked in an empty jam tin. Never again could we accuse our cook of being an "official tin opener."

Although over two hundred miles out in the bush, we were neither lonely nor dull; in fact, we scarcely seemed to have any time for ourselves. Callers were frequent, and as we were camping it was quite obvious whether we were "at home" or not. On the Great North Road every passer-by is a friend. With one accord passers would stop and exchange the gossip of the day with us. Almost our first visitors were two very new and very green Canadian geologists going north to prospect for copper. Their immaculate kit, beautifully oiled boots, and brand-new shiny rifles proclaimed them to be the joy and pride of some far-away tropical outfitter.—M. L. Belcher, in "Cape to Cowley Via Cairo in a Light Car."

Fate

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desires are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

—Marquis of Montrose.

Happiness is given to those who are ready have it in their hearts.

Classified Advertising

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES WANTED TO DO LIGHT sewing at home, good pay, work sent charges paid. National Manufacturing Co., Dept. 18, Montreal.

OUR TOBACCO EASILY INDEXPENSIVELY. Information: Drawer 1281, Saskatoon.

AN OFFER TO EVERY INVENTOR. List of wanted inventions and full information sent free. The Ramsay Company, World Patent Attorneys, 272 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Earn $5.00 to $10.00 Daily

Earn part time, while learning following 'a pay trades: Garage work, welding, barbering, hair dressing. Positions open. Information free. Employment service from Coast to Coast. Apply Dominion Schools, Head Office, 19 Queen W., Toronto.

RE-TINNING

Milk Cans, Ice Cream Packers, Cheese Hoops. Your old tins made like new. Retinning at cost of new. Plant equipped to supply retinning material. Oshawa Plating & Tinning Co. Ltd., 190 Ewin Avenue, Oshawa.

T.B.—A FREE BOOK

5,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

Any sufferer from this disease who has not yet read the book recently published at 3/3d. by E. Ingle Walton, on the treatment and cure of Tuberculosis, may have a copy whilst the supply lasts, sent free of charge to any address. Applications to Enoch J. Swicker, New Germany, N.S.

NERVOUS WOMEN

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I was so nervous I might seem as though I should fly to pieces. My nerves are all on edge so often have we heard these expressions from some woman who has become so tired and run-down that her nerves can no longer stand the strain. The woman should allow herself to drift into this condition if she can help it. She should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. For wonderful tonic to give them renewed strength and vigor.

98 out of every 100 women who report to us say that they are benefited by this medicine. Buy a bottle from your druggist today . . . and watch the results.

YOUNG MEN! Use Cuticura TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c.

DON'T TAKE NOXIOUS DRUGS

SAFE—SURE—NO MORE SUFFERING OR UNCERTAIN-TY—NO NOXIOUS MEDICINES

Assured Results from

MENSTRU-AID

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

Sufficient for several treatments. In plain wrapper with full Directions. Regular size $2. Special Trial Size $1 postpaid.

WALTAHNE REMEDIES, Dept. W

2 College Street, Toronto.

Trade supplied by Drug Trading Co. Ltd. and Northrop & Lyman Ltd.

High School Boards and Boards of Education Are authorized by law to establish

INDUSTRIAL, TECHNICAL AND ART SCHOOLS

With the approval of the Minister of Education

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION

is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS, MANUAL TRAINING, HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, Vocational Schools and Departments.

Copies of the Regulations issued by the Minister of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.