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 actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, identifies a charred body found in the tule marsh as that of Sheila. Barbara, his daughter, faints when she hears him tell this to Peter Piper, a Herald reporter.

A threatening note signed "David Orme" is found in the murdered woman's safe. Peter trails Orme and arrests him. Peter sees Orme destroy a jewelled comb of Sheila's and when she refuses to talk he realizes she is protecting someone. At Orme's trial it is revealed that Orme is Sheila's real husband. Dr. Cavanaugh testifies that Orme has been the victim of amnesia. His testimony clears Orme. Peter, realizing that a master mind is behind the whole thing, goes to visit Dr. Cavanaugh.

CHAPTER L.

Peter ignored Bossy, waiting at the curb, and swung down the street with long, uneven strides. He felt an hyperactive rush of physical action to bring some sort of coherence to the wild idea which had flashed across his mind in Professor Gambion's library.

His pace lagged, at times stopping altogether. It was incredible—incredible even to himself! Then he pushed on rapidly, as if the whole amazing scheme would escape unless he could pursue and overtake it.

Barbara was protecting someone—someone whose claim upon her was strong enough to bring that thin whiteness to her cheek, that desperate purpose to her eyes; a claim that not even murder could break. Her silence was not self-protection; he was sure of that; Barbara had told him that she had not killed Sheila O'Shay!—and Barbara could not lie.

And it was not Ellsworth. She did not love Ellsworth. Her sentiment for Ellsworth had never been love—not love as Peter knew it, not the love that was a steady flame in Barbara's eyes when he had held her in his arms in the little room with the firelight, nor when he sat beside her in the court room. Besides, Ellsworth was not a cool, calculating murderer.

"Among all the things we don't know about Sheila O'Shay's murderer, we know that he is not an ordinary criminal," Cavanaugh had said that. "How easy it is to fool mere normal people." He had said that too.

Peter went back, step by step, over the scenes in the court room. Cavanaugh had acquitted Orme—there was no doubt of it. But why had he given no hint to Graham, nor to Peter himself, that he had known Orme prior to the murder?

Peter, who was acute enough, had not the slightest suspicion of those earlier meetings. Perhaps Cavanaugh had the right to withhold the knowledge from Peter, but Graham was Orme's lawyer, Graham should have been told. And even though he had merely allowed Peter to deceive himself, it was nevertheless a deliberate deception—a deception with a motive.

Motives! "The strongest motive is likely to seem feeble to the other fellow." Yes, Cavanaugh had said that.

And yet—if he were wrong! He must be wrong—it was too bizarre; it was beyond belief, almost beyond imagination. If he were wrong, he would show himself the world's most utter fool. If he were wrong, he stood to lose Barbara—she would never forgive him. And yet, deep down below the seething chaos in Peter's mind, that flash of light burned on. Reason, commonsense, credibility were all against it. But it burned on. And there was only one way to find out.

Peter felt suddenly helpless. Who was he, to pit his wits against the subtle, calculating mind that had framed this murder? It was David against Goliath. He had only his little stone of truth to throw—if it was the truth! But it was the truth. Wild as it was, it had clicked somehow—the click of absolute certainty, of a reason beyond reasonableness. David against Goliath—but David, with his little stone of truth, had won.

Dr. Cavanaugh opened the door to Peter's ring, his big frame silhouetted against the light. For the first time, Peter noted that the square shoulders had acquired a slight stoop. The flesh hung upon his cheeks in folds, deepening the lines of his face as if they had been marked with a heavy pencil.

It was not surprising that he should feel the effects of fatigue and overwork in a difficult and exacting case; but Peter's association with him had been so close that he had hitherto failed to observe the change. He felt now that every sense was sharpened—that his nerves reached out like an antennae, responding to almost imperceptible stimuli.

He was like a man feeling his way through the jungle, listening for the danger that lurked in the rubbing of blades of grass, watching for the shifting of a shadow.

Dr. Cavanaugh leaned forward to recognize the young man standing hatless in the gloom. Peter saw his fingers tighten on the door knob. But his voice was genial. He greeted Peter as an unaccountable but always welcome friend.

"The ubiquitous Peter! I thought your labors were over by this time. But come in!"

The sincere heartiness of his tone rocked Peter back to sanity. But with that new alertness which nothing escaped, he saw that the doctor's eyes were hard and impenetrable, like agates.

"I've come to mull over the aftermath of our current mystery." To his surprise Peter heard his own voice speaking in easy and natural tones. He knew that his hands were steady, that his face betrayed nothing of the tumult in his mind. He lighted a cigarette, testing himself by holding the match until it almost burned his fingers. The tiny flame did not so much as quiver.

"Is there an aftermath?"

Dr. Cavanaugh settled himself in the chair behind the desk, waving Peter to an arm chair drawn close beside the student lamp. He glanced obliquely at Peter as he selected a cigar from the box beside him. Deliberately he struck a match and held it, watching the point of flame creep closer until it almost burned his fingers. The flame did not waver.

"You saved Orme—single-handed. The papers are full of it. Yours the honor and the power and the glory. In theatrical parlance, you ran away with the show, and landed another triumph for the man who makes no mistakes. Graham was simply nowhere. And yet, I wonder—isn't it barely possible that that star performance was itself a mistake?"

"It is left to me. If I do not tell you the answer, you will never know it. There is not a shadow of proof. And remember, my failure is in my own hands. If I choose to fail—"

"Do you think you can fail, doctor? Other men, of course—but you?"

Silence was in the room, silence that vibrated like a bell.

Suddenly the doctor smiled—a smile of strange, remote tenderness.

"Peter," he said softly. "We are none of us immune from the weaknesses of humanity. None of us quite immune. None. Just two people in my life have touched me deeply. I am far greater than either of them. They are bound by all that I have cast aside. They are straws in my hands. And yet—those two, Peter, are you and Barbara. I am going to tell you the answer."

CHAPTER LI.

Dr. Cavanaugh leaned back in his chair. The lines in his face were deep corrugations, like crevasses worn in stone; but the face itself was somehow changed, smoothed into relief that comes with the end of conflict, the victory of a final decision.

"I always said you were a bright young man, Peter," he said, as casually as if the story he had promised to tell were of no more personal import than a smoking room anecdote. "How did you come to guess?"

"Partly because there was no one else whom Barbara would guard, not only with her life, but with her honor. That is what her silence meant. It is the only thing it could mean. It seemed wildly absurd, of course, to imagine you a criminal. You had the intellect to carry it through, to make it a perfect crime. But that wasn't enough. You must not only have the wit to conceal a crime, but the character to commit it."

(To be continued.)

February Seagulls

The gifts of song and flight are separate,
The thrush and blackbird are content to be
Pedestrians of the air. Of her own weight,
It seems, the lark falls upward precipitously.
But over the ice of the wind the swallows skate
On their wings' outside edge their flawless 3.
Nor could old Euclid's self assimilate
The gull's celestial geometry.
When birds were still at twilight in February
I watched, while rain was flogging Thames with looped
And windy hoops, diagonally dull,
How suddenly through gloom and sleet and flurry
With motion, bright as torches rose and stooped
The Phoenix resurrections of a gull.

—Humbert Wolfe, in "Snow."

Firstlin's o' the Year

For a' the haar
An' Carren win's
O'Februar',
Sweet flames o' green
Ik day
Are seen
On balk an' brae,
Creep-creepin' owre the broon an' grey;
An' lambs, like scalds o' snaw,
I' the blel o' the whins,
Wee stytrin twins,
Whaur nane had been,
Ava,
Yestreen;
An' snawdraps, firstlin's o' the year,
That come afore them a',
In cony wither,
But fear
Or swither,
While starlings churn on buss an' tree
Wi' nane to hear
Or see.

—J. G. Horne, in the Glasgow Herald.

A Musician's Love of Nature

When only a boy he showed a great fondness for nature, and would often wander off from his uncongenial surroundings, and, under the shade of some trees, would study and listen to the music of nature, and rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, and the humming of the insects. His dreamy moods increased as he reached manhood, and his greatest pleasure was to walk in the fields and woods. He arose at daybreak and worked till two o'clock, and then, after his dinner, he made the circuit of the town several times, no matter what the weather was. His figure was familiar everywhere. With long unkempt hair, careless attire, and hurried gait, he went striding along, constantly humming to himself, and, when he became excited by some new idea, waving his arms about in apparently a frantic manner. He always carried a notebook with him. "No man on earth," he writes, "loves the country more."—From "Pictured Lives of Great Musicians," by Alethea B. and Rebekah Crawford.

Courses for Unemployed

Springfield Republican: A silver lining in the cloud of temporary business adversity is seen in the opportunity that many persons and organizations are utilizing to make unemployment serve as an occasion for systematic self-education.

Faith is a daring dependence on Divine control.

A Royal Scot

Sandy mumbled something about expecting a few "bawbees" for posing when the photographer approached the Scotch terrier section at the dog show.

"Your account really flatters me unduly." The doctor lifted a deprecating hand.

"Not at all. I've noticed your impeccable modesty, doctor. You never boast—you have no need to. It is an admirable attitude. But I'm still left wondering."

"Surely you don't think Orme was guilty?"

"No," Peter said meditatively, "I don't think Orme was guilty."

"And you are kind enough to say that it was I who got him off?"

"Yes, you got him off. And yet it must be rather hard on you to realize that, for the first time, you have met your match. You set out to solve this case—and you have not solved it. You have made your first failure. The public has not caught that angle of it yet—but it will. The man of no mistakes is fallible after all. The Tule Marsh murderer was too clever for him. And presently it will occur to them that the great man is not quite so great as they thought him. 'He did some clever work,' they will say, 'but perhaps he played in luck. It may not have been so hard as it looked. He couldn't find the man that killed Sheila O'Shay. And if that man could beat him, there are others who can beat him, too.' You have been a legend, Dr. Cavanaugh. And a legend must be perfect, or it is nothing."

"And do you imagine," Dr. Cavanaugh said gravely, "that I have not thought of that?"

"Yes," Peter nodded. "I believe you have thought of it."

"And suppose——" Dr. Cavanaugh paused, pursed his lips and sent a perfect ring into the air. He watched it until it wavered and broke. "Suppose I have not really failed? Suppose I could solve the mystery!—if I would."

Peter leaned forward. In the shadow he had the illusion that the face of the doctor was carved in gray rock—heavy, sinister, brooding. And then he knew only that it was the face of a man who was very tired.

"Dr. Cavanaugh," he said in a voice thin and taut with the intensity of his emotion, "I believe that you have the answer. I came here to fight it out with you. But I am not going to fight you. When all's said and done, you are a very great man—and you have been good to me. I leave it to you. I leave it to you—absolutely."

"Yes," the doctor agreed gravely.

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Superb Quality . . Always

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Do You Know —

CORK TIPS

There will be less difficulty in removing a cork if a narrow strip of tape is placed underneath it before inserting it into the bottle. To remove the cork, pull the ends of the tape.

Rub a little glycerine over corks before inserting them into bottles that contain anything sticky. This will prevent the adhesive from hardening round the corks.

Corks that have been used for stopping bottles containing liquids with strong odors should not be used indiscriminately, or they may contaminate the contents of other bottles.

MENDING A LEAK.

Sometimes in frosty weather a water-pipe or tank springs a leak. The best way to deal with it until the plumber arrives, if the hole is quite a tiny one, is to stick a match in it. The wood will swell as it becomes damp and provide an effective stopper. When the hole is too big to take a match make it a little larger by inserting a stick and working it round and round. Then stop the leak with a small cork, which will swell in the same way as the wood.

BEFORE STORING KNIVES

Knives, not of the stainless variety, that have to be stored for some time, will not rust if they are rubbed over with a little olive oil before putting away. Wrapping them in baize and leaving them in a box with a tight-fitting lid are additional precautions.

When preparing a mustard plaster use the white of an egg instead of water, and the plaster will not blister.

SO MUCH SIMPLER

Enamelling will be done in half the time and with much better results if the tin of enamel is placed in a basin of hot water while being used. If the article to be enamelled is slightly warmed, too, it will make the task easier. Enamel dries more evenly in a warm than in the air.

A solution of alum in the proportion of 1 ounces to the gallon will make clothing washed in it fireproof.

MENDING CHINA.

A splendid cement for china is made by mixing white of egg with quick-lime to a smooth paste. Mend one article at a time, as it quickly sets. See that the edges to be joined are quite clean and dry. Spread the prepared cement on them and press firmly together. The paste will harden hard and makes a lasting job.

Slightly soiled suede may be cleaned by rubbing the surface with the hands, with a piece of flannel dipped in flour.

FASHION

"How to make my old clothes conform to the new style is a problem to me until I hit upon a plan. I dropped the hem in the part that had been the darker shade and dyed the entire dress. The bleached the goods, following directions in the Diamond Dyes.

"I used Diamond Dyes for dyeing, of course. I have found things with these words on them. They have saved me much effort and have never failed to effect results—smooth, even, fast to wear and washing. I think my things are as good as redye or tint them with other Dyes. They do give beautiful, vigorous colors!"

Mrs. G. C. L.

A REAL TREAT

Children love it with Bread or with Pancakes

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HEAD ACHE

THE woman who lets headaches upset her plans may have her eyes and ears closed to certain facts about Aspirin. There is always swift comfort, and never any harm, in Aspirin tablets. Doctors have said so; many million women everywhere have found it so. Any headache from any cause—is always relieved by one or two tablets. And lots of other aches and pains. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Nagging pains. The pain from colds which make you "ache all over." Sore throat. Systematic "muscular" pain. Aspirin can spare you lots of needless suffering! Be sure you get Aspirin—not a substitute.

BAYER ASPIRIN

MADE IN CANADA—TRADE-MARK REG.

For the Woman Reader

by Florence Riddick Boys

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"I Feel Rich"

"There's something about these pretty times that makes me feel rich." said a sweet-faced woman of the farm, after listening to several mournful comments on the world depression. "We have plenty to eat and wear. We have a comfortable house to live in and it is warm and the children are well and we are all well and have work to do to keep us from thinking too much.

This turned the line of conversation. "Yes, chastening times like these," said another. "We take stock of our advantages. I think we are more appreciative in prosperous times." "We learn to stand by one another and we have more sympathy and understanding."

"We learn more courage and endurance and are more willing to work and be of service for the money we get. We were living along at too rapid a pace. We needed this sobering influence."

"My husband says," added a woman, "those husband taught in a college, that there is a much finer spirit among the students this year. They know what they are here for and they are studying harder and taking their work more seriously. There is a great improvement in their morale."

"One good thing about this depression," said a social worker, "is that it has brought people nearer together. It has made all of us more aware of the problems of the humbler strata of society. We will probably never be careless about the poor again, and later children will hereafter have their better chance to become good citizens."

The difficult times are beginning to mean, so business men tell us. There will probably be no speedy return to flush times, but rather a steady working our way back to a sounder and more substantial basis. Many business adjustments have been necessary and there will be many more before business arrives at a substantial well-being.

These perplex and worry the business man. It is a great anxiety to him to figure out whether he is conducting his business according to the demands of ever changing times. Here is particular work for the good wife, to stand back of him, to be patient, understanding, sympathetic, and above all to be cheerful and courageous and full of faith and appreciation. Exit woman, the Butterfly; enter woman, the True Help-mate.

Home Ideas

Inspecting a new home recently, there are some of the latest interesting items observed. A fern or plant in a small dish on the mantle. I wondered if a fern in the fireplace would will it. A long table in front of the davenport with low things on it. Low tables beside comfy chairs, books on the tables and a reading lamp beside each, the style of the lamps differing. Linen and cretonne and chintz side draperies, with lace glass curtains. The draperies were lined with sand colored sateen. Colonial mantles of frosted glass for the electric lights. A Dutch oven at the side of the living-room fireplace. Was it for atmosphere or was something to be kept warm in it? Living room walls and ceiling of waxed white pine, in panels, rough and unfinished-looking at first glance but charming and unique when one understood that it was meant to be that way. An onyx lamp in the hall; a Paul Revere lantern which resembled an old-fashioned hanging lamp in the dining-room; and in a bed room one such as the old kerosene lamp which your mother carried upstairs to bed.

In the kitchen was a ventilating fan to blow out cooking odors and cool the room Kitchen and bathroom walls were of tile. The dinette had a walnut coating of wood, two-thirds of the way to the ceiling. Beside the back door was a cupboard in which the delivery man might leave milk or packages. It had a door of iron grating to shut it off from the kitchen. The kitchen door was in two sections. The upper half might be opened while the lower half was closed and there was a steel grill for protection. Latches served as door knobs, since this was a colonial type house. The porch floor and the floor about the fireplace were of flat stones, fitted together with cement and resembling the flagstone walks of grandfather's day.

Each room had its own color scheme with curtains and furnishings to match. Chintz, damask, fillet lace, rayon, taffeta, gingham, calico—these were the curtain. In the two bathrooms were shower curtains and window curtains of rubberized, or oiled, silk; in one room they were figured. In the other plain. The bed in the guest room was made festive by an assortment of odd-shaped, dainty, colorful boudoir cushions strewn over it. Bed covers and dresser covers matched window draperies. The kitchen was bewitching with its wealth of cupboards and its black and white plumbing fixtures.

Cabbage Sandwich

Raw cabbage is the cheapest source of the valuable vitamin C, which helps to prevent scurvy, rickets and other undernourishment ills. Other sources of vitamin C are green peppers, tomatoes and the citrus fruits—oranges, lemons, grape-fruit and tangerines. Parsley, spinach, turnips and potatoes also contain vitamin C. Either raw or quickly cooked, these retain their vitamins.

Raw cabbage may be fed to young children, when they are old enough to take care of food which is not sieved; and this is very young. Chop raw cabbage fine and mix it with creamed butter and spread it between slices of buttered bread. This makes a fresh crisp sandwich which is relished by little children or older people.

Apples, peaches, bananas and pineapple have vitamin C in them, but in smaller quantities than the foods mentioned above.

Fashions, Fads, Foibles

Crocheted, non-stretchable belts are a novelty. Linen sandles with crepe soles and low heels will give comfort and spring to your walking this spring. The sore-throat scarf is an invention of Captain Kidd. In modern version, it is a square of gay colored crepe, folded corner-wise and tied in the back like a bib.

Deep V necklines, soft lace jabots, pointed lines in yokes and diagonal fitted pieces, the back skirt pleat, the belt, the short waist, the high-waisted skirt, short jackets, the raglan sleeve, collar contrasts, light tops and dark skirts—these are spring fashion notes.

Soft Ginger Cookies

Cream a cup of fat and a cup of sugar. Into this beat well one egg and a half cup of molasses. Add one cup of sour milk and blend well. Sift together three cups flour, two teaspoons soda, a teaspoon each of salt, ginger and cinnamon. Combine wet and dry ingredients; drop onto oiled baking sheet and bake in moderate oven about fifteen minutes.

Casserole of Corn

Into a buttered baking dish put alternate layers of cracker crumbs and canned corn. Over each layer pour hot canned tomatoes into which you have put chopped green pepper and onion. Salt and pepper each layer to taste. Let the top layer be cracker crumbs and dot the top generously with butter.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

It's not selfish to educate and train yourself, to give thought and care to making yourself healthy, strong, of high character and efficient. Only when you are such can you be of the utmost use to humanity. Selfishness consists—not in making the most of one's talents and abilities—but in failing to use these developed talents and abilities for the good of others.

Tingle Toes

(From The Crisis)

Just burning up with wanderlust
Scant rambling in the air,
Got tingle-toes and bound to bust
Loose somewhere.
Where they tramp, how they fare,
Most I care!
Long to catch a load of moonlight
In my hair.

As hungry for new range to roam
As lover for his bride,
Could never cramp such toes at home
If I tried.
Roads are free, yawning wide,
Wind's my guide
Till I tuck the tang of sea foam
In my hide.

Far pasture grasses grow more green
Graze sweeter than fields nigh,
Tempt tingle-toes beneath their clean
New blue sky.
Toes take the trail, miles fly,
See them hie
Till I snare a spark of star sheen
In my eye.

—Edith Manuel Durham.

The Flowering

All day I carried a song with me
Torturing my heart; a goad,
A rippling thorn in the flesh it was
Driven deeper as I strode.
In the quietude of candlelshine
As sleep and its exquisite load
Of murmuring memories bowed my head
A sudden glory glowed.
A rose, a perfect rose it was in my bosom;
Its fragrance overflowed.

—Geoffrey Johnson, in "Everyman."

He—"Darling, will you fly with me?"
She—"Have you a flying license?"

A Big Japanese Crab

A good specimen of the crab life inhabiting Japanese waters. This immense capture has a spread of eleven feet five inches.

Garden Chats

Article No. 4

Pruning Trees and Shrubbery

This is the usual month for pruning. All of the dead canes should be removed from the raspberry patch as well as the spindly ones of the new growth. Some of the older wood should be cut away from the gooseberries and currants. Grape vines must be pruned very early to avoid excessive bleeding. These vines are best cut back to a mere skeleton as fruit is borne on the wood grown the same year. Fruit trees should be opened up to let in sunlight and air, branches that rub together removed and, perhaps, the top growth headed back so that one will not have to use an aeroplane to pick the fruit. Late blooming shrubs should be pruned in the Spring, but the early bloomers not until Fall. Weak and spindly growth among the climbing roses should be removed at this time, or perhaps a little later.

A Good Lawn

The lawn is absolutely essential from the standpoint of beauty in connection with any garden, an even, velvety award of rich, green grass setting off brilliant flowers and making an ideal spot for the children to play in. We can use grass for our paths between the beds, though if there is much traffic it may not stand up as well as more permanent material like brick, flagstones, gravel, concrete or cinders. Our lawn must be even, the grass should be a dark green, there must be no weeds and no bare spots. In planting a permanent affair of this kind most of the work must be done in advance. It is essential that the ground be thoroughly dug and levelled before the grass is sown. If at all possible, give any weed seeds a chance to sprout and then cultivate to kill them before we seed down. Late frosts and heavy spring rains will settle the soil after which we should rake level again. Grass, like any other plant, responds to fertilizer, and while well rotted manure is one of the best agencies in this connection, in the case of the lawns it is not so advisable as commercial fertilizer on account of the danger of weed seeds. A good mixture high in nitrogen, which element furnishes the green growth, is the best to use. A vital factor in this, as well as all other forms of gardening, is the seed. There are dozens of mixtures on the market and prices vary. But good grass costs money because seed giving a fine, velvety award that will stand up year after year is expensive. Cheap mixtures will make a fine appearance the first year, but kill out badly with frost and are inclined to develop more and more into coarse, rank-growing grass a slime goes on. Reputable seed houses who depend on trade year after year for their own protection only handle grass that will give the best results under Canadian conditions, and their mixtures, tested and approved by Government officials, are safe. One pound of seed is required for every two hundred square feet, and where the ground is shaded special seed should be used. Roll or pound the seeded ground thoroughly for treating bare spots upon which the same practice is recommended. Seed should be raked in thoroughly and some protection against birds, like wire or branches, should be placed over the newly seeded spot.

Good Seed is Foundation

Because seed is so cheap and one of the least important factors in the cost of gardening, we are too apt to overlook its importance. Good seed is essential and we should purchase that especially suited to Canadian conditions. Certain varieties which may give wonderful results in England or the Southern States are not likely to do well in this country, and on this account gardeners are strongly advised to obtain their supply of both seeds and plants from Canadian sources.

National Academy of Arts Planned by South Africa

Capetown, S. Africa.—At a recent conference here a decision was made to form a National Art Gallery here. Representatives of all the societies of artists and schools of art were present.

A draft constitution was adopted, to be submitted to Parliament. Ten academicians and associates have been chosen, and their names will be sent for approval to the Governor-General.

Canadians are in a remarkably liquid position contrasted with other countries, holding over 67 per cent. of her national debt, with over three billions of deposits in banks, trust and loan companies, Provincial Savings Banks, etc.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

The frock with the jacket-like top has an outstanding place in every smart wardrobe.

This soft tweed-like woolen in black and white favors the criss-cross sportsy neckline in red woolen. Red buttons accent its smart double-breasted effect.

And it's simple as A, B, C to fashion it and you'll find the saving enormous.

Style No. 3484 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch, with ½ yard 39-inch contrasting.

Another interesting scheme is to make the skirt and collar and cuffs of brown diagonal woolen with vivid green diagonal woolen for the bodice. Trim with brown wooden buttons.

Spanish tile wool jersey with brown jersey trim and brown bone buttons is particularly smart for school wear.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each pattern 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, 72 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Canada's Water Power

Canada, with hydraulic installation of 571 h.p. per capita, occupies outstanding position amongst water-power-using countries of the world. Hydraulic installation increased by 142 per cent. and electricity sold by 209 per cent. in the past 10 years. Total hydraulic installation, beginning of 1931, 6,125,1012 h.p.; representing investment of $1,590,000, with developments under way or in active prospect, which will add 1,500,000 h.p. to installation and $300,000,000 to investment within the next few years.

In order to do anything worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sydney Smith.

"Is your wife fond of listening-in?" "Not half so much as she is of speaking out."

Sunday School Lesson

S. SCHOOL—Feb 29 . . . GRAHAM

March 13. Lesson XI—Jesus Comforts His Disciples—John 14. 1-18. Golden Text—Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John 14: 27.

ANALYSIS.

I. OUR FATHER'S HOUSE, 14: 1-3.
II. THE WAY THITHER, 14: 4-11.
III. THE TRAVELLERS' TRIUMPH, 14: 12-14.
IV. THE TRAVELLERS' COMRADE, 14: 15-18.

INTRODUCTION—It is suggested that chapter 13-17 should be read in this order: 13: 1-32; 15, 16, 17; 33-38, 14, 1. This would seem to be nearer the original arrangement.

The eleven, in the Upper Room, are startled by the disclosure that their dream of an earthly kingdom is shattered, their beloved leader going where they cannot follow, 13: 33. Peter's too confident declaration (13: 37), brings its desolating answer. Jesus follows with the most heartening words of the whole Gospel, chap. 14. One remembers Lockhart's story of Sir Walter Scott's last days, "He he expressed a text I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said, 'Need you ask. There is but one.' I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion and said when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort'."

I. OUR FATHER'S HOUSE, 14: 1-3.

Forgetting himself, the Master turns to encourage his disciples. "Let not your heart be troubled"—"cadence of soothing tenderness, soft as a mother's hand." It is possible to face life calmly, steadily. James, himself, in the "swelling of Jordan," can give his sustaining word. Christian, beginning to sink, cried to his friend Hopeful, "I sink in deep waters, the billows go over my head." Then Hopeful cried out, "Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom and it is sound." This steadiness comes through faith in God and in Christ, v. 1.

Their future is assured because he is going into his Father's presence. (a) There is room for all. (b) There is progress. "Mansion," (v. 2) means resting places on a road. Heaven is not a stationary perfection, but a growing forward. There, our reach must always exceed our grasp, or, as Browning says, "What's a heaven for?" (c) The Father's presence is a spiritual presence—not a "place" above the bright blue sky. "What is heaven to a prisoner?" Says Luther, "Naught else, but Jesus."

II. THE WAY THITHER, 14: 4-11.

Thomas, still perplexed, asked the question of v. 5. The man with no definite aim in life wanders ineffectually. The Master replies with great declaration, v. 6. "You want to know the truth about God? Well, you see it in me, 'No man cometh to the Father but by me'."

Philip, earnest, loyal, but slow-witted, fastens upon Jesus' answer to Thomas (v. 7) and comes in with his request, v. 8. He wants some experience such as Moses had, Exod. 33: 18. This, after the long companionship together! With pained surprise Jesus answers, vs. 9-11. Here we reach the culminating point of the Gospel. Jesus is the revelation of the Father.

III. THE TRAVELLERS' TRIUMPH, 14: 12-14.

(a) *In Works.* Instead of his departure being the end of his activities for his disciples, it will be the beginning of a wider and a greater working. His followers will do greater things because, after his death, his Spirit will possess men more completely.

So has it happened. Having been lifted up, he has drawn toward him all who have looked upon him long enough. Peter's sermon at Pentecost had more converts, probably, than Jesus had during his whole ministry. His love for the unfortunate has touched not only the lone traveller on the Jericho Road, but, in hospitals, missions, rescue homes, has reclaimed millions of people. The brotherliness with which he tried to inspire his little group of followers has set whole races free from slavery.

(b) *In Prayer.* The responsibility for these greater works must have frightened these timid, confused men. Their Master, sensing it, assures them of help. He gives them that promise (v. 13) which has been so often misunderstood. To attach to the end of our petitions the formula "for Christ's sake" is no guarantee that our prayers will be answered. To pray "in Christ's name" is to pray according to his will. Only when our wills and desires are in harmony with God's, will our prayers be answered.

IV. THE TRAVELLERS' COMRADE, 14: 15-18.

All the Master's promises are conditioned upon obedience, but it is easy to obey the commands when one loves the commander.

Canada's Fishery Wealth

Sixty different kinds of food fish and shell fish are taken in Canada's ocean and inland waters, ranging all the way from squid and alewives to sturgeon, and such mammals as seals and whale. Recently a sturgeon weighing 850 pounds was caught in the Fraser River, from which 75 lbs. of caviar was obtained, while a 25-lb. lobster was trapped off Digby.

Little ideas and big successes never go together.

If religion be anything, it must be everything.

Three Roses of Britain

Even the photographer's flashlight failed to intimidate these fair representatives of English pulchritude: Gwen Stallard (centre) captured the beauty crown, Betty Spurling and Billie Schofield were runners up.