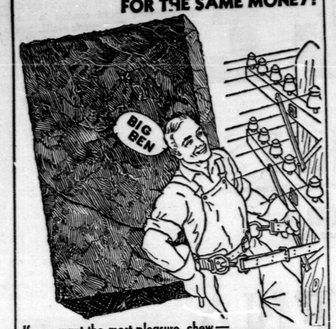


WINGS OF FORTUNE

BY

LESLIE BERESFORD

SYNOPSIS

WINGS OF FORTUNE — Hulbert Sylvia Darnley, an orphan, is employed at a travel bureau.

In that way she meets John Christopher Fellowes, going to Paris and Monte Carlo.

Because of poor business, Sylvia loses her job but at the same time, Mrs. Paula Carmichael, staying at the hotel with her brother, Tony Mallison, surprises her by telling her that she is heiress to £80,000 by her uncle, Luke Massingham.

The deep thrill of emotional sincerity in her voice quite affected Sylvia for the moment, and she squeezed her hand, leaning towards her.

"It's nice to know uncle had such good friends!" she said. "That makes me feel all the more ashamed for myself—"

"Why should you be, my dear?" the other remonstrated. "As a matter of fact, your uncle blamed himself for not having tried to get in touch with you, after he'd heard of your mother's death years ago, through some newspaper announcement. It was because of that, we—Tony and I —came to England, to seek you out for him."

"We were on our way, when a wireless message reached us that he had died," she pursued. "He had a stroke from which he never recovered. It was a great shock to us, my dear, I can assure you. But we couldn't turn back. That would have been no use. We just came right on to carry out his wishes and bring you—as we have done—this news of his remembrance of you."

Mrs. Carmichael continued explaining the difficulties they had experienced at first, till chance enquiries had brought them to Malchester, where—after further search—they had found here actually working at this hotel, where they had been staying.

That had been on their previous visit. They had not, however, said anything to her at the time, feeling it wisest first to return to London to the lawyer there, who was in touch with the Shanghai firm handling old Luke Massingham's affairs, to report their success in tracing her, and make sure the legal procedure in regard to the will was in order.

All that Sylvia had to do now, she learnt, was to go with them to this London lawyer and establish her identity, when she would at once enter into her inheritance—or, at least, be able to draw upon it, if she wished, until the final formalities were through.

"So, you see," Mrs. Carmichael concluded "your fears for the future are unfounded. You're a wealthy girl, able to please yourself where you go and what you do!"

"You're not surprised now, I hope, that I laughed because you came in here worried out of your life at losing your job?" smiled Toyn Mallison, speaking for almost the first time from the background.

"I can still hardly believe it is true!" Sylvia eyed them both, even now doubtful. Mrs. Carmichael patted her hand reassuringly.

"If you feel like that, my dear, ask Mr. Muir. He has known since we were here last, and has even talked by telephone about you with the lawyer in London . . ."

"He knew all this, then—when he gave me that notice?" Sylvia gasped in surprise, but feeling somehow more sure in these circumstances.

"You only had that notice because he knew and sent you up to us to be told the truth, my dear!" replied the other, adding:

"All this, naturally, is going to make a very great difference to you, completely change your life. I dare say you would like Tony and myself to do anything we can to be of help. We shall have to take you to the lawyer in London, of course. Afterwards—"

Sylvia was thinking of that. She was thinking of John Christopher Fellowes, now on his way to Paris and Monte, flying on the wings of fortune. Now those wings had miraculously come to her too. Why shouldn't they carry her to where he had gone, if only to show him that she could fly as well as he, and just as safely?

CHAPTER IV

DAYS OF EXCITEMENT

Paris, steeped in the velvet mystery of dusk. Paris, the gay and inconsequent. Above all, to Sylvia, the threshold of dreams come true.

It still seemed to her such an unbelievable miracle that she could be here, able to look out from the open windows of her suite in the vast and luxurious hotel which faced the broad and beautiful Avenue des Champs Elysees. How startlingly different this was to dusk in dark and murky Malchester! The brilliant lights, the star-dusted sky, the very glow of the sunset seemed a romantic poem. There was laughter in the noise of the streets, music in the hum of the traffic. The warm air, drifting in, seemed to Sylvia to hold a scent of intoxicating sweetness.

Not like the heavy, sickly manufactured perfume of the Malchester Palace Hotel. Sylvia even found herself wandering if she had only dreamed of that. So far away, it seemed, and so long since she had been there. Yet it was only a couple of days ago. But—what days! Days crammed with excitement, happiness, ceaseless new experiences.

It came back to her all rather hazily, from the time when Paula and Tiny had so surprisingly fastened the wings of fortune on her shoulders and set her flight in motion. Not much time had been wasted in Malchester itself. Barely enough for her to fetch boarding-house home, which, with its occupants, she would never see again. The news of her sudden departure, and the reason for it, had caused a sensation that evening. No doubt they were still talking about it as they did of everything, even less really exciting.

And then good-bye to Mr. Muir and the hotel, after dining there as a guest. She had been rather sorry to leave Mr. Muir. Not so sorry, however, that she had not been glad to find herself speeding by car to London, real luxury begining for her. Then London, and the pleasant round-faced lawyer to whom her new friends had taken her. He—satisfied as to her identity by a birth certificate and other paper—had obligingly filled her hand-bag with amazing quantities of bank-notes after some papers had been signed.

Afterwards, a delightful orgie of such shopping as Sylvia had only dreamed about, never thinking it possible she might enjoy it in her life. But for Paula Carmichael, how would she have coped with it, knows what to buy and where? She had been frankly awed by the way the quantities of bank-notes had dwindled. But she need not have been. The lawyer had arranged a credit for her at London bank, and she had only to write out cheques. Beautifully simple.

Finally—amazing and delightful experience—from London to Paris by air. And here she was after a nice little sleep and a cup of tea, being helped to dress for the evening by Paula's maid, Florie.

It seemed, as she studied her own reflection in a mirror, an utterly transformed Slyvia Darnley, whom Malchester would scarcely have recognized. Delicious, the feel of the silk-en underwear, caressing her skin, the perfect fit of the exquisite little frock of primrose yellow she had chosen for to-night.

Chosing what she would wear, in these days! No need now to be wasting envy on other well-dressed women not even on Paula Carmichael. It had been a delight to unpack and to touch and examine the piles of lovely things bought in London and scarcely as yet seen by her. Frocks, hats stockings, shoes, negligee, wraps, furs and a score of those dainty and expensive little etceteras in a smart girl's toilette.

The result for her first night in Paris, quite pleased Sylvia anyhow.

"Doesn't look so bad, does it, Florrie?" she pirouetted gracefully before her reflection in the mirror and then was rather startled by something else she chanced to glimpse in the glittering surface of the glass.

To be continued

33 RIT COLORS

Get *exactly* the color you want from the new Instant Rit range . . . instant, because it *soaks* right and STAYS . . . never leaves streaks or spots . . . and makes everything you use it on positively lovely.

FREE — Send the name of your dealer and 10c for FREE copy of "Tints and Dyes" to Rit Makers, St. John's Route, Montreal, Que. 60 Lewis Rd., Toronto.

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK" WITH RIT

NEW! no anger a soap! Dissolves Instantly.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Delicious Quality

Also in Black and Mixed

Beetle Preys on Fish Bigger Than Self

Fish eat beetle larvae, and the beetles themselves, but apparently the rule sometimes works the other way, too, if the fish in pond or stream are small and the larvae are big. That means one more to be added definitely to the perils which encompass the fish in their baby days, and it is probable that the beetles take quite a toll. There had been suspicion of the beetles before but an incident at Banff, Alberta, last summer confirmed suspicion.

The superintendent of the fish hatchery operated at Banff by the Dominion Department of Fisheries was watching baby trout in a large hatchery pool when, lo and behold, he saw a two-and-a-quarter-inch larva of the diving beetle Dytiscus, dart along in the water with a fingerling longer than itself held firmly in its mandibles! That happened to be the only case actually observed in which fry or fingerlings were captured by the beetles but there is reason to believe that there were numerous other instances in which the little fish were destroyed.

Nature played a bad trick on the Banff staff in putting the beetle larvae into the pond, which is one in which certain experiments in the feeding of young trout have been in progress. Every precaution is taken to keep such ponds free of anything that would be injurious to the young fish but this particular pond at Banff, formed by flooding a slough, is especially hard to protect and Nature eluded viligance and slipped the larvae in.

Steps have been taken to destroy any larvae before the pond is used this year, but there are many streams and natural ponds frequented by Dytiscus and it is to be feared that the beetle will work its depredations among newly-spawned fish in these waters from season to season.

Pictures of the 1934 bathing suits indicate a big year for the cold cream business.

MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

There must be a reason. Dr. Wernet's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists! It holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably —that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any druggist.

BABY'S CRAMPS Banished!

"When I could not sleep at night with baby's cries, it was Baby's Own Tablets that cleared the little system of offending substance and gave sweet sleep and rest." That is what Mrs. Robert Greenhorn, Philipsville, Ontario, writes. Baby's Own Tablets are mild and soothing in action, yet most effective and always safe for colic, teething troubles, constipation, summer complaint, upset stomach, restlessness and simple fever. Price 25c everywhere.

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

KEEP COOL

by Taking an Effervescing, Invigorating Glass of

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

TO COOL YOUR BLOOD

Buy Tins—35c and 60c Now, large bottle, 75c

The Laughing Man

(Manchester Guardian)

A German who has been visiting London has made the interesting discovery, which he discloses in an article in the "Berliner Tageblatt" that "the British laugh too much." As soon as they begin a serious conversation with a German they turn the talk into easier channels with a laugh." From that he deduces that "superficiality is the vice of the English" (he has evidently never heard of the French aphorist's contention that "gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body invented to conceal defects of the mind") and that "humor" is the cloak for that superficiality.

It might also be a form of politeness. There are some points about modern Germany on which a modern Englishman could hardly touch at all without his opinions becoming so serious as to be possibly unwelcome to a citizen of that country, and in casual intercourse it is just as well to avoid the awkward topic and the unwelcome treatment of it. So, if the Englishman talking to the German is accused of too much risibility, one excuse for him might be in the words of Figaro: "I make haste to laugh for fear of being obliged to weep."

In any event the general charge that we laugh too much is in curious contrast to the proposition (at least as old as Froissart) that the English take their pleasures sadly. And there was also a mediaeval Latin proverb which asserted that "the English race is the best at weeping and the worst at laughing. Evidently we have changed a good deal since the distant days of what must have been a rather doubtfully merry England.

Probably many of us do today adopt a deliberate lightness of approach which is not in the manner of our German neighbors; the English soldier in the trenches displayed it, sometimes to the real bewilderment of those neighbors at the time when they were also enemies. It is, if you like and in a catch-phrase of the moment, an aspect of "the escape from reality." But it does not necessarily mean that reality is not being seriously tackled under the surface. And gravity itself, as La Rochefoucauld observed, is sometimes a mere cloak for incompetence.

Fastest Best-Seller

Little, Brown and Company rises to dispute the claim of Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" to the laurels of the "fastest-selling" book of all times. Their claimant is "If Winter Comes," by A. S. Hutchinson, which, without a book club adoption, piled up in ten and a half months a sale of 359,396 copies, its biggest month having been December, 1921, had the amazing sale of 109,092 copies. Anthony Adverse's sales for ten months, omitting the copies used by the Book-of-the-Month Club, totalled 223,259 copies, its biggest month being December 1933, when the sale was 53,073 copies.

However, considering the difference in business conditions between 1921 and 1933, the sale of "Anthony Adverse" is the more extraordinary of the two, especially as it was that rarity in publishing, a three-dollar novel.

Will wonders never cease! Today I ran across a driver of a car who had forced another car into the ditch and didn't have an excuse to offer.

"I admit it was my fault," he said. "I don't know how it happened. I must have been going too fast." This man's attitude was most refreshing; usually neither party to an accident will accept any part of the blame.

Of course, I knew what the trouble was. It happened to be Sunday and the man who caused the accident was driving at a rate of speed faster than he had been accustomed to during the week. He forgot that six days a week he drove at a twenty or twenty-five miles an hour around town and that all of his motions were keyed to that speed. Out on the highway, going about forty, he couldn't think fast enough. He intended to pass and give the other chap room on the road to pass, but his sense of speed and distance failed him.

That's the case with lots of us. The minute they go faster than their usual rate of speed, they're in danger. Sooner or later in "highway driving" they'll encounter a situation they never faced before and don't know what to do . . . and there's an accident.

The moral is, of course, don't drive too fast. I have had a job long enough to know that driving at speed over 35 is safe, and that drivers can't drive even at that speed without danger of meeting some situation they can't handle.

Well, I'll be seeing you.

IDEAS

Have you a Story, a Song or an Illustration that is saleable?

Or perhaps you have some other saleable idea. Tell us about it.

Send a stamped (3c) envelope for information about our service.

IDEAS unlimited

THIRTY-NINE LEE STREET TORONTO

Gems From Life's Scrap Book

ASCENSION AND ASPIRATION

"Too low they build who build beneath the stars."—Young.

"Aspiration after the holiest is only aspiration in which the human can be assured that it will never be disappointment."—Mackintosh.

"What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are."—Mrs. Jameson.

"His (Jesus) Ascension marks the stage in His revelation. . . . His Resurrection opened the grave, His Ascension opened Heaven."—Bengelist.

Galt to Dismiss Ten Teachers

GALT—With the closing of the School at the end of this month an economy measure and owing to attendance at the city and technical school as a result the possibility of Preston establishing a high school, the Board of Education has decided to terminate the services of 10 teachers, eight at the public and two in the public schools.

"Burying Babies" Is Old Turkish Custom

A quaint old Turkish custom "burying babies alive" is being practised by child welfare societies in Turkey.

From time immemorial mothers have economised on linen by burying their offspring waist-deep in loose earth. Occasionally they changed the earth.

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan

CHILDREN LOVE THIS

...ream for dessert! The child-...out the gleeful news and the ...inner, even the spinach, shares ...glamor of the treat in store. ...t not serve this happy ending ...ince you can do it these days ...making extra work for your ...ple candy ice cream you can ...all sorts of different flavors ...y as you'd make a plain jun-...tard pudding.

...favorite recipe may be used ...foundation cream. Junket, ...Mousse, parfait, ice and ...may be flavored and sweet-...ith the candies. All the hard ...ght candies, chocolate coat-...ain may be used without ad-...sugar, but some of the cream ...may require a little extra

...half pound of candy is enough ...ten and flavor one quart of ...or other foundation mixture. ...candy is thoroughly crushed ...owed to dissolve in the foun-...cream before freezing an even ...produced. An attractive mot-...ect is obtained if the candy ...or coarsely crushed and added ...cream mixture just before ... There will be bits of un-...candy which retain their ...sinkled through the frozen

...ing are two basic recipes ...ay be varied by the use of ...candies.

...eppermint Stick Cream

...ound red and white pepper-...ck candy, 6 cups thin cream, ...poon salt.

...cream in double boiler. Re-...en heat and add salt and ...rushed candy. Cool and turn ...zer mold. Pack in six parts ...e part ice cream salt and ...d several hours. Serve plain ...hot chocolate sauce, as pre-

...e want to use this recipe in ...anical refrigerator, stir 1 ...on softened gelantine into the ...hot cream, stirring until ...is thoroughly dissolved. ...allows should be quartered ...olved in the hot cream. This ...old for an iceless refrigera-...making gelatine unnecessary. ...ate coated molasses chips ...crushed and added to the ...after it has cooled. This ...delicious rich cream with-...effort of melting chocolate ...hing an assortment of dishes.

...alnut Brittle Ice Cream.

...ound walnut brittle, 4 eggs, ...hipping cream, 4 cups milk, ...egg yolks slightly. Scald milk ...t into egg yolks. Cook in ...oiler, stirring constantly un-...re coats spoon. Remove from ...add crushed brittle. Fold in ...f eggs beaten until stiff. Cool ...r into freezer mold. Pack in ...rts ice to one part ice cream ...n beginning to freeze around ...stir in cream whipped until ...stand several hours before

...cipe is excellent to use in a ...al refrigerator, too.

...arrot Juice Cocktail

...he carrot is the vegetable ...ience for clearing the com-...is universally conceded. But ...le known what a quantity ...ay easily be extracted from

...elcome change from tomato ...ich is in vogue at present, ...rrot juice cocktail. Here's

...large carrot and squeeze ...through a piece of cheese-...th you will find yourself ...t half a cupful of juice.

Sip this as a cocktail. Carrot juice is excellent for adults and a splendid help for babies suffering from nutrition deficiency diseases.

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

A curried dish gives a menu a certain zest that lifts it out of the everyday class and puts in into the "special occasion" category. Yet curry need'nt be used only for party menus. Try adding it to your favorite creamed concoctions and see if the family doesn't greet your efforts at orginality with loud cheers of approval.

Curry of chicken, served with steaming rice, makes a perfect main course for a luncheon or a Sunday night supper. Here's the way to prepare it:

Place two and one-half pounds sliced cooked chicken in a saucepan with six ounces warmed butter. Stir in one teaspoon curry powder, one tablespoon flour and one chopped onion. Season with salt and pepper and pour in one quart chicken stock. Allow to cook slowly for eight minutes. Add one-half cup shredded coconut and let it boil for two minutes. Then pour in one cup heavy cream and set aside.

In a second pan place six ounces warmed butter and one chopped onion. Add two cups cooked rice and simmer for two minutes. Pour in a quart of chicken stock and season. When boiling, cover and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

When you're ready to serve luncheon, arrange the rice mixture in a mould-like form in the centre of a platter and place the creamed chicken in the middle of the mould. Decorate rice mould with pieces of chutney-ed ginger and raisins and pour the rest of the chicken around the mould on the platter.

WASHING OLD LACE

The fortunate bride who has heirloom family lace with which to adorn her wedding dress may be interest in the following French recipe handed down through generations for washing old lace.

First wind your lace very carefully round a glass bottle. When this has been done cover the lace with a final layer of thin muslin, which you pin here and there to the lace to keep it in place. Then place the bottle in a receptacle containing cold water and a handful of the prest soap flakes you can find. Bring the water to the boil and leave it on the boil for a good hour. Pour away the dirty water, add plenty of fresh warm water, and finally rinse in cold. If the lace is very old and stiff it is advisable to soak it in pure olive oil for a hour or so before washing.

QUICK FRUIT ROLLS

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 4 tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons softened butter, marmalade or jelly, ½ cup broken nut meats.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Work in shortening with pastry blender. Beat egg until light and cut into first mixture, adding milk to make a soft dough. Turn onto a floured molding board and knead outside edges into center with four motions. Then roll lightly into a sheet about one-half inch thick. Spread with softened butter. Cover with a layer of marmalade or whatever is chosen and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut across in slices about one inch thick. Dip knife in flour before cutting each slice. Place slices, cut side down on an oiled and floured pan and bake 20 minutes in a hot (400 degrees F.) oven.

SARDINE SOUFFLES

Pass a dozen skinned sardines through a sieve and add a little cream, anchovy essence, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix in the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs, fill buttered cases with the mixture and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

LEFTOVER ROAST

Here's a happy ending for that roast of beef—an appetizing baked meat pie. Make it as follows: Three cups diced cooked beef, two cups diced boiled potatoes, two chopped onions, two grated carrots, two tablespoons finely chopped parsley, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, one tablespoon flour. Cook beef and onions in a saucepan in butter until brown, add flour and stir until blended.

Then add slowly one and one-half cups of water or water and leftover gravy mixed together and when smooth and thick add other ingredients. Line a baking dish with crust and pour in meat mixture. Cover with a top crust and bake for about 20 minutes or until light brown in color.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Squeaking Shoes

If shoes squeak:

Stand them in a tin tray of castor oil, allowing the oil to reach as far as the junction of sole and upper. Leave for 24 hours, to give the oil time to penetrate.

Banana Cake Filling

Press sufficient bananas through a sieve to yield a cupful of puree. To this add an equal quantity of sugar, the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, and the white of an egg, and beat all with a wooden spoon for about fifteen minutes.

Cleaning Green Baize

To clean a card-table covered in green baize: Brush the table-top very thoroughly first of all with a stiff brush, then sponge with a non-inflammable cleaning fluid. If there are any grease-spots, sponge them with flannel wrung tightly out of warm water. Then go over the entire surface with a soft muslin moistened with the cleaning fluid, using large sweeping strokes to avoid tidemarking. Keep changing to a fresh part of your sponging rag at the first signs of soiling.

Cleaning Carved Ivory

Carved ivory is awkward to clean. Try using a little sawdust damped ing. Keep changing to a fresh part with lemon juice. Rub the mixture in with a cloth, allow to dry, and brush off.

"The evils men suffer from, the blessings they enjoy, very often have their origin far more in imagination than in reality."—Guglielmo Ferrero.

A BROKEN RAIL — RESULT — DISASTER

The "end of the road" was reached by at least one transient at North Bay when a C.N.R. freight train piled up and Frank Karlson was killed. The photograph shows part of the wreck. One of the cars contained 500 cases of dynamite. It didn't explode.

Woman Elected to Royal Academy

Mrs. Dod Procter's Husband is Also an A.R.A.

For only the third time since the British Royal Academy was founded in 1768, a woman has been elected an associated of that institution.

She is Mrs. Dod Procter, painter of the picture "Morning," which The London Daily Mail acquired for the British Nation in 1927 and which was exhibited all over England as well as in the United States.

The only two other women to be A.R.A.'s before her have been Mrs. Annie L. Swynnerton, elected in 1922 (she died last October, aged 88), and Dame Laura Knight, elected in 1927. There have been no women R.A.'s since Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser became Foundation Members in 1768.

Man Also Elected

Mrs. Procter is one of two new associates who have been elected to fill the vacancies caused by the recent elevation of W. Russell Flint and Terrick Williams to full academic honors.

The other is Meredith Frampton, also a well-known painter and son of the well-known sculptor, the late Sir George Frampton, R.A. (designer of the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens and the Nurse Cavell Memorial).

Both have been for many years steady contributors to the Academy shows, and the work of both is conspicuous by the excellency of draughtsmanship.

Husband Also an A.R.A.

Mrs. Dod Procter now shares the honor of being an A.R.A. with her husband, Ernest Procter, who was elected two years ago.

They are the leaders of the Cornwall group.

After Mrs. Procter had come into prominence in 1927 with "Morning," her picture "Girl in a Petticoat," was awarded one of the eight prizes at the annual International Exhibition of Paintings at Pittsburgh in 1928.

As a result of her election, the Royal Academy now includes two married couples among its associates. Dame Laura Knight and her husband Harold Knight were the first couple to achieve this distinction.

New York,—Miss Louise Auchincloss has admitted that she and Edward Hutchinson Robbins, son of Warren Delano Robbins, United States Minister to Canada, are planning to marry. "However, we have not announced our engagement as yet," Miss Auchincloss said.

Jungle Cat

The night creeps up with jungle stealth
To arch her sable back
Against the roofs and chimney-pots
And rub a velvet track.

She captures all the silver mice
That, gnawing through the sky,
Are pounced upon and held for toys
Before they scamper by.

She rolls the world between her paws
And lifts a wary tail
When rustling leaves move in the wind
Or stars begin to fail.

She prowls along the fence of dreams
And loiters with a yawn
Until, annoyed by barking dogs,
She springs away at dawn.

—Muriel Jeffries Hard.

Few Male Teachers In England Because Men Want "Plums"

Dr. H. Critchton-Miller's statement at a recent meeting of the London, (England), Women's Council that "school teaching is regarded by the community at large as a very useful way of using up superflous unmarried women" has met with indignant denials from many educational authorities.

Miss E. E. Froud, secretary of the National Union of Women Teachers said: Dr. Critchton-Miller seemed to have an extraordinary bias against women and women's work, though he is a man of science. "There are two reasons why there are fewer men teachers," Miss Fround added. "Teaching is a very difficult job and men don't like it, and when men come in they want only the plums."

Frank Roscoe, secretary of the Royal Society of Teachers said: "Dr. Crichton-Miller's statement is not only bold but somewhat wild. Women have a definite place in our school system. Their services in the infant schools of this country have commanded the admiration of educationists throughout the world."

The country does feel that a school-mistress is as good as a school-master, Mr. Roscoe thought, because the average parent recognizes that for all young children teaching by women is best.

The More Beautiful Canada Campaign Committee of the Canadian Horticultural Committee has been ased to urge the various highways departments of the Dominion to establish a definite policy within their scope in the beautification and adornment of Canada.

Medical Skill

Callander—The successful birth o the Dionne quintuplets at Corbet near here, was a triumph for country practitioner who has brough between 1,400 and 1,500 children int the world.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe is an old school physician who has practice in Callander for twenty-eight years and he says the Dionne event was "similar to what any country practitioner encounters."

Admirers of the middle-aged physician call him the most brilliant ob stetrician in the North and are grati fied that the country doctor has be come widely known through the Di onne case.

Dr. Dafoe comes of a family o physicians. His father was one and his brother now practices in Toronto He was born in Madoc, Ont., of Unit ed Empire Loyalist stock, and at tended college in Toronto, graduat ing in 1908.

He has attended many unusua cases and assisted at the birth of qua druplets in Burks Falls some years ago, but none of his patients have attained the fame of the Dionne girls

Speaking of his years spent in the North, the physician remarked that things are much easier for the country doctor now that he is able to use an automobile to make his calls. In the days of poor roads he travelled thousands of miles through all sorts of weather with a horse and buggy.

He has had to contend with the usual inconveniences of the rura practitioner: lack of hospitals, the poverty of patients, difficulty of travel and of securing the proper assistance and aids to the profession.

Recently a meeting with a North Bay woman recalled to a former nurse a case which he attended twenty years ago. A woman attempted to commit suicide by shooting, and Dr Dafoe travelled over a lake by sleigh to attend her. He found a bullet had blown away a part of her brain and she had been lying on a cold floor for four hours. Through his expert care she recovered and now is living in North Bay.

New Cancer Hospital For Helsingfors

A new $1,000,000 hospital for the treatment of cancer will be erected in Helsingfors soon, according to Miss Kyllikki Pohjala, one of the 14 women members of the Finnish Parliament, who is visiting New York.

Speaking of prohibition repeal in Finland, she said the people were satisfied with government control of liquor sales and had no desire for the return of the saloons. The tax from liquor sales, she added, was not as great as had been anticipated

Turkish Language Being Modernized

You can have a permanent "ondulasyon" in Turkish hairdressers now.

Turkey has been modernizing the language and putting it into Latin characters. Etymologists are horrified because the modernization is being done in many trades by replacing the original Turkish words by phonetic French.

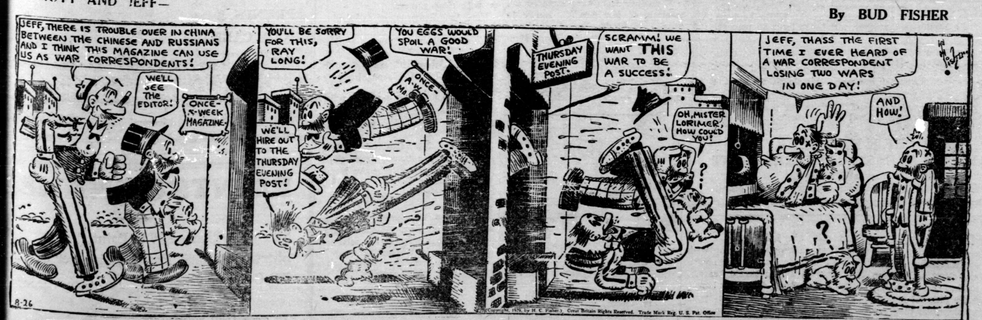
This, in addition to the "ondulasyon" hairdressers offers a "frikyon" and a "m'a'nikur."

Shops display such signs as 'Rop,' "Manto", Kostum," for robes, mantles and costumes.

Edmonton,—H. L. White, parachute jumper, is counting himself lucky

White leaped from a plane at an altitude of 5,000 feet and fell 3,000 feet before the chute opened. Part of the 'chute tore away in tatters as he landed at the speed of 35 miles per hour.

Dazed from the force of the landing, White escaped serious injury.

MUTT AND JEFF—

By BUD FISHER