Finest Quality— Easy to Use

# TEA BAGS



## THE SYLVESTER

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

### CHAPTER V.

Honey did not close and lock the door as Dan had instructed her to do. There was too much curiosity her general make-up for that. She wanted to see and to hear what passed between the men. She had been right about the caller. It was Joe Danburne. She wiped the tears her eyes so she could see clearly and peeped through the crack of the open door.

Dan said to his caller, forcing a yawn to make it appear that he had been disturbed from a sound sleep: "It is rather late, sir, but is there something I can do for you?"

"I am Joe Danburne," said his visitor as if that explained a great deal. "I have business with Miss Monroe." There was deadliness in instantly and a cold chill swept over her body as she saw how cruel and ruthless he looked as he stood before Dan.

The district attorney showed sur-

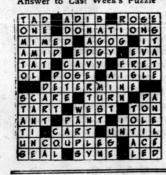
"Why come here? Why not go to see her?" He spoke curtly. "I have been to her apartment. She isn't there."

"How do you know? It's possible that she's asleep." Dan reminded civily. "It is customary to sleep at this hour of the morning." "No. She isn't there."

Both men were very angry though trying hard to remain cool and col-

"What makes you think I know where she is? And what business is it of yours, anyway?" Dan straighthis right hand close into a tight

"It's my business, all right," Joe the bedroom door. A flame leaped ato his eyes and they burned brough the narrow opening of the



into the darkness hoping that he had not seen her. His jealousy was omething to be afraid of too. "Well, you can get the blazes out of here," thundered Dan hotly and

But Joe was too quick. He step Miss Monroe leaves with me," he said and pushed the door shut be-hind him with his foot. It slammed

And in that moment, Dan made a down together, heavily, knocking things on top of it to the floor to scatter in all directions. Honey closed and locked the door then. She was seized with a violent panic as she heard blow after blow fall in the other room, not knowing how the fight was going.

She walked the floor, ringing her hands. Then quickly, she made a decision. She dropped the velvet box in her purse and went into the bathroom, but there was no way of escape there. She turned back. The bedroom window opened onto a small balcony which looked down into a patio. She peered over the rail and discovered another balcony on the ground floor just below it, a matter of some eight or ten feet.

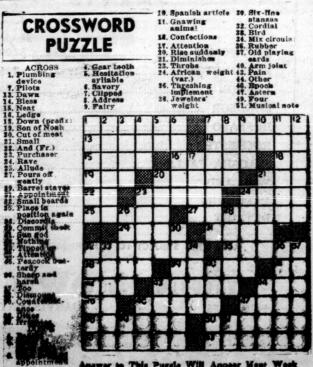
"If I only had a rope," she whispered to herself, "or some-" Instantly, she thought of a substitute for the desired rope.

She took the sheets from the bed and knotted them together, working with quick, nimble fingers. She oped one end securely around the rail; then she climbed over the balcony and thanked her lucky stars that she had been brought up a none of her agility. She slid slow-ly and carefully down the sheets.

Escape was the only thought in her mind as she touched the ground parked by the curb, the keys in the lock for he seldom bothered to take them out, especially if he were in a hurry. She got into the car to town. She parked the coupe on side street where it could easily be found. A short distance from it, she picked up a taxi to take her to her

own apartment hotel. Honey dare not get into the elevator at that time of the morning and advertise the fact that she had gone out unseen after Dan had brought her home, and that she was just now getting in. After all, she did think well of her reputation, even in this hour of mental suspense. So she tip-toed quietly through the lobby to the stairway. Up three flights of stairs she

(Continued next week.)





How Small—Yet How Precious—Weighing only I pound and II connecs, tiny Mary Ruth
DeVor can barely cover the tip of the doctor's thumb with her hand. Born prematurely by
two months the baby made her camera debut at the age of two weeks.

ANNE HIRST

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: If

don't confide in someone, I'll break

completely. We've been married

three years, and have an adorable

little girl. I expect another baby

next month. Here are some of my

(when he drinks he is very nasty)

broke, and we don't eat as well as

"He never takes me anywhere. I

"I can't stand this life much

change, or take the baby and leave

him? Could it be that I am trying

too hard to please him? God bless

IT COULD BE that your husband

is so accustomed to your spoiling

him that he has grown even more

self centred than he used to be-

should be made to realize that a

wife is an individual, a person o

feeling like himself, who must de-

pend largely upon him for her con-tentment in life. When he disre-

gards her wishes, or denies her

fair play, or shuts her out of his

emotional life or his future plans,

he is destroying the very things in

her which once made him love her. And he is cheating himself of the

loyal affection a woman like you

others, has been taking you for

granted. He should know that

particularly now you need his tend-

you need to be cheered up, to be

amused, to be fussed over. You need the assurance of his belief in

your wisdom and your judgement.

In other words, you need exact-y what he is NOT giving you.

You say he reads this column. If

he would like to write me his side of the situation, I shall be glad to

Just Thoughtless, Perhaps Meantime, I hope he will admit that a wife deserves to be treated

at least as fairly as one's business partner. I hope he will take better care of you, be more thoughtful,

show you in the ways he used to

know how dearly he does love you.

It takes so little to please a woman

that it is sad that some husbands

baby comes. Then we may find that your husband has grown more

considerate and that the worst of

your troubles have passed. If not, that will be time enough to think

Sometimes a husband only needs to be reminded! But

sometimes it takes a shock to

wake him up to the danger he faces. Tell Anne Hirst your trouble, and let her guide you.

write her at 123 Eightheent

St., New Toronto, Ontario.

And write me again after your

orget to make the effort.

of leaving him.

erest affection and his kindness;

is capable of giving.

Unintentionally, of course. He

A Disgusted Wife"

## CHRONICLES by Gwendoline P. Clarke

given the time money, opportunity and courage! J hn, the young fellow who has made this his home the West in his bones, is now back home again. He left Alberta on a Wednesday, went on to the Portal Research and Moment on a farm. Even a leaky roof can provide an element of surprise and uncertainty. We know, because we have such a roof ies, over to the States, back to Canada and then stragiht home, covering about three thousand miles and arriving here about five p.m. the following Tuesday. No flat tires ,no motor trouble, no undue excitement of any kind-and a fellow with him to share expenes. Also he has come back with a great liking for the West. He had a good job with a young couple who treated him like a brother and who would have kept him had there been any work for him anywhere West is a great country and you

The opposite seems true of farming districts in Ontario. There are still more jobs than men to fill a new job just a few miles from nome, one of several he could have

for our final threshing this season—the machine is supposed to come

first published in 1942.

And while on the subject of books -I wonder how many have read "The Owl Pen" by Kenneth Wells? have read many reviews of his book, heard the author on the radio book, heard the author on the radio and last Tuesday had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wells at a gathering where he was giving a short address, and yet, so far, I have not read his book. But I still have hopes of borrowing it! I cannot hopes of borrowing it! I cannot possibly buy all the books I want to read but between friends and libraries I get along all right.

Mr. Wells spoke of the wealth of material for writers on a farm and asserted that while had only four acres of land, a cow, one rooster and a few pullets yet.

one rooster and a few pullets yet

es. By the middle of the week he is when I handled the money, either. almost as much rain inside as out. And there was no way of thing where the leaks would come until keep the apartment, myself, and it did rain. So then Partner started tells me I'm foolish to 'knock myin to fix the roof but as sure as he patched one place the next rain | self out,' but I can't stand to be careless. She does not approve of that came would find another weak his actions, and she knows I an spot. Another man might have Partner stuck to it and in the end | friend to me. the patter of rain on the roof at I nagged my husband, it would be night without wondering if we around. But apparently there wasn't because, as John put it—"The house to collect pots and pans to an excuse for him to act the way he does. "He claims he loves me, catch the drips, an then lie awake but it seems a funny way to show longer still listening to the steady can earn big money—for awhile.

But then comes the time when longer still listening to the steady tat-too of raindrops hitting those Keep praying that things will

same pots and pans. Did I say "we

-Partner wouldn't hear it if the roof leaked !

in tomorrow. We shall be very glad because we are absolutely out of cereal grain. But we still have neighbours, and, like many a needs chop then he borrows grain from our neighbour across the road. In just the same way another neighbour borrowed seed wheat What would we do without neighbours? That question reminds me of a book I read a few years

ago concerning a man who decided to go farming. He also made up his mind he would have no interence from anyone, and wanted no to visit him. To this end he bought a farm in an extremely isolated locality. There he brought his loyal and lovable young wife and practically forebale her associating with the few neighbours who did live in the district. Two boys were born to the young couple and their father's hostile, anti-social attitude naturally made life difficult for the boys, and also their mother. It is a tragic story but well worth reading. The title? "Floods of Spring" by Henry Bellamann, and

Want to perk up your kitchen Make these gay potholders and oven mitts of bright scraps. They are big bazaar or gift items too! Pretty potholders and mitts for heavy duty! Pattern 510; transfer of 4 potholders and 2 oven mitts. Laura Wheeler's improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its chart,s photos and con-

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be ac cepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 128 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontk Print plainly PATTERN NUNMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Parables In The Bible Matt 13:31-33, 44-46; Luke 15:3. ike this man.-John 7:46. While there are a few po the Old Testament, it was who excelled in the art of tea the Old Testa toms have greatly change stories are still vivid and the

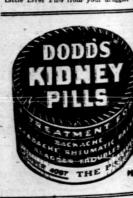
s readily apparent. The parables of the mu growth of the kingdom. has become the greates

The parables three in one. In the tent with those alread gently for the lost. The seen in the third of the ser the great father heart of evidenced when he rece

WOMAN WANTED Mrs. Sair, 44 Ridge Hill Drive Toronto 10, Ont.



INDIGESTION **BELOW THE BELT** 



NERVES PLAY TRICKS ON YOU?

you pick a quarrel without meaning to ... look out! Per haps your store of nerous energy may be almost used u ... and your body needs help. That's when you need a good tonic, like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food .. to help build you us so you can get your proper reat night. That's when you'really feel the benefit of the Vitamin Bi, iron and other needed minerals this time tested tonic contains! For Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been proven in over 50 years of use proven in over 50 years of use hetter, feel better—yes, and lobetter, feel better—yes, and lobetter, feel better—yes, and lobetter, feel better—taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

So if worry, anxiety or the charactery living the story of the charactery living the story of the charactery is not the charactery in the charactery is not so that the charactery is not so the charactery is not so the charactery in the charactery is not so the charactery in the charactery is not so that the charactery is not so the charactery is not so the charactery is not so that the charactery is not so that the charactery is not so the charactery is not so that the charactery is not so the charactery is not so that the charactery is not so that the Chase's Nerve Food.
So if worry, anxiety or the strenuous pace of modern living is upsetting your nerves—ge Dr. Chase's Nerve Food today. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance. The large "economy is your best have been presented by the strength of the s





## Highlights By the Ful-O-Pep Reporter

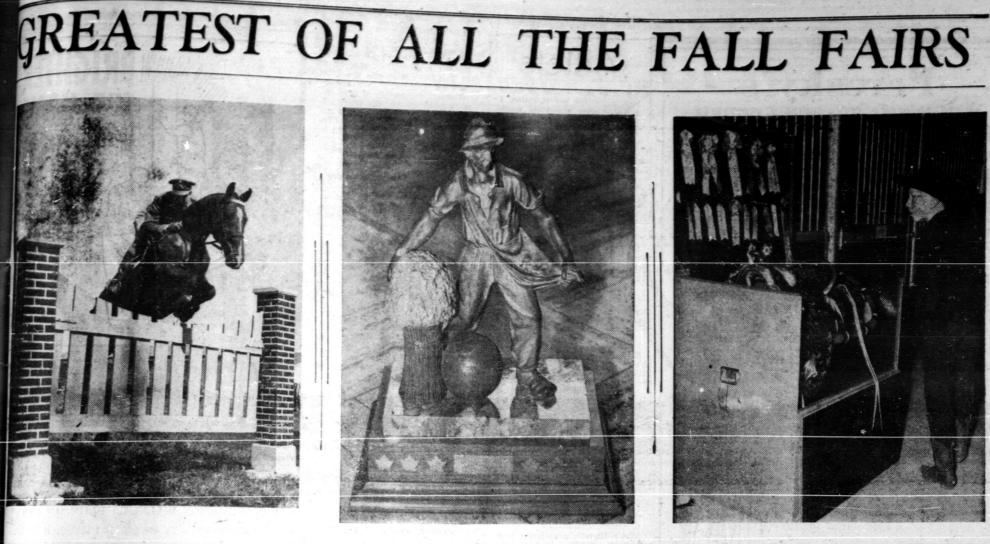
Just about what the "World's Series" means to baseball men The Royal Winter Fair has come to signify, down through the years of its existence, among Canadian F mers and Stockmen; and it is possibly difficult for a city-bred person to realize the feeling of justifiable pride which comes to an exhibitor even from having entries in such an outstanding event, let alone winning one of the many prizes. In a sense The Royal Winter Fair

is the culmination of all the smaller Fall Fairs to which we have been devoting this space for several weeks past. Without them-well it might possibly exist, but it could never have reached its present heights of greatness. That is because the smaller Fairs act as a sort of "sieving" process, separating the real champions from the "near" variety, so that at the "Royal" one is able to see only the best of their kind, whether it be in the animal classes, or in any of the other products of

This week we illustrate some of the features that will be seen a the "Royal". The Royal Canadian Mounted Police will be back, doing their famous Musical Ride which has won them such plaudits on both sides of the border. There will be nerve-tingling jumping by some of other forms of entertainment to suit the fancy of every visitor.

But, when all is said and done, it will be the products of the land and the champion livestock which will be longest remembered—which is just as it should be. Of special erest to grain growers is the striking new trophy the top of the page. It will serve, for wheat, much the same purpose as the magnificent trophy donated by The Ouaker Oats Company last year in the "best oats" division and whoever receives it will be acclaimed as "World Wheat Champion".

tution, The Royal Winter Fair, and everybody who can possibly make it should by all means attend.



### Good Stock — Plus the Best Feeding — The Real Secret of Championships



A Pair of Real Champions — Holsteins have been out-standing at all the Ontario Fall Fairs and no doubt will be a real center of attraction at The "Royal". Shown above is Baker Rag Apple Cavalier Nig, while below is Shore Rag Apple Nellie — two beautiful specimens of their kind and, of course, both FUL-O-PEP fed.







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