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## THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

### CHAPTER I.

An attractive young woman, neatly clad in a dark suit, dived in among the 5 o'clock home-goers on the street and walked briskly without a backward glance, head erect, eyes alert. She managed without much effort to stay in the crowd that clustered the sidewalk. A moment later there was a great commotion in front of the big department store she had just left. There were shouts, police whistles and running feet.

The noise behind her grew fainter until there was no sound of it—only the usual hubbub of a crowded Los Angeles street. At the next intersection she halted a passing cab and got in.

"That was a narrow escape, Honey Monroe," she said to herself. "If they had seen your face or detected you in any way, you would be a marked woman by now, or maybe on your way to the jail."

"Joe is going to be wild with anger when he hears about the purse being snatched today. A soft chucked escaped her throat as if she enjoyed the prospect of seeing him consumed with fury when he heard the news. "But it was the perfect opportunity for me. Just what I'd been hoping—waiting for these many weeks."

She left the cab in front of a large apartment hotel which overlooked the Pacific Ocean and walked quickly inside to the elevator. "Hello, Miss Monroe," greeted the elevator boy with a ready smile as she stepped into the lift.

"Hello, Sonny," she said in her usual gay voice and handed him a new silver dime. "Here you are. Looks like this dime-saving business is getting to be a habit with me, too. I just can't spend them any more. They stick in my purse."

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. CRAB, 2. CRAB, 3. CRAB, 4. CRAB, 5. CRAB, 6. CRAB, 7. CRAB, 8. CRAB, 9. CRAB, 10. CRAB, 11. CRAB, 12. CRAB, 13. CRAB, 14. CRAB, 15. CRAB, 16. CRAB, 17. CRAB, 18. CRAB, 19. CRAB, 20. CRAB, 21. CRAB, 22. CRAB, 23. CRAB, 24. CRAB, 25. CRAB, 26. CRAB, 27. CRAB, 28. CRAB, 29. CRAB, 30. CRAB, 31. CRAB, 32. CRAB, 33. CRAB, 34. CRAB, 35. CRAB, 36. CRAB, 37. CRAB, 38. CRAB, 39. CRAB, 40. CRAB, 41. CRAB, 42. CRAB, 43. CRAB, 44. CRAB, 45. CRAB, 46. CRAB, 47. CRAB, 48. CRAB, 49. CRAB, 50. CRAB, 51. CRAB, 52. CRAB, 53. CRAB, 54. CRAB, 55. CRAB, 56. CRAB, 57. CRAB, 58. CRAB, 59. CRAB, 60. CRAB, 61. CRAB, 62. CRAB, 63. CRAB, 64. CRAB, 65. CRAB, 66. CRAB, 67. CRAB, 68. CRAB, 69. CRAB, 70. CRAB, 71. CRAB, 72. CRAB, 73. CRAB, 74. CRAB, 75. CRAB, 76. CRAB, 77. CRAB, 78. CRAB, 79. CRAB, 80. CRAB, 81. CRAB, 82. CRAB, 83. CRAB, 84. CRAB, 85. CRAB, 86. CRAB, 87. CRAB, 88. CRAB, 89. CRAB, 90. CRAB, 91. CRAB, 92. CRAB, 93. CRAB, 94. CRAB, 95. CRAB, 96. CRAB, 97. CRAB, 98. CRAB, 99. CRAB, 100. CRAB.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. CRAB, 2. CRAB, 3. CRAB, 4. CRAB, 5. CRAB, 6. CRAB, 7. CRAB, 8. CRAB, 9. CRAB, 10. CRAB, 11. CRAB, 12. CRAB, 13. CRAB, 14. CRAB, 15. CRAB, 16. CRAB, 17. CRAB, 18. CRAB, 19. CRAB, 20. CRAB, 21. CRAB, 22. CRAB, 23. CRAB, 24. CRAB, 25. CRAB, 26. CRAB, 27. CRAB, 28. CRAB, 29. CRAB, 30. CRAB, 31. CRAB, 32. CRAB, 33. CRAB, 34. CRAB, 35. CRAB, 36. CRAB, 37. CRAB, 38. CRAB, 39. CRAB, 40. CRAB, 41. CRAB, 42. CRAB, 43. CRAB, 44. CRAB, 45. CRAB, 46. CRAB, 47. CRAB, 48. CRAB, 49. CRAB, 50. CRAB, 51. CRAB, 52. CRAB, 53. CRAB, 54. CRAB, 55. CRAB, 56. CRAB, 57. CRAB, 58. CRAB, 59. CRAB, 60. CRAB, 61. CRAB, 62. CRAB, 63. CRAB, 64. CRAB, 65. CRAB, 66. CRAB, 67. CRAB, 68. CRAB, 69. CRAB, 70. CRAB, 71. CRAB, 72. CRAB, 73. CRAB, 74. CRAB, 75. CRAB, 76. CRAB, 77. CRAB, 78. CRAB, 79. CRAB, 80. CRAB, 81. CRAB, 82. CRAB, 83. CRAB, 84. CRAB, 85. CRAB, 86. CRAB, 87. CRAB, 88. CRAB, 89. CRAB, 90. CRAB, 91. CRAB, 92. CRAB, 93. CRAB, 94. CRAB, 95. CRAB, 96. CRAB, 97. CRAB, 98. CRAB, 99. CRAB, 100. CRAB.

Answer to This Puzzle Will Appear Next Week

very distinct tones so there could be no doubt about the time.

"Yes, m."

"Thanks."

Quickly she locked the door of the room and pulled out the concealed handbag and held it tenderly for just a moment, eyes sparkling with anticipation. Then, holding her breath, she stepped the lock and it fell open, and, turning it upside down, she emptied the contents on the bed. As a dark blue velvet box came tumbling out she took a deep breath and grabbed for the small parcel with eager hands. Springing the catch, she lifted open to reveal a blue-white diamond whose size and fire were breath-taking as the light fell on it. The gem twinkled up at her in all its bright glory.

"Oh!" she gasped softly, awed. "It's beautiful."

Without pausing for a second glance, she dropped it back in the purse and gathered up the rest of the contents. Then she tucked the bag between the mattress and the springs of her bed, smoothing the bedspread out to leave no telltale marks for a critical eye.

Moving swiftly after that, she took four more dimes and went out into the hall. When the elevator came up in response to her ring she held out the pieces of silver to the boy. His eyes fairly danced for a second, then clouded.

"Here are a few more dimes, Sonny, that I just found. They should help the trip along some, don't you think?"

"Gee, Miss Monroe," he said shaking his head regretfully. "I can't take all those."

"How about doing me a favor, Sonny? Be sure to tell Mr. Danburne the exact time I got in this afternoon if he asks."

"Sure, Miss Monroe. But I for got to look at the five o'clock. Will you remember?"

"You bet I will. I'd do anything for you. Everybody in the hotel would."

With a feeling of deep contentment and security, Honey returned to her apartment just as the telephone rang.

"Hello! Miss Monroe speaking."

The voice at the other end was masculine and frantic. "I've got to see you right away. Before dark."

"You sound all excited, Joe," she said, and though her voice held just the right amount of concern, her face was bright with a grin that gave hint to the fact that she was well pleased. "What is it?"

"Can't tell you now. I'm coming right up."

"But we have a date at eight, Joe," she reminded him quickly. "I was just going to rest a bit. Can't."

"No—can't wait." His words were clipped in his haste to get them out. "Send Hilda out for something when I get there. I must talk with you alone. At once." There was a click as he hung up abruptly and she was given no further opportunity to delay his coming.

For a moment, anger took hold of her in a tight grip. Never before had anyone, much less a man, hung up the receiver in her face and she was furious to have it happen to her now.

"The nerve of Joe Danburne," she exclaimed aloud, her pretty eyes flaming. "Who does he think he is? And who does he think he is talking to?"

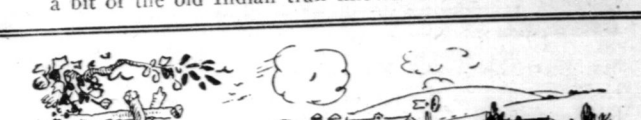
But as she realized the true significance of his words and why he was so upset, all anger left her and she forgave him.

She stood up. She knew he would be at the apartment in less than ten minutes. And ten minutes was a short time in which to accomplish a great deal.

She darted over to the mantel, made sure that Hilda was not watching, and ran the clock up fifteen minutes—the correct time to a dot. By that time Hilda might have fate.

(To be Continued)

Clouds, Trees and Hills—In the distance is seen the eastern ridge of the Beaver Valley—which is also the back of the Blue Mountains which face Collingwood. In the foreground is seen a bit of the old Indian trail known as Hurontario St.



## CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

The day is rough and chilly, with a high wind battering at the doors and windows. But it is warm, cozy and comfortable where we are, sitting in front of the living-room fire, with big chunks of wood blazing and crackling in the fire basket. Partner is listening to a baseball game. I am just sitting, and thinking, and sometimes writing—and not listening at all. Maybe you think that is impossible—but it isn't for me, for the simple reason that I don't understand the first thing about baseball so the running commentary doesn't bother me at all. Now if it were hockey—that would be another matter.

Another thing I am doing is yawning and I feel I am entitled to. You see I took the early morning train to the city and returned on what we call "the midnight." That is one train that is nearly always late and Friday night was no exception so that it was 2:30 a.m. before I reached home. And in the city it had rained the whole day long! I paddled dumpy around from one place to another and every time I felt like getting mad I said to myself—Now, you stop growling—just think how much good this rain will do the wheat—to say nothing of the hydro. So I listened to my conscience with a bit of an assumption.



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## How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. Can window shades be successfully washed?

A. Yes, the majority of them can be washed satisfactorily by hand in a tub or by machine with several newspapers laid over them and using tepid water and mild soap. The shades in place to dry, of course leave them drawn down until absolutely dry.

Q. What is a good tonic for hair, and one that will arrest baldness?

A. It is claimed that pure oil rubbed into the scalp is an excellent tonic, and will stimulate the hair.

Q. What can I use as a floor polish?

A. Linseed oil rubbed into linoleum makes an excellent floor polish. The floor will not be slippery.

Q. How can I remove lumps from granite?

A. Cover the stain with a poultice of soda and a little water and heat to the boiling point at once, but never scrape it with a knife.

Q. How can I keep small from wearing out so quickly?

A. Small rugs will wear out quicker if they are not cleaned frequently. The wear will be less if they are in the same place for a long time.

Q. How can I soften an old piece of putty that has hardened?

A. Place it in boiling water and allow it to stand until the cools.

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ISSUE 44—1948

# ...FALL FAIR TIME IN ONTARIO....

## Ful-O-Pep Calf Champ

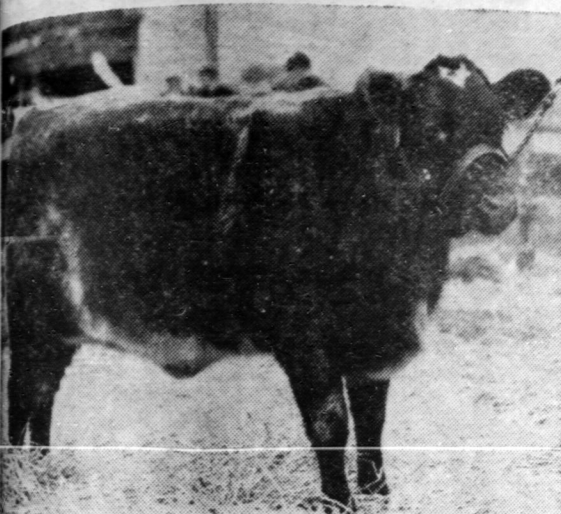


Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Winning Ful-O-Pep heifer, in the calf club, shown above, owned and shown by Paul Taylor of Grand Valley. This heifer also took the ribbon at the Orangeville Fall Fair.



Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

At the Markham Fair, one of the most interesting if not the best attended contests was the Blacksmith's shoe-making contest. Starting with two straight bars of iron the smiths, working in pairs, were allowed thirty-five minutes to fashion two horse shoes in seven-and-three-quarters. The teams shown above made their shoes without a word between the two men.

## Old Fashioned, But Still Exciting



Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

The last anxious minute, of the horseshoe-making contest finds two of the contestants, L. Ross, and F. Reid, Oriole, leaning over the shoes they have fashioned, with sweat dripping from their brows. This is the final test. The two shoes are compared for shape and size, and then they are bound together and tagged for the judges.

## Fair Time Highlights

By the Ful-O-Pep Reporter

What is it that attracts people from the cities and from distant communities to some fall fairs and not to others?

This question has been asked by several fall fair executive bodies this year, when they tallied their attendance on the last night. Some of them found that in spite of the fact that they had put forth more effort and spent more money than in the previous year there was not the interest they yearned for.

In any fall fair community there are people who will go to their own fair every year regardless of the quality of the fair itself. They go because it is their own fair and they are loyal to their own district. Nevertheless the fact remains that some fairs do draw large outside crowds, while others do not.

We were talking to one fall fair secretary whose fair by the way was very successful, who said he thought he knew how to get the crowds.

"Be natural," he said. "That is what outsiders want to see. They don't want to come all the way out here to see something they could pay to see at any other time of the year near their own homes. I am quite sure that they want to see us as we really are, in our natural state."

"Don't spend the committee's money on importing entertainers and imitating the C.N.E. A small midway for the local young folk and a certain amount of paid entertainment is essential, of course, but what the outsiders want to see is home-cooking, small boys and girls on their ponies, team tug-wars, and other typically rural events."

"Sure we all know that the modern farmer rides around in a car and does his farming by modern methods, but nevertheless there is a lot of fun in the old-fashioned events, and there is no doubt in my mind that they are what the outsiders expect to see when they come to a fall fair."

The earliest watches had just one hand—the minute hand was invented in 1687.

## Markham High Girls Open Fair



Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

The Markham High School Girls' Band paraded before the grand stand in their brief, attractive uniforms in spite of the cold drizzling rain that fell on Saturday afternoon. The high-stepping drum majorette has just turned them about and they are going down the track for a second round of applause.



Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

At the reins of his single tandem pony rig, is young Bobby Leggett at the Oshawa Fall Fair. Following his outstanding success at pony racing last year, Bobby has turned to this type of fair showmanship this year.



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