Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

BLACK HORIZON

By JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

Maya Jack, LaBlanc and Pete Barker were towing the plane up onto the beach as Rand approached. Rand saw that two people occupied the ship. He recognized the pilot, a dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with the pale skin the tropic sun gives some men. Philip Burnell was a handsome man, undeniably.

He was called one of the luckiest men in the islands; he had struck oil on many of the lesser isles and was considered wealthy.

Burnell's companion was unknown to Rand. It was a woman, a young woman, a little older than Sonya perhaps, blonde and strikingly good looking. Burnell was helping her from the cockpit. She wore flying togs, carried her helmet and goggles in her hand. There was a parachute strapped about her slender person.

Philip Burnell and the woman faced Sonya with embarrassment upon their faces. Sonya herself looked ill at ease.

Rand heard her saying, as if with a great effort, "So you came to find me! How grand of you, Philip! And of you, Helene!"

Burnell and the girl called Helene exchanged quick glaces. Both looked relieved. Burnell said nothing. Helene smiled, crookedly.

"Yes," she said, quickly. "How fortunate we spotted this island. But what happened? Why are you here? Is that your ship on the rocks?"

"Yes. We struck that reef in a storm," Sonya said, as if carefully choosing her words. "But how did you happen to be on this course?"

Color, bright and guilty, tinged Helene's cheeks. She did not answer.

Then Maya Jack Cannaghan came and planted himself before Philip Burnell.

"Burnell," he said, his voice edged. "Why did you land here?"

"Saw the ship, thought I'd land," Burnell said in a way that made Rand think he lied.

"Rot!" exploded Maya Jack. "Burnell, is that plane in flying condition?"

Burnell met Maya Jack's blazing glance, then looked frowning at Helene. He said, "No," almost inaudibly.

"What's wrong with the ship?" Maya Jack demanded.

"Something wrong with the gas line. I had to make a landing to check over it."

"I see," said Maya Jack. Then: "Of course you didn't send any radio messages as to your whereabouts?"

"No. Of course not—yet."

"How long will it take you to check the gas line?"

"I don't know. An hour perhaps. Maybe a day. I don't know. Why?"

"Because," said Maya Jack Cannaghan grimly, "I want to know. When you get it repaired I'm flying the plane out of here!"

"You!" exclaimed Burnell, his face flushing angrily. He took a threatening step forward then halted uncertainly as he saw Maya Jack's hand close over the revolver in his belt. He glared for a moment, then shrugged.

Rand turned to Sonya. He took her hand in his and led her away from the others. They walked far along the shore, then finally faced each other. Sonya's face was distraught. She seemed emotionally upset.

An inkling of what this was all about came to Rand. He wanted to hear the whole truth from Sonya. Grimly, deliberately, he said:

"Sonya, who is this woman with Philip Burnell?"

Sonya's eyes met his steadily. A wan smile curled her lips.

"Helene," she replied softly, "is my father's wife."

"And your father——" he began.

"And my father is whom you suspect—Henri Durad."

That was only part of what he wanted explained, but at the moment so much sufficed. He slipped his good arm about Sonya's shoulders and crushed her to him. She was pliant in his embrace.

"Darling—" he whispered. "Darling, so you—you are mine!"

He tried to find her lips with his own, but they eluded him. She put her hands against his chest and pushed him from her.

"No!" Sonya said flatly. "No, I'm not."

CHAPTER XI

Rand Kirby felt his world crashing about him in the very minute it had seemed won. He stared at Sonya disbelievingly. On the heels of her admission that Henri Durand was her father, and not, as he had been led to believe, her husband, she had denied his claim on her.

Rand had thought he had a claim. He could remember every instant Sonya had seemed to return his love for her. He recalled how she had responded to his kisses, how she had sought his protection against Maya Jack Cannaghan. She was merely seeking, he thought refully, a bodyguard. Another might have done as well. Yet he couldn't believe that . .

"Sonya," he said, "what is wrong? Why do you deny that you are mine? You love me—I know!"

"I can't think of—of us now," she said wretchedly.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Rand, are you blind?" she cried. "Helene, my father's wife, with Philip Burnell. Can you see what that means?"

"Of course they weren't searching for us——"

"No. Helene was going away with Philip!"

Rand was savage. There was a dull ache in his chest. "What," he demanded, "does Philip Burnell mean to you?"

"Nothing. Nothing, Rand, believe that. I care nothing about Philip—or about Helene. I'm thinking of my father. He loves Helene. This will crush him."

"You knew this — this affair existed between Helene and Burnell before you left Maglava?"

Sonya nodded her dark head. "It was my reason for leaving the island. I learned that Helene was planning to run away with Philip. I pleaded with her not to. We quarreled. I didn't want to stay there in that house and see her betray my father. I radioed Philip to fly me to port so I could get a boat home. I knew he would do that for me."

"Sonya, why didn't you tell this—from the beginning? Couldn't you see that . . was tortured by the thought that you were Henri Durand's wife?"

"It was amusing to me at first, Rand—your thinking that," she said. "I tried to tell in the chartroom of the Ventura just before Maya Jack began shooting through the door. You must remember. I had no time to finish my confession. Really, it was never I who deceived you. I merely didn't correct your mistaken impression."

"No," Rand agreed. "It was Maya Jack who started the deception. Why he should do that——"

"Don't you see, Rand," Sonya said, "that Maya Jack realized you were less likely to object to having a part in all this if you were misled concerning his real motive for taking me from Maglaya?"

"I see. He was shrewd enough to know I wouldn't suspect at once that he was in love with a woman known to be married."

Sonya nodded. She was thoughtful. Then: "But what can I do about Helene? I can't have her hurt my father like this."

"But he must know by now," Rand said.

"No, I think not. He must be at sea in his yacht—searching for me. Helene jumped at the opportunity to leave Maglaya with Philip."

Rand reached for her hand. "Must Helene's unfaithfulness matter to us?" he asked. "You were fleeing Maglaya because of her affair with Brunell. Why be concerned with it now?"

"I shouldn't have thought of leaving that night, Rand. And I can't help being concerned. I love Henri Luraud, despite his hardness, his selfishness. He is my father, and I love him."

Burnell was working on the motor of his amphibian plane when Rand and Sonya returned to the beach. Maya Jack Cannaghan was close by, watching closely.

They found Helene Duraud seated against the bole of a palm, smoking a cigarette. She was attractive in a brittle fashion. Her hair glinted like spun gold in the sunlight. She looked up at Sonya and Rand with a twisted smile.

"Have I shocked you, darling?" she asked, boldly.

"No," replied Sonya evenly. "No, you haven't shocked me. I—I rather expected Philip would search for me."

(To be Continued)

SOUR CREAM GRAVIES

The addition of sour cream to certain gravies enhances their flavor, particularly lamb and veal gravies.

ENGAGING A MAID

If you are engaging a maid, be sure that she understands exactly what is expected of her. Also settle the question of her hours off. Much "servant trouble" is caused by misunderstandings.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

BEST FRIEND IS POCKETBOOK; GIRL SHOULD HANG ONTO IT

Married Woman Who Works Has Right To Equal Share Of All The Returns She And Husband Earn

Dear Miss Dix—I am a bride of six months, 24 years of age, and very much disgusted with life. I have a husband with whom I am very much in love, but who loves money better than anything else in the world. Up to the time I was married I had my own money, plenty of nice clothes and a thousand dollars in the bank. I am still working and earning $30 a week. My husband has our savings account in his name and refuses to make it a joint account. I turn over my whole pay envelope to him and out of the $30 I get $8 for living expenses, which includes the laundry. He allows me little extra—also out of my own pay—to take care of my luncheons, carfare, clothes and incidentals for the house. I have to do all of the housework. I haven't any money of my own any more. My clothes have gotten shabby and he often tells me how homely I have become, which is simply because I haven't the clothes now that I used to have. What would you advise me to do? Leave him while I am still young, or continue living with him as a sort of business partner? I feel that he only cares for me as the means of getting some extra money. DISAPPOINTED.

Answer:

I don't see why you look upon yourself as a "sort of business partner" to a husband who gives you as rotten a deal as that. Partners share equally in the profits of a business, while you are merely a slave.

The man you are married to isn't a real husband. He is a padrone who hires you out and collects your wages. Your position is intolerable, and I shouldn't think it would take you more than two minutes to read an emancipation proclamation to your grasping husband, and if he refuses to treat you fairly to put on your hat and walk out. At least then you would have the money you earn by your own labor instead of having it grabbed by a tight-fisted miser.

Incidentally, I trust that your case will make many a buisness girl with a good job and a good pay envelope and money in the bank, pause and reflect before she enters into matrimony.

Also, that it will cause her to ascertain the views of the man she is marrying upon the subject of the wage-earning wife, and make her reach some definite agreement with him about what her share of their joint income is to be.

The fact that so many women are now continuing in business after they are married has raised not only a host of new financial problems, but new domestic problems.

In the old days when a man, alone and unaided, supported the family, he felt he had a right to hold the pocketbook and to dole out money to his wife, generously or scantily as he saw fit. He had some show of reason for this, though, in reality, every women who does the work of making a home earns over and over again every cent that she receives.

But now a large number of women are not only home-makers but money-earners. They work all day in office or shop or factory and then rush home and clean and scrub and cook. They hold down two jobs to the man's one and do twice as much work as he does, and surely if any laborer on earth is entitled to his wages, it is they.

Nevertheless, so strong is the old tradition that the man has the monopoly of all the money in the family that many husbands of business women feel they have a right to their wives salaries and confiscate their pay envelopes. And the race of Patient Griseldas cannot be extinct, or else no woman would stand for this.

Just how this matter of the wife's earnings should be settled has not yet been adjudicated because the situation is so new. It seems to me that the just way would be for all the family money to go into the pot into which both the husband and the wife would have an equal right to din for what they needed.

Failing this, they might have separate pocketbooks and pro rata their share of the housekeeping, allowing the wife wages for her cooking and her work in keeping the house.

In cases where the husband refuses to have a joint checking account the wife is wise if she keeps a tight hold on what she makes herself, for her husband's attitude shows that he has no chivalry toward her, no desire to protect her or to be generous to her, no idea of endowing her with all his worldly goods, as the marriage ceremony says. On the contrary, he is trying to gyp her out of her little pile.

When a man loves a woman he wants to give to her. When he desires to rob her it is because he regards her merely as a chattel to toil for him. In that case her best friend and the only one on whom she can depend is her pocketbook.

Don't Sweep Husband Out Of The Door

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been married three years. Have a five-room apartment and everything is new and shiny. All day long I am mopping, dusting, waxing, washing windows, and if any of my friend's drop in while I am in the midst of my cleaning I am snappy and cranky because I am so afraid they will drop ashes on the floor, or mix up the magazines, or muss the sofa cushions. And when night comes I am so tired I refuse to cook anything for my husband and we eat out of cans, and if he makes any dirt, or disarranges a piece of furniture I blow up and raise a fuss that can be heard from here to China. I am making his life miserable and losing all my friends. Cleaning, cleaning, cleaning. What shall I do about it? UNHAPPY.

Answer:

Stop cleaning, or else you will sweep your husband out of the door along with the other trash. Plenty of women have done that before and made their houses so spick and span that they were uninhabitable, and their husbands and children fled to their clubs and the poolrooms and streets to get to some place where they could do as they pleased and be comfortable.

It is all right, and highly desirable, to keep a tidy house with the floors clean and everything in its place, but neatness is one of the virtues that is easily overdone.

A floor shouldn't be so clean that one is afraid to walk upon it. Nor should things be nailed in their places so securely that they can't be moved. The very essence of a home consists in its being a place where we can take our ease.

But a woman turns her home into a jail if there is no liberty in it, if she follows every one around with a brush and a dustpan, if no one would dare to light a cigarette or move a book or lie down on a couch, and if they knew that she would practically have hysterics if a newspaper was scattered on the floor.

So you will have to curb your neatness and give more thought to polishing up your human relationships than you do your furniture if you expect to have friends and keep your husband in love with you. After all, there is nothing very inspiring about a woman being a human vacuum cleaner.

DOROTHY DIX.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Tuesday, July 30

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries)—Exceptionally favorable star aspects exist today. Deal without qualms with superiors, manufacturers, bankers, lawyersfi domestiques, artists, organization workers and anyone or in anything, that promises honest advancement.

APRIL 20 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—Be careful about personal matters particularly. Heart and other romance affairs (including travel, hobbies and dealing with things having to do directly with nature) require close attention.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—Where you can, inject something new and different into your schedule. Make your day as interesting as you can and it will help both you and your work or other activities.

JUNE 22 to JULY 22 (Cancer)—Born before July 8? Excellent star aspects prevail, indicating favors and gain through superiors, friends and outside admirers. You born after July 7: Particularly friendly business and money influences. Be alert to opportunity.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—Dealings with employers, instructors, mechanics, builders, bankers, lawyers, real estate agents, retailers and brokers should be handled with especial care to avoid misjudgment and oversight. Watch your personal affairs, too.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo)—You, like Geminians, will have to inject your incentive and ambition in this rather indefinite sort of day. And if you do it early, results should be satisfactory.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra)—Move a little more slowly if it will insure better accuracy and attainment. But don't lag behind ever! These are no days for indecisiveness or nimby-pamby action!

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22—You can, and should, make a name for yourself in one substantial way or another this good day. We hope you will put all your splendid talents and your innately progressive inclinations to the test. Think logically.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius)—No unfavorable aspects in today's planetary chart for you, but if you don't "make hay while the sun shines" you'll discover hinderances and obstacles galore to bother you tomorrow! Take a tip: D tday's work TODAY.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn)—Money gains can be increased and new business records made, or at least begun, theis period. But don't be side-tracked down the wrong road. Use an unemotional intuition and good practical judgment while buying, selling, appraising.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius)—Personal and business affairs share today's excellent influences. A sturdy will power will see you through whatever trying situations arise. Seek favors, advancement.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces)—An all-round friendly period for friendly, cheerful Pisceans. Unusual opportunities can be uncovered with a little extra effort. Enjoy your obligations if you would get through them quicker and with better success.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY: Brilliant; lively at times, then again strangely pensive. Capable of quick accomplishment. Attracts friends easily, therefore should be especially careful whom it accepts as companions. Training of its character, including its will power and ambition, important. May it look to God for its first defense always!

A workbench has been invented with a hinged top that can be lowered and locked over tools and work on the bench and a vise and drawer beneath the top.

THE COOK'S CORNER

RASPBERRY JAM

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
6 1-2 cups (2 3-4 lbs.) sugar
1-2 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush or grind about 2 quarts fully ripe berries. Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 10 six-ounce glasses.

RED CURRANT MINT JELLY

Fresh mint from the field or garden gives a delicate herbal favor to jellies.

5 cups (2 1-2 pounds juice)
7 cups (3 pounds) sugar
1-2 bottle fruit pectin.

To prepare juice, crush about 4 pounds fully ripe red currants. Mash mint. Do not remove leaves from stems. Measure one cup of mint, solidly packed. Add mint and 1 cup water to crushed currants. Bring to boil and simmer, covered, for 10 minutes.

Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to boil over hottest fire and at once add pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to full rolling boil and boil hard for 1-2 minute. Remove from fire skim and pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

SHRIMP CREOLE SALAD

Two dozen shrimp
3-4 cup mixed celery
1 minced green pepper
1 teaspoon minced onion
1 pelled chopped tomato
3 tablespoons French dressing
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 pimiento

Remove intestines of shrimp. Chill. Mix all ingredients together. Serve on lettuce and garnish with pimiento.

Jelly Storage

Store your jams and jellies in a cool, dry, clean place free from dust and mildew. Lay a piece of cardboard over the tops of the jars so the dust does not get into the paraffin. Then the paraffin may be melted and used again next year.

Poor Manners at Table Make for Unpopularity

Be Poised on Dinner Dates

You may not think your escort would notice a "little thing" like your table manners. But make a slip or two and watch his opinion of you go down!

A man is embarrassed to be seen in smart places with a girl who holds a loaded fork in mid-air as she talks, keeps her arms crudely propped on the table.

But unless you're familiar with the rules it's hard to know what to do. Perhaps you wonder whether you should drink from your bouillon cup. Yes, you may. Use a spoon until the broth is cool enough. But never break crackers into your soup. Croutons or tiny bits of toast may be dropped in whole.

What to do when a hostess offers you a dish you don't care for? Don't speak of your dislike. Take a small quantity and, if necessary, leave it on your plate.

With etiquette to guide you, even minor mishaps won't upset your poise. Should you get a bone or fruit seed in your mouth you inconspicuously drop it into your cupped hand. And, of course, you'll never use your napkin as a screen.

Be perfectly sure of yourself when dining out. Our 32-page booklet gives etiquette for formal and informal dinners, teas, buffet parties, meals in resaturants, clubs. Tells what silver to use, how to eat unusual foods.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of GOOD TABLE MANNERS to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

A Morning Smile

APPROPRIATE

"That's an odd name for you to give your daughter—'Radobile.'"

"Well, you see, she came the day after my seventh payment on the radio and the day before my eleventh payment on the automobile."

OVERDOING IT

A slightly deaf old sportsman, feeling run down, consulted the doctor, who after examination, prescribed carrot, and plenty of it?"

"How shall I take it?"

"Anyway you like it, and as much as you like."

A month later the patient returned in bursting health.

"Capital," said the doctor, "carry on with the carrot."

"The what?—carrot? Carrot, good heavens! I thought you said claret. I've been drinking three bottles a day for the last four weeks."

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time at Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, JULY 30

BERLIN

6:15 p.m.—Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DJL, 15.11 meg., 19.8 m.

BUDAPEST

6:35 p.m.—Songs and Dances. HAT4, 9.12 meg., 32.88 m.

MOSCOW

7:00 p.m.—Broadcast in English. RV96, 15.24 meg., 19.9 m.; RNE, 12 meg., 25 m.

LONDON

8:15 p.m.—"Hi Gang!" GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSC, 9.58 meg., 31.3 m.

TOKYO

8:30 p.m.—The Chuo Symphony Orchestra. JLS2, 17.84 meg., 16.8 m.

BERLIN

8:30 p.m.—Lord Haw Haw. DJL, 15.11 meg., 19.8 m.; DJD, 11.77 meg., 25.4 m.; DXB, 9.61 meg., 31.2 m.

ROME

8:40 p.m.—EIAR Symphony Orchestra. 2RO3, 31.15 m.; 2RO4, 25.40 m.; 2RO6, 19.61 m.

BERLIN

9:30 p.m.—Variety Program, DJL, 15.11 meg., 19.8 m.; DJD, 11.77 meg., 25.4 m.; DXB, 9.61 meg., 31.2 m.

ROME

10:00 p.m. — News in English. 2RO3, 31.15 m.; 2RO4, 25.40 m.; 2RO6, 19.61 m.

GUATEMALA

10:00 p.m.—Concert given by the Orquesta Progresista. TGWA, 9.68 meg., 31 m.

LONDON

11:00 p.m. The News. GSC, 9.58 meg., 31.3 m.

GUATEMALA

11:15 p.m. — Opera Numbers TGWA, 9.68 meg., 31 m.

MOSCOW

3:00 a.m.—English Period. RV96 15.34 meg., 19.7 m.

CARE OF MATTRESS

Always cover your mattress, between mattress-top and lower sheet.

Frequently turn, air and dust. A good brush helps; a hand vacuum is fine.

Open coil springs should be covered with a removable washable slip; protect your mattress from dust and rust.

Incidental spots may be removed with one of the waterless-suds cleansers. Or perhaps with dry-cleaner. Not too much, though; the odor's apt to linger.

A good mattress is at least seven inches through, 52 inches across, six feet one inch long. That's double bed.

Thirty-nine inches across; same depth, six feet or over, long. That's single bed.

Living & Leisure —The Woman's Realm

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

What a wonderful thought this is, to be true,
We have "all this, and Heaven too."
We have friends who love us and whom we love,
We have earth and sea and the sky above,
The beauty of flowers, the grace of trees,
A thousand things that delight and please.
We have all these things to fill our hearts
With the great happiness each imparts;
But, as if God thought our joys too few,
He whispers: "And then you have Heaven, too."

TIP FOR WOMEN

Heres' a tip for you vacationists—that is the women among you.

"Make no drastic change in diet and don't eat everything that is placed before you just because it's there and paid for in advance," states a New York diet expert. "Regulate your exercise and don't go in too heavily for it all at once."

"Don't spend all your time resting, for too much rest, means too much additional poundage. Wear sensible, loose clothing."

Follow these rules and those "holiday pounds" will stay away, she adds.

Scientists have been unable to discover why migratory birds fly long distances at night, but it is thought that they do this so the daylight may be used in hunting insects and other food.

A buffett supper is a "fork supper" in England.

Folding furniture made of cardboard but strong enough to sustain the weight of an ordinary person and to be used for typewriting has been designed

HAVE FUN, PLAY SAFE

With a view toward preventing holiday tragedy, Rudyard B. Hipling, secretary of the St. John Ambulance association has pointed a warning finger at holidayers who don't stop to think, and made public a list of vacation hints, which if heeded, will, he believes, minimze the danger of summer accidents:

1. **Pushing a person into the water is dangerous—not everyone can swim.**
2. **Always use floodlights when swimming at night.**
3. **Only cry for help when it is needed.**
4. **Stay out of the water for an hour after eating—cramps cause drowning.**
5. **Only fools take dares.**
6. **Keep seated in a canoe — standing up will cause it to tip.**
7. **Keep on the beaten trails unless you know the territory thoroughly.**
8. **Use head protection when staying out in the hot sun.**
9. **Lighted matches and cigarette stubs, carelessly thrown away, cause forest fires.**
10. **Vigorous exercise on a hot day may result in heat stroke.**
11. **It's dangerous to go near the edge of a cliff—it may slough off.**
12. **Never carry a gun muzzle up—it may be loaded.**

use Silverwood's Evaporated MILK
"Good Milk makes Good Meals"

Needlecraft— —For The Home

JUMBO KNIT FOR SPORTS

DESIGN NO. 472

This smart hand knitted sleeveless sweater may be created in two days. Large wooden needles are used with the new rope wool. Pattern No. 472 contains list of materials needed illustration of the design and complete instructions for making sizes 32 to 42.

To order this design write your name and address on a piece of paper and send with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Department, Charlottetown Guardian

To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Department.
Design No. 472

NAME ----------

STREET ----------

PROVINCE ----------

Now your little girl can have a bare midriff play-dress just like those that fashionable grown-ups are wearing. The skirt is cut very full so that it fits comfortably over the panties underneath. This is the ideal outfit for the beach, and by far the healthiest costume for warm summer, weather when you want your child to get all the sun that she can. Make it of a cotton print of good quality so that it won't fade or lose its shape after frequent trips to the laundry.

Style No. 3392 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 8 requires 1 3-4 yards of 35-inch material for playsuit; 1 yard for panties.

Send Twenty (20c) coin is preferred, for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.

Style No. 3392 .....).....

Name

Street Address

City Province

65c per pound package

Notwithstanding all inducements offered by rival blends in presents, prizes and premiums, sales of MORSE'S STANDARD TEA keep steadily increasing. Outstanding value for the price at 65 cents per pound package.

SEVEN BROTHERS ENLIST IN AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, Australia— George Kyneton, who enlisted in Melbourne, was the last of seven brothers to join up.

Their father was killed in the last war, in which two of the brothers also fought.

SABOTAGE IN AIR

PRETORIA. — (CP) — Believing recent jamming of British news broadcasts throughout South Africa was caused by an illegally operated transmitter, police are combing the country for the offender.