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Have you tried it? The tiny rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

LARGE PATTERNS IN GAY COLORS REGISTER IN SHEER FABRICS.

Fashion decrees sheer frocks—summer demands cool frocks—and frocks of printed fabrics are highly favored. Flowered English voile of chiffon texture was used to fashion this delightful frock. The jabot, which is one of fashion's latest fancies, is a straight piece of material and cut the length of the dress. The front is slashed below the shoulder in yoke effect. The dress as pictured is sleeveless and has a low neck, but the pattern provides long sleeves and high neck with convertible collar. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch, or 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. If made with short sleeves ½ yard less material is required. Price 20 cents.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plain-[illegible]ying number and size of such [illegible]ns as you want. Enclose 20c in [illegible] or coin (coin preferred; wrap [illegible]efully) for each number, and [illegible]ss your order to Pattern Dept., [illegible]n Publishing Co., 73 West Ade-[illegible] St., Toronto. Patterns sent by [illegible]n mail.

Courtship Tickler.

[illegible]e Girl's Father—"Young man, the [illegible]s in this house go out at 11 o'clock."

Young Man—"That suits me."

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S

-after every meal

B83

Yen Set's Doll.

With a garden trowel as her only implement little Yen Set, aged twelve, after almost an hour of patient labor, had excavated what seemed to be a miniature grave. She lived next to the mission station, and the missionary had watched the work from his study window. Close at hand was a wooden box, which the man recognized; Yen Set's doll had come across the water from the United States packed in that box.

The missionary watched, perplexed, as the child walked slowly to the arbor. She returned, her face very sober, with the doll in her arms. Now the missionary noted that there were tears on Yen Set's cheeks. He called his wife.

Unobserved, the two looked on as the girl placed the doll in the box and covered it with a tiny, silk blanket. Then she put on the cover. She closed her eyes; her lips moved.

"She is playing funeral," whispered the missionary's wife.

"No, it is not play," returned her husband.

Now the little girl lowered the box into the grave and began to throw in the loose earth. The woman started toward the door, but her husband dissuaded her.

"Let us wait. Ren Set has an old head for one so young. She has a motive; let's see what it is."

That afternoon the minister called on the family next door. Ren Set's parents had accepted the Christian faith and demolished their joss, a small stone image in the likeness of a man, which they had once worshipped. The missionary saw Yen Set; she was red-eyed, but she said nothing about her doll.

That night, by the light of the noon, the missionary dug up the box, filled the excavation with paper and heaped up the earth again. He would preserve the doll from the rain that had just begun to fall. Several times on the next day he saw Yen Set sweeping near the grave. Each time she turned away with an air of determination.

Several days later, the girl, under the tactful questioning of the missionary's wife, unburdened her heart. The doll, she said, had reminded her of the joss the family had once worshipped. It had proved a temptation to her; it aroused a desire to return to idol worship. So she had put temptation out of her reach.

Painful though it had been, Yen Set had taken the only sure way of dealing with temptation. It is good pyschology, and it is Scriptural. The ancient Hebrews were warned by Moses against having anything that in any way resembled the heathen idols.

With Yen Set the incident soon had a happy ending. Her determination had been her salvation. The missionary returned the doll uninjured and the girl wept with joy. Nor did it ever after tempt her to idolatry. She had conquered.

She—"Have you been following the new Paris styles?"

He—"Sure. I followed one ten blocks only to-day."

Country-Born.

They dread the darkness who have never known
A world outside the flare of man-made light,
Who have not learned to read the chart of night
And walk unfaltering by the stars alone;
And they distrust the silence who have grown
Where human sound, attesting human might
So weaves its spell, their need and their delight
Is in the city's ceaseless undertone.

But to my heart the darkness is a friend
I would not spare—denied, must sorely miss;
The stillness is a mantle to be worn
With deep contentment at the long day's end.
How shall I voice my gratitude for this,
My heritage, that I was country born!

—Molly Anderson Haley.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

OPERATING ON TONY

BY MARGUERITE MURPHY.

PART I.

Doc Kon leaped from the buggy, leaving the reins dangling. Not that this case called for unusual hurry. Doc Kon's long, lanky frame seemed always to be leaping from one duty to another. So great was his urge as he entered the house, he overlooked the small boy who stole down the walk toward the curb.

"Don't you want it?"

The boy raised a flushed, half-angry face. In his hand, outstretched toward the horse, lay a lump of sugar. The horse, unmindful of the child, tossed his mane. The boy was determined. Laboriously he climbed into the buggy, the sticky sugar clenched in his fist. As he entered, the buggy bounced slightly and the horse looked around. Seeing only a child in the driver's place, he again turned his attention up the street. He knew better than to take children seriously.

With his free hand, the boy tested the dashboard. It was rather shaky. The distance from the buggy to the street was not much more than the distance from the street to the buggy. The horse was unpleasantly close and it was a surprise to this particular youngster to see how large are the hind quarters of a horse when seen at close range. However, the lump of sugar was still undelivered and there was a tail, long and strong, which could be grabbed in case of emergency.

Drawing a long breath, the child climbed as far on the dashboard as he could, awkwardly straddled the top and prepared to scramble over on to the horse, wriggle along his back, and offer the sugar across his neck. He was just poised for the desperate leap, when the long, strong tail swished suddenly across his face.

Blinded and frightened, the child fell howling back into the buggy and his howl was answered mockingly by a fair-haired, angelic-looking lad who had been watching operations from the sidewalk.

"Ya-ha! Mama's cry-baby!"

The child continued howling. The boy on the sidewalk was enjoying himself immensely.

"Cry- baby! Cry-baby!" Then, with a sudden glint in his eyes, he took a step nearer the placid horse. "Get up, you old horse, there! Get up! I'd like to see if you could run."

The horse looked around mildly. Then his ears pricked. Running across the sidewalk, bareheaded as usual, his hair blown awry, came the long, lanky figure of the doctor. The horse returned once more to his contemplation of the empty street. If ever a gesture spoke, this said:

"Everything will be all right, now. Doc Kon is here."

With a swoop that completely eliminated the boy on the sidewalk, the doctor had the howling child in his arms, and the tease, cheated of his rightful prey, walked off in search of further mischief.

"Are you crying?" Doc Kon asked the youngster.

The child stopped long enough to look at him in surprise, then howled with redoubled effort.

The doctor cocked his head as though listening to distant music.

"Are you crying?" he asked again.

Utterly disgusted, the boy stopped and looked at him.

"Yes," he said distinctly.

"Oh, dear!" said Doc Kon and set him down while he rummaged in his pockets. The child watched eagerly but all that was forthcoming was a small black notebook and pencil.

"What's that?"

"Whenever I find a boy or girl who is really crying, I put their names in here and then, of course, I can't take them for a ride."

"But I've stopped!"

"So you have. All right. To-morrow you go for a ride. Now, let's deliver that sugar."

Much to the doctor's delight, the boy never flinched when the horse's nose advanced toward the little hand. A warm breath, a touch of soft, velvety lips and the sugar was gone. Beck was an expert at accepting gifts.

Doc Kon put the child down.

"Will you be here to-morrow?"

The doctor smiled down at the eager upturned face, glanced back at the house and sighed. Behind the drawn curtains was a room, tiny, dark, breathless. In that room lay a woman suffering bravely but suffering unnecessarily. Across the doctor's vision flashed another picture—a large cool room, quiet, airy, where nurses came and went with silent tread. A slow rage burned within him. For the moment he forgot the boy.

"Will you be here to-morrow?" repeated the child.

The doctor smiled rather sadly.

"Yes, I'll be here to-morrow."

"All right, I'll have some more sugar."

The doctor sighed as he climbed into his old buggy. It was damnable that a town of this size should be without a hospital. So much suffering could be relieved. It was bad enough for the older people but for the children . . . . ! A pain, almost physical, gripped his heart. The case of one child in particular was troubling him. Tuberculosis. The parents were poor. The parents of the children he treated were always poor. Doc Kon did not mind that for himself but when a child was in such need as poor little Tom and there was nobody to supply that need, the doctor raved. Plucky chap, too, Tom! Always cheerful in spite of a weeping mother, a squalid room, insufficient nourishment and a father who was utterly impossible. There was a chance to save the boy—with proper treatment. Without it . . . . Then there was Milly, that little girl over in West End. A serious condition. He was afraid of worse that might develop. And there were—all told—a dozen youngsters, precious, all of them, who could be made well and strong with proper care but lacking that. . . Any man would rave!

Doctor Koneski had hoped to specialize in children's diseases. For that reason, he had left his native Bulgaria, had completed his medical education in New York. Strange how things went. He located in this small mid-western town of Baywater, would practice a few years and earn enough money to go on with his specialty. It was six years now, and though Doc Kon did not realize it, that dream of being a specialist was growing dimmer and dimmer against his desire to have a hospital. He still thought he wanted to specialize but all he had talked when away from his patients, was hospital. If only he could get someone to endow one. But all his patients were poor! Heavens! They couldn't pay their own doctor bills. But if the town would start a hospital, it would contain a ward for children. A ward would be a beginning, and from that—who could tell? But there would be no beginning! Morton was as near a millionaire as the town boasted. Morton really ought to do something toward the project; and he was a stone wall! Doctor Kon had interviewed him once on the proposed hospital drive; there was no second time. If only Doctor Denton would co-operate. He was the Morton's physician—had all the rich people of the town on his list. He was—Doc Kon stopped. Even to himself he would not express his opinion of the town's only other doctor.

As though his thoughts had produced the presence of the other man, Doctor Denton slid by in his roadster, a car of the best make; in the seat beside him, an extremely pretty girl, a stranger.

"Hello, Doc!" he called over his shoulder as he swung by the slow-moving horse and buggy. Inoffensive enough but the tone and the accompanying smile spoke worlds. Doc Kon nodded, and since he had no hat to tip, raised his hand in salute. He saw the girl glance at him curiously, her gaze wander to the horse and buggy. He saw her smile. He thought it rather a nice smile. There was a question on her lips as she turned to Doctor Denton. They were gone.

At the next stop he was surrounded by half a dozen children.

"Hello, Doc!"

"Doc Kon, will you go fishing with us next Sunday?"

"You missed it last Sunday. We caught a big pike and a lot of sunfish."

"But I couldn't go. Timmick was sick."

"Will you go this Sunday?"

"Tain't half as much fun without you."

Doc Kon smiled. "I'll do my best."

One of the older boys stepped up to Doctor Koneski.

"Better tie your horse, Doc."

"Oh, he'll stand."

"I know, but you'd better tie him."

"Why? He's used to all of you."

"Yes, but . . . " the boy hesitated.

"Nobody will steal him," the doctor grinned.

"I hate to tattle but that young Morton kid is over in the next block and . . . I don't know but I wish you'd tie him."

"Who? Tony? I don't think he'd take very kindly to tying."

"Somebody ought to tie him and give him a good thrashing!"

"Tony or me or the horse?"

"Tony!" chorused two or three, too serious to realize that the doctor was joking.

"He's going around now bragging that he never had a licking in his life."

(To be concluded.)

Music and Walking.

To sing, hum, whistle or generally adumbrate music is at once the distinction and the pride, the duty and the pleasures of walkers . . . the most moderately and modestly musical of men become on a walk encyclopedic in their range of melody and Protean in their variety of tone-color. There is surely some natural kinship between walking and music; the musical terms—andante, movement, accompaniment—are full of suggestive metaphor; and the sacred symbol of both arts is the wooden stick which marks the stride of the walker and pulsates to the heart beats of the orchestra.

The most obvious ground for this kinship is rhythm. The simple beat of the foot on the ground, while the natural swing of the body above it, suggests inevitably the beat of the musical bar. It is difficult to walk for long under the sway of the regular "one, two, one, two," without witting a melody to it; it is even more difficult to hear a melody played or sung when walking without dropping instinctively into its rhythm. A London crowd, the most apathetic of masses, begins to march in unison when a barrel organ strikes up "The Soldiers of the Queen" or the Intermezzo of Mascagni or some other item from the repertory of mechanical music; and if ever you wish to deride, condemn, tramp on and . . . triumph over a tune (which happens to all of us sometimes), there is nothing more satisfying than to walk past the band or gramophone from whence it issues at a step cutting clean across its rhythm.

Sunbaths Through Clothes.

Sun baths in every-day life are made possible by the use of a new fabric, which looks and feels like silk, yet which allows the ultra-viollet rays of the sun to pass through it. It is these rays which are so beneficial to health.

Canada's Salt Producing Areas.

Canada last year produced 207,190 tons of all grades of salt, of a value of $1,359,616, not including packages. During the same period 171,858 tons of salt was imported, of which 67,941 tons was for the use of the sea or gulf fisheries.

Practically 97 per cent. of the Canadian salt output is produced in Ontario in the counties on the south-western frontier, where a number of substantial industries have been built up at Windsor, Sarnia, Sandwich, Goderich, Clinton and Kincardine. The salt of this district is remarkable for its purity, which has been a very favorable factor in extending its market, as also cheapening its refining.

The salt beds, of which as many as six were passed through by one bore hole at Goderich, lie at depths of from 900 to 1,800 feet, and some of the beds are 100 feet in thickness. The salt is recovered by evaporating artificial brines produced by forcing water, under high pressure, down the bore holes to the salt beds and then pumping the brine back to the surface.

Salt springs yielding weak brines are to be found in many places in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but no commercial use has been made of them. The first discovery of rock salt in the Maritime Provinces was made at Malagash, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, by diamond drilling in 1918. Mining was commenced in 1919, and each year there has been a growing production of rock salt, which finds a ready market in the fish curing industry of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

A recent suggestion of Dr. Frank T. Shutt, Chemist of the Dominion Experimental Farms at Ottawa, may lead to a considerably increased market for this Nova Scotia salt. Very large hay crops are raised in the province, particularly on the dykelands at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Dr. Shutt suggests that this hay be salt cured, a process familiar to the pioneers, but now almost forgotten. The Malagash salt is stated to be particularly suited to this purpose and a largely extended use for this purpose is anticipated.

The proximity of the salt beds to the coal fields of Nova Scotia and to sea ports should be conducive to the establishment of chemical industries. In this connection the presence of potash salts with certain bands in the Malagash deposit is of interest.

In northern Alberta a number of salt springs have been used for local supply. In 1920 an important discovery of rock salt was made by drilling to a depth of 648 feet at McMurray. Development of this deposit is now under way, and the first commercial shipments were made recently from the new plant at that point.

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

A "Goog Oppotuny."

If we remember rightly, it was a Portuguese who wrote that extraordinarily funny book—English as She Is Spoke. And here is an advertisement, found in a Brazilian newspaper, which offers additional evidence that there is something particularly puzzling to Portuguese-speaking people in the English language:

"PAYING GUEST IN PRIVATE RESIDENCE

"Goog oppotuny, for a snigla refined gentleman. Large room nicely furnished, splendid food. Six windoros facing the sea, quite close to bashing beach."

Begin Fry Distribution.

The 1925 distribution of fry in the lakes and streams of the Dominion was begun recently with the distribution of 80,000,000 young whitefish in the waters of Lake Erie. The fish were produced at the Department of Marine and Fisheries' hatchery at Kingsville, Ont., and the distribution was made on selected grounds in the western end of Lake Erie.

Expresses Perfection.

The "T" square, or rule, is an instrument used by mechanics and others when great exactness is required, therefore, "it suits to a T,' " that is, it is correct in every way as a piece of work would be if measured by the "T" rule.

Swiss Roses in Rockies.

The experiment of transplanting Swiss roses in the Canadian Rockies will be tried this year. Dr. Huesscher, late Swiss Consul at Montreal, brought over a number of the plants which will to set out in the gardens at Banff and Lake Louise. They are hardy and thrive only above elevations of 3,000 feet.

The heart of Montreal. Here you will be catered to with true United Hotels' hospitality. Rates three dollars a day and up.

Vernon G. Cardy
Managing Director
Direction: United Hotels Company of America

Mount Royal Hotel

—MONTREAL—

The Hat's the Thing!

An ordinary Mexican wears a shirt which cost two shillings, a four-shilling pair of trousers and nothing else except a hat, but—the hat will cost him at least five pounds. He will go hungry and thirsty for years in order to get enough money to buy a fine sombrero. Higher class Mexicans spend al their money on gay saddles for their horses.

Here's One to Try.

How quickly can you start to stop? There is a lot of talk about efficient brakes, and many drivers take time to test out the stopping ability of their cars. But what about the stopping ability of the driver? How much time is wasted in realizing that it's necessary to stop or in transferring the foot from the accelerator to brake pedal?

Unknown to Science.

There is no scientific definition for what is called "astral color." It is a term used in palmistry and fortune telling, meaning the effect of the color of heavenly bodies on the lives of individuals.

Dyes in Underground Rivers.

Underground river courses in the Mammoth Cove region of Kentucky are being traced by means of dyes placed in the water.

A stubborn person is like a pin without a head: hard to remove in either direction.

If we waste to-day, we can never make it up, for each day will bring its duties as it comes.

Esau squandered his birthright and bankrupted himself in the Bank of Life.

The sundial was introduced into Rome from Greece in 268 B.C.

INECTO RAPID

The world's best hair tint. Will restore gray hair to its natural color in 15 minutes.

Small size, $3.30 by mail
Double size, $5.50 by mail

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"Prince Edward" Brand English Fox Wire—recognized by the above label on every roll—has given more than fourteen years of perfect service on pioneer ranches and is being used for most of the new ranches. "There's a reason."

Write or wire for free sample and prices.

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Heft it Once!

Then You Will Want One for Your Own Kitchen

The very feel of it will make you want to own it. It balances so nicely, seems to be just right. The handle is rigid and does not tip around like a hinged handle. That means no slipping, scalded hands or accidents. See how you fill it? You lift the hinged lid and can fill it right under the tap or by dipper because the opening is at the side, not the centre.

Most important, these new up-to-date kettles cost no more than the old fashioned kettle.

180