In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA" TEA

H636

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

NUT CULTURE IN ONTARIO

Canada is coming more clearly to realize that her substantial import of nuts each year, amounting in value to about $5,000,000, is largely unnecessary and that a large portion at least of the Canadian nut demand could be met by growing in suitable areas the best varieties of native and exotic species of nuts. Of recent years a small but growing band of enthusiasts in British Columbia have been devoting marked attention to the subject and extending the cult very widely, so that a substantial future industry is looked to there. Now the wide possibilities of growing nuts are receiving the expert attention of the Province of Ontario, which has issued a very comprehensive booklet of information for the encouragement and guidance of provincial growers.

The outstanding claim made in favor of the wider adoption of nut-tree planting in Ontario is that they combine beauty with utility and are therefore more valuable than other trees which are used only for ornamental purposes. They not only yield a nutritious food, but beautify the landscape, provide shelter, and furnish valuable timber when their usefulness as nut-bearers is over. It is claimed that an acre of walnut trees in good bearing will produce every year food approximating 2,500 pounds of beef, or 3,500 quarts of milk, or 3,000 pounds of mutton.

Native Nuts Now Produced.

The chief native nuts of Ontario are the black walnut, butternut (white walnut), hickory, chestnut, and hazel. Of introduced nuts there are Persian, Japanese, Manchurian, and China walnuts, European and Japanese and Chinese chestnuts, pecans, almonds, filberts and tree hazels. All these thrive successfully in parts of Ontario, and a large amount of accurate data has been collected for their successful production.

In Ontario's campaign for the wider adoption of nut culture, the advantages of planting nut trees in place of other arboreal growth are stressed. They are suggested for roadside and street planting, for improving home surroundings, for hillsides and ravines and other areas difficult to cultivate, for parks and school grounds as well as for commercial plantations in certain sections. Certainly if the province's campaign bears fruit, Ontario will in future years be plentifully dotted with nut-bearing trees.

Nut culture has not received any great measure of attention in North America, except in the south and west of the United States, where, as a result of development, immense quantities of fine nuts are produced annually and millions of dollars are added to the wealth of those sections of the Republic. It is believed that the conservation and improvement of native nut trees and the introduction of suitable species from foreign countries offer great possibilities in making Ontario more productive and beautiful, and taking the efforts there, in conjunction with what is being accomplished in British Columbia, it is not difficult to foresee a time when Canada will be producing the greater part of her own needs in this regard, and be largely independent of the present voluminous importations.

American insects are to be made the subject of a special census.

ISSUE No. 33—'25.

A Strange Duel.

Probably the strangest duel that ever took place was one fought in Paris in 1808. It is peculiarly French, and could hardly have occurred under any but French society. Two gentlemen of France quarrelled over the lady of their mutual love. Tempers rose, and in the heat of the moment they agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims.

In order that the heat of angry passion should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceedings they agreed to postpone the duel for a month. The fight was to be from balloons, the survivor to claim the hand of the lady in marriage. A day and place of meeting was arranged, and on the appointed day the duellists met. The gentlement were named Grandpre and Le Pique.

The ascent took place in the garden of the Tuileries amidst a vast concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other, but at the balloons. The resultant escape of gas would bring the balloon down, and in all probability would mean the death of the occupant.

The balloons having been cast off and having ascended, at a given signal the duellists opened fire. Le Pique missed, but his opponent was successful in sending a bullet through Le Pique' balloon. The latter crashed to the earth and was smashed to pieces. His conqueror still made his ascent and landed triumphantly seven miles out of Paris.

So ended what must be considered the strangest of all duels.

Plants That Are Pests.

Weeds are the most costly enemies of the grower of foodstuffs. In their hundreds they pollute every square yard of soil he cultivates.

These outlaws of the seed world, if unchecked, would soon smother the whole land. One weed alone, flixweed, produces 730,000 seeds in a single season. In three seasons, if all the seeds germinated, it has been computed that they would overrun a world 2,000 times the size of the earth.

An authority on weeds, Mr. Harold C. Long, carried out a number of experiments in a good garden soil which had been thoroughly cultivated for at least three years. During that time few weeds were allowed to shed their seed. Yet on one square yard here are the number of different weeds counted: Buttercup, 654; annual meadow grass, 107! dock, 60; goosefoot, 26; groundsel, 25; various others, 178—a total of 1,050 weeds.

The great weed-army is always searching for new kingdoms to conquer. A Mr. Ranstead introduced the common yellow toadflax as a garden flower into the United States. To-day the "Ranstead weed" is a plague in America. And Scotland's national emblem invaded the land of liberty in a bedtick filled with thistledown.

In return America has given England a serious menace in the Mermaid's Hair.

Charlock, thistle, and couch or twitch grass are weeds which ruin many a farmer. They can reduce the yield of oats per acre from seventy-six to twenty-five bushels.

To maintain food supplies, the Agricultural Departments of most countries have declared war upon weeds. Each State in the American Union has its own weed laws. Canada has 1,300 weed inspectors. In the Isle of Man a penalty is imposed on all farmers who do not cut down thistles and docks before they flower.

Cool Air and Sunshine.

Professor Leonard Hill has been telling the International Congress of Radiology how health and the clothes we wear are related.

Referring to the habit of wearing far to many clothes, he pointed out that garments except thin zephyr or open mesh material screened off the ultra-violet rays from the body. Artificial silk was more permeable than natural silk; in fact, a zephyr of artificial silk was the least obstructive of almost any material, but even this prevented fifty per cent. of the ultra-violet rays from reaching the skin.

The body ought not to be exposed long to the action of the sun's rays, and exposure should always take place in cool conditions. Hot sun boxes and sunlight treatment under glass in hothouses were wrong. People should not be overheated and exhausted, but stimulated and made happy by cool air and sunshine.

Paternal Adivce.

Mother—Yes, dear, your father and I first met at a dance."

Boy—"Oh, that's why he's always telling me to keep away from dance halls."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The Way the Voting Went

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO.

PART I.

Wisdom is an ancient village. There are more customs than the serving of baked beans on Saturday nights that have survived from times that seem to Wisdom immemorial, and even more habits.

As a thing was in Wisdom, so shall it ever be, if the older Wisdomites have any say about it. If an elm is cut down, the owner of the tree is apt to be ostracized for an indefinite period. Barns may be kept painted, but if a man paints his house he is looked on askance and suspected of running into debt or else of frittering away his money; both things are crimes in the eyes of Wisdom village.

Yet if by chance a man does either one, it is recalled and repeated that his great-uncle So-and-so was a ne'er-do-well, or that his grandfather died poor, or that his mother's grandfather was said to have made a dubious bargain when he bought those six acres of mowing from the William Ware of his generation.

To a real Wisdomite, everything a man does may be attributed to something his forefathers did. Which gives every man his excuse, in a sense, and to every man his opportunity, did he but know it.

The village lies along a bending road in a valley. A narrow stream which people call The River runs under a bridge at one end. The road drops sharply in the centre of the village, and in this shallow basin on one side of the road is the tavern, and facing the tavern a pond of many legends some three or four acres in extent.

Mrs. Almira Wing's land adjoins the pond, which is town property, on the south, and Henry Hillis' store perches on stilts quite close to it on the north. Back of the home lots on both sides of the road the hills rise, gradually on one side, abruptly back of the pond—that being the reason of the store's substructure, for when the snows melt the pond rises incalculably. There is a tradition in the village that its waters once crossed the road; there is also a tradition that the drop in the land is sharper under the placid water of the pond.

"No tellin' how deep that pond is, out in the middle," strangers are told. "Never been plumbed yet."

There is, of course, Wisdom the village and Wisdom the town. They are not two, but one. Even those people who live near the farthest boundaries of the town are an intrinsic part of Wisdom. They feel themselves so, and they are so. They come to the village to school, church, to trade at the store; they come to church suppers and sociables, and they come to March Meeting, where the destiny of the town is decided for the forthcoming year.

Furthermore, whenever the village is racked in dispute, the whole town takes sides. So frequent are Wisdom's disputes, and so bitter the ensuing animosity that seethes through the Wisdomites, that people rather welcome each as it comes along so that the bitterness and forming of factions caused by the last one may be forgotten and social and religious ranks readjusted. A geyser that ceases to spout must really despise itself; it has become like any other hole in the ground. So Wisdom feels when there is nothing to be excited about. Yet in the light of its past experience Wisdom is always expectant.

There had been a prolonged period of calm. Mr. Frenche's barn had burned. Two couples got married. A tramp had been run out of town. Henry Hillis' store was broken into one night, but Henry always took his money home with him, and nothing was stolen. As a matter of fact, Henry did not know whether to be angry because he had to buy some new window glass or indignant because the thieves had found nothing they wanted.

"Plenty of good stuff in this store," he would say, in an ambiguous, almost injured tone.

For two or three years people drove home from town meeting with a vague feeling of disappointment. Nothing had happened. Then, in the early summer, two things came to pass that seemingly were unrelated, but which were to cause one of the greatest conflicts ever fought upon the placid terrain of Wisdom. The Woman's Club was formed, and old Mr. Hassard Flint died.

Mr. Flint was eighty-nine years of age, and had survived a severe case of whooping-cough the year before; people were taking it for granted that he was good for a long while yet. He had been a highly respected citizen and had served on the school board for forty-one years; and although he had not been able to leave his own house for the last ten or twelve of them, not a man in the town would have dreamed of asking the old gentleman to resign, nor have failed to sign his nomination papers every three years. So Mr. Flint had continued to draw his salary of eighty dollars a year in security and, as it might be said, in ease.

Mr. Flint's death and the formation of the Woman's Club geing almost coincidental it was at the second meeting of the club that the secretary was directed to send a letter of condolence to Mr. Flint's daughters. Then, other business being out of the way, Mrs. Almira Wink, the honored first president of the club, arose.

"Ladies," she said impressively, "the death of our respected fellow citizen leaves a vacancy on the school board. It is now June. That vacancy will have to be filled before the school term in September. There will have to be a special town meeting called for the purpose.

"Ladies, I trust that all of you who have not registered as voters will do so. It seems like a dispensation of Providence that the Woman's Club of Wisdom should be able to inaugurate its career by placing upon our school board through its influence and votes—a woman."

It is known that women are more adaptable than men. Perhaps there were very few women in the town who would have voted against Mr. Flint, if such a breaking of precedent had been suggested to them; but with the vacancy there, there were very few who did not think it would be a good thing to have a woman serve on the board.

Then, too, in a town like Wisdom women have fewer activities outside their homes than men have, fewer contacts, fewer rivalries; and contacts, activities, rivalries add something to the spice of life. At that meeting of the club a nominating committee was appointed to choose a woman nominee for the school board. The committee was to report at the next meeting, and the ladies took home a good deal to talk about.

"Wal, I snum," said Lew Hall, stamping into the store that night," "there ain't any telling what the world's coming to, that's what. The women don't know what to do next. You heard what's up?"

They had heard. Wisdom village is less than half a mile long; news had not far to travel, and there were messengers in plenty.

Cyrus Morse was an elderly, quiet man, but powerful in the political councils of the town. "It's one thing to put up a woman for school board," said he, "and something else again to get a woman elected. Seems like Zebiny Gregg'd make a good man for the job."

A pause fell upon the crowd in the store and surprise was upon every face. Then slow grins and sundry waggings of heads took the place of surprise.

"It takes Cyrus to do it," said Alvah Rice, and was greeted with laughter.

Not a man there except Cyrus would have thought of Zebina Gregg in the first place; but the idea once having been brought into being, not a man there would have denied that under the circumstances Mr. Gregg was the man to nominate. There were times when Zebina was laughed at, but more times when he was respected.

Frequently he did amazing things, but he was sharp, he was adroit, he had his wits about him. When it came to a trade, very few people had ever got ahead of Zebina. And when it came to thinking up things . . . Under the circumstances, and considering the fact that in the battle with the women there would have to be play of wits, whether open or otherwise, Zebina was obviously, as Cyrus Morse had suggested, the one man for the job.

Besides, though for some years Zebina had been appointed annually to the town offices of tree warden and fish and game warden, those carried no remuneration; it was felt right and proper that his long services to the community should be recognized at last by a more important position—and the eighty dollars a year.

"I guess there ain't a woman in this town'll have much of a show against Zebiny," someone said.

But the experienced Mr. Morse warned them, "It's one thing to get the nomination papers signed and another to get elected. Any voter can get himself nominated by getting enough names on the paper. And I've heard my wife say that many a cake has fell flat in the oven."

At the third meeting of the Woman's Club the nominating committee reported their unanimous choice of Mrs. Almira Wing, and unanimously the club indorsed their decision. Unanimously; for even Mrs. Wing herself smiled serenely during the hand clapping. The weather held good and warm. Haying came early, and the men labored long in the field.

(To be concluded.)

Japan is the worlds third largest machinery market.

Agents Wanted

In every town in Ontario, to sell MISS SIMPLICITY ELECTRIC WASHERS. Sells for $98 cash or on time payments. Good side line. We can tell you what others are doing. Write now. Earle Electric, 107 Richmond East, Toronto.

"My clothes used to be yellow - now they are snowy white"

"I always had trouble with my clothes—they used to come out so yellow. Then a friend told me about Rinso. I found it makes a wonderful soap solution. This removed every bit of dirt and then it all rinsed out completely. There was nothing left to yellow the clothes—as there was no soap to stick—it was all dissolved.

"I am now delighted with my wash—my clothes are always snowy white."

—A letter received by the makers of Rinso.

Just shake some Rinso into a saucepan, add hot water, and you'll get the wonderful soapy solution that is the only soap you need for your set tubs, your boiler, your washing machine. Rinso *soaks* dirt out.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

Rinso

R436

PLAITS FOREMOST.

The new flare is treated in a modified way in this model, offering side fulness and a widening of the silhouett, through the medium of plaits. Careful attention has been given to the outline of the design in order to retain the long line necessary to the woman of fuller figure. A printed material in self-tone fashions the frock, which is cut from a pattern all in one piece; and a jabot, which is made from a triangular-shaped piece of material, forms the only trimming. The accompanying diagram shows how simple and easy it is to make. No. 1141 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. 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 plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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

The W. T. Pember Stores Limited
129 Yonge St. Toronto

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

Supplied.

The country pastor made it a point to welcome any stranger cordially. One evening, a Swedish girl, employed as a domestic in one of the fashionable homes, was present. The minister welcomed her to the church and expressed the hope that she would be a regular attendant. Finally he said that if she would be at home some evening during the week, he would call.

"T'ank you," she murmured bashfully, "but Ay have a fella."

Maps of the North.

Owing to the increasing traffic along the Mackenzie valley system of waterways, the Department of the Interior has for several years had parties of surveyors at work along the route, particularly in and above Great Slave Lake. From these surveys, maps have been prepared which have proved most useful to navigators. Buoys, beacons and lights have also been put in place along the route.

The Right Way to Boil Potatoes

Put the potatoes in an SMP Enameled Potato Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to taste. Boil until soft. When finished, drain off *all* the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.

SMP

Enameled

POTATO POTS

178