High Quality—Always

"SALADA" TEA

H718

The choice teas used exclusively in Salada yield richly of their delicious goodness. Say Salada.

OWL-LAFFS

BY O. W. L.
(On With Laughter)

A pretty girl is just the reverse of a successful bank. In her case, the higher the principle, the less the interest.

"What we need is better distribution," said the bald man, as he prepared to shave.

Old Lady (to druggist)—"I want a box of canine pills."

Druggist—"What 's the matter with the dog?"

Old Lady (indignantly)—"I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman."

The druggist put up the pills in deep silence.

To the Modern Girl.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep and the rouge comes off.

Women are heroic creatures. Yesterday my wife sat and smiled and talked to a caller while a cake in the oven was burning to a cinder and she knew it.

Very few children get home in time these evenings to tuck their parents in bed.

A Lady Laments.

Ah! tell me, shall I love him less
Because he stole a kiss;
Shall I begrudge one small caress
No one will ever miss?

Or shall I lightly look away
Excuse his brief digress,
And tell him when he comes to-day
Of my forgiveness?

I'm quite annoyed about that kiss;
Perhaps I shouldn't be.
The reason for my pique is this—
He did not steal the kiss from me.

Another sure sign that a fellow's getting old is when he is no longer accused of infidelity by a suspecting wife.

Uncle Sam is to erect a barbed wire fence at El Paso to keep out the rum-runners. If they ever spill any of the stuff on the fence, good-bye fence.

Nothing Special.

Floorwalker (to gentleman who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)—"Are you looking for anything special?"

Gentleman (absently)—"No, thank you; I was only looking for my wife."

The first rule of business is not to spend more than you take in.

The Alabama man who heard a snake say "Hello" must have been a few drinks behind the rest of the boys.

WRIGLEY'S AFTER EVERY MEAL

affords benefit as well as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.

The World Famous Sweetmeat, untouched by hands, full of flavor.

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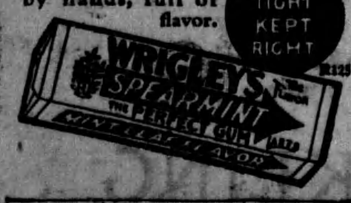


B125

ISSUE No. 38—'23.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns

TAILORED-LOOKING SUIT FOR BOYS.

This boy's suit is so well cut, and yet so simple to make, that it cannot but win approval from both mother and son. Tweed or suiting serge would assure indefinite wear and service for school days. The jacket has a simple front closing, buttoning close to the neck and finished with a round collar. The sleeves are cut in two pieces, and trimmed at the wrist with buttons. The pockets are set in and may be omitted. The two-piece trousers are cut straight and have side closing. No. 1182 is in sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing 10 cents the copy.

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.

One Thing It Won't Preserve.

"He's trying to preserve the secret of his drinking."

"That's one thing alcohol won't preserve."

Where Weddings Are Rare.

A wedding in St. Paul's Cathedral is an extremely rare event, but there is still living at least one member of the House of Lords who must be keenly interested in the condition and preservation of Wren's beautiful church, because he was married beneath the dome.

This is Earl Fitzwilliam, whose marriage took place in the cathedral in 1896, some years before he succeeded to the title.

Nearly half a century ago a lady mayoress, acting for a bachelor Chief Magistrate, was married at St. Paul's, the first wedding for over 100 years—and a few years later the daughter of a dean of St. Paul's was led to the altar there.

World Shrinkage.

Britain's Air Ministry has signed a contract with the Imperial Airways, Limited, for the Egypt-India air line. Soon the air traveler who wants to see the world will have to use a microscope.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

NERVE

By MARTIN KNAPP.

PART II.

There was an exclamation of awe. "Fifty thousand dollars is a sight of money to lose," murmured Ezra Meeker.

"Pshaw!" Bixby told him. "Say, I got a deal on now that makes fifty thousand dollars look like fifty cents. If this deal goes through it'll put Woodstock on the map, because I live here, understand. It's one of the biggest things that's happened in this part of the country for quite a while."

He sat back and blew out a great cloud of smoke.

I pricked up my ears. I'd heard rumors of a big waterpower development and transmission line through the state with which Bixby's name had been connected.

"You're interested in water power, aren't you, Mr. Bixby?" I inquired.

He gave a flip of his cigar and answered blandly, "Oh, some!"

A silence fell. The men, impressed, shifted in their chairs. On the outside of the group stood Ben Hooper all by himself.

"Well, I got to get along," Bixby said, pulling himself up.

"How long you goin' to be here, Earl?" one asked.

"Oh, just a day or two. Ought not to have come up at all, but the missus wanted that new addition I'm puttin' on started, and I knew the only way was to come up with the plans and see Clark about it. Have to explain every little thing to him. Well, good night, boys."

"Good night, Earl."

He moved through the group to where Hooper stood.

"Old Ben Hooper!" he said again, giving Ben a dig in the ribs. "Ha! ha! ha!—ha!" The phrase seemed to amuse him. I doubt if the man meant to be brutal. I really don't think he did mean to be. He was simply unconscious of anyone's feelings but his own.

"My old friend Ben!" he roared. "Say, Ben, sometime I'll put you into something good. How's that?" He gave him a slap on the back that knocked him completely off his feet.

"Here, here,' remonstrated Ambrose, "leave Ben alone, Earl."

"Leave him alone! Ha! ha! ha—ha! That's good! Why say, I'm the best friend he's got."

With his old hat knocked over one eye Ben stood, panting a little, trying to preserve his dignity.

"You keep outn this, Brose," he cried shrilly. "I kin fight my own battles."

I thought he was going to lose control of himself. Peck came around the desk and the other men got up out of their chairs. Ben stood looking straight up at Bixby. It was almost grotesque, he was so little and threadbare and the other was so large and round and pompous.

Struggling to keep his voice steady, Ben spoke at last.

"You jest wait and see! I ain't lost my nerve. I'll get even with you yet. You'll pay me what you beat me outn and the folks in this town'll laugh at you just the way they've laughed at me all these years. You see! My turn'll come!"

This seemed to strike the senator as even more funny. He simply exploded. "That's the talk, Ben," he cried. "Hurrah for you! You just try to get the best of Earl Bixby." He gave Hooper another mighty slap on the back.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" Bixby shouted as he went out the door. "Old Ben Hooper!"

Trembling from head to foot, the little man screamed after him, "Don't you forget now; it'll be my turn next time."

For certain reasons, that scene there in the old hotel has remained in my mind. I rather enjoy thinking of it now.

The fishing that spring had not been very good. The water was still high, for it had been cold and the woods were full of snow. But that night it grew warmer and began to rain. Outside my window I heard the south wind groaning, and the rain coming down thud, thud, thud.

When I woke next morning the same pounding of the rain was going on and I looked out to see a saturated world and the street imitating a river.

"Some rain!" I said to Peck when I came down to breakfast. "No fishing to-day, I guess."

"Fishin'? Why, say, Ham Edwards was just in and he says the creek is a sight. It's rose more'n a foot this mornin' already and some of them low meadows is gettin' flooded."

"Maybe we'll have a flood," I laughed.

"Well, I guess not that. They had one though, 'long in 1902, in just such a spell as this, but I guess we won't now. It'll probably let up in a little while; it's rainin' too hard to keep up."

But it didn't let up. It seemed to rain harder all the time. When Ben Hooper came back from the nine-forty-five train he said:

"Holy catastrophy! I never see anythin' like it. The valley's commencin' to look like a lake and the water ain't far from the floor of the bridge."

"Say, Ben, I guess you better get your old boat out," Peck laughed.

For a moment the old man's face broke into an eager smile, until he saw that the other was joking.

"No," he said disappointedly. "Guess it won't be as bad as that."

Rather gloomily I sat around the hotel until, late in the afternoon, the rain ceased and a wet sun tried optimistically to crowd through the lowering clouds. Everyone came out on the sidewalk to talk about the weather.

I walked down the main street, which, at the edge of the town, turns to the left and then to the right again and runs across an old iron bridge to the railway station on the other side of the valley. The valley here is rather flat and the hills on either side roll back with some abruptness. The village lies tucked up under the eastern slope, whereas the railroad hugs the shoulder of the hills on the west side.

Between the village and the railroad McClintic Creek comes winding down from the south along the level floor of the valley. Just below the town the hills draw together, and the highroad, which, to the south, runs along the eastern side of the valley, crosses the old bridge there and joins the road on the west side at the railroad station.

Below the town, therefore, there is no road on this side of the valley. As a matter of fact, the east road was being repaired and all the travel up and down the valley was over the west road. To leave Woodstock you either had to cross the bridge to the station and take this west road, or else go straight east up over the hill behind the town, and this road in the spring was always in very bad condition.

As I came to the edge of the town the valley spread out below me like a steaming kettle filled with brown broth. Mist rose languidly through the thin shafts of western sun, and what had been a meandering stream edged with alders and an occasional clump of willows, was a muddy river flowing sullenly.

The natural course of the stream was distinguishable only by the tops of alder brush bending dejectedly with the current. The road which crosses the valley is higher than the surrounding fields, and this formed a sort of dam of which the spillway was the opening underneath the bridge.

I walked out on the bridge and watched the muddy water swirling just beneath it. Branches of trees, fence rails and other debris were caught against the abutments, clogging the opening, and I thought if the water rose much higher that the bridge might be endangered.

When I got back to the hotel I mentioned this and immediately started an argument among the men gathered around.

Old Ezra Meeker proclaimed instantly that that was exactly what he had feared for years.

"You wait and see!" he kept repeating. "I tell you that bridge won't stand much; it's old. Them foundations on the west side—this town 'ud be cut right off if that bridge went. You can't get over the east road, and you know what the road over the hill's like."

The other men laughed.

"Ez, you kin see calamity further offn any man I ever see," Peck broke in. "That bridge's been there twenty years and it'll be there twenty more, I guess."

We sat around talking about storms in this part of the world and that. Ambrose Peck was just in the middle of a tale of what his brother had seen out in California, when he had to answer the telephone, and we heard him say, "Yes, yes—you can't, eh? Well, we got a bad storm up here. Line's out of order most likely—sure, I'll have him call you——"

"Long distance tryin' to git Earl Bixby," he told us as he hung up. "Says Brompton wants him, and they can't git no answer to his house, so they want I should send word up to him to call 'em. They say it's important."

"I'll tell him," Seth Thomas offered. "I'm goin' home to supper now and it's right on my way."

Just as I was coming out of the dining room after my own supper I saw Bixby come into the hotel.

"Those folks in the city won't let me alone a minute," he puffed importantly. "Wish I could get away for just a few days without bein' bothered."

He went into the booth which stood in the office and shouted at the toll operator, and eventually at some individual named Stevens in Brompton. Of course all conversation immediately ceased, and, as Bixby by no means talked in whispers, it was impossible not to hear the conversation.

After listening for a few moments he bellowed: "What's that? The Consolidated is going to put in a bid?" Again he listened, muttering "Um—um—um," and I saw him take out a handkerchief and wipe his forehead.

"Well, somebody's slipped up," he shouted angrily after a moment. "That's what you were paid for."

The person on the wire seemed to be trying to explain, but Bixby continually interrupted.

"But they'll gum up the whole game," he kept crying. "I got to get hold of Jackson right away. Why didn't you get me sooner? Well, not very hard, I guess. I been right here; it's too late now. I can't get in; about eleven to-morrow is the soonest I can get there. You have him there sure."

He gave a lot of directions, and shouted again with increasing exasperation, "Say, don't keep tellin' me how important it is. I ought to know, hadn't I——"

"Guess I took a bad time to come up here," he complained as he came out of the booth, mopping his face. "Ain't it always the way? Man can't call a minute of his time his own when he gets tied up in business the way I am."

Though he appeared very much upset, it was obvious that this practical demonstration of his importance was not unpleasant. Sinking heavily into a chair, he lowered his tone and explained to me, "Got to have nerve to do business these days. Some fools tryin' to hold up this deal I was tellin' you about last night. You got to be on the job every minute." He lit a cigar and sat back, slapping the arms of the chair with his palms. He seemed worried. "Pretty bad rain we've had," he remarked presently. And then, as an afterthought, "Storm hasn't affected the trains any, has it?"

A man said "Guess not," and looked at Ben Hooper.

"No," Ben answered proudly. "Trains been on time all day." There were only two trains each way, but he spoke as though there were a dozen. "Water don't affect 'em none on this side of the valley.

Bixby interrupted. "Ben ain't had a train late on the Chenango Valley branch since he's been runnin' the road, have you, Ben?"

Someone laughed, and Hooper answered mildly:

"Them trains is most alius on time."

"Well, you see that the nine-forty-five is on time to-morrow, Ben, or you'll get fired. See!"

The idea of Ben Hooper's running the railroad seemed to amuse him. He kept adding other jocose remarks, after which he would laugh loudly.

Hooper, very red, by turns scratching his head and slapping his battered hat against his knee, tried to make adequate replies, which trailed off ineffectively. At last he was relieved from his predicament by having to meet the 7.29 from Brompton, and when he got back Bixby was gone.

(To be concluded.)

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Indirect Development.

The eggs of the sea-urchin and starfish do not hatch directly into forms resembling the parents, but give rise to young differing as widely from the adult as the caterpillar differs from the butterfly.

Even among vertebrates, as in the case of some fish and all amphibians, the development from egg to adult is indirect.

Volcanoes in Malaya.

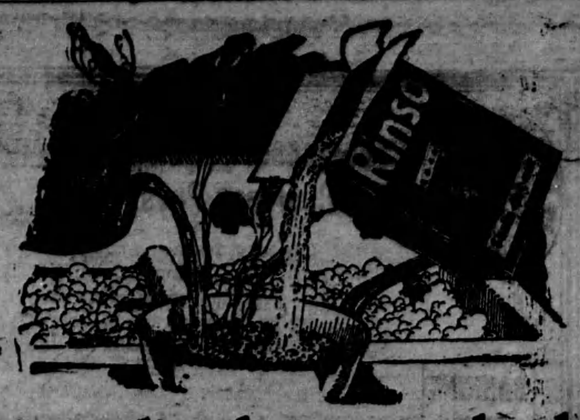
There are about eighty volcanoes in the Malay Archipelego which exhibit distinct signs of activity.

First Sugar Mill.

Sugar cane was first grown in territory now constituting the United States in 1751, and seven years later the first American sugar mill was built near New Orleans.

1/2 lb Package

A handy size package for occasions when half a pound is "just right."



Rinso dissolves completely

makes rich soapy solution

soaks dirt out

An Early Sportswoman.

Lord Howard De Walden treasures a game licence granted by Henry VIII. on May 31st, 1541, to an earlier Countess of Oxford.

This empowered her to invite her friends to kill game with crossbows or hand guns in any part of the realm, provided these shooting-parties took place only when the Countess herself was present.

The privilege—at first granted orally—was resented by other landowners, who threatened to prosecute the Countess for poaching. Whereupon she induced the King to give her formal permission in writing and to confirm the document by leters patent under the Great Seal.

Founder of Bolivia.

A man by the name of Bolivar established Bolivia in 1827.

CAPO POLISHES FOR ALL PURPOSES

"Makes old like New"

Staon Stove Polish
Odorless Stove Pipe Enamel

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LESS WORK BETTER RESULTS CAPO

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Cooking experts figure that the SMP Enameled Ware Roaster will save the average Canadian family fully $24.00 a year in meat bills. The secret is, it roasts the meat with very little shrinkage. Also, it makes cheap cuts taste like the best ones.

You place the roast in the roaster, put on the cover: the roaster does the rest. No basting required. Every roast is perfectly cooked.

The cover fits close, so that cooking odors cannot escape. Grease can't spatter out, which means a sweet clean oven. Prices range from 85c. to $3.50 each, depending on size and finish—and don't forget the saving of $24.00 yearly.

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