Unvarying Quality
"SALADA" TEA
T81
That is why people insist on Salada.

OWL-LAFFS

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

How could Solomon help but be wise when you consider the number of mother-in-laws he had to set him right?

Good Night.

Mother's Voice—"Mary, what are you doing out there?"

Mary—"I'm looking at the moon."

Voice—"Well, tell the moon to go home, and come in off the porch."

All wealth comes out of the ground, but only after hard digging.

"It's the little things that count," said the education lecturer.

"Yes," responded the primary grade teacher, "but you can't imagine what a hard time we have teaching them to do it."

We suppose every middle-aged man has concealed about him somewhere a memory, invariably pleasant, of a girl in a pink dress.

The most enjoyable moment in every show is immediately after the curtain goes up and before everybody starts coughing.

De Style—"What did Gotrocks do when the doctor told him he would have to give up tobacco?"

Gunbusta—"Began smoking the cigars his wife gave him for Christmas."

I tried to shave myself one day
But I met with disaster;
X marks the spot where I went wrong,
The X is of court plaster.

"Didn't I see you going down the street the other day with an apple in your hand?"

"Quite so, old chap. I was going to call on the doctor's wife."

Some people are so pessimistic that they look for splinters in club sandwiches.

The man who believes that money can do everything will do everything for money.

The Sunday-school lesson had been about the second commandment. The teacher questioned, "Are there any idols in America?" "Yes," replied the small boy, "me father is idle, and me uncle, too."

No attention should be paid to so fickle a thing as public opinion which will carry you on its shoulder one day and trample you under foot the next.

A lot of folks are like wheelbarrows, they have to be pushed all the time to get anywhere.

A man appeared at a police station and said:

"Oh, in regard to the watch which I reported was stolen yesterday, I have since found that it is not lost at all."

"You are too late," replied the superintendent, "the thief has been arrested."

One way to make people happy is to leave them alone, and let them go about being happy in their own way.

Gladys—"I think your clutch is slipping."

Bill—"I'm sorry, but if you'll only sit a little closer I'm sure it won't happen again."

Sunday in some places has ceased to be a day of rest, and is now a day of arrest.

Some golfers are afraid to use the fairway even on a clear day.

The town man imagines he would be happy if he could retire to a farm, and the farmer imagines he'd be happy if he could retire to a town and get a "set'n down" job.

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jane Belle Hamilton

THE TWO-PIECE STYLE ENTERS THE MODE IN A ONE-PIECE FROCK.

The belted line and slightly molded bodice indicate the new spirit in this frock fashioned of claret color crepe satin. Equally important are the knife-plaited panels designed to insure movement at the hemline. Satin of a deeper tone forms the long tie collar and flat tailored bows used to ornament the bodice front and dart-fitted sleeves. The foundation of this model is in one piece, the plaited panels being sewn to the dress at the low waistline and finished with a pointed belt tied in sash effect in the centre back. No. 1414 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 39-inch material, ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting. 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.

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.

Fidelity.

Touch but with gentlest finger the crystal that circles the Mariner's Guide—
To the East and the West how it drifts, and trembles, and searches on every side!
But it comes to its rest, and its light lance poises only one self-same way
Since ever a ship spread her marvellous sea-wings, or plunged her swan-breast through the spray—
For North points the needle!

Ye look not alone for the sign of the lode-star; the lode-stone, too, lendeth cheer;
Yet one in the heavens is established forever, and one is compelled through the sphere.
What! and ye chide not the fluttering magnet that seemeth to fly its troth,
Yet even now is again recording its fealty's silent oath—
As North points the needle!

—From "The Selected Poems of Edith M. Thomas."

Sun Causes Fire.

The sun shining through a reading-glass in the shop window of Mr. George Harper, optician, Woking, is believed to have been the cause of a fire which destroyed the window display.

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

THE JINX WAS ROUTED

BY MYRENE M. GARRISON.

PART I.

Sally Kingan felt a premonitory thrill. Abner, sitting opposite her, fumbling his checkered cap, was about to propose. The imminence of this foreshadowed moment flustered her. She turned her head and fixed her eyes on the tumble-down chimneys of the old Reedy homestead, jaggedly outlined against the distant knoll, in an effort to stiffen her resolution to speak her mind to Abner.

"Sally, will you marry me,"

Abner's voice was anxious. Sally bridled a little. She wanted him to feel anxious. Had Abner asked her ten years before she might have been silly enough to throw herself into his arms, she had loved him so. But since he had chosen Mandy Briggs as first mate on his initial voyage on the sea of matrimony, which choice had given Sally many wakeful, weeping nights, she meant to avoid the snags Mandy had encountered by telling Abner beforehand just what she thought.

"No one else could take Mandy's place," Abner urged gently, putting his cap aside and leaning closer.

Sally flushed. She believed a wife's love should make her husband strong. Mandy had babied Abner into a booby, always yielding to that jinx habit of his. "I wouldn't want to take her place," she said in an abrupt manner.

"Not exactly—of course—but Mandy wanted you to be—she told me so after her heart went bad," persisted Abner.

"I'd a' been blind not to see that you'd ask me when the year was up," Sally smiled faintly.

Abner's face lighted. "I love you so I reckon I couldn't help showing it," he said earnestly.

Sally lifted her plump white hand. "I'll be square with you, Abner, I'll not deny I've been considerin', but, first off, I wouldn't even try to take Mandy's place. I'd want a place of my own."

"I d-didn't mean—" stammered Abner.

"Wait. I know just what you mean. It isn't the work, though I'm free to confess I wouldn't slave like Mandy. It's something more important that's got to be settled before I'd promise myself."

A pang pierced Sally's tender heart at seeing Abner's introspective search of his blameless past for her reason. It was difficult to proceed with what she meant to stipulate, but she must not weaken.

"It's that jinx of yours, Abner. There isn't room under any roof for him and me. You'd have to choose between us."

Abner drew a deep breath. "Why, Sally! if you marry me there won't be any jinx—you'd bring me such good luck he'd never show his face again."

"Until the first time things went wrong," smiled Sally.

"Things won't go wrong. I never had better crops. You can see that from your window. I'll take good care of you, Sally."

"I don't doubt it," Sally's lips quirked as she glanced about her tidy room. She had made herself comfortable with the products of her own fifteen acres. It amused her to see Abner frown uneasily at the gleaming faucets above her white sink in the kitchn beyond. Mandy had always packed water up the hill from the spring.

Abner twisted uncomfortably. "You know I been planning to build on the knoll,' he said nervously.

Sally nodded. "Mandy often told me how she looked forward to running water in the house. It was your jinx that hindered you from building, wasn't it?" she asked mischievously.

Abner frowned. "Bad luck—yes—the jinx," he admitted.

"For my part I don't believe in jinxes and what I don't believe in doesn't exist for me," Sally asserted, her cheeks aflame. "It always has tried me to hear you harp about your bad luck, and your farm one of the best in the neighborhood. This jinx of depression has stood between you and comfort and I've made up my mind that I won't give you my promise unless you will vow that you'll never say 'jinx' again as long as you live."

Abner squared his shoulders. "It's a bargain! Goodness knows I'll be glad to be shut of him," he grinned.

Sally did not question Abner's sincerity, though she foresaw that he might find it difficult to carry out his intention. So when, after they were settled in the old homestead, his habit popped up like a jack from the box at the slightest provocation, from the untimely snapping of a shoe-string to the calamity of finding cattle in the corn, she severely ignored its manifestation, though it gave her joy to see Abner battle his foe and come off victorious.

She had about convinced herself that she had made a mountain of a mole-hill until the day that a loud crash brought them both hurrying to the sitting-room, where a large mirror had fallen fom the wall and dashed into fragments.

"Cord was rotten," said Sally, gathering up the frayed ends.

"Bad luck!" wailed Abner, glaring wildly. "Seven years bad luck!" he shrilled.

It was all that Sally could do to control her irritation on seeing Abner in the clutches of his arch-enemy.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I'm glad it broke. It was so wavy it made me look a fright. I never could tell whether my hat was on straight. Spread a newspaper and gather up the biggest pieces," she directed, deaf to Abner's gurgling moans.

Bustling about, Sally came with a wet woolen cloth which she spread over the splintered bits of glass, then patted firmly. "There! guess I've got it all," she said presently. "Now throw the whole mess into the old well you're filling up," she said, rolling up the cloth and putting it in Abner's trembling hands. As if hypnotized, Abner obeyed her.

Left alone Sally stamped her foot. "I won't recognize his jinx!" she said stormily.

Sally had made few changes in the rickety old house. It had not seemed proper to come into the home that had been Mandy's and at once sweep her out of it. She now felt that the time was ripe for an innovation. When Abner returned, ignoring his woebegone look, she briskly proposed: "Suppose while we're about it, we bring the big glass from the parlor and hang it here. It'll be awful handy. Nothing like a full-length mirror to keep a body neat," she smiled.

When Abner glanced disapprovingly at the blank space on the parlor wall, after he removed the mirror, she suggested: "Let's turn the parlor into a library. The bookcase will fill the place where the mirror was and we can open up the grate. Folks don't have parlors now-a-days anyhow."

"Just as you wish," sighed Abner.

Sally wanted to shake him, but instead she went on shooing his jinx without for a moment admitting its existence.

No one could sulk or worry long where Sally was. Comfort followed her magic touch and Abner gradually relaxed. One morning he burst out: "Every time I look at you, Sally, I bless my lucky stars!"

Sally's lips twitched mischievously and Abner perceived the humor of his admission. "The jinx is routed!" Abner grinned, snapping his fingers.

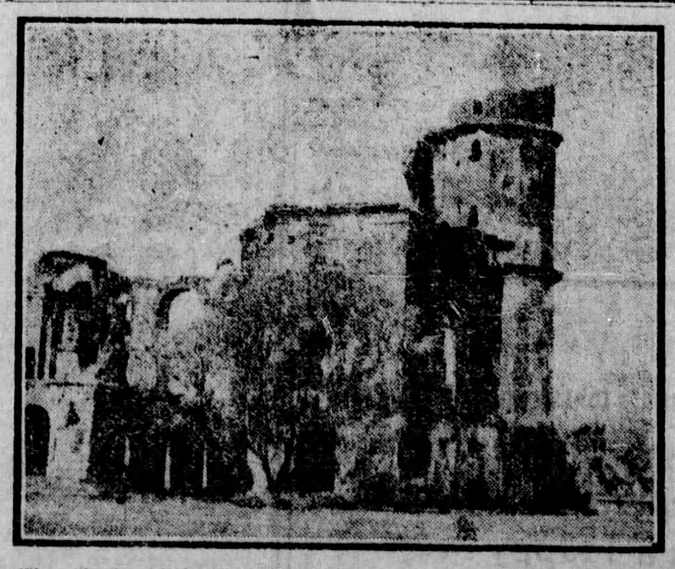
(To be concluded.)

His Only Chance.

Candid was the reply given by a caddie of his clan. His master's ball was badly bunkered, and try as he might he couldn't get it out again. At each foozled shot he set his teeth tighter and grew more and more purple in the face, until, after a quarter of an hour's excavation, he stopped and wiped his brow.

"Hang it!" he said, "I've tried all my clubs on this abominable ball. What on earth can I do now?"

"Gie it a swat wi' yer bag," said the lad.



The only flag in the British Empire that never comes down except to be replaced by a new one is that which flies over the Residency at Lucknow, India, day and night. Tennyson whote a poem on the incident of which it is a reminder of the Indian Mutiny.

Blunders and Blunderers.

Not all the sins of orthography can be laid to the printer. When Horace Greeley saw that he had been made to quote Shakespeare to the effect that "'tis two 'tis fifty; and fifty 'tis 'tis two," thus turning to nonsense Polonius's sage, "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true," he rushed to the composing room to meet an obdurate Scots printer who recommended him to attend night school and learn to write. To-day the typesetter has the convenient excuse that the machine is to blame. The London Sphere gathers up some of these lapses:

"A friend was complaining to me the other day of his difficulties in making speeches, and I gave him a few of the examples of 'opening' which after a long life of public banquets I had heard at such gatherings. Here are some examples of the kind of thing you may hear if you go to one particular kind of function, that at which printers and their friends foregather. You must trot out all the printers' errors of which you have ever heard, as, for example: In 'English Utilitarians,' by Leslie Stephen, the index has the words: 'Hell, John Stuart Mill will go to.' A reference to the fact that Coleridge had no outlets for his spiritual energy was altered into: 'Coleridge had no cutlets for his spiritual energy.'

"There is a story of a German printer's wife who surreptitiously altered the Biblical passage that the husband should be his wife's (Herr) lord so as to make him be her (Narr) fool. Perhaps the best of all printers' errors was that in which a printer had to announce to the world that intoxication is folly and altered it into the more genial statement that 'intoxication is jolly.' Theodore Beza was stated to have gone to sea in a Candian vessel. The printer altered this to 'Canadian' vessel. There is also that reference to the 'battle-scarred warrior,' which became 'bottle-scared' warrior!"

Thee is also the case of the index maker to a life of the famous English judge, Lord Eldon. The index had it, "Lord Eldon, his great mind." On turning to the page indicated, we read "Lord Eldon said he had a great mind to commit the attorney for contempt of court."

Princess Catherine Alexandrova Obolensky

A daughter of Tsar Alexander II., who served in the great war hospital at Yalta, in the Crimea.

Poor Ventilation Blamed for Colds.

Inadequate ventilation of homes and school rooms is one of the principal causes of severe and dangerous colds among children during the winter seasan, according to a heating and ventilating expert.

Children should never be permitted to gorge on sweets or desserts. Overloading of tehir stomachs and the resulting disorders of the system are predisposing causes of colds. Uneven heating of living and school rooms is a menace to children's health. A child kept for hours in a stuffy room, and then subjected to a sudden draft, will be chilled and ready to be sick, while he who has spent the time in a room uniformly freshened and heated by a good system of mechanical ventilation will laugh at the cold air outdoors.

The child who has a thoroughly ventilated school room, living room and sleeping room, is provided with the first and greatest safeguards against colds. Up-to-date school rooms are the most scientifically ventilated of all rooms now, when they have a positively controlled mechanical system of ventilation, which brings in fresh outdoor air, warms it, and diffuses it equally. It is unfortunate that this system is not generally in use for children's play-rooms in their homes, as well as in the schools.

The uneven heating of school rooms depending upon window ventilation invites colds. The reason is a lack of control. The school room becomes overheated, the children's pores are opened, and when the window is opened to cool the room the resulting draft of cold air nearly always results in colds.

The Y.W.C.A.

If the Y.W.C.A. had not been organized, it would have been necessary to form some other society to undertake a service which is essential under modern city conditions. It is not too much to say that no great community could have in its midst such great numbers of young women, most of them without family association, contributing to its economic life and to its higher activities, without some such agency to give them social, recreational and educational opportunities, as well as to help them in such matters as employment.—New York Times.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Back.

Royal Yeast Cakes
STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS
MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD

Varied Thrush.

In the Pacific Coast regions extending from Yakutut Bay, Alaska, to Humboldt County, California, lives a beautiful bird known as the Varied Thrush. It is about the size of a robin, and is often called the Alaska Robin. But it is a shyer, more exquisite bird than the robin. According to leading ornithologists, it is not found in other parts of America.

It is at once distinguished by its lovely orange-brown breast, and the black stripe or necklace crossing the lower part of its throat. The upper parts are dark, bluish slate. The sides of the head are black, bordered above by a brown streak.

When the snows begin to all in the mountains, the Varied Thrushes forsake the deeper woods for the lower, more open places. They frequently come into the outer districts of Seattle looking for food. After a heavy storm of snow one may see them hopping about looking for berries, peering under leaves, and even pecking at frost-bitten apples in the trees. Although extremely shy in the solitudes of their mountain homes they quickly become friendly where they find food.

The song of this bird is a single, sustained note, beginning as a pianissimo, swelling into full tone of desonant power and sweetness, and tapering into nothingess. One who is following a trail through the dark-forested mountain slopes hears this song coming regularly from different directions. It sounds like a vibrating bell tone ringing from the temple towers of tall firs, and drifting down the fragrant stillness of forest aisles. It is uttered in different keys.

One who visits the northwest woods a good deal soon learns to listen for this serene note and can detect its intoned delicacy when the ordinary visitor may need to listen long and sharply to hear it at all. Through the misty beauty of the dawn, amid the noontide stillness of a sun-warmed gap in a grove of fir, or spruce or cedar, or down the darkening loveliness of coming night, floats this mysterious, wistful iterated music telling of remote solitudes and mountain wilderness.

The True Nature Book.

If books about Nature are to live, they must not be descriptions written at the moment of rapture; they must be books writen as the result of observation. . . . Wordsworth said that poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity. I will not discuss how far this is true of poetry, but I think it is true for books on Nature. These should be the result of long observation, much feeling and tranquility, and then the effect upon the reader is one of calm and contemplation, and brings that sense of leisure and repose for which, in these days, we are more and more grateful.—Viscount Grey of Fallodon.

A New Insect Pest.

An entirely new American insect pest, a beetle from Japan, has been reported in New York and New Jersey.

"Big Saving to You"
RADIO
SETS and SUPPLIES
At Practically Wholesale Prices.
Mail Your Order To-day.
100 volt Storage "B" Batteries, ... $18.00
6 volt 100 Amp. Rex Storage Batteries $14.50
6 volt 90 Amp. Rex Storage Batteries $12.75
45 volt Vertical "B" Batteries, $3.00
45 volt Flat "B" Batteries, large, ... $4.00
45 volt Heavy Duty "B" Batteries, ... $5.00
Radiotron 201A Tubes $2.15
Radiotron 200A Tubes $4.90
Radiotron WX199 Tubes $2.30
Permatron 201A Tubes $1.25
Reliable A & B Chargers ... $20.00
Write for Prices on Standard Guaranteed Radio Products not listed.
BIG FOUR RADIO CO.
2 Gould Street Toronto 2, Ont.
Dept. WP