Better Value "SALADA" TEA

T52

Economy in its rich drawing freshness.

OWL-LAFFS

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

People usually are divided into two classes—the kickers and the pawers.

More times than not a woman is responsible for her husband's success because of the money she makes it necessary for him to make.

Your cold is getting better if you have begun to think your wife is a pretty good scout, after all.

Man in Elevator — "Fourth floor, please."

Operator—"Here you are, son."

"How dare you call me son? You're not my father."

"Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

Nobody ever does exactly as he pleases, but some men get a good deal of pleasure in bragging about how they do it.

Surgeon—"Your minister is here. Do you wish to see him before the operation?"

Patient—"No, I don't care to be opened with prayer."

He.

He brings me flowers and candy,
New music, too, and books,
He takes me out to dinner,
I must admire his locks.
We motor far together
Beneath the starlit skies!
And stay till after midnight,
But none may criticize.

I hug him in the hallway,
And kiss him at the gate,
We're going off to Europe,
But haven't fixed the date.
His money buys me dresses,
(I'm always smartly clad),
But it is all quite proper
Because he is my dad.

The trouble with being your brother's keeper is that he thinks you are trying to be his boss.

A Scotchman and a Jewish boy went out golfing on a very hot day. The Jewish boy had a sunstroke and the Scotchman made him count it.

Dink—"Have any luck in the poker game last night?"

Blink—"Yes, there was a doctor in the game and I won eight perscriptions."

Now is the time for all good merchants to put the busy in business with advertising.

"What should a bride do with left-over meats?"

"Make hash."

"And with the left-over hash?"

"Croquettes."

"And then what?"

All Life's Minor Tragedies.

Bright thoughts and clever ones and deep
Come as we're dropping off to sleep;
But when, alas, we wake at dawn
They've folded up their tents and gone.

A neighboring editor received from a lady some verses daintily tied up with pink ribbon and entitled: "I Wonder if He'll Miss Me?" After reading them he returned them to the sender with the following note: "Dear Madam—If he does he ought never to be trusted with firearms again."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in association with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

TRIMLY TAILORED.

A triumph of chic and slenderness is this one-piece dress of kasha. It is most essential that every smart wardrobe should contain at least one frock of this type. In every detail it illustrates the theory that the long line is the shortest route to slenderness. Inverted plaits in each side seam give the necessary fulness, and the long tight-fitting sleeves, and vestee of contrasting material are of the latest mode. No. 1179 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material; ⅜ yard contrasting for vestee. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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.

BELGIUM IS SATISFIED.

Governor of State Bank Defends Stabilization at the Market.

The Governor of the Bank of Belgium, M. Franck, returning lately from Rome, where he had conferred with the Finance Minister, Volpi, and with Mussolini, pointed out that, in face of growing criticism, the National Bank takes full responsibility for the choice of the Belgian stabilization rate. Belgium, he said, is very glad that other countries are able to stabilize at a higher rate, but Belgium, dependent on exports, could not have chosen a higher rate.

The Belgian stabilization measures resulted in an inflow of foreign currencies and in a partial alleviation of the situation of the Treasury. M. Franck defended the originator of the Belgian stabilization, M. Francqui.

Says Tall Men Are Hungrier.

That a tall thin man requires more food than a short one, even though both are the same weight, is the contention of a Japanese doctor. He declares that the amount of food needed depends on the total area, not the weight of the body.

Bamboo is the latest material used for making paper. This means that bamboos, long regarded as weeds in India, have become an important commercial product.

Minard's Liniment for chapped hands.

A GIRL OF METTLE

BY BESS McKAE DAVIS

PART II.

A noise reached Nilwan, the tones of two rough voices just behind her resting place. Since her experience with the bootlegger she had been cautious and more or less suspicious, wondering if a still were hidden near. She listened.

One man said in a guttural tone, "He's at the old lodge near Bolston's Creek. We can let the gang know and get him to-night."

"And what he'll get when we do lay our hands on him! We'll show him that he can't pull a gag like that on us," the other snarled.

Nilwan rose silently, parted the leaves and peered through. Two men, burly and vicious looking, stood close together.

"When I get through with him, he won't report me again. Carter Mason had better not fool with Jim Styles if he wants to play safe. You tell the boys to meet in the woods in front of the cabin, at nine. We'll make things hot for him."

Nilwan shuddered. Carter—they were going to get Carter—to hurt Carter.

Her sense of gratitude drowned her doubts. He had saved her once—her turn now! What if he loved Janet? That was his business—hers now to do what she could for him.

She waited until the sound of the horses' hoofs had died away then turned and sped across the field.

Twilight was deepening. She knew where Bolston's Creek was and the cabin used as a fishing lodge by some city men. It was three miles away. She did not follow the road but cut across fields. Minutes were precious. The going was hard, over stubble fields and plowed ground.

When she came to the creek, she stopped short and stared. Her eyes were not deceiving her—the bridge was down and Carter was on the other side! Dropping weakly to the ground she looked with frightened eyes at the swirling water. Running water was the one thing that she feared. She had learned to swim because her father had insisted upon it but she had never mastered her fears. She swallowed chokingly then bent and unlaced her shoes, kicked them off and slid down the bank to the water's edge. Once she gasped, then plunged in, the water reaching for her greedily.

She went under and it seemed that all the water in the world was pressing her down relentlessly. The rush of the flood carried her down the stream; debris struck against her; she recognized her peril and felt a weak desire to give up the struggle. Then her heart cried out and love put strength into her flagging muscles.

Gasping, all but broken, she finally dragged herself to the bank and lay flat on her back while above her the evening star smiled. Wearily she raised her bruised body, forcing it by sheer will power to go on. The knowledge that she had not much time spurred her. She could rest when she had warned Carter.

Stones bruised her feet, briars tore at her but she stumbled on. With a sob of relief she saw a light shining in the lodge. She smelt the fragrance of a cigar and with a frantic burst of speed ran up the trail and tottered into the house calling weakly "Carter!"

The house was empty. With a cry the weary girl drooped and settled to the floor. He was not there! The men would get him; perhaps they had already come.

A step sounded on the porch and Carter stood framed against the outer darkness. He stared at the figure before him, white face upturned to his startled gaze and crossed the room with a stride to kneel beside her.

"Nilwan! What has happened?"

He raised her head and held it against him, his other hand pushing the wet hair from her face; the closed eyelids fluttered and she stared up into his anxious face. Recognition leaped into her eyes then and she cried out huskily, "Carter—the men! They're coming up to kill you. I heard them—at nine—plotting . . . I swam . . . ."

Gone was the boyishness; he was a man, stern and capable. "You brave little woman!" he said, his voice husky with feeling.

She smiled faintly as he carried her to a couch, brought blankets and cared for her. Then everything went black. She dreamed and struggled back through the fog of semi-consciousness, tried to move, groaned with pain, then remembered and stumbled to her feet. The house was utterly still.

"Carter—oh, Carter!" she called.

No answer. She staggered to the porch. Through the starlit night she could dimly see the outlines of a group of dark figures. They had taken Carter!

To her mind's eye leaped pictures of mobs. Were they going to hang him to one of the trees? What—what would they do to him? All the answer that came back to her was the snap of twigs under heavy feet and the cry of a bird.

She slipped from the steps and followed them; tried to cry out and found that she had no voice.

The group halted; she could see a figure in the middle, white-shirted—Carter. Hands seized him and laid him across a log; other hands held him down; one big form raised a strap high above his head.

Nilwan hid her eyes and screamed.

Figures leaped from the shadows; there was a confused mutter of curses and sharp orders; the sound of blows; a guttural grunt; confusion, delay and then the group marched away through the woods. Utterly strengthless, she waited and Carter it was who ran to her, gathered her in his arms and carried her back to the lodge; he put her in a chair and dropped to his knees by her, holding one of her limp hands.

"Tell me!" she implored. "You're not hurt?"

"Those men who came for me are a band of floggers who have been terrorizing this neighborhood. You know, Nilwan, I am a private detective and I've been trying to land this very set of crooks. You played right into my hands. If you had not warned me, I'd be now—if alive to tell the tale, in a worse condition than you are. You plucky girl!" Her hands gripped his spasmodically. "When I put you down, you fainted, and I don't wonder! I telephoned my assistants; they waited in the woods to catch the men red-handed. . . . Nilwan, this means promotion for me and you're responsible for it!"

"I' glad," she said, "and I'm thankful that they didn't get to you before I did. It was awful, awful!" She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Tender arms enfolded her and a voice whispered, "Nilwan, darling. I love you! I've loved you from the minute I saw you at the police station, standing there so gallant and courageous. I wouldn't allow myself to tell you how I felt because I had nothing to offer you but myself. This night's work will put me on the way to success. Nilwan, will you give me the right to take care of you?"

She was silent.

"Was it gratitude that made you try to save me or was it love? Nilwan, tell me!"

She raised her head and looked straight into his eyes. "Who is 'your own Janet'?" she asked.

For an instant perplexity covered his frank face, then a smile of understanding flashed over it. "Janet? Oh, did I drop that picture at your house? I couldn't find it anywhere. Janet is my niece whom I'm putting through college. Is it possible? Were you jealous of her?"

(The End.)

Sees Him a Long Way Off.

"Does a dollar see you very far now?"

"Yese, and dodges before I can get anywhere near it, too."

New Record Made On Low-Power Sets

A new Canadian low-power transmission record was established recently when George F. Stiff, C-3EL, radio amateur of Toronto, who talked with station A-2RX of Adelaide, Australia. The transmission took place between 8 and 8.45 a.m., and was made possible from the Toronto end with a 5-watt tube which had seen much service. The power input at the time of the transmission was less than 20 watts.

The Toronto signals were reported in Adelaide, Australia, as quite clear and easily readable. At the Toronto station A-2RX came through on a wave length of 32.5 meters.

The radio branch of the Department of Marine and Fisheries announces that twenty-three candidates were successfully examined during the month of November and obtained certificates of proficiency in radiotelegraphy.

Three obtained first-class commercial certificates, all three residing at Cape Race, N. F. One of these was a girl, Miss M. A. Myrick. It is seldom that a girl tries for this certificate, the number holding such in Canada being less than six.

Many great men of the past probably only seemed great by contrast with their fool constituents.

Don't blame your digestion for everything. No car can do its best on a hill if you feed it too much gas.

It is estimated that millions of people nightly listen in on the radio programmes. Another indication that "Ohm, Sweet Ohm" is becoming more and more popular.

OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE FRENCH CURRENCY

French Expert Describes Ending of Inflation and Relations With the Bank.

In his recent speech to the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Henri Cheron, the Reporter General, pointed out that the 1927 budget is now completely balanced and the Treasury is free from anxiety. The method of inflation has been set aside. He stated that, if the financial restoration of France has been rapidly realized, it would be unwise to consider the era of difficulties as closed.

Dealing with the fear that the revalorization of the franc is likely to bring about an economic crisis in France and would have an effect on the budget, he said that this would unquestionably be followed by a fall in revenue, but points out that the commission has already reduced expenditure voted by the Chamber by 155,000,000 francs. He added that the State will repay 2,000,000,000 francs on Dec, 31 to the Bank of France for advances made.

Regarding the foreign exchange holding of the Banque de France, M. Cheron stated that it was acquired as follows: (1) from the balance of $30,840,836 remaining from the Morgan loan contracted in the United States in execution of an act of 1924, and the convention of July 24, 1926; (2) from the result of sales of gold and silver purchased from the public; (3) from the proceeds of loans issued abroad in Swiss francs by the State railways and the railways of Alsace-Lorraine ceded by the State; (4) from the proceeds of loans issued abroad by French companies and ceded to the bank; (5) from direct purchases in the market.

As to the total amount of foreign exchanges held by the Treasury and the bank, he said that it suffices to say that the same exceeds considerably the amount required to meet foreign maturities during the coming year.

CANADA'S ENVOY IS DUE SOON

Massey is Expected to Facilitate Adjustment of Standing Issues.

Washington.—Vincent Massey, Canada's first Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, is expected to reach Washington in the near future, according to officials of the British Embassy. He will set up a Dominion legation.

Canada's action is regarded as the forerunner of similar representation from South Africa and possibly Australia.

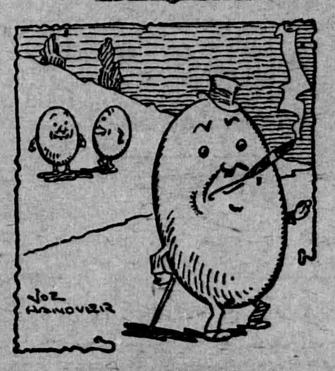
Among the matters at issue between Ottawa and Washington, which officials believe may be adjusted through the assignment of a diplomatic envoy, are the Canadian objection to diversion of lake waters at Chicago, the proposal for a St. Lawrence seaway and a possible revision of the Rush-Bagot treaty.

It is not likely that the United States will reciprocate at once by sending a Minister to Ottawa, in as much as it has not sent an emissary to Dublin.

Make Your Own Soap and Save Money

Full Directions with each can

Be Sure You Get The Genuine
GILLETT'S FLAKE LYE



A Hard-Boiled Boss.

1st Egg—"Why did you quit working for that fellow?"

2nd Egg—"I had to. He's too hard-boiled for me!"

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

The Oxford Edition

"Makers of Canada"

A Drama of Three Hundred Years, in Five Acts, in which the Characters are real and the plot is the Making of a Nation.

Act 1. The French Regime.
Act 2. Early British Rule.
Act 3. The Winning of the Great West.
Act 4. Struggle for Responsible Government.
Act 5. Confederation and Expansion.

Write for Illustrated Prospectus.

S. B. GUNDY
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
25 Richmond St. West, Toronto

The Saving Flour!

Its superior strength makes Purity go farther than ordinary flours. It is perfect for all your baking — cakes, pies, buns and bread — so the one flour sack only, is necessary. Try Purity Flour to-day — it is certain to please you.

PURITY FLOUR

Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. 262

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.

Order Your Farm Help Now

TO BE OF SERVICE to Eastern Canadian Farmers and help to meet their needs in securing competent farm help, the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY will continue its Farm Help Service during 1927, and will include in this Service, as last year, the supply of women domestics and boys.

Through experience in the past few years, the Company is now in touch with a number of farm laborers in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Switzerland, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Germany and Roumania and can promptly fill applications for farm help.

In order to have the help reach Canada in time for Spring operations, farmers requiring help must get their applications in early, to enable us to secure the help needed.

Blank application forms and full information regarding the Service may be obtained from any C.P.R. agent or from any of the officials listed below.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY
Department of Colonization and Development

MONTREAL — J. Dougall, General Agricultural Agent. C. La Due Norwood, Land Agent.
TORONTO — J. E. Parker, General Agent, Ocean Traffic.
SHERBROOKE — W. M. Hillhouse, Special Colonization Agent.
SAINT JOHN — G. Bruce Burpee, District Passenger Agent.
KENTVILLE — George E. Graham, General Manager, Dom. Atlantic Ry.
OTTAWA — J. A. McGill, General Agent, Passenger Department.

J. N. E. MACALISTER, Assistant Commissioner. F. S. DENNIS, Chief Commissioner.