Impartial Experts Say

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T32

is the finest 'Orange Pekoe' sold.

OUR LOWLY MATCH HAS ROUNDED OUT A CENTURY

It is Only in the Last 100 Years That it Has Taken the Place of the Cumbersome Tinder Box—Growth of The Industry is Traced From Its Origin

A hundred years ago in the peaceful little town of Stockton-on-Tees, England, a druggist whose hobby was chemistry began to dabble in a strange mixture. He had the idea that a better means for obtaining a light than the clumsy old-fashioned tinder box could be discovered. The result was a preparation of chlorate of potash and a sulphide of antimony which he named "percussion powder" and placed on sale in his shop It took fire readily but still not exactly the thing he had in mind. Then he conceived the notion of attaching the mixture to the end of a tiny stick, and the watch was born. Within a century that match grew into a gigantic industry with factories the world over.

How could John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees have imagined that by the time the centennial of his discovery arrived more than 6,000,000 matches would lighted every minute throughout the world? How could he have guessed that a single machine of American make would turn out 177,926,400 matches in a day, not loose and ragged sticks but smoothly-finished, boxed and labeled for shipment during its comparatively short life to a position of probably the most used convenience in the civilized world is one of compelling interest, a tale of a growth that turned whole forests into tiny white splinters so that man might have the gift of fire at his instant command.

The World's Consumption

The world's consumption of matches has been placed roughly at 3,228,425,000,000 a year, with five a day a reasonable estimate per capita of population. A billion a day, it is said, are used in the United States alone. In England the annual consumption of matches is set at two hundred billion a year. If the matches made each year were laid end to end they would reach a distance of 95,538,145 miles or almost 4,000 times around the circumference of the globe.

The match, which one lights and throws away without a thought, has penetrated the deepest jungles known to man in the pockets of the explorer, and savage tribes have bowed down in wonder at the miracle-object from which flame shoots by a single motion of the hand. Fire had in ancient times a host of worshipers. The followers of Zoroaster in the East regarded fire as a deity and the vestal virgins of Rome had their sacred flame in the shrine of the goddess who gave her name to a type of match which once was highly popular—the wax vesta. Only for the last hundred years, strange as it may seem, have we had at hand in the match the means of producing fire conveniently.

When Walker's "friction matches" went on the market as the crude ancestor of to-day's article, a rought piece of paper was provided with each box. This paper was folded and the match was pulled through it sharply, igniting its head. The price of the first matches was a shilling a box, but within seven years a London dealer was advertising "lucifer matches" at sixpence for a hundred.

In the shabby rooms of the poor folk of the neighborhood the first matches were made for Walker. He hired men and women to cut the splints, or sticks, by hand from blocks of wood and by hand they were dipped in molten sulphur and then tipped. Match making was a trade that could be practiced by any one with the result that score of private manufacturers went into the business in the tenement districts of London, operating in ramshackle buildings on dark streets with the menace of fire ever present. Many were the tragedies in those early days.

But a deadlier peril than that of fire was to arise to take its toll of workers. Not until 1898 was the terrible menace of phosphorus necrosis banished from the factories. When yellow phosphorus came in as the ignition material, Walker's mixture disappeared from the scene. Although several European countries have claimed the first use of phosphorus, it was Dr. Charles Sauria of St. Lothair, France, who produced the new instant ignition in 1831. The "strike anywhere" match came into being, bringing with it a horrible industrial disease.

The fumes of the yellow phosphorus entered the jawbone of the worker through defective teeth and brought about decay of the bone. Governments enlisted the best talent of their countries in the battle to eliminate the necrosis peril and chemists experimented with substitutes for the yellow phosphorus. In 1864 G. Lemoine prepared a new substance— sesqui-sulphid of phosphorus —which contained none of the deadly properties of the yellow variety. But for thirty-four years the solution was overlooked and it was not until 1898 that two French chemists, Sevene and Cahen, took out a patent on the Lemoine mixture, which ended abruptly the high death rate.

White Matches Preferred

During this century another sweeping change has taken place in the introduction of the safety match. It may seem peculiar that the safety match, which was first made by Lundstrom in Sweden in 1855, should have had a hard fight to attain a real popularity. The public ignored it on the premise that when the sandpaper was lost the safety match would be useless. Lundstrom had to think out some way of overcoming this apathy. That simple little object—the slide box—with the sandpaper on its side—was invented and the safety match boomed.

Nobody wants a match with a red, green, brown or black wooden stick or, in fact, of any other hue than white. The matchmakers found this out when they experimented with brown cedar and a variety of tropical colored woods in an effort to conserve their wood supply.

ISSUE No. 50—'27

Wilson Publishing Company

A CHIC DAYTIME FROCK.

The smart frock shown here is a style the Junior Miss will find suitable for all daytime wear. The plaited skirt front is joined to the bodice having a notched collar and vestee, and the back is in one piece. A narrow belt fastens at the front, and the long tight-fitting sleeves are finished with shaped cuffs. No. 1680 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch, or 1¾ yards 54-inch material, and 1-3 yard additional 36-inch contrasting for View B. Price 20 cents the pattern.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. 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.

During the course of a colored festival in a Southern town, Miss Mandy Johnson, a guest from a rural community near by, to whom such a function was a novelty, was approached by a Mr. Spencer, who inquired with great suavity: "Miss Johnson, am yo' program full?" "Lordy, no, Mr. Spencer," said the lady, "it takes mo'dan a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah program!"

CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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ARRGT. NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Cont'd.)

"So!" said the Admiral.. "Fery boedical!"

My lord wheeled fircely upon Captain Blood. "You've a past score to wipe out, my man!" he admonished him. "You've done something toward it, I confess; and you've shown your quality in doing it. That's why I offer you the governorship of Jamaica in His Majesty's name—because I account you the fittest man for the office that I have seen."

Blood bowed low. "Your lordship is very good. But . . ."

"Tchah! There's no 'but' to it. If you want your past forgotten, and your future assured, this is your chance. And you are not to treat it lightly on account of apple blossoms or any other damned sentimental nonsense. Your duty lies here, at least for as long as the war lasts. When the war's over, you may get back to Somerset and cider or your native Ireland and its potheen; but until then you'll make the best of Jamaica and rum."

Blood stuffened and bowed.

"My lord, you are in the right. I am a fool. But don't be accounting me as an ingrate as well. If I have hesitated, it is because there are considerations with which I will not trouble your lordship."

"Apple blossoms, I suppose?" sniffed his lordship.

This time Blood laughed, but there was still a lingering wistfulness in his eyes.

"It shall be as you wish—and very gratefully, let me assure your lordship. I shall know how to earn His Majesty's approbation. You may depend upon my loyal service."

"If I didn't, I shouldn't offer you this governorship."

"Now ve can aboud our business go," said van der Kuylen.

"We sail to-morrow morning," his lordship announced.

Blood was startled.

"And Colonel Bishop?" he asked.

"He becomes your affair. You are now the Governor. You will deal with him as you think proper on his return. Hang him from his own yardarm. He deserves it."

"Isn't the task a trifle invidious?" wondered Blood.

"Very well. I'll leave a letter for him. I hope he'll like it."

Captain Blood took up his duties at once. With the sanction of Lord Willoughby, he marshaled his buccaneers and surrendered to them one-fifth of the captured treasure, leaving it to their choice thereafter either to depart or to enroll themselves in the service of King William.

A score of them elected to remain, and amongst these were Jeremy Pitt, Ogle, and Dyke. They were—saving old Wolverstone, who had been left behind at Cartagena—the only survivors of that band of rebels-convict who had left Barbados over three years ago in the Cinco Llagas.

On the following morning, whilst van der Kuylen's fleet was making finally ready for sea, Blood sat in the spacious whitewashed room that was the governor's office, when Major Mallard brought him word that Bishop's homing squadron was in sight.

"That is very well," said Blood. "I am glad he comes before Lord Willoughby's departure. The orders, Major, are that you place him under arrest the moment he steps ashore. Then bring him here to me. A moment." He wrote a hurried note. "That to Lord Willoughby aboard Admiral van der Kuylen's flagship."

Major Mallard saluted and departed. Peter Blood sat back in his chair and stared at the ceiling, frowning. Time moved on. Came a tap at the door, and an elderly negro slave presented himself. Would his excellency receive Miss Bishop?

He rose when she entered, and if he was not as pale as she was it was because his tan dissembled it. For a moment there was silence between them, as they stood looking each at the other. Then she moved forward, and began at last to speak.

"I . . . I . . . . Major Mallard has just told me . . ."

"Major Mallard exceeded his duty," said Blood, and because of the effort he made to steady his voice it sounded harsh and unduly loud.

He saw her start, and stop, and instantly made amends. "You alarm yourself without reason, Miss Bishop. Whatever may lie between me and your uncle, you may be sure that I shall not follow the example he has set me. Lord Willoughby's recommendations to me is that I shall treat him without mercy. My own intention is to send him back to his plantation in Barbados."

She came slowly forward now. "I . . . I am glad that you will do that. Glad, above all, for your own sake." She held out her hand to him.

He considered it critically. Then he bowed over it. "I'll not presume to take it in the hand of a thief and a pirate," said he bitterly.

"You are no longer that," she said, and strove to smile.

"Yet I owe no thanks to you that I am not," he answered. "I think there's no more to be said, unless it be to add the assurance that Lord Julian Wade has also nothing to apprehend from me. That, no doubt, will be the assurance that your peace of mind requires?"

"For your own sake—yes. But for your own sake only. I would not have you do anything mean or dishonoring."

Her clear hazel eyes considered him

"I—I thought you'd never say it," she mocked him through her tears.

a moment wistfully. Then she put out her hand again.

"I am going, Captain Blood. Since you are so generous to my uncle, I shall be returning to Barbados with him. We are not like to meet again—ever. Is it impossible that we should part friends? Once I wronged you, I know. And I have said that I am sorry. Won't you . . won't you say 'goodbye'?" He took the hand she proffered.

Retaining it, he spoke. "And Lord Julian, then " he asked, his eyes watching her, bright as sapphires in that copper-colored face.

"Lord Julian will no doubt be going home to England. There is nothing more for him to do out here."

"But didn't he ask you to go with him?"

"He did. I forgive you the impertinence."

A wild hope leapt to life within him.

"And you? Glory be, ye'll not be telling me ye refused to become my lady, when . . ."

"Oh! You are insufferable!" She tore her hand from him, and backed away from him. "I should not have come . . . Goodbye!"

She was speeding to the door. He sprang after her, and caught her.

"Arabella!" he cried on a note of pleading. "Must I release ye? Must I let ye go and never set eyes on ye again? Or will ye stay and make this exile endurable until we can go home together? Och, ye're crying now! What have I said to make ye cry, my dear?"

"I . . . I thought you'd never say it," she mocked him through her tears.

They had, of course, a deal to say thereafter, so much, indeed, that they sat down to say it, whilst time sped on, and Governor Blood forgot the duties of his office. And meanwhile Colonel Bishop's fleet had come to anchor, and the Colonel had landed on the mole, a disgruntled man to be disgruntled further yet. He was accompanied ashore by Lord Julian Wade.

A corporal's guard was drawn up to receive him, and in advance of this stood Major Mallard and two others who were unknown to the Deputy-Governor, one slight and elegant, the other big and brawny.

Major Mallard advanced. "Colonel Bishop, I have orders to arrest you. Your sword, sir!"

Bishop stared, empurpling. "What the devil . . . Arrest me, d'ye say? Arrest me? By whose orders, pray?"

"By the orders of the Governor of Jamaica," said the elegant little man behind Major Mallard. Bishop swung to him.

"The Governor? Ye're mad!" He looked from one to the other. "I am the Governor," he announced furiously.

"You were," said the little man dryly. "But we've changed that in your absence. You're broke for abandoning your post without due cause, and thereby imperilling the settlement over which you had charge. It's a serious matter, Colonel Bishop, as you may find. Considering that you held your office from the Government of King James, it is even possible that a charge of treason might lie against you. It rests with your successor entirely whether ye're hanged or not."

Bishop made a noise in his throat, rapped out an oath and then, shaken by a sudden fear: "Who the devil may you be?" he asked.

"I am Lord Willoughby, Governor-General of His Majesty's colonies in the West Indies. You were informed, I think, of my coming."

"But, my lord . . ." began the Colonel.

"Sir, I am not concerned to hear your reasons," his lordship interrupted him harshly. "I am on the point of sailing and I have not the time. The Governor will hear you, and no doubt deal justly by ou."

Major Mallard led his prisoner to the Governor's house, the house that so long had been Colonel Bishop's own residence. Bishop was left to wait under guard in the hall, whilst Major Mallard went ahead to announce him.

Miss Bishop was still with Peter Blood when Major Mallard entered. His announcement startled them back to realities.

She effaced herself, escaping into the garden, and Major Mallard fetched the colonel.

"His excellenc the Governor will see you now," said he, and threw wide the door.

Colonel Bishop staggered in, and stood waiting.

At the table sat a man of whom nothing was visible but the top of a carefully curled black head. Then this head was raised, and a pair of blue eyes solemnly regarded the prisoner. Colonel Bishop made a noise in his throat, and, paralyzed by amazement, stared into the face of his excellency the Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, which was the face of the man he had been hunting in Tortuga to his present undoing.

The situation was best expressed to Lord Willoughby by van der Kuylen as the pair stepped aboard the Admiral's flagship.

"Id is fery boedical!" he said, his blue eyes twinkling, "Cabdain Blood is fond of boedry—you remember de abble blossoms, So? Ha, ha!"

(THE END.)

Very Portable Radio

THE RADIO STATION OF THE NEXT WAR

A motorcycle sending station demonstrated by the French army at Satory, where experiments with the motorcycle for army use were made.

THERE AIN'T NO MORE

"Say Jimmy, what are the studies you hate most in school?"

"Readin', writin', 'rithmatic and g'ography."

Nobel Prizes and Winners

According to a report of the Nobel Foundation its total funds now amount to nearly 31,000,000 crowns, or more than $8,000,000. Beginning in 1901, Nobel prizes amounting to a total value of between thirteen and fourteen million crowns have been awarded. Of these, 23 prizes went to medical men, 23 were awarded in chemistry, 32 in physics, 25 in literature and 28 for the promotion of peace. The recipients of prizes included 30 Germans, 24 Frenchmen, 20 Englishmen, 8 Swedes, 8 Americans, 7 Swiss; Hollanders and Danes, 6 each; Belgians, Norwegians, Italians and Austrians, 4 each; Spaniards, 3; Canadians, Poles and Russians, 2 each; Irish and Bengalese, 1 each. Of the peace prizes 6 went to France, 4 to Switzerland and 4 to America.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

Ontario Militia Win "Wet" Victory

Kingston Forces Granted Permit Enabling Consumption of Liquor

Toronto — The Canadian Militia forces in Ontario have won a victory without bloodshed and even before hostilities commenced:

D. B. Hanna, chairman of the Ontario Liquor Control Board announced recently that a special permit has been granted the military forces at Kingston enabling the consumption of spirits, wines and beers in the messes and canteens. This in accordance with the regulations of the King's Army, which provide hard liquor, wines and beer for the sergeants, and mere beer for the men. These distinctions are made by regulations and not by the liquor board.

Mr. Hanna stated that application had been made for permission to carry this out, by way of the department of national defense and the permit was granted. "As a matter of fact," Mr. Hanna said, "the king's regulations are supreme and over ride any provincial law, and the military authorities could have forced the acknowledgement of their right to have such liquors for the permanent forces."

BRINGING OUT THE NEW PORK MODELS

Farmers and packers, discovering that the national craze for a youthful figure is interfering seriously with the sale of pork products, have announced a change in "hog styles."

* * * *

They are trying to develop a lean pig!

* * * *

In the past pigs have been pigs. From now on they may be greyhounds.

* * * *

It has been found by the packers and butchers that the modern woman can't even look at a good old-fashioned ham, shoulder of pork or cut of spareribs without shuddering. Anything that suggests promiscuous fat ruins her day.

* * * *

The prewar era, when the red-faced butcher could yank a lardaceous sector of hog off the meat hook and make a quick sale with a snappy "Very choice cut, lady," is gone forever. The modern marketman may know his pork products, but the modern housekeeper knows her calories.

* * * *

If you want to make the lithe and limber Lorelei Lees in 1927 run like anything just suggest a breakfast of sausages and a dinner of pork chops.

* * * *

The consumers of pork in the last few years have been very largely old-timers, whose shapes had gone too far for correction. And the hog raisers have begun to realize it.

* * * *

Their only hope now is to breed a type of hog that will have snappier, racier lines.

* * * *

A pig that looks like a pig means strictly no sale. It has got to look more like a gazelle.

* * * *

1928 will see the farmers actually starving their hogs for market!

* * * *

Another year may witness the packers advertising pigs as an obesity cure.

* * * *

Signs like these may blaze on the billboards:

TRY OUR ATHLETIC BACON —IT GIVES YOU THAT YOUTHFUL LOOK.

TAKE OFF THAT SUPERFLUOUS FLESH WITH ARMOUR'S PORKLESS PORKERS.

EAT NO-FAT HAM AND KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL FIGURE. PORK FROM DEFLATED HOGS.

* * * *

Whither are we going? The next move may be to cross the potato with something that will make it more like an olive, and develop a chocolate eclair that will have the general appearance of an artichoke.

"I'm not satisfied with the parrot you sold me," said the customer. "What's the trouble, lady?" "You said it was a good talker, but it never utters a word unless I give it half-a-dozen monkey nuts." "That's it, lady. I forgot to mention that that parrot is strictly an after-dinner speaker."

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

It sometimes seems to the motorist that "Don't Park" is the largest of the national reservations.