The colour and exquisite flavour of "SALADA" Green Tea are natural—Only the process of curing is different from Black Tea—Both are equally pure—"SALADA" Green Tea is sealed in air-tight aluminum—fresh—delicious—satisfying—38c per ½-lb. at all grocers. Ask for this tea.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA 208

Patriotic Philanthropy

Great Britain is probably the most heavily taxed nation in the world, as a result of the World War, and yet the sturdy citizens of the islands in the North Sea pay with but little grumbling, with but little complaint. It is regarded as a duty "to pay for the war." It should be remembered that the richer the individual, the higher is his proportion of the taxes to be paid. Not only, however, do the British pay these abnormally high taxes, but every once in a while the world learn that some patriotic individual has forwarded to the Government a large sum of money, or its equivalent, to assist in liquidating its enormous debt, and thus lessen, even if only infinitesimally, the heavy burden of taxation carried on the shoulders of his fellow-countrymen. In this way a total of over £1,000,000 has been paid into the British Treasury.

The latest gift of this nature is of a somewhat unique character, and was made as most of them have been, anonymously. The amount is the handsome sum of £100,000, and the condition on which it has been given is that the money shall lie at compound interest for a number of years before being applied to the reduction of the national debt. As money at 5 per cent. doubles itself in about 14 years, it is easy to perceive that in a comparatively short time the original £100,000 will have grown into a most respectable sum.

It may be recalled to the credit of the British Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, that he it was who started the ball rolling in giving these large sums of money toward the amelioration of his country's condition. It will be remembered that Mr. Baldwin, when the country's need was most urgent, realized 20 per cent. of his entire fortune, which he valued at some £580,000, and with this amount he purchased £150,000 of the new war loan. The gift was anonymous, and it was only later that Mr. Wickham Steed made the matter public in the Review of Reviews. This patriotic example was followed with donations of other sums of money, extremely satisfactory to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the total amount thus received, as before stated, is considerably over £1,000,000.—Editorial Christian Science Monitor.

Radio Experts Get New Data

Inventor Explains Circuit Permitting Sideband Reception in Full

New York.—A new radio circuit permitting reception of the full sidebands of a radiocast signal without loss of selectivity was explained to the Institute of Radio Engineers Convention here by its inventor, Dr. Frederick K. Vreeland, radio and electrical engineer.

In telling of his research work on the receiver, Dr. Vreeland, who has contributed numerous inventions to the radio field, said that its development was made possible by means of a hitherto undiscovered system of balanced reactances which is called a band selector inserted into the radio-frequency amplifier.

Dr. Vreeland stated that the circuit did not infringe on any existing patents pertaining to radio frequency amplification. Many of his patent claims have been allowed, indicating, he said, that the circuit is fundamentally new.

"The band selector is a very simple circuit," he explained, "which has the remarkable property of balanced reactances at all frequencies within a band of 20 kilocycles. An ordinary tuned circuit has its reactances balanced at only one frequency. The balanced reactances are variable and are adjusted by means of an ordinary dial."

The angry grocer ran swiftly round the counter and seized his fair customer by her arm. "Do you know, madam," he blurted, "that your dog has eaten a pound of my best fresh country buttter? I saw him do it a second ago!" The fair customer relieved the grocer of her arm and regarded him coldly. "I did not know it," she replied icily, "but if you are quite sure it was your best butter, that it is fresh, and that it really did come from the country, I don't think there is much reason to suppose it will do him any harm." With these words she left the shop.

The man who frequents the blind pig never brings home the bacon.—Detroit News.

ISSUE No. 3—'28

Ontario Forestry Policy Outlined

Move to Do Away With Destructive Agencies Now Existing

North Bay, Ont. — The forestry policy of the Ontario Government was outlined by Hon. William Finlayson, Minister of Lands and Forests, to the Rotarians here recently. Members of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission, with whom the Minister toured the northern section, were present, as well as Hector Charles, journalist, another member of the party.

Mr. Finlayson made a strong appeal for support of the policy which the government will introduce at the next session. The aim was to develop Northern Ontario and at the same time conserve for posterity the most important of its basic industries, lumbering, Mr. Finlayson said.

He foresaw a possibility that the policy would be opposed by citizens of southern Ontario, but he felt that they would sooner or later see the necessity for such drastic and revolutionary change.

"You in Northern Ontario can readily see the benefit that will accrue with the successful operation of such a scheme and we of the government appeal for your whole-hearted co-operation in the practical application of the policy," said the minister.

It was pointed out that lumbering and kindred occupations formed the second most important industry of the province and operations in recent years on any large scale were confined to northern districts. A survey of existing conditions showed that this industry was fast waning owing to destructive agencies of various sorts which commenced an "eating in" program within the last half century.

Reconstruct Industry.

The policy to be inaugurated by the Government at the next session will aim at correcting this "ruinous condition" and reconstructing industry o na basis which is hoped will result in it being preserved for all time.

It is proposed to apply three remedies, re-forestation throughout southern Ontario in sections where land will not permit of any other use; in central Ontario a program of rehabitation and replanting and conservation of existing timber in northern Ontario by safe-guarding areas from destructive fires. It was shown that a total of 2,123,000 acres of virgin forests were destroyed by fire in 1923, but this loss has been cut to 60,000 acres last year. Expectations are that loss this year will not exceed 35,000 acres.

The Minister stated that the department was at present engaged in improving the highway between Severn and Huntsville with a view to starting on construction of one of the main highways of the province.

The Ferguson highway will begin at Severn and extend to Cochrane, a distance of approximately 500 miles. The entire route wil be set out in mile posts. The Minister predicted that the influx of tourists to Northern Ontario this year would be double that of last year.

"You say you and Tom have had a quarrel—and just before Christmas!"

"Yes. He thinks he'll get out of giving a present, but I'll make up with him just about a week before Christmas and get a present twice as expensive as I otherwise would."

The SKELETON FINGER

by Headon Hall

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Sir Dudley Glenister, suspected of murder when a crow drops a skeleton finger on his lands, is further involved when a searching party finds the body of Sir Dudley's missing cousin, and—

Stephen Colne, former cabinet minister, tells James Wragge, Scotland Yard detective, assigned to the case, that Sir Dudley had faked evidence to the effect that the cousin had died in Montana, U.S.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"Is that the Harley Street nerve-specialist, sir?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Not in the sense of his being known to the police. I consulted him once as a patient."

Mr. Colne laughed.

"You with nerves, Wragge?" he said.

"You forget, sir, an occasion on which they were somewhat highly tried," he replied with a certain dignity.

Mr. Colne regarded the speaker from under half-closed lids. "Oh, that!" he said, as if with an effort recalling some bygone incident. "I was not aware that you were so hard hit as that, Wragge, but as you have referred to that little lapse I will take advantage of the opening to impress upon you that this Glenister case must be conducted along the line indicated."

"I am not likely to do anything detrimental to my career in the force, Mr. Colne. I gathered from the newspaper reports that Mr. George Glenister left England on bad terms with his father. It might help if you could throw any light on the cause of their quarrel. A woman at the bottom of it, possibly?"

Mr. Colne raised his eyebrows.

"Really, Wragge, you jump too readily to conclusions," he replied. "Drop that line like a live coal. The cherchez la femme wheeze doesn't hold here. Old Sir Philip Glenister and his young hopeful came to loggerheads over a much more prosaic matter—pounds, shillings and pence."

The inspector rose from the chair.

"Thank you, Mr. Colne," he said. "You have saved me a lot of spadework and I will get busy at once. I must go back to town this afternoon and start on Sir Dudley's record at his former city office, but first I can put in a useful hour or two at Beechwood. I should like to see the head-keeper who conducted the search party, and if I could run up against Doctor Willoughby Melville I might play on his sympathy for an ex-patient."

CHAPTER VII.

THE RED-NOSED BLACKMAILER.

The same train which brought Inspector Wragge to Colnbrook Towers deposited at the wayside station another passenger for whom no grand motor-car was waiting.

Not a prepossessing person by any means was the middle-aged, flashily dressed individual bearing down on Sir Dudley Glenister's country seat. Signs of dissipation on his bloated face culminated in one big red blob at the end of a prodigious nose. His gait as he trod the pebbly road in thin shoes bespoke him a town-dweller, more used to pavements.

He came at length to the scrolly iron gates giving access to Beechwood Grange. The gates were shut and he halted in his tracks. Just inside was the lodge-keeper's cottage, embowered in the shade of giant elms. In the distance the old mansion was partly visible.

"Not exactly Capel Court and Throckmorton street. A trifle gloomy to my way of thinking," murmured Mr. Simon Trickey as he pushed open the small gate intended for pedestrians and proceeded up the drive.

Mr. Trickey had been a clerk in the stockbroking office of Coningsby and Glenister, and, subsequently, after the senior partner's death, in the employ of Dudley Glenister alone. On the latter's succession to the Glenister title and estates the business connection of the firm had been sold to a new combination, with whom Mr. Trickey could have remained had he so desired. He elected, however, to retire from city life and live on his savings—a proposition which struck his intimates as strange.

The cronies of the wine bars and lunch counters had been surprised to find him, two years after his severance from ostensible work, still "going strong." Once in a moment of bibulous confidence, he had imparted to an acquaintance the startling fact that he was married to a film actress of amazing fame and beauty.

Mr. Simon Trickey meandered up the drive. He suddenly came face to face with two gentlemen who had sauntered out of a side-walk—Sir Dudley Glenister and Doctor Willoughby Melville. The baronet stopped short, glaring at the apparition with a rage tht for a moment threatened to be ungovernable. Then he broke into a cackle of harsh laughter.

"Hullo, Simon " he exclaimed. "Not drunk yourself to death yet, then? I thought we had agreed that all communications between us should be by letter.

The ex-clerk tried to induce a pained expression.

"There are some things best not put on paper," he said with a side-glance at Doctor Melville.

"All the same I expect you would have found it healthier to embody the object of your visit in a letter," rejoined Sir Dudley savagely. "Melville, you will excuse me, please, while I deal with this fellow. He won't take more than a few minutes."

Sir Dudley led his obviously unwelcome visitor into the dining room through an open French window. With studied brutality the baronet went to the sideboard, mixed himself a strong whisky and soda and drank it off.

"Now, Simon, reel it out," he said.

Mr. Trickey's parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth at sight of

"At the first sign of treachery I will kill you."

that gurgling draught, but there were bigger things in view and he recovered his poise. A gleam in his bloodshot eyes even suggested tht he saw the funny side of Mr. Trickey being introduced to a whisky decanter merely as a bowing acquaintance.

"I've been reading the papers, Mr. Glenister—I beg pardon, Sir Dudley," he began. "There seemed to be—"

"A damned good chance for black mailing me, Sir Dudley cut him short.

Mr. Trickey ignored the interruption. "There seemed to be," he persisted, "more than a chance that you might need my help."

"What for?" demanded Glenister roughly.

The visitor glanced significantly at the closed door and open French windows through which they had entered. "Unless you are prepared to talk on your fingers, sir, I should prefer to leave that to your imagination," he said. "Keyholes and garden paths harbor listeners sometimes."

"There is nothing more that you can do to help me and you have been well paid for what you have done already," the baronet responded angrily. "No evidence that you could give would amount to a row of pins so far as easing the situation goes. Nobody ought to know that better than you."

Mr. Trickey was thoughtful. "You were always one to catch on quickly," he said in a tone of real regret. "It must be the dull country life that's taken the edge off your understanding. I wasn't referring to evidence I could give, but to what I could withhold."

"You infernal scoundrel, now I've got you out in the open," retorted Sir Dudley. "I knew you were after blackmail. Just listen to me, Simon. Not one halfpenny more than the settled annuity will you ever get from me, and at the first sign of treachery I will kill you for the faithless dog you are."

The ex-clerk began to breathe heavily.

"I don't doubt you'd try," he sneered. "Pretty good at killing people, ain't we All the same—"

Mr. Trickey's speech ws curtailed by the entry of the old butler. "I beg pardon, Sir Dudley," he announced. "The Rev. Mr. Branson has called to see you."

Inspector Wragge, still clerically camoubaged, stepped quickly into the room in Hinkley's wake, precluding all possibility of a refusal to receive him. At the same moment Doctor Willoughby Melville entered by the French window, his impassive countenance quite unmoved at finding his host doubly engaged.

Slowly and very thoroughly, from the crown of his scantily covered head, all over the loud check suit and right down to the heels of Mr. Trickey's inadequate boots, the doctor's remorseless monocle played. The ex-clerk met the searchlight with impudence rapidly yielding to craven fear, and finally bolted through the open window.

Melville lifted his eyebrows towards the clerically attired visitor.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," said the baronet. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I am corresponding secretary for the Mission to Blackfoot Indians," said Inspector Wragge, "and I have called to beg for a subscription. I have just been with Mr. Stephen Colne of Colnbrook Towers and he mentioned your name."

(To be continued.)

France Heavy Buyer Of Australian Wool

Sydney, N.S.W.—The wool sales at the various Australian capitals, according to reports extending from July to November, have been on a satisfactory level as compared with last year, and at the moment of writing this the tendency of the market continues to be satisfactory to growers. This state is the principal wool state of the Commonwealth, and it has shipped so far this season £8,500,000 worth as compared with £8,490,000 worth during the corresponding period of last year.

The biggest buyers of the season in the order of their buying are, to date, France, Germany, England, Japan. They all purchased between £1,500,000 and £2,000,000 worth. France's total being £1,846,000, and Japan's £1,554,000. America's buying is light. The total Australian wool sales, so far as they have progressed to date, represent a value of £16,109,000 for 675,676 bales.

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

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Magistrate—"The police say that you and your wife had some words." Prisoner—"I had some, sir, but I didn't get a chance to use them!"

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?" asked the traveller of the man he had got into conversation with in a railway carriage. "I don't believe in the survival of any body," was the reply. "I'm an undertaker."

For frostbite use Minard's Liniment.

"I know I told you it was a sin to be wasteful but what has that got to do with your wearing a short dress like that?" "Well, if I wear a long frock like you want me to, I'll be wasting about ten shillings' worth of silk stockings."

Mrs. Ritz—"Nora, was the butcher boy impudent again when you telephoned your order this morning?" Nora—"Sure, but I fixed him this time. I sez: 'Who the blazes do youse think yer talkin' to? This is Mrs. Ritz talking."

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