Why not drink the finest tea that is grown?

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

WHAT *New York* IS WEARING

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

By Annebelle Worthington

Smartly simple crepe satin in navy blue that uses the dull side of crepe for entire dress with exception of scalloped applied band of skirt, belt, cuffs, collar and tie, which employ the shiny surface. The contrasting effect of the two surfaces of the crepe is extremely fashionable.

The bodice is beautifully molded through the hips and rather impresses one with Princess lines. The hips are smoothly fitted with fluttering fulness at hem achieved through circular cut of skirt.

The open V-neckline is flattering fashion, and especially so with rolled collar and long tie. The belt nips the normal waistline. Tucks at shoulders narrow the effect.

Style No. 2906 is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. If made of one material, it takes but 3½ yards of 40-inch for the woman of average figure.

This is a great saving, and it is easily possible to make it in a single morning to wear the same day to afternoon bridge.

Beige crepe satin using the shiny surface with blending soft brown shade of sheer velvet contrasting is captivating.

Black dull silk crepe with collar and tie of white crepe, purple canton crepe self-trimmed, printed silk crepe with plain harmonizing shade, and tomato red crepe de chine with matching sheer velvet are new vogue of Paris.

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 Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

2906

Marking Farm Entrances

The preservation of the native beauty of the American countryside and the fostering of professional pride among farmers are being forwarded by a recent movement by national farm groups to aid their members in marking their farm entrances in an attractive dignified manner.

Two national farmer organizations, the Holstein Friesnan Association of America, and the American Guernsey Cattle Club, have adopted official signs for members to use in displaying the farm name to passers-by and to help market farm produce in an effective, economical way on the farm. The American Jersey Cattle Club is contemplating the adoption of a standard farm marker for its members. Several other farm organizations have also recently promoted the use of an attractive farm sign.

The signs are artistically designed after the old English tavern signs and are attractively proportioned throughout. They were planned by farmer groups in co-operation with the Barney Link Fellowship at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture and the United States Forest Products Laboratory. The result is an exceptionally sturdy sign that harmonizes with the landscape, displays the farm name effectively, announces the owner's name and the farm produce he has for sale, and adds an inviting touch to the farm entrance and the highway.

"The use of such farm signs," says John S. Donald, president of the Wisconsin chapter of the Friends of Our Native Landscape, "tends to develop professional pride among farmers, and they usually remove competing advertising from their premises. The signs are a great help in destroying the snipe and daub nuisance that has for so long been an eyesore on many highways."

Not only is the farm marker movement helpful in improving the beauty of the American countryside and in marking farm entrances throughout the country in a dignified manner, but also it aids in the naming of farms and tends to conserve the finest traditions of the land.

The official signs are standardized and protected by the organizations using them. In this way there is a hookup between progressive farmers selling quality produce and live stock and the farm entrance that invites the traveler to tarry a while.—Christian Science Monitor.

The Grand Old Flag

Moncton Times: Shall Canada, the greatest of the British Dominions, follow the lead of the lesser British Dominions in relinquishing this splendid emblem of centuries of achievement for one that will be without tradition and that will be unfamiliar for a generation at least even to Canadians themselves and will be unrecnized and unhonored for years to come by many of the foreign countries of the world?

What we think about life will depend upon what we believe, not what we say we believe.

For Toothache—Minard's Liniment.

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

He had been watching the motley passersby who made up the town's population for perhaps half an hour, when a young woman drove by in a sort of chaise. Beside her sat a negress holding in her arms a fine-featured, dark-skinned child of perhaps two years, which, judging by the young woman's affectionate glances, might be her son or daughter, though she seemed extremely young to be a mother.

She was a very beautiful person, Nunnally thought, as he watched her graceful movements. Her hair was black and strayed shiningly around her delicate ears; her skin was tinged with olive; her black eyes possessed that soft lustre peculiar to women of the tropics; he might easily have mistaken her for a lovely high caste Brazilian had not her informality of dress and the fact that she herself held the reins of the roan horse and drove in most vigorous fashion instantly betrayed her as American. She saw the old man, to his surprise turned and blew him a kiss, then rode on down the highway.

Nunnally chuckled amusedly and watched her drive round one of the great royal palm trees which grew everywhere along the road. Then his glance drifted to the window of the house opposite, where a tall individual of a decided Italian cast of countenance with a patch of red-grafted skin on his left cheek and an ugly protruding Adam's apple, stood pointing furtively in the direction of the girl and making some queer signals with his fingers. The old man, who could make nothing of these signs, at first thought they were intended for himself. Not satisfied, he looked about and saw that they were being directed toward an individual in the second story of a shabby dwelling adjoining the hotel. This man, like the other, was decidedly Italian, with a ragged stump instead of an arm and a mouth in which four of the upper teeth had been broken off as though he had been struck ba a belaying pin or a crowbar. As Nunnally saw the second man, the signaling abruptly ceased. Then the doors of both houses opened quietly, the two men stepped out and, taking opposite sides of the road, began skulking through the bush in the direction of the carriage.

Nunnally's first impulse was to hasten and tell the hotel people of the scene he had just witnessed. Then he realized that he was in a strange country, that he knew nothing whatsoever of the meaning of what he had seen, that he would probably be interfering ir some perfectly innocent matter of two of the natives, and that he would undoubtedly make himself ridiculous.

"Everything is . . . er . . queer down here," he murmured to himself. "Nothing normal since I landed at Rio . . . nothing. Everything seems somehow mad, but they all seem . . er . . happy. So I shall not worry about it."

He remained on the balcony a few moments longer, then rubbed his hand inquiringly over his feeble beard, strode downstairs and through a door in a corner of the hotel where a sign in Portuguese proclaimed a barber shop. He nodded to the barber and to the richly dressed Brazilian planter he was shaving, then sat down to await his turn. The face of the barber instantly attracted him, and with nothing else to do but smoke one of his dainty cigarets, he began to study it.

"This city is a gallery of . . er . . . rogues," he murmured to himself. "I doubt whether I should . . . er . . . . entrust myself to that barber. I . . er . . . doubt it."

It was undoubtedly an odd face, a face such as one sees only in the meeting places of the world where racial mixtures are common. Such a face as might be found in the obscure cafes of New York's Mott Street or Mulberry Bend, or of Paris' Montmartre or La Villette. To exaggerate slightly, for it is sometimes only by exaggeration that an accurate picture can be given, it was such a visage as might have resulted if a sculptor had begun to mold the head of one of the swarthy round-skulled Oriental races, but in the midst of his task had changed his design and completed it with a long angular head of an Anglo-Saxon.

The hair sweeping down over the high forehead was black, but the bushy eyebrows were in striking contrast blond; a thin fine mouth showed below a long hooked nose and heavy cheekbones; brilliant blue eyes flashed from deep-set sockets. But the line of these eyes was distinctly slanted and Chinese. About this there was no exaggeration, no doubt.

Further bizarreness was added by the left ear, which at the base was sharp and triangular as though the lobe had been smoothly slashed off with a razor. Yet with all its bizarreness, it was not a cruel face, though it gave the old man an uncomfortable feeling that he had seen it before.

At length the planter departed. Nunnally took the vacant chair. He noticed the barber glance singularly at him, but thought nothing of it and stretched out in his chair, closing his eyes as one resigning himself to necessary torture. He felt the other's deft fingers coursing over his cheek and was rapidly sinking into a doze when a few quiet words from the barber caused him to sit up in open-mouthed astonishment.

"What did you . . . er . . . say?" he demanded.

"I said, my dear Nanny, that I was wondering when you would come," the barber repeated in smooth, cultured accents. "And I added that you were always bad at remembering faces. Even such an unusual one as mine. When you've recovered I suggest that we shake hands."

Recognition flashed into Nunnally's wrinkled visage. His thin hands seized the other's wrist. "Vilak!" he exclaimed. ". . . Er . . . Vilak . . . really. . . ." He jerked out his handkerchief again and wiped the bald top of his head. "You're very . . er . . unpleasant. My vocabulary's totally inadequate to . . . er . . . describe you. Do you realize that the shock you gave me will take at least ten years off my already . . . er . . . short life? You have a sense of humor which is . . er . . . perverted. . . Really perverted."

"Unfortunately too true. Too true, my dear Nanny," Vilak replied blandly as he flicked the razor against the other's lamentable beard. "But I'm afraid it can't be helped. What do you expect when a wild and strenuous manufacturer goes to the Balkans to sell a lot of steel rails, falls in love with a Balkan princess, supposedly with a streak of Turkish or Chinese blood in her veins—there's more Tartar in the Balkan races than most people realize—sells the rails, marries the princess, and they baptize their only child Vilaka Pennington West? Doesn't that only child—none other than myself—have to develop a sense of humor in order to keep from withering like the leaf?"

The old man shook his head in bewilderment. "I suppose it is you. You are always . . . . er . . . . where you ought not be. Though I think I can be excused for not recognizing you after ten years . . . ten years. I had no reason to expect to see anyone I knew here . . . er . . . in this wild place, and a . . . er . . . barber especially. Tell me, why are you . . er . . following an occupation so . . . er . . . unusual . . yes positively . . . unusual? And what are you . . er . . doing here in any case? . . . It is a most . . er . . . astonishing coincidence . . . yes, astonishing."

"It isn't a coincidence," Vilak replied suavely. "Quite the contrary. I sent for you."

(To be continued.)

Volcano Heated!

New Attraction Which May Bring Many Customers

Pele, traditional native goddess of the Hawaiian volcanoes, is to have a job as janitress and chambermaid, says Dr. E. E. Free, in his Week's Science (New York). We read:

"In a new hotel, near the Kilauea volcanic crater, a plan is under consideration, it is disclosed by Dr. T. A. Jaggar, of the Hawaiian Valcano Observatory, to heat the rooms by volcanic steam which escapes from four wells drilled into the hot rocks underneath. In Iceland, Japan, and New Zealand, Dr. Jaggar states in his report to the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, volcanic steam is now used to heat houses and in laundries. Electric power is being made from volcanic steam in California and in Italy.

"On the island of Ischia, near Naples, gardeners use volcanic heat to warm the soil of their vegetable beds, and thus to raise hothouse products without needing a hothouse. One trouble with using the volcanic steam in the ordinary kinds of engines, turbines, or other machinery, Dr. Jaggar states, is that the steam usually contains corrosive acid gases which it has taken up from the highly heated rocks. In the proposed plan for heating the Hawaiian hotel, this difficulty will be avoided by using the natural steam merely to heat the circulating water of a hot-water heating plant, just as a fire in a frunace is used in ordinary plants of this type. The combined volcanic fire-box and boiler will be made of non-corrosive metal, so that the acid steam can do the heating and still not harm the heating plant."

Steward on Atlantic Liner (entering smoke room) — "Time, gentlemen. Drink up your glasses. We're in sight o fthe Statute of Liberty!"

ISSUE No. 49—'29

New Theories On Earth Power

The earth is a huge electric dynamo, generating enough current to supply light, heat and other electrical needs to the ten largest cities in the United States for at least one million years. Recent researches on the internal heat of the earth, conducted by Dr. Ross Gunn of the Naval Research Laboratories, indicate that the earth is the greatest known electrical wonder in the universe. We read:

"Dr. Gunn's treatise on his studies, printed in The Physical Review, shows that the currents generated inside the earth amount to more than 200,000,000 amperes. This tremendous source of energy is unavailable for use by man. Like atomic energy, it will be kept in nature's storehouse for the use of the generations of perhaps a million years in the future.

"According to Dr. Gunn, the tremendous electrical currents inside the earth arise from the motions of the tiny electrical charges known as electrons due to the very high temperatures existing wel inside the earth's crust.

"Due to a peculiar and complicated type of interaction the electrons are caused to drift around the earth's axis of rotation. This drift constitutes an electric current which is so large that if it were sent through the huge cables supporting Brooklyn Bridge, it would melt them in less than a thousandth of a second.

"The study pursued by Dr. Gunn sheds much light on the manner in which the earth was originally formed. His work and known facts relating to the earth's magnetic field indicate that the earth was part of the sun or some other liquid star millions of years ago.

"The earth was thrown off in such a manner that the hemisphere now embraced by the continents was made up of relatively cool surface-material having a mean temperature of perhaps 50,000 degrees, while the hemisphere embraced by the Pacific Ocean came from deeper and much hotter layers. This unsymmetrical temperature distribution of the earth's interior is said to account for the volcanic activity and earthquakes in the countries in and adjacent to the Pacific Ocean."

Britain proposes to bar mentally unfit from marriage. That ought to work out pretty well if the mentally unfit can be barred from the committees that will pass upon who is or isn't mentally fit.

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A FINER STRAIN

Each must, for the most part, live in his own life; and until motives are visible and can be unerringly interpreted, they should not be criticized adversely. Life should be held to a finer strain than one of fret and jar. —Lillian Whiting.

INFLUENCES

However apparently trivial the influences which contribute to form the character of a child, they endure through life. The child's character is the nucleus of the man's; all after education is superposition; the form of the crystal remains the same.

Deaf Hear Again Through New Aid

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After twenty-five years devoted exclusively to the manufacture of scientific hearing-aids, the Canadian Acousticon Ltd., Dept. 536, 45 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont., has just perfected a new model Acousticon that represents the greatest advance yet made in the recreation of hearing for the deaf. This latest Acousticon is featured by a tiny ear-piece no bigger than a dime Through this device, sounds are clearly and distinctly transmitted to subnormal ears with wonderful benefit to hearing and health alike. The makers offer an absolutely free trial for 10 days to any one person who may be interested, and a letter will bring one of these remarkable aids to your home for a thorough and convincing test. Send them your name and address today!

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