The quality of Salada is the only premium offered

"SALADA" TEA

761

'Fresh from the gardens'

Parties Are in Order For Sub-Deb

Paris Solves Problem What to Wear

By ANNETTE

The model illustrated is the latest choice of the little chic Parisienne.

It is conspicuously smart in basque bodice pointed at front in printed taffeta of quaint pattern in bois de rose tones.

The full fluttering circular skirt is shaped through the hips. The narrow ruffling at hem makes it even more versatile as little wearer moves.

The neckline in open V at front and rounded at back is finished with ruffling as are the edge of the kimono sleeves, to carry out old-fashioned idea that is now so entirely new in the mode.

Style No. 191 comes in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. In the 8-year size, it is made with 1¾ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting of plain taffeta for ruffles.

The thrifty mother who is sewing now for early Spring for little daughter, a pretty dimity in sprigged pattern is very effective for general wear.

Light blue cotton pique daffodil yellow linen, printed voile in orchid tones and printed crepe de chine in vivid red and whit tones are ever so smart and practical.

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.

GOOD TURNS

Most people enjoy doing a good turn. But they resent being asked to repeat it. When their beneficiary appeals to them again, they become angry, they feel they are being imposed and traded upon, they grow irritated at the thought of an ever-lengthening chain of obligation. They have yet to learn other. That is not a reason for withholding the helping hand. But it is a good reason for making sure that it is proffered from a genuine kindness of heart and not from vanity or to gratify a passing whim.

"If there's anything I don't understand, it isn't worth understanding." —George Bernard Shaw.

Minard's is Best for Grippe.

Big Business

Young Duke of Norfolk Forms Company to Administer Estates

London — The Duke of Norfolk premier member of the British peerage who came of age last May, has followed the example recently given by so many heads of Britain's ancient landed families. He has formed a limited company for the administration of his estates. The nominal capital is $250,000, and he is permanent governing director and chairman.

The estates are estimated to be worth millions of pounds, though parts have been sold since the former duke died. Norfolk House, the duke's London residence, which served as a club for Canadian women during war work in London, was sold last year. Arundel Castle, the great residence in Sussex, still possessing much of its ancient feudal appearance, has been rented more than once by prominent visitors from the United States.

From this castle the duke takes the oldest of his numerous titles—Earl of Arundel, 1139. The Duchy of Norfolk was not created until 1482. The present duke, who owns about 49,500 acres, succeeded the fifteenth duke in 1917, when he was nine years of age. Between that time and his coming of age last year the estates were administered by his uncle, Viscount Fitzalan.

Fake Promotions Exceed Billion

The selling of stocks which, if not absolutely worthless, are of a highly speculative nature, has become one of the biggest businesses in America. Investigators estimate that in an average year one billion dollars—nearly one-fourth of the money invested in new security isuses—goes down the financial sewer.

The proportional magnitude of this waste is indicated by the fact that the fact that the nation's annual investment in new building construction approximates only three billion dollars, and that the annual bill for automobiles is around two and a quarter billions.

The money thus wasted in a single year would buy two million automobiles and would duplicate every public improvement in the shape of schools, hospitals, sewers, paving and water supply made within the same period by American cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants.

And this waste is altogether inexcusable for there is not a man or woman in the land who is denied the expense or inconvenience, the authoritaopportunity to obtain, without extensive information and sound counsel that make safe investiment possible.

It is now some years since the Better Business Commissions of the country adopted as their slogan the phrase "Before you Invest—Investigate." But the public, it seems, has not yet learned the lesson.

PERSISTENCE

Even when work is all planned out, however, failure sometimes follows through lack of persistence. It has been said that "persistence is the key to existence. Success invariably rewards the good fight. Knowing what to do or how to do it won't bring results. The nail is useless without the hammer. Courage is the complement of knowledge."

Lady waiting to use phone—"Say, you've been in that booth twenty minutes and haven't said a word!" He: "Wait just a little while longer. I'm talking to my wife!"

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals,—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.

EGGS *Sell yours in the highest Market*

We are paying for Eggs for the week ending February 8th.

EXTRAS	45c doz.
FIRSTS	42c doz.
PULLET EXTRAS	35c doz.
SECOND & CRACKS	30c doz.

Deal with an old reliable business house with a reputation of more than sixty-five years for square dealing. Best prices paid. Prompt payments. Cases returned quickly. Cases supplied, 60c each, complete, delivered, payment in advance. Reference:—Your Own Banker.

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Jungle Breath

by **Ben Lucien Burman**

THIS HAS HAPPENED:

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly chemist, meets Vilak, in Porto Verde, in west central Brazil. Vilak is an old friend. Vilak's cousin, Elise Marberry, owns a coffee plantation and has been warned to leave the country. Alarmed on account of several deaths, the superstitious natives think some supernatural force is at work.

Vilak and Nunnally visit the home of Gaylord Prentiss, a reticent and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise. Before going, Vilak forbids Elise to come, but she follows them. Prentiss orders them away.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

Vilak shrugged his shoulders and returned to his companions.

"Did you learn anything?" Elise asked eagerly.

"Perhaps a little. Perhaps too much," he answered.

The moon disappeared behind a cloud. The path became shrouded in misty darkness. They were slowly picking their way toward the gate when they heard a click as of a door being opened in Prentiss' house. A moment later something bounded through the brush toward them.

"He's let the dog out on us," Vilak murmured. "Run to the gate."

The girl took the old man's hand and darted off to the fence. Vilak halted and tranquilly taking a vial and a large handkerchief from his coat, saturated the cloth with the pungent liquid.

The dog came nearer, then burst through the bushes, a huge black monster with fiery, blazing eyes.

The dog came nearer, then burst through the bushes, a huge black monster with fiery blazing eyes. It leaped upon Vilak. He crumpled under the impetus of its massive body. It sprang at his throat, but he caught its neck in his strong fingers and while its black body writhed violently and its ugly jaws struggled to reach his flesh, thrust the handkerchief against its moist nose.

In a moment its struggles began to lessen; it gave a convulsive gasp and lay stretched on the ground, breathing heavily. The others came up to look. Vilak brushed the mud off his clothes. "He won't bother anyone else for at least half an hour. I gave him a good dose of chloroform."

The old man looked at the long fangs, white in the rays of Vilak's flashlight. "Er . . . are you sure you haven't killed him?"

"I don't kill unless I have to. Not even a dog."

They crawled through the gate in the fashion they had enterd. Vilak took a wax impression of the lock. They crossed the creek and climbed the sharp slope to the lake above. Elise stooped to pull out her boot, which had sunk deep into its muddy shore.

"I don't see why I should want his property even if it is mine," she said thoughtfully as she gazed out over the misty expanse of water. "Why he lives in that wretched spot is utterly beyond me. There's far too much of this water above it. It's bad enough on my fazenda, being threatened every rainy season by the dam at Avilos, but in his house I'd be constantly afraid that one of these lakes would overflow and start trouble. The ground where his house is situated is so extremely low. The lakes probably aren't large enough to do much damage; nevertheless it wouldn't be pleasant if they broke through. I've been in one flood and don't care to be in any more. I repeat that why he lives there is absolutely beyond me."

She was about to speak again when a warning pressure of her cousin's hand checked her.

"I thought I heard a noise," he said softly to her and to the chemist behind. "It's quite possible we are being followed. Come toward me and halt. keep absolutely motionless."

They obeyed quickly, and close to Vilak waited, the girl listening to catch the faintest trembling of the brush. Nunnally, glad of the opportunity to rest from his unusual exertions, leaned lightly against the tree under which he stood. Suddenly he gave a sharp ejaculation of pain.

For the first time the old man saw his friend lose his coolness. He whirled violently and spoke in a fever of anxiety of which Nunnally had not believed him capable. "You hurt, Nanny? Quick! What's the matter?"

"Er . . . nothing. Er . . . really, nothing."

Nunnally's voice was humble and apologetic. "I'm sorry I cried out. Er . . sorry. I forgot about the er . . . glove and took it off and stuck my hand on a . . . er thorn."

"Never mind about that. Let me see it!" He seized the old man's withered hand and disregarding any followers who might be stalking through the trees, snapped on his flashlight and under its brilliant rays examined the tiny wound.

He drew a breath of relief, then extinguished the light. "It's all right. I thought it might be something else. But if you value your life keep on that glove. Let's start walking again."

They proceeded in single file a few hundred feet. Vilak again halted. "I'm fairly certain now we're being followed," he whispered. "You and Elise walk ahead and talk to each other as loudly as you like. The louder the better. Keep talking. Have your pistol ready, Nanny, but don't shoot unless I tell you."

The old man and the girl moved obediently down the path. Vilak crept into the brush and waited, listening intently. But he heard nothing. After a few moments he stepped out and rejoined the others. "I was certain something was there," he remarked. "It's quite possible my ears tricked me out here in the jungle where there are so many noises. Don't often do it, though."

They reached the tree near the thorn thicket where Elise like the others, had tied her horse. She looked back at the black hole through which they had just come. "Well, we got through there without any trouble, after all," she said. "Your ears are playing tricks with you, aren't they, Vilak? You've been smoking too many of those Chinese cigarets. It's a wonder to me that your nerves haven't completely gone to pieces. I'd hear a great many things that didn't exist if I smoked even two of them."

Vilake smiled and took out his fantastically carved cigaret case. "Perhaps that's a hint that you'd like one now?" She made an indignant gesture of refusal. "You, Nanny?"

The old man rather timidly took out his own modest, mild-flavored package. "Er, thank you very much. But I think . . . er . . . think I'd rather have my own. I will take a . . . er . . . match though.'

"You mean to say you've lost those two boxes I gave you this afternoon?"

Th old man looked at him humbly.

"Not lost exactly. Er . . . Not lost. They just slipped down into that lining of my coat again."

"You're hopeless. You're positively hopeless, Nanny." Vilak shook his head. "If Elise is still the good creature she was when she was a child she'll sew up your pockets tomorrow. Here's another box of matches. Don't lose this one."

They lit cigarets, mounted, and rode toward the town. As they reached the spot where the bridge crossed the river they saw the light of the torches at the railroad encampment, and upon Elise's expressing a wish to see it rode nearer. From the top of the embankment they could look down and see the laborers still at work pitching their camp, their black shadowy forms flitting about spectrally in the ruddy light of the torches and the fire.

They were close enough to the encampment to be clearly seen by those below; the handsome, white-linened chief with whom Vilak had spoken several hours earlier walked over to gaze up the embankment and ascertain the identity of his visitors. Recognizing Vilak and the chemist, he smiled and waved his hand cheerily. "You ride late tonight, senhors," he called out in his clear, robust voice. "Will you not come down and chat a little?"

"No, thanks a lot!" Vilak called in response. "We're on our way to bed."

"Ah, indeed you are most lucky," the engineer answered. "Myself I shall be up all the night before the camp is done. Ah, the life of the engineer is not easy. But at least you will smoke with me a cigaret. It would be most kind. It would pass for me a few moments peasantly. Too often am I lonely." He waved a comprehensive hand toward his vicious-faced workingmen. "With my villains, helas, there is not much to talk."

"Sorry. We've really got to go," Vilak responded. "Some other night, perhaps." They chatted a moment from the heights, then the three called out a good night and touched spurs to their horses.

"Boa noite, senhorita, senhors," the engineer called out after them. "Have a care of the roads. They are not too safe."

"Charming fellow," said Elise as they turned into the highway leading to her home.

"Delightful," Vilak responded.

They rode a dark quarter of a mile without seeing either beast or traveler except a belated ox-cart driving to town, which the cursing Brazilian driver told them had broken down fifteen kilometers up the road and the powers of evil only knew when he would get into the city. Then they heard the sound of men's voices in argument and nearing the spot saw the two Italians who had been there earlier in the evening, Pasquale Branza of the patched cheek and enormous Adam's apple and the one-armed Dette Ciceronе of the broken teeth.

The Latins stopped arguing immediately on seeing the travelers and swiftly snatching off their hats and bowing unctuously, murmured a salutation. The old man caught a glitter of steel at their belts.

(To be continued.)

CALM

The tempest makes returning calm more dear,
The darkest midnight makes the brightest star.

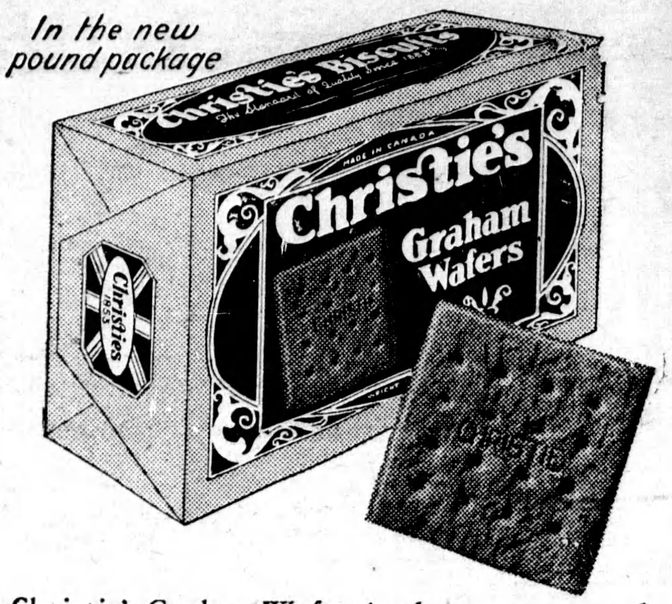
—Bonar.

Friend—"If you spend so much time at golf you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day." Gold Fiend—"Won't I? My desk is loaded up with work that I've put aside for a rainy day."

Small Boy—"Mister, you sell automobiles, don't you?" Accessory Dealer—"Yes, my boy." Small Boy (displaying old inner tube and an auto horn—"Well, how much would the rest of 'em come to?"

Check Falling Hair with Minard's.

In the new pound package



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