'SALADA' TEA is delicious

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# Guiding In S. Africa "Sound as a Bell"

Lady Baden-Powell Most Enthusiastic About Work in Union

"I am leaving South Africa convinced of the soundness of the Girl Guide movement here," said Lady Baden-Powell, the Chief Guide, in an interview in Cape Town.

"Guiding in South Africa is as sound as a bell. The fact that the association owns so many guide halls and camping sites is a tangible sign of its stability, and the enthusiasm of the guides themselves has been a wonderful experience to me.

"During this long tour through Rhodesia and the Union I must have met almost every guide in Africa south of the line. The rallies held in the country towns and villages were like huge family parties, and I managed to come into personal contact with a great number of people. The guides travelled long distances to meet them and to see how my scattered family were getting along.

"The importance of guiding cannot be overestimated. The movement helps girls to train themselves to be useful citizens and to have a variety of interests in life.

"Materially, guiding is useful in the facilities it provides for travelling guides. No guide need be a stranger anywhere. If she goes to a strange place she has only to write to the guide headquarters there and she will find companionship and help, whatever her age may be.

Lady Baden-Powell's personal interest in all the people she met delighted everybody during her tour of the Union. After one meeting with Guide officials completely strange to her she could name them all with unhesitating accuracy.

One of her daughters accompanies her to every rally and jots down with paper and pencil every person of authority introduced to Lady Baden-Powell.

When she returns to the hotel after a rally Lady Baden-Powell is drilled by her daughter until she is name-perfect.

Names learned in this way are not retained by the ordinary memory for more than a few days but that is sufficient for Lady Baden-Powell's purpose on her tours round the world.

It is a social trick practised by the royalty, naval officers and reporters.

## *Helping Nature*

The Cambridge University School of Agriculture has added a fresh triumph to its invaluable animal-breeding innovations by transferring, artifically, seminal fluid from a champion Suffolk ram to a group of Polish ewes. This fluid, extracted in a test tube by Dr. Arthur Walton, was dispatched by air mail, taking two days and three hours to complete its 1,500-mile journey to the Zoo Technical Institute at Borowina. Here, it was introduced by Professor Prawochenski to some selected ewes of native stock. Now one of these sheep has given birth to a sprightly half-Polish, half-Suffolk ram lamb. From this novel experiment, scientific sheep breeders anticipate the use only of first-class sires for the world's flocks. Choicer mutton chops, more savoury shoulders and legs will thus be the housewife's reward.

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# The First Tangle

Once in an Eastern palace wide
A little girl sat weaving:
So patiently her task she plied
The men and women at her side
Flocked round her almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerily?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken,
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,
We know our lovely pattern's spoiled,
Before the King has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed and meeekly,
"You know He said in everything"—
"Why, so do we!" they cried, "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all?
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle?

# Fashion Decrees Emeralds Popular

Emerald Is Termed Most Valuable Precious Stone Today

Smart women are searching London England and London jewelers are scouring the world for emeralds. Fashion has decreed the stone, once shunned by the superstitious, for coronation year.

Countess Haugwitz - Reventlow — Barbara Hutton — is said to have bought for 240,000 pounds in Paris emeralds which once belonged to Napoleon III.

The emerold is the most valuable stone today.

Hatton-garden dealers are prepared to pay four times their pre-war prices. Fine stones today fetch 1,000 pounds a carat.

A leading Hatton-garden jeweler told me, writes an English journalist: The trouble is there is no recognized source of supply. That Colombian mines have petered out. Russian stones cut of the Ural mines are inferior in quality. Our hope is old collections."

It is reported that the crown of Our Lady of the Andes — a diadem once owned by the Incas of Peru, given to the Roman Catholic Church by Pizarro, and now sold by them — has been bought for 1,000,000 pounds by a United States syndicate. The crown blazes with 453 emeralds of the first water.

## Hot Necks

Writes The Winnipeg Free Press —There remains, of cours, the problem of cooling off the male neck. Even the man who goes in for linen suits must still, if he would be "properly" dressed swathe his neck in three folds of cloth—two of shirt collar and one of tie. There is always the expedient of discarding the tie and opening the collar, but this plan, very suitable on sandy beaches, does not quite do for city streets. Will someone design a shirt which can be left open at the neck without looking untidy or Byronic? Such a garment we think, would catch on even though the Adam's apple is rarely a thing of beauty.

## Some Record !

Four women of Berwick, N.S., have quite an imposing record — an aggregate age of 385 years.

Headed by Mrs. Collins Dodge, who has seen 101 winters roll by, the quartette also includes Mrs. Clara MacMillan and Mrs. Lavinia Gould, both 95; and Mrs. John Somerville, 94.

# On Rules For A Long Life

Recently that astonishing stripling John D. Rockefeller celebrated his 97th birthday, and came out with ten rules for a long life. They eeemed reasonably good rules to us, but not to Mr. Charles W. Eldridge of St. Petersburg, Florida, who is scampering about in his 105th year.

Scoffing at Mr. Rockefeller's advice, Eldridge said:

"The young feller asked for it. His ten rules of health ain't bad for a youngster in his 90's. But for the second 100 years they just won't do

"Take rule No. 5 in young Rockefeller's list. 'Don't allow yourself to get annoyed,' it says. That poppycock. I've been annoyed most of all my 105 years, and two or three times it saved my life.

"Once I got so mad at a couple of doctors who said I was done for that I jumped out of bed for the first time in three months. I was 92 then and grass has been growing over them doctors graves for ten years."

Mr. Eldridge, we must say, rather impresses us. In the first place, we have never been able to learn how not to get annoyed. We've played golf with people who came out of a bunker in five shots whistling the Londonderry Air, or something like that, but we have always felt they would be better off if they came out with a loud wail. It's a matter of letting off steam. In other words, what is the biological, spiritual or other sense of not boiling without if one be boiling within? The only difference we can see is that the first without the last is less honest than both together.

Moreover, there's a lot of nonsense talked about rage. It's the cleanest of passions. We don't believe in a man being tenacious over trifles, but a topped shot when one has a good lie is no trifle, and if a man wants to get into a towering rage over it and show that he has got into one, there's a lot to be said for him. It's the vain man, the fellow who wants to be thought self-composed, and all that, who represses himself.

There's something else. A lot of people confuse indignation with anger. Yet they're different. Anger may be born of spite, or of blind hatred, or a lot of other evil things; indignation usually comes from detestation of wrong. It tells that one hates injustice, that has certain loyalties to certain things. Attachments.

No, we have little use for people who don't get annoyed. Mostly, we think, they're "poseurs," without friendships, people who don't like somebody or something, people without spirit or soul. Either that or they're too proud to be themselves; so vain that they go about killing themselves with repressions.

## Cracking Down on Peddlers

Writes the St. Thomas Times-Journal—The City Commission of East Cleveland has a bylaw which might well be copied. It declares that a misdemeanor has been committed when a peddler knocks at the door or rings a bell of a home where a card says that solicitors are not wanted.

This is a welcome step for the housewives of that area. It saves them many unwanted callers. These solicitors or salesmen have no one to blame but themselves if women are brusque and shut the door quickly. There may be cakes or pies in the oven which spoil while the spiel is being made.

The trouble with most of these people is that they will not take no for an answer. Having got the lady of the house at the door they keep on talking once she gives ear. They feel annoyed if she loses patience and cuts off the monologue by slamming the door, but it is just what they would do themselves if the positions were reversed.

## A Nova Scotian Magazine

Notes the Halifax Chronicle — The second issue of The Bluenose, edited by Robert Murphy, of Halifax, has just come off the press and shows, in two issues, definite progress. The July number is a tourist edition and Nova Scotians, native and adopted, give their impressions of the province's charm.

We hope that the edition will circulate among the people far from Nova Scotia and that the articles will awaken in them a desire to enjoy the beauties of Acadia. Perhaps the most appealing article of this sort is that written by V. M. Kipp, associate editor of the Ottawa Journal. Account of "A Day Well Spent" carries extra conviction because it is written by a visitor and not by a patriotic native.

"To write of such a trip," he says "is to relive it in memories of Nova Scotia and precious and enduring."

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# Movie Actress Is Happily Married

Helen Vinson Perry Is Even Learning How to Cook

NEW YORK—Helen Vnison, golden-haried motion picture actress, the wife of tennis star Fred Perry, likes married life so much that she has added "Perry" to the name of her dog.

The dog, a shaggy Scotch terrier, is now "Jack Mag Vinson Perry," she said recently.

To the mind of Miss Vinson, married ten months, this is proof that "I've settled down"—as much as an actress often on the wing ever could with a gadabout tennis champion.

Further proof is the fact that brown-eyed Helen is pondering how to cook meat and potatoes for her husband, Wimbledon tennis champion.

# Oh, Canada!

Sons of sires who fought for glory
'Neath the Fleur de Lis of France;
Sires to whom the God of Battles
Gave at last the lesser chance.

Sons of sires who fought for freedom
And for conquest, too, at times,
'Neath the flag that's ever flying
On the breeze, in many climes.

Sons of sires whom revolution
Vainly tempted, sorely tried;
Choosing bravely life in exile,
British born, they British died.

Sons of sires who fought at Queenston
Fought and won that bloody fray;
Hear re-echo through the forest
Bugle blasts of Chateauguay.

Sons of sires who felled the forests,
Felled the forest, tilled the field;
Sires who wrought, and wrought unceasing,
That their soil should harvest yield.

Sons of sires who garnered harvests
From deep depths, beneath wild waves
Sires who seldom garnered harvests
With the aid of human slaves.

Sons of sires whose ships, seaworthy,
Flung their bunting to the breeze,
Wooden ships that carried cargoes
To the shores of seven seas.

Sons of sires who laid foundations
Of a mighty nation, we;
Elder, Younger, New, Canadians,
Worthy of our sires must be.

Written is our name 'Canadian,'
Written red on fields of fame;
Ours the pride that those who wrote it,
Wrote it red in freedom's name.

But remembering those who wrote it
Fraught with sadness is our pride;
War, forsooth is man's worst madness
Man, for whom a Saviour died.

Ours to make our name 'Canadian'
Spell 'Content' from sea to sea;
Ours to make our name 'Canadian'
Synonym for Liberty.

Time and space are much contracted
Facts to which we can't be blind;
Ours to make Canadian vision
All-inclusive of mankind.

Ours to build on broad foundations,
In the spirit of our sires;
Build and build on firm foundations
Until Time itself expires.

"O Canada! mom pays; mes amours"

T. A. Patrick, Yorkton, Sask.

## Day of Fans Is Passing

Notes the Brockville Recorder and Times: Laid away sacredly in that trunk in the garret which contains the treasures of older days there is surely a lady's fan. It was a beautiful thing, usually the gift of a devoted admirer. It might be a creation of beautifully fretted ivory slats carved out of the tusks of a great African elephant, or just a simple little thing of painted silk, but sometimes it was a gorgeous affair made of lovely ostrich feathers, with precious stones inserted cunningly. Perhaps no lady's equipment of a generation ago is more symbolic of romance, and the temptation to dwell upon it is irrestible to the good novelist.

Fans have always had a place in ceremonials and are used even now in the East. They are carried on state occasions in papal processions in Rome. In Canada they may still be found in country churches, manufactured of straw for utility purposes on a hot summer day.

But the fan as an accoutrement for the lady is well nigh gone. Our imports last year amounted to only $2,500. They came mainly from Japan, Italy, China, Austria and Hong Kong, and many also from the United States.

This information comes from the External Trade Branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Dept. of Trade and Commerce.

## Laura Wheeler Jiffy-Knit; Once Begun—Presto, Done!

JIFFY KNIT BLOUSE PATTERN 957

Like an "extra" blouse for summer? Then try this bit of quick-to-knit chic, its open-air bodice of simple mesh, its sleeves and waist yoke of lacy ribbing. But four balls of Shetland floss are required. There's a plain knitted skirt, too. Pattern 957 contains detailed directions for making the blouse shown; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; directions for a skirt; material requirements, and color suggestions.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Needlecraft Dept., Wilson Publishing, 73 West Adelaide, Toronto. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

# Doxology!

Physiologists declare that it is impossible for a human being to live without breathing, but as the heat wave receded we could have positively declared that we breathed for the first time in several days, comments The Stratford Beacon Herald. During that tropical spell we must have extracted a certain amount of oxygen from the torrid atmosphere, or we would not now be alive, but we did not breathe—we gasped.

What a refreshing sensation that was to drink in deep draughts of cool air! With what heavenly relaxation we lay down to sleep after nights of restless tossing on the billows of heat with our bodies drenched in perspiration! The sensation of relief was similar to that which came to the "Ancient Mariner" when he exclaimed:

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

Canada is a land of climatic extremes. In the course of the year the temperature swings from tropical heat to semi-artic cold, and in the process of enduring these extremes Canadians have been rendered hardy and resourceful. We may complain about the zero blasts, but we fight back at them and are unconquered by the elements. We may not endure the scorching heat of July as well, but we laugh and poke fun at it until it retires in disgust. For the rest of the year we rejoice in a climate that is salubrious and invigorating. We enjoy our summers and our falls all the more because of the severity of our winters, and we receive the sweet, cool air and the rains with greater relish, and gratitude because we know a little of the oppression of heat and drought.

Canada's is the epitome of all climates, and Canadans live life to the full. It is a great privilege to have been born in Canada, and the next in this country.

## Sheep Counting Decried

Observes the Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph—Counting sheep to induce sleep is a waste of time. So is stuffing the ears with cotton. Insomnia may be cured without drugs. All that is necessary to insure restful sleep is for the sufferer to calm the nerves and muscles of the stomach with a tablespoonful of olive oil before bedtime. Patients who have a distaste for olive oil should sniff menthol to clear the lungs and reduce the effort of breathing to a minimum. These simple rules are laid out by a French scientist, M. Maurice Boigey, in a book just published in Paris, entitled "The Science of Rest."

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# Music Students Get Scholarships

TORONTO — Ten music students in Ontario, outside Toronto have been awarded special Jubilee Scholarships by the Toronto Conservatory of Music in honor of the Conservatory's 50th Anniversary this year.

The scholarships were offered to piano pupils only, for continuance of their studies at the conservatory. The awards will be applied to the winners' tuition fees for the ensuing term.

Winners in Western Ontario were Mary Heard, 519 Hamilton Road, London; Virginia Mathoney, Ursuline School of Music, Windsor; Madeline Howse, 59 Curtis St., St. Thomas; Dorothy E. McCormick, R.R. No. 1, Paris; and Ruth Parkinson, Thornbury

Winners in Eastern Ontario were Nancy Wyatt, 190 Dufferin Road, Ottawa; Marion Walker, 261 William St. Belleville; Norah D. Osborn, 81 Louisa St., Ottawa; Aileen Forrestal, St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay; and Helen Epworth, Box 91, Newmarket.

## An Embarrassing Moment

Comments the Wall Street Journal—Mayor Laguardia recently addressed cadets of the Salvation Army before a large audience. Shortly after he sat down plates were passed for cash collections and pledges. When the plate was passed to the mayor, he fumbled in his pockets and embarrassedly whispered to the commissioner of the Army.

After the collection was completed the commissioner, with a broad smile turned to the mayor and declared that "the Salvation Army is the right place to come when a man hasn't a nickel!"

The mayor had hurriedly changed his clothes before going to the meeting, and left all his money in the other suit.

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