

The Real Flavour

of the genuine "GREEN" Tea is in every packet of

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Superior to the best Japans, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Sample Free—Salada, Toronto.

About the House

REMOVING STAINS.

Grease just has a natural affinity for good clothes. At least I so concluded recently when I stepped from the car and discovered I had an immense smear of grease on one of my best gray silk stockings. If you don't know what to do with a grease spot or a stain it's a calamity. If you do know what to do it is only a nuisance. I find the following list almost indispensable, for I am never quite sure which remover I should use when a spot appears upon a cherished garment.

Grease. Rub hard or oil in spot and launder in the usual way. For grease on delicate fabrics a paste of fuller's earth or white chalk is a good solvent. Apply paste and allow it to absorb the grease. If the spot does not disappear at first, try another or several applications.

Graze. For light fabrics hot water and soap is the best solvent. Ordinary laundering and boiling should remove grass stains from white goods. For colored fabrics use a solvent of spar and cooking soda made into a paste. Rub the stain with the paste and let stand overnight. Then launder in the usual way.

Chocohite. Sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water. Then wash in warm water, using soap.

Coffee and Tea. Spread stained surface over board of table. Pour boiling water through, strained part from a height so as to strike the stain with force.

Cream. Wash in cold water, then with warm water and soap.

Fruit. Treat like coffee stain. If stain persists soak in solution of household water and boiling water for a few minutes. Rub thoroughly with boiling water to which a little dilute ammonia water has been added.

Alcohol. Cold water or a paste of borax and water is a satisfactory solvent. Soak in cold water all stain turns brown. Rub out of cloth with turpentine soap, and wash in warm water. In using turpentine, apply the paste making several applications till the stain is absorbed.

Mildew. For a solvent use lemon juice or a paste of one-tablespoonful of starch, the juice of one lemon, a little soft soap, and water. Rub the stain, wet with lemon juice, and expose to the sun or apply the paste and expose to the sun.

Paint. Turpentine, benzine or alcohol are good solvents for most cases. For delicate colors use chloroform. For old paint use turpentine and ammonia is good. Wet the spot with one of the solvents, let stand for a few minutes. If stain is not removed, wet again and sponge off with a clean cloth.

Iron Rust. For this stain three solutions may be used. A 10 per cent solution of hydrochloric acid, or a paste of lemon juice, starch, salt and soap. In using one of the acids, wet the stained portion with a bowl of boiling water; apply acid drop by drop till stain begins to lighten. Dip at once in alkaline water to neutralize solution. If stain doesn't disappear, add more acid and rinse again in ammonia water. In using lemon juice paste, wet the spot, and expose to the sun. This method is longer but it is effective with light rust spots.

MY PANTRY TABLE

We had an old washstand that was too dilapidated to use, so we threw it on the junk heap, keeping the marble slab as a top. The table is the pantry window near the flour barrel and is used daily for rolling bread, pies, and so on.—Mrs. C. B. G.

SPARE KITCHEN MOMENTS

My kitchen has a sunny pleasant window which until a few months ago was of no use to me except for its original purpose to admit light. But now I have installed beside it a comfortable rocking chair, and just above this on the wall a small shelf painted white. On this I keep not only my recipe files and account book but one or two books of fiction, and when I find a few minutes—when I am waiting for something to boil, for instance—I sit down comfortably and pick up a book. This is infinitely better than taking a chance on going into another room, becoming absorbed in something else and forgetting what's on the stove.

One thing I have banished forever from my kitchen; that is my work basket. When I am head over heels in cooking, baking, and the thousand and one duties of a housewife I do not want to be reminded at every turn that there is a pile of mending waiting for me.—Ruth E. Botsford.

After Every Meal
A universal custom that benefits everybody. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEYS
A good thing to remember
Sealed in its Purify Package

THE FLAVOR LASTS

188UE No. 35-723.

His Name Was Preserved Fish

—BY RICHARD CONNELL.

PART IV.

With a sigh of satisfaction the man who had been Preserved Fish took up his work behind the soda fountain of the Alpha and Omega Drug Store, Main Street, Bucyrus.

He sought out a boarding house. "What name?" asked the lady who kept it.

"John Fish."

"There was no smile. "Pay in advance, was all she said, not even a remark about Yarmouth, the name of the housewife."

He was introduced to the other boarders, minor employees like himself.

"Miss Dowson, meet Mr. John Fish."

A fat, moist hand and a fat, moist smile, no fidgets, no impression made on Miss Dowson.

"Mr. Hewitt, meet Mr. John Fish."

A quick, tight grip, a quick, tight smile, a toneless "Glad to know you."

That was all. No interest in Mr. John Fish was evinced by Mr. Hewitt.

"Miss Smith, meet Mr. John Fish."

A well-kept little hand and a pleasant smile, but purely a formal one. And so with the other boarders.

John Fish had a faint, vague feeling of missing something.

At breakfast next morning no one looked up when he came in; no one nudged anybody in the ribs, no one tutted. He was permitted to eat in moody silence; he was not to be disturbed. Only Miss Smith spoke to him, and she called him "Mr. Fish."

Two thoughts escorted him to his work in the Alpha and Omega Drug Store. One was that no one had even forgotten his name before. The other was that Miss Smith had auburn hair.

Long, uneventful weeks of milk shakes, phosphates, frappes, banana splits, and sodas floated by, and to John Fish came the slow realization that he was not as happy as one should be who has just escaped from an odious bondage. He joined the Bucyrus Baptist Church and went to all its social functions; but with his absence of personality he was very much a willflower. No one sought an introduction to him. No one looked up when he came in, or followed him with curious eyes when he went out.

One night three months after he fled from his home his drug store was burglarized. In the Bucyrus "Bugle," next morning, he sought an account of the affair. He found it at last, a meagre paragraph hidden among the shoe advertisements. It noted that his name was dragged into the last sentence, quite casually.

"A clerk named John Fish helped to catch the thief."

"That was all. They even had the name wrong. He thought of the story the "Clintonian" "Star" would have spread of its front page had he, Preserved Fish, been a hero back home.

Nothing less than two columns and a picture, and his name in the headline. He realized now why he was feeling so lonely, so utterly left out. He missed the notoriety.

Habits die hard. Preserved Fish had the publicity habit. He admitted it to himself. "He missed, actually, the publicity that had been focused on him. As Preserved Fish he was somebody; as John Fish he was nobody. Nobody likes to be nobody."

But one thing kept him from packing up his zither and going back to Clintonia and the spotlight. He had fallen in love with Miss Smith. She was so little and gentle and timid. Her name was Mary.

distinguished man. But John, you're just ordinary. Your very name is commonplace."

"So's yours," muttered John Fish.

"Yes, I know," returned Mary Smith, "and that's one reason I won't marry you. I hate my name. It's so common. But it wouldn't be an improvement to change it to Mrs. John Fish. If you were named Frothingham or Hollingsworth or Montross."

"But, Mary," he started desperately to say.

"Please don't let's talk about it any more," she cried, tears in her eyes. "Good-bye."

Before he could detain her she had good-bye among the maze of monuments.

When John Fish, dejected and world-weary, shambled into his boarding house, there was a special delivery letter propped against his wash bowl. He ripped it open. It was from Galt.

"Oh, you Preserved Fish (alias John)!" I just sold those Confederate notes to a collector for \$800. Being a good brother, I'll charge you a hundred commission. Better come home, grab the seven hundred, and buy out Old Man Kepler. He'll sell. Says business is rotten since you left. Well, olive oil, old souped mackerel! Galtley.

With quick, determined steps John Fish went straight to Mary Smith's room. He heard faint sniffling, weeping sounds inside. He banged on the door.

"Who is it?" called the faintest of voices.

"It's me," he said.

"Who's he?"

"Preserved Fish," he answered loudly.

"What?" the weeping sounds stopped.

"Yes, that's my real name. Preserved Fish. Get that. Preserved Fish."

"Uh-huh," from inside the door.

"I changed my name to 'John' because 'Preserved' made me so conspicuous. Now I'm going to change it back to 'Preserved' and be some body again."

Mary Smith, a little red about the eyes, but smiling, came out into the hallway.

"Is that true what you said?" she asked.

For answer he thrust the letter into her hand.

"Are you the Preserved Fish whose name used to be in the papers?" she asked, looking up at him shyly. Awe was in her tone.

"There isn't another man named Preserved Fish in the world," he said, his chest expanding.

"Oh, Preserved," cried Mary Smith.

He did the proper thing. If you should chance to go down Market Street in Clintonia, at the corner of Cannon Street you will see a glittering drug store, the most prosperous in town, and over it, the largest sign in that part of the state, in gleaming letters of gold reads:

DRUGS AND SODA

Proprietor

PRESERVED FISH

(The End)



Lowering Herself.

"You say she's lowering herself to go with that man?"

"Yes, he doesn't like high heels and she's stooped wearing them."

Dogs Following Motors.

The practice is again being indulged in of allowing pet dogs to run behind motor cars. This is a dangerous proceeding for the dog. It becomes overheated and strained in trying to keep up, and is apt to suffer greatly. It is a cruel and thoughtless proceeding, and one that will not be permitted. A dog must, of course, have exercise, but it should be obtained in some other way.

A great many oxeye daisies went to seed last month. The outlook for an improved crop for next year is good.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT ROOF HOSPITAL. The Duchess of York was present at the inauguration of a roof ward at a hospital for children, and was caught by the photographer intensely interested in an explanation being made by a nurse at the bedside of a little patient who is making a piece of basketry.

The Horse's Point of View

In Summer.

If a horse could talk he would have many things to say when summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say, "Give me a little water many times a day, when the heat is intense, but not much at a time if I am warm; if you want me to keep well don't water me too soon after I have eaten."

He would say, "When the sun is hot and I am working let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street, leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears, to keep off the sun is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it."

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruelly chibstones—the pressure of the road, the burning of the feet, the bruised knees, and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly not when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep off the insects that bite and sting.

He would plead for an cool and comfortable stable as possible in which to rest at night after a day's work under the hot sun.

He would suggest that living through a winter in a narrow stable, neither properly cleaned nor bedded, is suffering for him and poor economy for the owner.

He would say that turning the hose on him is altogether too risky a thing, unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not warm on a hot day he would find agreeable.

He would say, "Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night, and also sponge me with clean cool water under the collar and saddle of the harness."

"House Beautiful" of Pilgrim's Progress in Ruins.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in Britain is getting perturbed over the suggested demolition of Houghton Towers, the "House Beautiful" of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which stands in ruins near Houghton Conquest, Bedfordshire.

This is a very beautiful, and since they still are considerable, consisting of the north and west gables, the entrance porch and the towers, as well as the whole of the external walls. It is argued that the cost of removing the material would not be much less than that of its restoration.

As part of its association with Bunyan, Houghton Towers, is a valuable example of the skill of John Thorpe and his sons, architects. It was built for Mary, Countess of Pembroke, on the fringe of the west front, flanked by the porch and the tower, and the bear and ragged staff of the Durdley. Though the work of building was started from the plans of John Thorpe, it had not far advanced when John's death over and at once put into practice his now ideas gathered in Italy.

After the death of the Countess in 1610 the house passed from the Pembroke family to the hands of the Bruce family, who made some internal alterations. In the taste of the seventeenth century. These alterations included a new Carolingian address, which was later to be recorded, production in the Swan Hotel at Bedford.

The last man to live at Houghton Towers was the Marquis of Tavistock, who was killed while hunting. His father, the Duke of Bedford, declared that he could not see the idea of a stranger living in his house, and he ordered the roof to be riven off, and the interior sold. That was in 1794, and ever since the "House Beautiful" has been slowly descending to ruin.

To a Spider.

If I were you I'd never stay in such a corner Every day.

In dust and dark— Not I! I'd spin A web all silver. Fine and thin.

I'd film it On a daisy's face Or spread it On the grass like lace.

But, oh, I'd have it In the air With sunshine, Sunshine everywhere.

The wind might Tear it, yes—but then I'd get to work And spin again.

This much I know, I'd never stay Inside your walls On such a day. —Alfing Cresson.

Longest Poem on Record.

MINING PROSPECTS

IN THE DOMINION

BRITISH AND AMERICAN CAPITAL INTERESTED.

Canada Will Profit by Improvement in General Situation in World's Metal Markets.

The mineral production of Canada in 1922 accounted for a value of \$133,029,595, an amount of \$11,066,253 in excess of that of 1921, but falling short by some \$45,000,000 of the value of the 1920 production. The only increase which did not record an increase in the output of minerals last year were Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The resumption of mining activity in Canada was almost entirely confined to the latter months of the year, and it is gratifying to note that the increase evidenced in the declining period of the year has been carried with additional momentum into 1923 and that prospects for a substantial mineral production in the year are very bright.

The broad concentration of interest in the Canadian mining situation is becoming strikingly constructive lines in many parts of the country, several companies, it is reported, are now being organized overseas to acquire and develop promising properties in various sections of the Dominion.

For the most part, properties all over the country which have lain idle for years for want of capital and initiative are either being revived or acquired by other and richer companies. This interest is being distributed all over the Dominion and resulting in a very general expansion of mining activity.

Gold Mining Camps Well Established. The various gold mining camps of Northern Ontario are now well established with a good number of producing and dividend-paying properties, and it is only a matter of time before their number will be increased, according to authorities. New shafts are being rapidly erected, and the capacity of others, doubled or tripled. The silver situation at Cobalt has been well maintained, and the increase in production effected in 1922 is expected to be further extended this year, with renewed development in the nickel area at Sudbury. One large nickel-producing corporation, long idle, is resuming operations with 100 men, and other companies are making extensive additions to plants and shipping a considerably enhanced production.

Developments in Quebec have been well heralded and interest is wide in the new provincial gold area. Something like 100,000 acres have been staked out in claims in the Abitibi and Temiskaming districts and exploration and development work will displace this summer. The Government has declared that in the area by undertaking to establish a recording office at the end of the railroad now being built and subsidized by the Provincial Government to serve this new territory, and known as the Interprovincial and James Bay Railway. It has also sent its support to the extent of extending facilities for industry by the building of colonization roads. There is similar activity in the Maritimes. Mines long idle in Nova Scotia are being reworked this year.

In the first months of 1923, the output of the British Empire Steel Corporation has recorded production double that of the corresponding periods in 1922.

Greater Coal Production Expected. A greater production of coal is expected in Alberta this year, resulting no less from more equable working conditions than from a more extensive demand. Manitoba at the present time is securing 75 per cent of its coal from Alberta and the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are experimenting with the prairie product, in the hope that a way may be found to substitute Western coal for at least some proportion of foreign coal now imported into the Eastern provinces.

There are not lacking substantial signs of recovery in the mining situation in British Columbia. The last months of the old year witnessed a renewal of activity which has continued in a satisfactory manner in the beginning of the new. Some of the mines which during the period of depression have remained idle are now being opened up, and there is accumulating evidence of returning interest in capital both from Great Britain and the United States in this field. The two large smelting plants of the province which furnish a market for a large percentage of the area mine anticipated a busy season of increasing production, thus affording an optimistic barometer for the mining industry of the province.

Surveying the present mining situation from east to west, one can scarcely fail to be struck by the fact that the Dominion is now producing more metal than it consumes. This is a situation which has not been known since the early days of the Dominion's history.

Shoemen of the King.

The King's shoemen, the ordinary cobbler, are now in a sorry state. It is difficult to find a pair of shoes which will last, and to find a pair which is comfortable. The King's shoemen are now in a sorry state. It is difficult to find a pair of shoes which will last, and to find a pair which is comfortable.

Singling Competition in Rural Ontario.

There has been for some time a well-developed competition in the rural districts of Ontario. The subject of which is the well-being of the community. The producers of this commodity are the farmers of the district, and they are now in a sorry state. It is difficult to find a pair of shoes which will last, and to find a pair which is comfortable.

THE Agricultural Industry is our most important industry; founded on the soil we claim lies Ontario's greatest wealth.

What shall it be? Now, young man, since you have the power of the vote and decided to make your field of agriculture, take advantage of the Province's best offer of education.

Yes, an education at the Ontario Agricultural College that will make you a bigger and better man on the land, in the administrative office or in the science laboratory.

There are many professions within the Agricultural Industry one of which may interest you:

The would-be Agricultural Chemist, Bacteriologist, or Entomologist, or Biologist, or Botanist, or Horticulturist, or Economist, or Specialist, or Dairy Specialist, can gain the most liberal training at the Ontario Agricultural College. Should you decide to continue as a practical farmer the training will be of life-long service to you. Should you decide to become a professional man the education given by the college may give you a head start.

The College calendar gives full information as to the course of study.

W. B. REYNOLDS, M.A., President. A. J. POWELL, B.S.A., Registrar.

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