When You Try

"SALADA"

TEA

H478

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just tea."

About the House

TELLING CHILDREN STORIES.

What sort of bed-time stories do you tell to your children, and what sort of an impression do they make on the little tots? Do you sometimes wonder why the longer you tell your little son or daughter stories the wider awake they become? If this is the case, you may be sure that there is a very good reason for it. What kind of stories do your children ask for? One is safe in assuming that if the child is acquainted with Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, etc., that they are his favorite stories. But have you allowed the child to become acquainted with these characters of story-lore?

A friend once complained to me that the longer she told her little daughter "good-night" stories the wider awake she became. "The more stories I tell her, the more she wants," the mother complained. "She wants tales of ogres and giants and Indians, and she won't go to sleep without them and she can't go to sleep with them. It becomes 'All ten o'clock.' And she is so nervous that she often cries in her sleep."

Although a woman of unusual intelligence, she did not seem to realize that it was the sort of stories she told her little daughter that caused the trouble. Suppose that she had told the child stories of a soothing character. You know there are stories of a quieting character that have a repetition of soft, drowsy sounds that naturally have the effect of producing sleep. Or, if she preferred, she might have told the little one stories which, even though they did not have the effect of producing sleepiness, may be told at bedtime, with perfect safety. In fact, any story that does not contain the least element of fear may be safely told. But if a mother desires that her child shall sleep well, she should never tell him, or allow him to hear, stories that frighten him. Such stories are also poor brain developers.

One a few evenings ago our little boy, seven years old, began after he had been put to bed, to tell the story his teacher had read to his class that day. It was hard to follow him, interested in any other story. The "teacher's story" had made such an impression on him that he seemed he could not get it out of his mind. I did not get much meaning from his rather incoherent version, but I know the story was full of beasts, giants and ogres, and that it was not fit for any child's mind. It was with difficulty that I interested the child in a simple little nature story.

Perhaps the child's teacher is not to blame as she is only a girl and this is her first school. Anyway, our little brother took some stories to school with him the next day—just such stories as he is used to having told him and to him and he teacher was pleased to get them, and to point it, read them aloud to the class. And as a result brother did not have any difficulty in keeping his mind on his own good-night story when he went to bed. His little mind was not full of horrible, fear-instilling thoughts, and by the time my story was finished, he was ready to go to sleep.

HANGING-BASKET PLANTS.

Hanging-basket plants, I have learned, must be hardy and not easily injured by heat or temporary neglect. The air up where they are is likely to be much hotter than the normal living room temperature, and, being above the level of the eyes, they are likely to be neglected. Drying out fast, they need more watering than pots below, and usually get less.

The Bermuda buttercup oxalis has been about the best blooming hanging-basket plant I have ever grown. Both foliage and flowers have long stems, and droop down over the sides as they mature. One or two bulbs will make a fine basket. A large fleshy root stores moisture, which makes it drought-resistant. This is the case also with *Asparagus sprengeri* another excellent basket plant with beautiful feathery foliage but no worth-while bloom. Wandering Jew and weeping lantana are trailing plants often used, but either of the above I have found to be better.—A. H.

THEIR GREATEST LABOR SAVERS.

When a certain farm woman figured that she was traveling 114 miles a year, bringing water from her back porch into the kitchen, it did not take her long to persuade the men-folks to pipe the water into the house. Facts are stubborn and sometimes startling, and often the simplest changes spell the difference between drudgery and pleasure in doing housework.

"What is the greatest labor saver in your home?" was the question asked at a home-improvement meeting the other day.

Electric lights, electric iron, and electric washer of course came in for their due share of praise; but many of the things mentioned were within the limits of even the slenderest pocketbook, and some of these things require no outlay of money whatever, only a little thought and ingenuity.

"A high stool in the kitchen," said one woman.

"Hooks to hang utensils where they are needed," said another.

"A chamois skin for washing windows and mirrors," volunteered a third.

Other things found helpful were drop shelves to supply extra room, wire dish cloth, dustless dust mop, oil cloth on shelves, traveling table, and oil stove.

Just read this over again, and see if there isn't at least one of these labor savers that you need and can have without much expenditure of time or money.

A SIMPLE, DAINTY SACK.

4463. Filet lace and crepe de chine are here combined. The model is comfortable and pretty, and may be developed in crepe of two colors, or in batiste with veining and hemstitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch material. For the yoke of contrasting material 1 yard 40 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

PATCHING NEW GARMENTS.

Patching new garments sounds drastic, but is much easier and more inspiring than working on old ones that are faded and out of shape. Patches, like the nose on the face, have a habit of coming in the same places. So it is a simple matter to put them on after a new garment has been shrunk, or, if made at home, after it has been finished. In the latter case some of the material can be used, but if clothes are ready-made some similar material will do just as well.

The tail of an old shirt is often good enough to be cut into patches for the elbows or pieces large enough to come down over the shoulder blades in the back. Cut the patches round for the elbows and pin or baste into place. Do not turn in the edges. Catch-stitch the patch to the sleeve very lightly. When putting in double backs shape the patch like the top of the shirt, pin into place, turn in the edges and hem to sleeves, shoulder and collar seams.

Overcast the lower edge and tack to the shirt in several places so as to hold it in place. Knees and seats of new trousers will be much slower to come through if re-enforced in this way while new. Underwear and pajamas will need almost no attention in later life when they are patched before showing too much wear. You will be surprised to experience a wonderful feeling of freedom when you outdistance the family patching.

Only one breeding-ground for flamingoes remains in North America, and this is on British soil. These birds have been slaughtered by the natives of the Bahama Islands until there are now only about 1,200 left.

WRIGLEY'S

Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

Sealed in its Purity Package

THE TALE THAT ECHO TOLD

By John T. Troth

The ancient village of Burb (as all travelers toward the icy passes of Knorrgap well know) lies a half day's journey beyond Gaw, on the left bank of the River Gurg, from the incessant murmuring of whose waters over their silver-pebbled shallows it takes its name. And a very long time ago there dwelt in that place a most skillful physician, named, if I have remembered the tale aright, Men Yu, the fame of whose vast learning had penetrated even as far as purple-roofed and gorgeous Sudaban, and his proud neighbors never wearied of prophesying that he would some day be called as court physician to the great King.

In his youth Men Yu had loved and courted Yonda, the beautiful daughter of the King's equerry, and, finally winning her from his rival, Gorlon, had married her, they two living together most happily for three years. Then came to that part of the world the year that no man forgets even to this distant day, when the fetid breath of the white fever was borne northward on humid breezes from the far jungles of Umb. It kissed, among many others, Yonda, who, in spite of all Men Yu's wisdom, wasted away and died in the hushed space between night fade and dawn glow.

One winter evening many years later when Men Yu, resting from his laborious studies, was lost in thoughts (as ever at such times) of the beauty and goodness of Yonda, there came a knocking at his door. Withdrawing the oaken bars he admitted a man attired in gorgeous silks of green and gold, and from the manner of his dress at once knew him to be from a far eastern country which lay, men said, even beyond the fiery plains of Hunthir, and those of Gerst. He proved, indeed, to be a merchant of storied Ambur, whose far-gleaming roofs are reported to be slated with nothing less than the burnished scales of golden dragons overcome in old, forgotten battles, and he dealt in mysterious wares and strange enchantments calculated to divert the mind and beguile the soul away from all sad thoughts. His trafficking was carried on secretly for fear of the anger of the priests, who had great jealousy of the occult powers of his merchandise. Men Yu had often heard of these things and was glad to see them with his own eyes, but steadfastly refused to buy, saying that he had no wish to be diverted either from his labors or from his sorrow.

At last the merchant, seeing that he was obdurate, confided that he had yet to reveal the most truly amazing thing of all. Feeling in his turban, he brought forth a tiny, violet-colored shell, within whose labyrinthine convolutions he asserted there dwelt a spirit, a mere Voice, called Echo, who, while invisible to any eye, was capable of reproducing, as on a veritable mirror or sound, all that had fallen upon the ear of man since the world was but a little pellet of moist clay, rolled between the thumb and forefinger of God. Men Yu was tremendously interested at hearing this, and asked the merchant for proof of his incredible claims. The latter thereupon commanded Echo, and the physician at once heard, quite plainly, the confused babble of strange tongues in the streets and bazaars of far-off, Eastern cities, the tinkle of silver-tongued bells on the anklets of dancing girls, and the weird, long-drawn cries of priests praying for their minarets at the going down of the sun.

These wonders, and especially the last, convinced Men Yu that Echo would indeed prove a most invaluable and diverting companion, and further, he saw the possibility of discovering through her voice many of the lost secrets and mysteries of the past, so he inquired of the merchant his price. The man in green and gold thereupon named remarkable conditions under which alone could he think of parting with this the chiefest of his treasures.

Many and wondrous were the revelations unveiled by the obedient voice of Echo, and without parallel became the fame of Men Yu throughout all the then known world. By the irrefutable evidence of conversations hoary with the breath of centuries and unrecorded save within the memory of Echo he mastered, one by one, the moot problems that had vexed the wisest men of his time.

But, improbable as it may appear, although Men Yu never ceased to dwell affectionately upon his memories of incomparable Yondo, years passed before it occured to him to bid Echo resurrect from the silence of the tomb the voice of his love as he had delighted to hear it during the cruelly brief years she had been with him. One wild, stormy night, however, when he was more than usually lonely, he thought of this new wonder and joyfully commanded the shell to give up those dearly cherished sounds. Echo was unaccountably silent at first and, when he insisted, seemed to speak sadly and reluctantly. Then, as Men Yu listened so hungarily, he heard Yonda's own voice in conversation, not with himself, but with Gorlon, his rival, and through her tones there breathed a smoldering fire of passion, such as even he had never heard therein.

Finally Men Yu rose and, first sealing the door and windows of his room with wax, took certain magical powders from sundry vials, blending them together in the form of a pyramid in a little earthern bowl. Upon its summit he laid the violet shell, and then powders here and there with a blazing splint from the fire. As dense volumes of pungent smoke arose from the smoldering heap, he addressed Echo in these words:

"It is known to me that your voice may not wholly be destroyed, but, for the peace of mind of all the ensuing ages, I will curb your too faithful tongue, and return to utter oblivion the secrets of the dead past!"

Jockeying the Master of Horse.

Queen Victoria figures in an entertaining story that the Marquise de Fontenoy tells in a New York newspaper. The queen disliked her Master of Horse, a former Earl of Albemarle, whose appointment to office he ministry had forced upon her. The earl therefore took a malicious pleasure in asserting his prerogative to ride with her in the state carriage on all official occasions. The queen complained to the Duke of Wellington, who was then her adviser.

The Iron Duke, says the Marquise, extricated her from the difficulty in an amusing and characteristic manner. In a letter, which is still in existence, he pointed out to the queen that, although Lord Albemarle as Master of Horse had an undoubted right to ride in the royal carriage on all state occasions, there was no law, written or unwritten, that specified the place he was to occupy. It was quite within Her Majesty's power to assign him a place on the footboard behind or alongside the footmen or, if a semistate carriage were used, in the rumble.

Accordingly the Earl of Albemarle received a warning in the name of the queen that, if he insisted on asserting his prerogative of riding with her, he would have to take his place with the footmen. The result was that Queen Victoria was never again troubled about the matter.

Down to the Sea.

No mountain path, no meadow way, no road
Urging me inland holds my feet for long;
Across my back the salt wind's flicking goad
Is laid; and in my ears the lilt, blue song
Of distand waves is sounded. I am fain
To run again the highway to the sea,
Through sun and fog, through silver mist and rain,
Uncaptured by the green arms of a tree.
I reach the wild wastes of the singing sand,
Where white surf blossoms briefly break and die.
Where earth's a pebble in the seas curved hand,
And shining mists aspire to the sky.
Where jade dark drums their lonely challenge beat
Against the rocks; and where to die were sweet.

—Faith Baldwin.

Unworthy Thought

Hubby—"He's very attentive—always goes to the train to see his wife off on her trips."

Wife—"Wants to be sure she's really leaving town, you mean."

Good Enough.

Grocers are accustomed to answering penetrating questions about the merits of their wares. Perkins of Perkinsville was no exception to this rule.

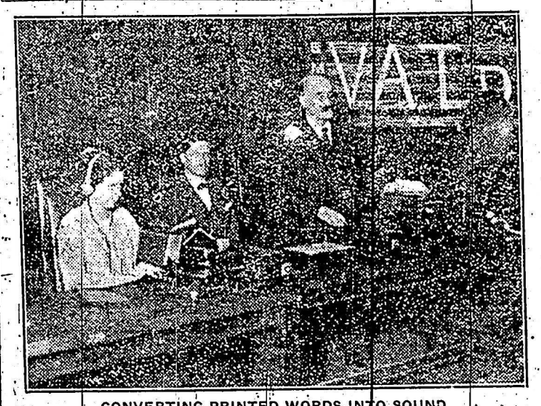
"Are they really fresh?" demanded a woman customer who came to buy eggs.

"They certainly are," replied Perkins.

"You're sure of that? Because I'm so frightened of bad eggs. I must have them really fresh."

"Boy," called out the grocer to his assistant, "just run to the back room and see if this morning's eggs are cool enough yet to sell."

The great Confucius, Chinese moralist and philosopher, was born 551 B.C. He lived to be 78 years of age.



CONVERTING PRINTED WORDS INTO SOUND

Professor A. Barr, of Glasgow, is shown in the picture demonstrating how, by the use of an Otophone, printed words can be converted into sounds to enable blind persons to read. This was demonstrated recently at a scientific exhibition in Liverpool.

Animals as Prophets.

The senses of animals differ enormously from those of human beings.

For instance, a cuckoo, five months old, which has never been five miles from the place where it was hatched, can find its way, unaided, from this country to Africa, says an English writer.

As all fishermen know, trout go off their feed before rain. They cannot see the sky, yet they know hours in advance when a change in the weather is coming.

Animals can tell in advance when a bad earthquake or volcanic eruption is about to occur. In Sicily dogs showed great uneasiness two days before the eruption of Etna. Cats carried their kittens away from houses, and hares seemed stupefied by fright.

Similar knowledge was exhibited by animals before the great Valparaiso earthquake of 1906, but in this case horses and cattle as well as dogs were desperately uneasy for twenty-four hours before the big shock. Dogs howled all night, and cattle lowed.

Before the Messina earthquake of January, 1915, birds were noticed to be flying in flocks, evidently greatly disturbed, but it is an odd fact that there were no such signs before the sudden and dreadful earthquake which destroyed San Francisco.

One explanation of this sense possessed by dumb creatures may be that animals, having finer powers of hearing than man, may detect underground rumblings or quiverings which man cannot sense. Or it may be that there is some electric tension which affects them. At any rate, there is no doubt that they do know many hours beforehand when an earth convulsion is about to take place.

Dreamers.

Is it a dream that we are different?
Can it be true we are the same as they
Those beasts forever tearing at their prey,
Seeming so sleek yet always on the scent?
Our talons hide in pale pear blossom flesh,
Cold cunning lurks beneath our fragile skin—
Oh, we are strange and terrible within,
Our slender hands can lay a snaring mesh!
Still, do beasts hold hushed visions as they go?
By toiling sweat do they stretch spires high—
Aching to wring a solace from the sky
And crying of a High White Thing they know?
Are we mere beasts and cruel as we seem,
Or are we different because we dream?

—Power Dalton.

Borax as Precious as Gold

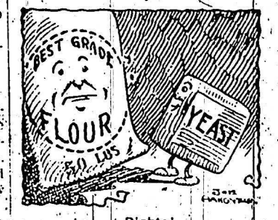
Borax is used in every household—in talcum powders, eye lotions, medicinal powders, and soaps. And yet, four thousand years ago, it was a rarity almost as precious as gold.

In the days of Babylon the only known sources were in a few salt marshes in the Gobi Desert, north of the Himalayas. It was collected by natives. Small Hilalayan sheep carried it slung in bags round their necks down the steep mountain-sides into India, and it was then taken by camels to Eastern Europe.

It was used by goldsmiths for cleaning the surface of molten gold. Only by means of borax could the crude metal be refined and worked into rings, amulets, and breastplates.

Nowadays the United States produces more than 40,000 tons a year. Thirty years ago its richest source was a Californian desert called the Death Valley, a place believed to be the hottest and driest spot on earth. A company supported by British capital worked the mines. Until they built a railway ten years later the produce was hauled by mules over 165 miles of uninhabited desert.

A new borax mine, believed to contain ten million tons, has been discovered in Nevada. The world will now have far more than it wants, unless new uses are discovered for what was once a rarity.



Rightoo!

Bag of Flour—"You're nothing but a measly little cake of yeast."

Yeast Cake—"Yes, but I'll get a raise out of you all right."

The Love Potion.

The stranger found a girl sitting by the roadside sobbing as though her heart would break. And he inquired the reason for her distress.

"Alas, sir!" said she, "I am in love with a man; to me he means the whole world; without him I cannot live—yet he does not love me."

"And you have told him all this?" inquired the stranger. "Then go and flirt madly with his best friend, dance the hours through with other men; but toss your head if he approaches you."

And a week later the girl called upon the stranger.

"Sir," she said, "my lover was on his knees before me last night."

And the stranger just smiled.

Spiritualist Sunday Schools.

Spiritualistic Sunday schools are making a certain amount of progress in England. About 13,000 attend such services. Efforts are being made to influence some of them to become mediums. This has resulted in powerful attacks backed by well known persons.

China's Millions.

China is so over-populated that there are always many more coolies than work for them. If at any time all of China's coolie millions should find employment it would mean that trade and business were going at top speed in the republic.

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes, sir?" said the servant, as he did not speak.

"Oh, Alice, I want to have a talk with you both. Do you think Jane could come here for a minute?"

"I'll ask her, sir," Alice replied, and she left the room.

The door opened again and the two elderly women entered. The cook, fat and jolly and red-faced, walked first. Alice, tall and angular and with a face like a hatchet, followed. Alice closed the door.

"Yes, sir?" said Jane.

Dr. Trehorn cleared his throat and said: "A lady came here last night."

"Yes, sir," said Alice, "and I don't know as I've ever seen anyone I took to more, seeing as she was a stranger."

"The lady, whose name I do not know," Trehorn continued, "made a mistake. She'd run away from her husband—at least I think so. She has gone back to him and is anxious to do all in her power to put things straight. She had to take me into her confidence, as I am going to take you into mine. She threw herself upon my mercy, as I throw myself on yours. I promised her that I—well, that I would keep her secret and pretend that she had never been here."

"Oh, sir, I don't like it at all," said Alice. "Indeed, I don't. It do seem like encouraging wickedness."

Trehorn shrugged his shoulders. "You must do just as you like," he said with a smile. "But I warn you that if it is known that the lady came here with Mr. Merrington it will probably mean a tragedy for three people—a cruel tragedy. I do not want to encourage evil, but to prevent it. This lady has returned to her husband, but if all this comes to light she will doubtless leave him again. Well, I leave myself in your good hands."

Jane and Alice looked at each other. "I think we might oblige the master," said the cook, "seein' as he's doin' it all for the best."

"Yes, Jane—but I won't make no promise. I must do what my conscience tells me."

"That'll be all right, sir," said the cook. "You leave her to me."

"Thank you both—very much," said Trehorn quietly. "I don't ask either of you to make a promise. I just leave myself—and this lady's reputation—in your hands."

They left the room and Trehorn gave a sigh of relief. He had said nothing about the police. But he was not afraid that either of them would be induced to betray him. On thinking the matter over he had come to the conclusion that police inquiries would only stiffen their determination to back him up. They would not say anything that would get him into trouble with the police.

There was a ring at the front door bell, and a minute later Mr. Ardington was shown into the room. He was a tall, slender man of fifty with rather long iron-grey hair brushed back from his forehead, and a lean, endaverous face. Rich and able to toil just as much or as little as he pleased, he had acquired great reputation as a wood carver, and it was said that his work more nearly approached the perfection and spirit of the mediaeval craftsmen than the work of any other man in England.

"I say, this is a pretty rotten business," said Trehorn. "I was just going to send a telegram to Mrs. Merrington."

Ardington seated himself in a chair and lit a cigarette. "Where is the woman?" he asked.

"I don't know. I know nothing about my woman. Who told you Merrington was here?"

"No one," Ardington replied. "The London police rang me up last night, and I think they must have got on to the police station here. At any rate the village policeman heard about the car this morning, and identified the number, and came up to see me about it. I rang you up on the off chance—in case you might know anything about it. Poor Merrington—poor fellow—I wish I could see him safely out of this."

"But this woman, Ardington? What do you mean?"

"Well, the car was seen between here and London, and there was a woman in it."

"What's the evidence for that?"

"A policeman took the number of the car."

"Why?"

"I think Merrington was driving rather fast. At any rate the policeman took the number, and he swears there was a woman in the car."

"Well, I suppose Merrington was giving her a lift. What was she like?"

Ardington shrugged his shoulders. "Furs," he replied. "That's all the fellow saw. Dark furs."

"Might have been another woman, mightn's it?"

"I don't know—it's all very queer. Do you think if I saw Merrington—"

"That would be no good," Trehorn broke in sharply. "Merrington has lost his memory—about six or seven months of it—he can't tell anyone what has happened—what he has been doing since last June."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Ardington.

"Well, I'm not sure that it isn't the best thing for him after all."

"Do you thing the police will believe that?"

"I know it for a fact. Why—" He paused. He had just been about to say, "Why, he didn't even recognize the woman who was with him in the car," but he had saved himself in time. He shivered at the narrow escape.

"Why, he knew nothing about the accident," Trehorn continued, "or that he had left London in a car. But this morning, when I told him that he was near Dedbury, he thought it possible that he might have been going to stay with you."

"Oh, he remembers me and Dedbury, eh?"

"Yes, yes. And that's why I was going to ring you up. I don't believe this story of the woman at all. Do you?"

Ardington hesitated before he replied. "When he said Merrington and his wife were very fond of each other."

"Did you know his wife?" asked Trehorn.

"Not very well. But she was a lovely little woman full of life—oh, it's horrible. Terrible—horrible to think that of her."

"The truth must be kept from Merrington," said the young doctor sternly, "or I will not be responsible for his life. He cannot be moved from here for a month. And he must have absolute rest—peace of mind."

Trehorn rose from his chair and walked slowly backwards and forwards in the room. Ardington flung away his cigarette and lit another.

"You realize," said Ardington after a minute of silence, "that this unknown woman may play a very important part in the tragedy?"

"Yes, I see that. Mrs. Merrington committed suicide, the woman said, "and suicide a motive."

"And if Mr. Merrington was murdered—"

"Oh, you don't think that!" said Trehorn. "I know this Merrington so well that I can see what kind of man he is."

"I know," said Ardington sharply, "it's a question of what you and Trehorn. We're together in this, we're going to stick by Merrington."

"Yes, I'm with you, my dear fellow, I'm going to see him through his illness. That is a doctor's duty."

"Quite so, and the first duty of a man is to tell an amount of lies to save a friend."

"What do you mean by that, Ardington?"

"I mean that before I came here I motored to the scene of the accident. No, I was there and I had a good look round. You say Merrington was found in the road; well, some one came into the body."

"Oh!" laughed Ardington passed and laughed. "Good Lord! I can trust you, I know my hand. Between you and me, old Merrington was a few lies for him. You aren't talking nonsense, Ardington."

"Well, but look here, Ardington, pulled two crushed feathers from his pocket. "I found them in the road lucky I did find them, never came of a suit case."

Dr. Trehorn recognized the two feathers identical with the two in the lady had worn in her hat. But he was already to deceive, and he said, "I don't know any hard with feathers like those."

Ardington laughed. "Some ordinary fowl," he replied; "a white Orpington, or a Leghorn, some white feathers, dyed that wonderful shade of grey." These only cost a matter of a shilling. Trehorn. And I don't say he has to pay a few shillings for them."

He carefully replaced the feathers in his pocket-book, hiding them away in a little compartment that had a flap in it.

"I think I'd keep them if I were you," said the young doctor.

"Not yet, Trehorn. I shall keep them safe enough. Well, you didn't see the lady, eh?"

"Of course I didn't, or I'd have said so."

(To be continued.)

The Little Things.

He came a little sooner
The day grew a little longer
And slowly but surely the world
Worked a little harder
And he loved a little less,
He was never hurried,
He had time for a little chat,
He noticed the little things,
Forgot the little slights,
Expressed a little more
Of the little courtesies
Of the little ways,
And was willing to do a little extra
When a little was asked.
When he died
The world wondered what
Made him so
Different from the rest of us.
He smiled a little sadly
And said he was just a little
Better than the world
Expected him to be.
Are the little things worth while?

Argentina's Meteorite.

[illegible] which fell in the Argentine [illegible] 300 [illegible] of 32 [illegible] About seventy-eight years ago the meteorite was [illegible] who had [illegible] spot by Vilelas Indians. The [illegible] day it is buried in the [illegible] showed that it [illegible] and pure nickel [illegible] pieces were [illegible] to [illegible] The pieces were [illegible] from [illegible] the [illegible] were presented to [illegible] of the United States [illegible] in sympathy with Argentina [illegible]

From Canada's Factory.

The [illegible] and [illegible] have [illegible] on the [illegible] wedding trip [illegible] a very [illegible] of the [illegible] Canada.

Attachments of a new sled enable a person to move himself over snow or ice with movements similar to rowing a boat.

Gives you lasting uplift—Bovril