

# High Quality—Always

## "SALADA" TEA

The choice teas used exclusively in Salada yield richly of their delicious goodness. Say Salada.

## Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN

"Love gives itself and is not bought"—Longfellow

### CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd.)

"I couldn't believe them when they told me at the station, yesterday, that you had arrived," said Bobbie, changing the subject, "I was so glad to hear that your trip was so successful. You had heard to show. You might have written to me last time. And, anyway, I would have been glad to see you. I should have come back to find you and Edie just the same. Say, Bobbie, I've just met Peter Garvoek at the March dyke. He was at the very place where he and Alan fought that dreadful Sunday afternoon, which you and I will never forget."

"Bobbie leaned up against the stone balustrade, looking the deep interest that she felt."

"So you saw Edie, then? Well, I don't think I could have looked at her and not been glad to see her."

"He did. Among the changes that have come, Bobbie, the greatest, I do believe, has taken place in him."

"He has never had a day's peace of mind, I believe, since he left home. How did he take your coming back? And does he know that Miss Carlyle is actually Alan's wife?"

"I had heard that, but I don't exactly know what is inside of Peter, but I know that he is a different man now and that he has some real sense and courage."

"The man of whom they had talked was still out upon Barriac Hill, the prey of a thousand conflicting thoughts. He spent hours roaming about in the quiet spring solitude, and finally, out of the chaos of his thoughts, there rose the image of one who had been before him many hours ago, a man who had been with him at the purpose of a life."

"It was eight and nine o'clock that the man of the reduced household came to the front of the house. He was in the front of the house, and he was looking at the step."

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### THE UNFAMILIAR TELEPHONE.

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As the warm sun of the short northern summer melted the snow over the former camping ground of a previous expedition, Mr. MacMillan discovered considerable debris, including some wire and one old telephone mouthpiece. His Eskimo companion showed intense interest in the white man's explanation of the use of the telephone. When the explorer turned in for a few hours' sleep, the ingenious native tried his hand at telephone line construction.

Along the bleak Arctic coast ran a straggling row of split boards about five feet high, from which was festooned a couple of hundred yards of wire. A single telephone mouthpiece dangled at one end of the line, and before it stood a solitary Eskimo. Into this improvised telephone he shouted a few words in his native language, then ran madly along the pole line, clapped the far end of the wire to his ear and listened for his own message. He heard was the wind whistling over the ice-bound waters along the grim north-west coast of Greenland.

Disappointed, but still hopeful, the Eskimo returned to the mouthpiece. Evidently feeling that he had not sprouted quite fast enough the first time, he repeated the process with an extra burst of speed, only to be disappointed again. Just then there appeared round the corner of the hut the white explorer who had given him the scrap wire and the old mouthpiece. Immediately the Eskimo ceased his efforts, and laughingly remarked that he knew the white man was lying when he told about the telephone. For he could talk through a wire that had no hole in it.

However, the Eskimo understood only persons who do not understand telephony. Incredible as it sounds, there are people in England to-day who do not recognize a telephone instrument when they see it. The London Telegraph and Telephone News says that a respectable-looking addition to a respectable-looking table at the Wembley Exposition, fitted with a transmitter of the nearest instrument and gazed long and earnestly into it as if it had been a person. Evidently the view failed to come up to his expectations, for he stepped back and regretfully walked off in quest of more thrilling entertainment.

### CLIPSTON FASHIONS

"Sign No More, Ladies." Many gem-like songs are found in Shakespeare's plays. The following is Balducci's song in "Much Ado About Nothing":

Sign no more, ladies, sign no more; Men were deceivers ever; One foot in sea, and one on shore; To us thing constant never; Then sigh not so, but let them go, And be you blithe and bonny; Converting all your sounds of woe Into, 'Heigh, ho, nonny, nonny.'"

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### London's Roman Relics

The Bank of England is to be cleared shortly for extensive repairs, and additions, and a good deal of excavator will be involved. The Society of Antiquaries has appointed a committee to examine any Roman relics that may be unearthed.

It is almost impossible to dig to any depth in the city area without finding some traces of the Roman city. One of the London Museum is the enormous number of articles and relics of all descriptions which have been found in the river and during excavation work for the foundation of city offices.

A recent site excavated, close by the Bank of England, proved one of the richest mines of Roman relics ever discovered, and the bank site brought to yield much of interest.

That London in Roman times was no mean city is shown in a remarkable way. Not only have many articles been found, but upon them no fewer than three hundred names of makers have been deciphered. Only the other day, in Tokenhouse Yard, a plate of Samian ware was dug up with the maker's name upon it.

### Two Opinions

You regret that memory is a tiny cup So soon over-brimming.

An Tung Lung, Would that the tiny cup Were deeply cracked, Retaining nothing!

Paul Eldridge.

### Its First Compliment

The Court had settled down to enjoy itself. A motorist was in the dock on a charge of speeding and, unfortunately for the accused, the magistrate was an anti-motorist.

Scarcely all the people present were aware of the magistrate's aversion to car owners and drivers, and therefore were looking forward to some dry compliments from him.

"The officer," began the magistrate in his pompous way, "says that you were going at forty miles an hour."

"Very well," replied the delinquent, sending quite happily.

"Indeed, I am," replied her aunt, "and you're the first man I ever saw who didn't seem angry with the officer."

"Well," was the answer, "it's the compliment that has ever been paid to my old bus."

Life's greatest blit is the man who refuses to have anything to do with the man who holds different views from his own.

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We are never so wrong as when we limit worth to money. After all, money is only a form of barter and is almost worthless of itself! Buttons, or boots, or beads could be honored in the same way, though they might not be so convenient.

One bit of paper is worth five dollars. Another bit is used for making a fire. One piece of metal is a scepter for a king. Another of about the same length and weight is used as a poker. Wherein lies the difference in these pieces of paper and pieces of metal? Only this: the world we set upon them.

What is it that makes one fellow indispensable to a business or community whilst others come and go as they are not needed? The answer is not found in terms of money or property or even ability, but—worth.

These differences are found everywhere—in cricket, golf, legislation, and social life.

Worth, then, is really the amount of our usefulness to the world. If other people are not better because of our being amongst them, then we are worthless. A man can get as much as he can carry—and more than that, all it is worth to him.

Withholding is even an impoverishment. To live so that our fellow men and women may find life easier is to live worthily.

It is a heartening thing to have it said of us: "He's no use!" It means that we have no place in the game, well without us. Of course, it all depends upon who says it! One might say it and be no better than the person about whom he is speaking; another might misjudge us or do it according to wrong standards.

A man's worth does not always lie in his pocket. How often we hear it said: "You have to know him to value him."

To judge hastily of anyone is unfair, but we all do it and we never quite value each other. To one who knows us we may be of preeminent value, and that brings out the best in us.

When you think of the value of a person, what do you think of his salary, position, family, upbringing, and car? A second might have all these things, whilst one might have them as an asset to the nation and is ever living to make men free.

Professions and possessions of themselves never make men valuable. It is always what they are and never what they have which conditions men's worth.

The most wonderful book in the world declares that we are only of use as "do unto others as we would they should do unto us." But we must always "be" before we do. Worth is a matter of character, and not what others think us to be.

"To thine own self be true, and it follows as the night the day. Thou canst not then be false to any man."

### WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

Someone asked about a wealthy man who had died, "How much did he leave?" The lawyer replied, "Every cent of it."

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