You Should Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

T74

when you want a change. It's delicious.

THE WAX LADY

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

A novelist, seeking nocturnal adventure, loafs one night upon a bench in Hyde Park, London. Coming toward him he sees a little man carrying a huge bundle on his shoulder. At Victoria Gate the man is challenged by a policeman, curious to know the contents of the buudle.

At first the little man is impudent but finally tells the policeman he is on his way to his barber shop in Acton. In the sack he has a wax figure of a woman.

Out of curiosity the novelist follows the man to learn whether he is speaking the truth. When the man turns in a direction opposite to the route he challenges him. The novelist offers the man five pounds if he will report with him to the police station. He notices that the man's finger nails are stained with machine oil.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Guv'nor, this is a do. There's nothing more to be said but to go 'ome. And I'll leave this lady 'ere. I got the things for 'er." He raised his foot to kick the gure to pieces, but I held him:

"Don't do that. After all, she's pretty."

"Pretty!" shouted the little man. "Blood!" I said.

Another idea. I was the first. "I don't think I made a mistake? The other figures I told you about are on the floor. My young woman is in the table. Didn't think of it, Guv'nor, I couldn't 'ave made it. There's something else." I had a feeling that I knew what it was: when I wasn't looking he picked up one of them and put it on the floor and put it on the back of mine just after I'd left.

"If I went with this 'ere I'd 'ave stayed behind to clear up, and 'e's walked off with the whole of the swag. The ——"

I let him speak for a moment. This was quite possible. My man would have made a mistake such as this. He was still grumbling: "Guv'nor," he finally cry, "the worst about our profession is there ain't no 'onor in it. I'll get even with 'im."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going round to 'ave a chat with 'im. I'm going to bed now, but I'll 'im to-morrow morning, I will."

"Why wait till to-morrow morning? Isn't that a bad plan? How do you know he won't sell the stuff to-night?"

"Gor'nor," said the little man, "I don know what your occupation is, but you're wasted in it. Off I go to 'im this very minute."

III.

I followed: we were becoming friendly, we two; besides, it would be from my point of view to discover where the other man lived. We were fortunate enough to find a taxi, which the little man prudently insisted on my drive us to the Grand Central Station, out of which, after a moment, we emerged to turn toward the north, making for some mean streets. When we reached the place, we found it in complete darkness. Only one light burned in the window opposite, from which came the sounds of a violent quarrel. The street stank of dirt; decaying vegetables were rotting in the gutters. While I was reflecting that the wages of crime is not necessarily opulence, my companion was painstakingly engaged upon the bell of a particularly mean-looking and untidy little house of only two floors. It was not answered for a long time, so much so that I suggested to my friend that his accomplice was not at home. He sniggered at me, having cast up an eye and seen a curtain twitch. Besides, he knew what he was doing: I perceived a rhythm in the ringing; he made up a little tune, which I could not follow. After ten minutes the door opened to reveal a man completely dressed: I realized that here was a prudent fellow.

This man looked more gently bred. He was tall, very thin, had a large black mustache and sorrowful eyes. Looking over the little man, he considered me with great suspicion.

"It's all right, Jim," said the little man, confidentially. He jerked his thumb toward me: "E's all right." The black mustached man let us in, closing the door behind us. In the light of a single taper, he looked frightened. Also, at once, the tone of my companion changed: "So there you are, you—swine," he remarked, conversationally. "You're the —— who done your mate out of 'is share of the swag. I didn't think you'd let me in. Expect you was frightened of what I'd do to you in the morning."

"I don't know what you mean," said the black mustache in an educated, cockney voice.

"Look at 'im," said the little man, derisively. "Bo'old the innocent child. Mean to say, Jim, you didn't palm off an empty figure on me while you 'opped it with both of 'em? Oh, you dirty —— I've 'alf a mind to do for you."

I pushed past the angry man: "Nonsense. You don't want to hang for this, do you?" I addressed the black mustache: "The position is that this man considers that you've stolen his share of the job you did to-night; he says you have both figures in your possession. Surely you can prove it by letting us come upstairs."

"Don't 'e talk beautiful," said the little man. "But that's what we want, Jim, and we're going up."

"I'm sure you're welcome," said the black mustache, nervously eyeing my bulk. "Come up and see."

Rather surprised by this friendly reception, we went up to the first floor, where a so-called sitting room was occupied merely by a table and a chair. Here burnt another candle. This was reinforced by a fire which still burned well in an old grate. Though the light was scanty, it was obvious that here nothing was concealed. In a corner stood half a doon petzrol tins, which showed that these experienced burglars occasionally used a car. The little man went up to them and tapped them disconsolately. This yielded nothing.

"Now then, Jim," he said, "I know you. Where 'ave you put them?" He nodded to the door: "Got 'em under your bed, I suppose."

"I assure you . . ."

"Oh, . . ." he nodded to me ("'Ere, you keep an eye on 'im."

The little man trotted into what must be a bedroom, while the black mustache politely took the sack off the figure and stood it on the table. He remarked to me: "Funny, sir, what strange ideas men get into their heads."

I took no notice of him, for I was curious to see what was happening. I looked into the bedroom, where my companion was striking matches and swearing. Suddenly he gave a cry of excitement; I followed him into the bedroom; over the bed was a curtained shelf. He had drawn the curtain away: upon the shelf stood two waxen figures, apparently identical with the one we had brought.

"Ah, the——!" exclaimed the little man, clutching at one of the figures. He came back into the sitting-room, clasping his burden, which he placed upon the table. "Got you!" he remarked to the black mustache. "And you shan't palm another dud figure on me." He pressed his thumb upon the waxen forehead where it left a black impression. "I'll know it now. Well, I got no time to knock your 'ead off," he remarked to the black mustached man, who was leaning negligently against the mantelpiece. "Now . . ."

He had no time to finish, for as he turned to his faithless accomplice, the latter uttered a cry, and a burst of flame came out of the grate. I jumped back in affright, for the fire, animated by wildness, was rushing along the carpet, making for my legs and the table.

"Gosh!" cried the black mustached man. "We've got nothing to put it out. Here!" he said to me. "Quick! take it!" He shoved the figure into my arms, pushing us out.

Blind with fear, as the flames by unknown causes rushed all over the room, we ran to the stairs and down. As we came out, I heard behind me the steps of the black mustached man. He was carrying something; at once he disappeared into the darkness.

We ran together in panic, about a hundred yards. We should have gone further, but the figure slipped from my grasp, and with a crash scattered itself in fragments on the pavement. The little man let out an oath as he groveled among the pieces: no gold! no diamonds! the figure was empty.

For a moment we stood and stared at the disappointing sight, unable to understand what had happened. Then I began to gasp: "Don't you see," I said, "the fire was only a trick to get us out. He didn't mind if he burnt the house. It's not his own, I suppose. While we were in the bedroom he undid one of those petrol tins and splashed it all over the floor. He laid a trail of petrol and lit it. If I hadn't gone into the bedroom after you . . ."

"Oh, what's the good of talking," said the little man, angrily. "'E's done us. But what I want to know . . . Why, Guv'nor! look 'ere!" He picked up a large piece that was obviously forehead. "There's my thumb mark."

I smiled: "No. Don't you see that just before pushing the figure into my arms, the figure we brought with us, the empty one, he pressed his thumb where you had done on the forehead, and he palmed upon me the figure he had palmed on you before!"

There was a long silence. Then the little man summed up: "Guv'nor, in my profession you can't choose your mates as you'd like to. I'm an engine cleaner, I am, and no nonsense about me. What I ought to 'ave told you, and I'd forgot it myself, is that my mate was a conjuror."

Another story of midnight adventure by W. L. George, "The Poisoned Girl," will follow after this.

SIMPLE LINES ASPIRE TO HONORS.

Here is the type of frock the well-dressed woman loves—the kind of frock that day in and day out serves her staunchly and with smartness. Sparing of trimming, it has a simplicity of which you will never tire, and lines that were chosen to make those who are "not as slim as they used to be" look their slenderest. The dress opens at the centre front under a row of buttons from neck to hem and has a collar to be worn high or turned back in revers, while the long, plain sleeves are finished with tailored cuffs. No. 1333 is in sizes 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 40 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch, or 2⅞ yards 54-inch material, with ⅜ yard contrasting color for collar, pocket and cuffs. Price 20 cents.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our new Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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 Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Looking over the little man, he considered me with suspicion.

More Milk, Less Meat to Add Eight Years to Life

By drinking more milk and eating less meat, man could add eight years to the "part of his life worth most to himself and to the world," H. C. Sherman, professor of chemistry at Columbia University, told the Institute of Politics, Williamstown, Mass.

The adequate diet determined by recent research work in nutrition, he said, prescribes more milk and less meat to increase individual efficiency and vitality. The public health movement promises to augment the life span by eight years, and this increase could be doubled, Prof. Sherman thinks, by a universal shift in diet.

Prof. Julian Huxley

Who has studied sex instinct in the animal kingdom, and says the lowest of animals "court" their female charmers. His research work, he says, partly confirms Darwin, and partly disproves him.

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY OF CANADA

ONE OF FAST-GROWING IMPORTANCE.

Export Trade Has Developed Rapidly, Penetrating Into All Parts of the World.

Though the automobile industry in Canada does not yet occupy the same relative position to general business in the Dominion as the activity does in the United States, it is nevertheless one of fast-growing importance and the production of automobiles has come to be a fairly significant factor in appraising the general industrial situation. It is therefore gratifying to find that the industry was considerably more active in 1925 than in 1924, and that the tendency has been carried pronouncedly into 1926.

In 1923 the automobile ranked sixth among the great industrial activities of the Dominion, and both capitalization and the value of production have increased since that time, for the industry is continually expanding. Between the years 1920 and 1924 the total capital employed in Canadian automobile manufacture, overwhelmingly from the United States, increased from $53,906,506 to $60,766,886, and since 1917 the capital invested has been more than doubled. With two exceptions in that period, due to the vacillations of post-war influences, the yearly growth has been fairly steady.

The Year's Production.

During the year 1925 Canada produced 139,311 passenger automobiles and 22,075 motor trucks. In both these divisions the expansion is quite a considerable one over 1924, when production of 117,765 passenger cars and 17,481 motor trucks was recorded. Whilst the exact figures of motor vehicle registrations in Canada for 1925 are not known yet, it is definite that they showed a substantial increment over those of 1924, when 652,121 were recorded, an increase over 1923 of 65,271, passenger cars showing an increase of 58,798 and motor trucks 1,316. The apparent consumption of automobiles in Canada in 1934 was 6,203 freight automobiles, 62,575 passenger vehicles and 16,172 chassis.

Though Canada ranks second to the United States in the per capita ownership of automobiles, and a heavy replacement is necessary every year, the Canadian automobile industry has been built up mainly with an eye to the export trade, particularly in securing the advantages of the preferences in tariff existing between the various constituents of the British Empire. This has developed at a very gratifying rate. In 1925 Canada exported 16,146 freight autos worth $5,250,002, in comparison with 12,772 cars worth $4,429,161 in the previous year; 58,005 passenger autos worth $27,794,884, in comparison with 43,881 autos worth $22,080,232 in 1924; and auto parts to the value of $6,372,728 as compared with $4,992,049 in 1924.

Exported to Many Countries.

Trade statistics show that Canadian motor vehicles penetrate into practically all parts of the world and are to be encountered in the most unexpected places. Freight automobiles, of one-ton capacity or less, sold in the ten months ending January, 1926, to the value of $4,430,313, move in greatest number to Australia, and then British India, New Zealand, the Dutch East Indies, United Kingdom and Straits Settlements. The cheaper type of passenger car, sold in the same period to a value of $13,187,925, a substantial increase over the $8,257,016 of the previous year, goes in greatest number to SBritish India, Australia, British West Africa, Dutch West Africa, Dutch West Indies, New Zealand and Argentina. A grade of car worth between $500 and $1,999 sold in ten months to a value of $5,662,811, is taken in greatest number by the United Kingdom, followed by New Zealand. Cars valued at over $1,000, exported to a value of $4,261,000, went in greatest volume to New Zealand, Germany, China, and Dutch East Indies. Automobile parts exported in the ten months ending January, 1925, had a value of $5,541,093, as compared with $3,859,346 in the previous year, Argentina accounting for the heaviest share of this, followed by Australia, Brazil, United States, New Zealand, Straits Settlements, United Kingdom and Denmark.

Modern Version.

—Said the teacher:

"And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it that he rent his clothes." Now, what does that mean, children—he rent his clothes?"

Up went a little hand.

"Well, if you know, tell us."

"Please, ma'am," said the child, timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

After Every Meal

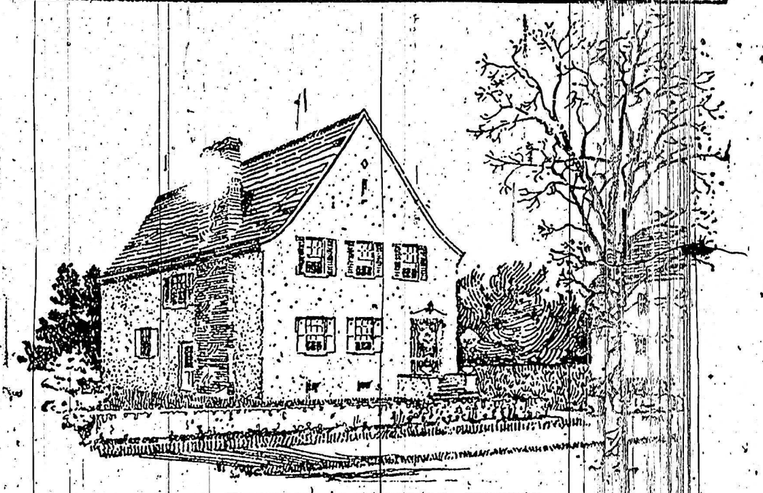
It doesn't take much to keep you in trim. Nature only asks a little help.

Wrigley's, after every meal, benefits teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

A Flavor for Every Taste

CG12

ISSUE No. 36—'26.



A FRENCH COLONIAL HOUSE

By Lawson & Little, Architects

This [illegible] twenty-five by [illegible] feet rooms and a [illegible] hall, which is in the [illegible] of the house, is approached through a verandah porch and vestibule, off the latter is an ample coat cupboard. Both the living room and dining room are of ample size, the former having a large fireplace, and the latter conveniently connected to the kitchen for easy service.

A side and cellar entrance, and a separate kitchen entrance are provided. As the stairs land in the centre hall on the first floor direct entrance is given to the four bed rooms, and bath room, without any loss of floor space. In fact, the plan shows commendable study in this respect. Besides a cupboard in each room, the master bed room is provided with a fireplace.

The exterior shows a dignified rendering in the French Colonial style, the uninterrupted lines of the eaves and cornices being artistically broken by the vertical lines of the group flued chimney.

The house has been erected of concrete and concrete blocks—the walls being finished in plaster—stucco roughcast. The roof is slated with Asbestos-slate, of guaranteed quality.

The interior woodwork is of oak throughout the ground floor, and pine for painting elsewhere. The floors are of hardwood, except in the kitchen.

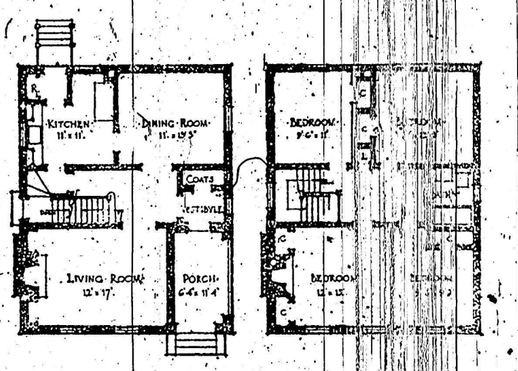
The heating is by hot water to each room, from a Standard type hot water boiler in the basement. Plumbing fixtures of modern design and type have been installed.

This house on a forty foot lot would cost about ten thousand dollars.

Readers desiring further information regarding the plans and specifications of this house, should communicate with the architect direct. Address Lawson & Little, 273 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal, Que.

Question: The plans for this house call for b[illegible] lintels and sills. My contr[illegible] to these and advises us [illegible] cement. As there is considerable difference in cost what wou[illegible]

Unquestionably [illegible] who designed your [illegible] and sills [illegible] would be better [illegible] wise you to use [illegible] puts them up pro[illegible] tion will be sound.



Surnames and Their Origin

NIVEN.

Variation—MacNiven.
Racial Origin—Scottish.
Source—A sobriquet.

The name of Niven appears to be exclusively a Scottish one. It is found so infrequently in Ireland as to make it certain that it does appear there only as the result of the chance settlement there of a Scottish family now and then.

On the other hand it is a family name which has existed for a long time in Scotland, being borne by septs, or branches, of three of the foremost clans of that country, the Clan Cumming, the Clan MacIntosh (or Mackintosh and the Clan MacNaughton.

These septs, or subdivisions of clans, were formed in Scotland in much the same manner that they were in Ireland, by some famous member of the clan, other than its leader, establishing his own organization of followers, who, together with the members of his family, would adopt his name in addition to that of the big clan.

The family name of Niven is a development of the Gaelic "Gille-naomh" or Naomhein" (the latter being pronounced very much like Niven), meaning sons or followers of the saint. Apparently there were at various times in each of the three clans mentioned, men famous enough both for their ability as leaders and for their sanctity to bear the sobriquet of "The Saint" and to establish septs of their own.

QUINN.

Variations—O'Quinn, MacQuinn, MacQueen.
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—A given name.

The correct Irish spelling of this family or clan name is either "MacCuinn" or "O'Cuinn" as there is no "q" in the Irish language.

It should be noted that one variation of this family name, MacQueen, is not to be confused with the Highland Scottish name spelled the same way, the origin of which has been explained in a previous article.

MacQueen is but an Anglicized form of MacCuinn, in which the word "queen" has been adopted, owing to the similarity of sound, but with no regard for the meaning.

The "Clann MacCuinn" held the territory known as "Muintir Gilleagain" in what is now County Longford.

As nearly as can be estimated from the Irish historical records, which are scrupulous as to genealogy, but often neglectful of dates, forcing the researcher to the comparative method of filling them in, the chieftain Conn who founded this particular clan, lived about the year 1200.

Though you would not suspect it if you did not know the peculiar method by which some of the Irish surnames are declined, "Cuinn" is but the genitive case of the given name "Conn" (the meaning of which is "wisdom"), one which is frequently met with in the pages of Irish history.

Excelling in Cedar.

That much misunderstood but most heroic of the prophets, Jeremiah, stalked into the palace of King Jehoiakim. It was a new palace, lined with cedar and decorated in vermilion. Neither Josiah, the king's illustrous father, nor David, his first ancestor, had lived in such a house. To build it an overtaxed people had been burdened, but what was to be done about it?

Jeremiah walked in and confronted the king and said, in substance:

"You are a great king, an excellent judge of cedar, a potentate of paint and vermilion. And while your brother is a hostage in Egypt and your people are trembling under the fear of invasion from Assyria you live here in luxury. You do not deserve the throne; you do not deserve to be buried in the same soil with your father. His excellence was in the simple qualities of justice and piety. You deserve, when you die, to be hauled out and thrown on the dump like a dead ass."

Stinging words, brave words; we wonder how Jeremiah was able to speak them and get away alive. And this is the hero who is often remembered only as "the weeping prophet!"

We of this generation are excellent judges of cedar and vermilion. Our houses have electric light and steam heat, charming furniture and decorations. If these things make a people great, we are great. But that which really made the generation whose children we are was moral earnestness, devotion to duty, reverence for God, and the authority of conscience. We can never afford to think lightly of these qualities. Cedar will give place to black walnut, and black walnut to quarter-cut oak, and oak to mahogany, as fashions change; but there is just one kind of honesty and righteousness. "Did not thy father eat and drink and do justice and righteousness?" Simple were his tastes, but he did not die a pauper; he had enough and left an honored name. That was real success.

How to Foil Auto Thief.

Many cars are fitted with a battery ignition system, in which the distributor arm is removable. By removing this arm, the car owner makes stealing his vehicle possible only by towing it away or by fitting another distributing arm. The arm may be removed simply by unclasping the distributor cover to which the wires are attached. It usually happens that there is only one way in which this arm will fit, so there need be no worry about replacing it.

London consumes about 35 gallons of water every day for each one of its population.

To Ma[illegible]

To make a prai[illegible]
and one [illegible]
One clover and [illegible]
And revery [illegible]
The revery alone [illegible]
If bees are few.

Keep Young with Rinso

Your doctor will tell you the old-fashion[illegible] Monday is one of wom[illegible] greatest foes.

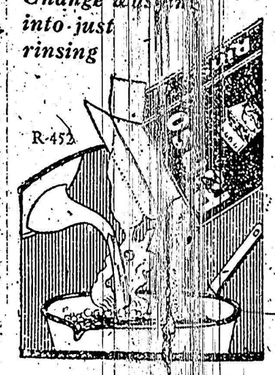
Strained backs, aching hands, jangled nerves and short tempers—all come from the everlasting rub-a-dub-dubbing on the ancient washboard.

The modern way is to let Rinso do the work.

Change the hard work of washing to fine lather.

Simply dissolve Rinso in the wash-water, put in the clothes, soak, [illegible] and just rinse.

Let Rinso do your next washing.

Made by the makers of Lux.

Change washing into just rinsing