SALADA has the finest flavour in the world and it costs only one-quarter of a cent a cup

"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Here At Last

Finds Remedy for Seasickness After 36 Years as Ship's Doctor

The cause of and the remedy for seasickness have been discovered, according to Dr. B. Sydney Jones, who has been a ship's surgeon for thirty-six years, on the eve of his retirement as chief surgeon of the Cunarder Aquitania, a post he has held since 1919. In that time, he said recently, he has proved to his own satisfaction that mal-de-mer is the result of acidosis and acetonaemia, and he has worked out a treatment that has been more than 99 per cent. successful.

Dr. Jones has had his theories tested by other scientists. Exhaustive laboratory experiments on ships have substantiated his beliefs by invariably showing an acid condition in seasick passengers.

This discovery was not revealed because Dr. Jones wanted to give it all possible tests before he took the public into his confidence. Unable to continue his studies further because he has reached the Canadian obligatory retirement age, he is willing to let the conclusions from his long observations stand.

Dr. Jones holds that any person subject to seasickness who will for one week before boarding a ship, live a decent and quiet life and take ordinary precautions against indigestion and acidity will have a perfect immunity when they have to face the worst. A common opinion can make this difficult and the excitement of a first voyage may have a bad effect upon the digestion. But the remedy is simple and quick. Even voyage parties should be benefited, Dr. Jones says. "Alcohol produces an acid condition and it is not surprising that people who have been celebrating the departure should feel sadly to the movement of a ship."

One odd theory Dr. Jones takes a considerable delight in expounding is that a champagne diet for the seasick passenger lying prostrated in his berth will drive away the mal-de-mer and seasickness. Incidentally, it could be the ocean's best champagne will actually aggravate the seasick condition and will bring a return to normal.

Some 10 Before Ship Sails

Some persons are seasick shortly after the ship sails, some even before they sail, still before the ship moves from the dock, and one person declared that the mere walking on the deck lessened unbearable sensations to a normal feeling of nausea. It would be interesting that the psychic effect may be even more of the psychic hands and so on. Some the latter have taken up into the system substances like charcoal carbon dioxide and water. At any rate, it is certainly that these cases respond very readily to internal alkaline treatment.

Dr. Jones has no idea how many cases of seasickness he has treated in his thirty-six years, but he knows the only successful method has been the counteracting of the hyperacidity. Before he made his discovery there was little he could do for his patients. Now he can have his passengers eating grapefruit or oranges within a few hours of receiving his intensive treatment.

Arabs Becoming More Humane

London.—Animal lovers will learn with satisfaction that kindness to animals is becoming much more general than formerly among the Arab population along the Southern Mediterranean coast.

Miss Nina M. Hosall, hon. secretary of the Society for the Protection of Animals in Northern Africa, writes, appealing for funds to further the work of the society.

In Algeria, Tunisia, and French Morocco, with the collaboration of the authorities, animal protection work is yielding rapid and most encouraging results, she says. Kindness is being taught in the schools, and the Arab boy of to-day is beginning to regard the patient donkey as a sentient creature needing intelligent care, and not a mere thing with a hugo untended sores, to be goaded by a nail or packing needle.

The older men gradually bring their animals for veterinary treatment to the free clinics which have been established.

In the larger towns, such as Algiers, definite reforms have been made, including the abolition of the "serette," an iron instrument with sharp teeth which is used on the noses of horses, mules and donkeys. The barbarous practice of "hanging" unwanted dogs at the pound is also being stopped. Humane killers have been provided for animals injured in street accidents.

Almost every day appeals are being received from fresh districts for the formation of a branch of the society.

Another Week

One day the office boy went to the editor of the Soaring Eagle and said:

"There's a tramp at the door and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch his in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it, we can run this paper for another week."

910

910—Slip on dress, fronts of dress in three sections, upper sections tucked at shoulders, lower section cut circular and joined in pointed outline; applied bands around neck and down front; dart-fitted sleeves perforated for short sleeves. For Ladies and Misses.

Years 16, 18, 20. Bust 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 inches.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by early mail.

Waxwork Secrets

New Wonders of Great-Grandson of Madame Tussaud

London.—The famous Madame Tussaud's has been modernized in surprising fashion.

To old visitors the greatest surprise is to be able to step across the new Tussaud's restaurant to see and hear the latest thing in talkies.

Mr. John P. Tussaud, the great-grandson of the original Madame, is now the presiding genius. He still holds family secrets in the making of waxwork portrait figures about which the world wonders. Madame Tussaud's has been entirely rebuilt and modernized since the fire in March, 1925.

Old Timer: That chap hasn't got all his buttons.

Up-to-Dater: (radio fan): You mean he hasn't got all his tubes.

HAVING THE LAST WORD

An epitaph has given many a henpecked husband the opportunity of having the last word, and some of them have made the most of it. No conventional respect for the dead stopped the man who had this epitaph carved on his wife's tomb:—

"Here lies my wife, poor Molly; let her lie.
She finds repose at last, and so do I."

It was a Cornish husband who found it in his heart to inscribe upon a tombstone:

"My wife is dead, and here she lies,
No man laughs, and no man cries,
Where's gone, or how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares."

Here is another:

"Beneath this stone a lump of clay
Lies Arabella Young
Who on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold her tongue."

The Difference

Mother (lecturing Billy after the company had gone)—"Don't you know the difference between 'sufficient' and 'enough'?"

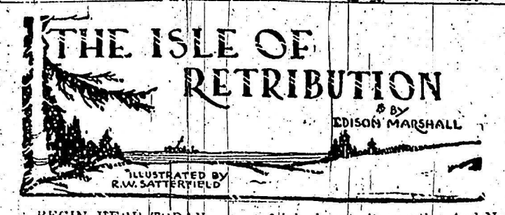
"Sure, Mother!" answered the boy. "'sufficient' is when a fellow's mother thinks it's time for him to stop eating dessert. 'Enough' is when he thinks it is."

The Explanation

Waiter—"Soup, sir? Soup? Soup?"

Guest—"I don't know what you're talking about."

Waiter—"You know what hash is? Well, soup is looser."



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet, Lenore Hardenworth and Bess Gilbert are shipwrecked. Ned is engaged to marry Lenore. The three take refuge on an island they find solely occupied by a man named Doomsdorf and his Indian wife.

Doomsdorf turns out to be a brute and takes Ned and the two girls prisoners. He tells them that they are to be his slaves. Lenore is spared hard labor, but Bess and Ned are driven by their master until they fall unconscious.

The prisoners build a cabin for themselves and, after it is finished, Doomsdorf tells Bess and Ned that he means to have them do all his winter trapping. Lenore is allowed to remain with the squaw to help with the housework. Ned falls into a deep crevice and expects to die.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXV.

He did not hear it again; but the truth went home to him in one despairing instant. Try as hard as he could, his jaws had released their hold upon the knife, and it had fallen into the depths of the crevice below.

Bess had made good time along her line that day. She had not forgotten that this was the day of her rendezvous with Ned, and by walking swiftly, eschewing even short rests, carrying her larger trophies into the cabin to skin rather than halting and thawing them out over a fire, she arrived at the Forks hut at midafternoon. She began at once to make preparations for Ned's coming.

She built a roaring fire in the little, rusted stove, knowing well the blessing it would be to the tired trapper, coming in with his load of furs. She started supper so that the hot meal would be ready upon his arrival. Then she began to watch the hillside for his coming.

On the glare ice of the glacier, a mile straight up the ridge from the cabin, she saw the figure of a man. It was Ned, of course, taking the perilous path over the ice instead of keeping to the blazed trail of his trap line. On the slight downward slope toward her, clearly outlined against the white ice, she could see every step he took.

He was walking body over the glassy surface. Didn't he know its terrors, the danger of slipping on the icy shelves and falling to his death, the deep crevice shunned by the wild creatures? She watched every step with anxious gaze. When he was almost to safety she saw him stop, draw back a few paces, and then come forward at a leaping pace.

What happened thereafter came too fast for her eyes to follow. One instant she saw his form distinctly as he ran. The next, and the ice lay white and bare in the wan light, and Ned had disappeared as if by a magician's magic.

For one moment she gazed in growing terror. There was no ice promontory behind which he was hidden, nor did he reappear again. And peering closely, she made out a faint, dark line, like a pencil mark on the ice, just where Ned had disappeared.

She turned into the cabin, hurt, and added fresh fuel to the stove. Its heat scorched her face, and she put up her hand to shield it. The cabin should be warm when she brought Ned home. She mustn't let the cold creep in. She must not forget the cold, always watching for every little opening. Perhaps he would want food, too; she glanced into the iron pot on the stove. Then, acting more by instinct than by conscious thought, she began to look about for such tools as she would need in the work to follow.

There was a piece of rope, used once on a hand sled, hanging on the wall; but it was only about eight feet in length. Surely it was not long enough to aid her, yet it was all she had. Next, she removed a blanket from her cot and threw it over her shoulder. There might be need of this, too—further protection against the cold.

Heretofore she had moved slowly, hardly aware of her own acts; but now she was beginning to master herself again. She mustn't linger here. She must make her spirit waken to life, her muscles spring to action. Carrying her rope and her blanket, she went out the door, closed it behind her, and started up toward the glacier.

At last she stood at the very edge of the yawning seam, staring down into the unutterable blackness below. Not even light could exist in the murky depths of the crevice, much less fragile human life. The day was not yet dead, twilight was still gray about her; but the crevice itself seemed full of ink clear to its mouth. And Ned's axe, lying just at the edge of the chasm, showed when he had fallen.

She called his name into the chasm depths, and some measure of self-control returned to her when she heard the weird, rolling echo.

And that cry did not go unheard. Ned had given up but a few moments before Bess had come, and her full voice carried clearly into the strange, misty realm of semi-consciousness into which he had drifted. And this manhood that had lately grown upon him would not let him shut his ears to this sobbing appeal. His own voice, sounding weird and hollow as the voice of the dead in that immeasurable abyss, came back in answer.

"Here I am, Fess," he said. "You'll have to work quick."

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was bitter hard for Ned to fight his way through death's twilight. The cold had hold of him, its triumph was near, and it would not let him go without a savage battle that seemed to wrack the man in twain.

He summoned every ounce of courage and determination that he had and tried to shake the frost from his brain. "You'll have to work quick," he warned again. His voice was stronger now, but softened with a tenderness beyond her most reckless dreams. "Don't be too hopeful—I haven't much left in me. What can you do?"

The girl who answered him was in no way the lost and hopeless mortal that had lain sobbing on the ice. The fighting side of her that Ned had seen so often swept swiftly into dominance. At once she was a cold blade, true and sure; brain and body in perfect discipline.

"How far are you?" she asked. "I can't see—"

"About ten feet—but I can't get up without help."

"Can you stand up?"

"Yes." Forcing himself to the last ounce of his nerve and courage, he drew himself erect. Reaching upward, his hands were less than a yard from the top of the crevice.

To fall meant to die.

Bess did not make the mistake of trying to reach down to him. She conquered the impulse at once, realizing that any weight at all, unsupported as she was, would draw her into the ravine. Even the rope would be of no use until she had something firm to which to attach it.

"I've dug holes most of the way up," he told her. "I might try to climb 'em, with a little help—"

"The bottom is hundreds of feet below me. I'm on a ledge about three feet wide."

"Then stand still till I can really help you. I can't pull you now without being pulled in myself, and if you'd fall back you'd probably roll off the ledge. The ice is like glass. Ned, are you good for ten minutes more?"

"I don't know—"

"It's the only chance." Again her tone was pleading. "Keep the blood moving for ten minutes more, Ned. Oh, tell me you'll try—"

Deep in the gloom she thought she heard him laugh—only a few, little syllables, wan and strange in the silence—and it was all the answer she needed. He would fight on for ten minutes more. He would struggle against the cold until she could rescue him.

"Here's a blanket," she told him swiftly. "Put it around you, if you can, without danger of rolling off."

She dropped him the great covering she had brought; then in a single, deerlike motion, she leaped the narrow crevice. On the opposite side she procured Ned's axe; then she turned, and half running, half gliding on the ice, sped toward the nearest timber—a number of stunted spruce two hundred yards distant at the far edge of the glacier.

Bess had need of her woodsman's knowledge now. Never before had her blows been so true, so telling on the tough wood. Almost at once she had done her work and was started back with a tough pole, eight feet long and four inches in diameter, balanced on her sturdy shoulder.

Ned was still strong enough to answer her call when she returned, and the dim light still permitted him to see her lay the pole she had cut as a bridge across the crevice, cutting notches in the ice to hold it firm. Swiftly she tied one end of her rope to the pole and dropped the other to him.

"Can you climb up?" she asked him.

"Just watch me," was the answer.

From that instant, she knew that she had won. The spirit behind his words would never falter, with victory so near. He dug his moccasins into the holes he had hacked in the ice, meanwhile working upward, hand over hand. To fall meant to die—but Ned didn't fall.

It was a hard fight, weakened as he was, but soon the girl's reaching hands caught his sleeve, then his coat; finally they were fastened firmly, lifting with all the girl's strength, under the great arms. His hand seized the pole, and he gave a great upward lunge. And then he was lying on the ice beside her, fighting for breath, not daring to believe that he was safe.

But the usual cool, half-mirthful remark that, in many little crises, Ned had learned to expect from Bess, was not forthcoming tonight. Nor were the sounds in the twilight merely those of heavy breathing. The strain was over, and Bess had given way to the urge of her heart at last. Her tears flowed unchecked, whether of sorrow or happiness even she did not know.

The man crawled toward her, moved by an urge beyond him, and for a single moment his strong arms pressed her close. "Don't cry, little pal," he told her. He smiled, a strangely boyish, happy smile, into her eyes. Very softly, reverently he kissed her wet eyes, then stilled her trembling lips with his own. He smiled again, a great good-humored taking hold of him. "You're too big a girl to cry!"

(To be continued.)

Tested Recipes

Meat and Vegetables En Casserole

Take 1 pound of stew meat, cut in inch pieces. Place a layer of meat in bean pot, sprinkle with pepper and salt, then a tablespoon flour, next a layer of sliced onion, a layer of potatoes, and so on, until the meat is used up. Cover with a cup of cold water; place in oven covered, and bake slowly 3 or 4 hours, adding more water as necessary.

Oatmeal Cookies

One egg, 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup shortening, 1 tablespoon molasses, 4 tablespoons sweet milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1¾ cups flour, 2½ cups rolled oats.

Canned Blueberries

Pick over berries and wash by placing in a strainer and lifting up and down in a pan of cold water, then put them into a preserving kettle, with a small quantity of water to prevent berries from burning. Cook until soft, stirring occasionally, and put in jars. No sugar is required, but a sprinkling of salt makes an agreeable addition. This recipe may also be used for huckleberries.

Peach Cream Pie

One teaspoon cornstarch, 1 cup thin cream, 2 egg yolks, ½ cup sugar. Cook over hot water as for a pudding. Add 1½ cups peach pulp, using fresh or canned fruit. Cook for 5 minutes, then fill a baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made with the 2 egg whites and brown in oven.

Banbury Tarts

One-quarter cup each of raisins, dates, figs, nuts, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg, juice and rind of lemon. Chop fruit and nuts, mix with flour and sugar; add beaten egg, lemon rind, and juice. Mix all together. Roll out plain pastry, cut in squares, place spoonful of mixture on each. Fold diagonally, press edges. Bake at 400 degrees.

Shrimp Wiggle

One can peas, 1 can shrimp, season highly with a little Worcestershire sauce. Make a cream sauce, seasoning with salt, pepper and paprika, and pour over them. Serve on toast with a slice of lemon.

Egg Daisies

Two level tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt, 4 hard-boiled eggs. Make a sauce of butter, flour, milk and salt; add whites of eggs, chopped fine. Cut buttered toast in pointed pieces an darrange on plate to form daisy petals. Cover with sauce and put egg yolks through potato ricer, in the centre.

Custard Pie

Two and one-half cups milk, 3 eggs, 2-3 cup sugar, pinch of salt. Scald milk, add beaten eggs with sugar combined, add salt. Bake until set, about ¾ hour.

Steamed Blueberry Dumplings

Put 4 tablespoons berries in bottom of cup. Place a tablespoon of the following batter on top: 2 ups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons butter and three-fourths cup milk. Steam and turn upside down in deep sauce dishes and serve with vanila sauce.

Spoiled Him

He used to be a slave to work—used to,
For with his business now he's done;
He took up golf for exercise—then
One unlucky day he made a hole in one.

The way to keep young, says Dr. Mayo, is to live with young people. And the way to grow grey is to try to keep up with them.

Sir Hubert Still Sticks to Whiskers

ARCTIC EXPLORER WEDS ACTRESS IN CLEVELAND

Sir George Hubert Wilkins, noted Arctic explorer (extreme right), and his bride, the former Miss Susanne Bennett.

Hybrid Plant to Produce Cotton

"Brotex" Latest Substitute Discovered by English Scientist

Considerable interest is being taken in textile circles in England in connection with a development of a hybrid plant which has been named "brotex" and which has been discovered by Leonard Browning, a research horticulturist, it is learned from McGill University.

It is stated that the plant is grown from seed and matures rapidly, requiring about 15 months. It attains a height of eight to 10 feet and a stem circumference of from eight to 10 inches.

It is a biennial and produces a commercial crop of fibre in the first year and seeds at the end of the second year. It is claimed to yield three raw materials of great commercial value: a fibre for extile purposes which it is stated forms an efficient substitute for cotton; wood cellulose in the second year from the fibre stem which can be used in paper making and seed which can be used in the manufacture of cattle food.

Apparently the experimental trials have proven highly satisfactory to those financing the scheme and this coming year thousands of acres are to be planted with seed obtained this fall.

In well-informed quarters it is considered there are market possibilities for the development of the plant as a substitute for cotton, possibly in part for wood and undoubtedly experiments will be made in Canada and in other parts of the Empire to try out the possibilities for growth of the plant.

Prof. Harold Hibbert, professor of industrial and cellulose chemistry at McGill University, states that the facts had been brought to his attention in the course of scientific research and he believed, as far as he knew, that they were accurate.

A Boy and a Dog

A little boy lay at full length upon the floor, poking baby fingers between a bulldog's teeth. A full-grown man looked on in horror and amazement. "Surely you don't let that baby risk his fingers in a big dog's mouth!" he exclaimed.

The young man looked surprised indulgently. "Why not?" he asked.

"But the dog might bite him," said the visitor.

She watched the two on the floor a moment before she answered: "I'm not afraid of that. The baby's not afraid. You see, they're friends."

Immemorially a boy and a dog have been friends. The two belong together, in lay or sleep, on country roads or city streets. For the boy, ownership of a dog gives early training in responsibility, in loyalty, in friendliness, in kindness. To a dog the companionship of a young master gives happiness and an outlet for that sense of protectiveness that is a part of dog nature.

One is always sorry for a boy who grows to manhood in fear of man's best friend. Whatever other advantages he may enjoy, it means that he was brought up wrong.

She: "Do you ever give any consideration to our foreign relations?"

He: "Can't say I do. My poor relations get all I have to give."

May We Kill?

Sir W. Beach Thomas in the Boston Atlantic Monthly: (Since the War for hunting and other "blood sports" have been denounced by humanitarians). So far as we, with our limited imagination, can see, the sport of hunting plays—for the moment—an almost necessary part in the world's economy. The most professional of killers is known technically on British sporting estates as "keeper." It sounds a satiric title; but it remains that the sportsmen are everywhere the leaders of preservation. Those immense hordes of wild animals that roam the greatest hunting ground in the world—in Kenya, Tanganyika, and East Africa—would have been clean wiped out but for sportsmen. They were the people who cared. It is the commercial mind, not the sporting, that is reckless and capable of a policy of extermination.

The Higher Culture

Kansas City Star: It is said that the per capita book sales in this country are somewhat less than one book each year. This must be very depressing to those in the book business, but they'll just have to be patient. We're busy just now making every family in America a two-car family. When that is accomplished, then we'll see about the two-book families.

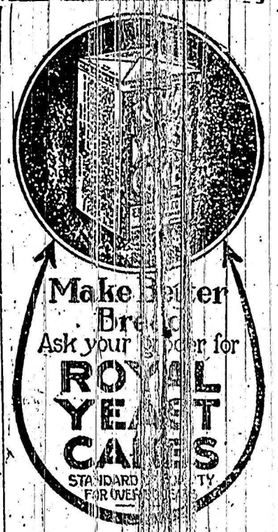
The Worm Turns

London Sunday Express (Ind.): Mr. Snowden, much to the joy of his fellow-countrymen, at last has struck a blow for the overburdened taxpayers of England. Foreigners feel as if the rabbit had suddenly turned and bitten the gamekeeper.

Oyster Recipe

An oyster met an oyster
And they were oysters two.
Two oysters met two oysters
And they were oysters, too.
Four oysters met a pint of milk
And they were oyster stew.

Willesden Witness—I knew he was married, but I was personally unaware that he had a wife.



Tasty Sandwiches

Apple Sandwiches—Use apple, 1 stalk celery, 2 [illegible] mayonnaise. Use with [illegible] bread.

Peanut-Pineapple Sandwiches—Use 2 parts pineapple [illegible] peanut butter and spread on [illegible] bread.

Chopped Tea Sandwiches—Use equal parts [illegible] chicken, beef or other cold [illegible] walnuts. Moisten with mayonnaise. [illegible] Jam and Cheese Sandwiches—Spread 1 slice of white bread with cream cheese [illegible] with jam or jelly. [illegible] together.

Raisin, Celery [illegible] Cook 1 cup [illegible] soft. Add 1 cup chopped walnuts [illegible] teaspoon of lemon [illegible] and mayonnaise. Keep in [illegible] for use.

There is not [illegible] on hand [illegible] cups blackberry [illegible] chopped fine [illegible] or almond meat.

Cheese Sandwiches—Use 1 pound cheese, 3 [illegible] Grind in [illegible] Thin out with [illegible] and place between [illegible] bread.

Dried Beef Sandwiches—For 12 sandwiches [illegible] dried beef in cold water [illegible] Then dry, roll in [illegible] dripping [illegible] place between [illegible] buttered bread.

Indian Sandwiches—[illegible] sardines with [illegible] and cooked [illegible] unbuttered bread.

New Sandwiches—[illegible] batter with [illegible] tablespoons [illegible] spread on [illegible]

Salmon Sandwiches—[illegible] mon, chopped [illegible] cooked salad [illegible] spread on [illegible]

Date Sandwiches—[illegible] dates, ½ cup [illegible] sweet cream [illegible] and spread on [illegible]

Celery Sandwiches—[illegible] finely minced [illegible] moistened with [illegible] dressing [illegible] spread on [illegible] bread.

Ham Sandwiches—[illegible] (ground), [illegible] 10 sweet pickles, ½ [illegible] salad dressing [illegible] bread.

Sausage Sandwiches—[illegible] til a nice brown [illegible] Little fine cut [illegible] add a few [illegible] slices of bread [illegible] lettuce between.

Visitor—[illegible] have a circulating [illegible]

Native—[illegible] just top [illegible] this minute [illegible]

The cost of [illegible] in England to-day [illegible] what it was three years [illegible]

NEVER [illegible] headache [illegible] when there [illegible] Millions of [illegible] use it in [illegible] year prove [illegible] pain. The [illegible] nounces it [illegible] on the heart, so [illegible] as it can spare you [illegible] always has [illegible] for the prompt [illegible] of headache, colds, neuralgia, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is a trade mark [illegible] in Canada