

Sealed in aluminum packets "SALADA" TEA

is always pure and fresh.
So delicious! Try it today.

Nothing Could Stick This Amazing Student.

"My husband's old friend Huxley," Lady Strachey writes in the Nation, "became a very intimate friend of mine, too; a more delightful companion I never met. To his inexhaustible knowledge of every kind was added a love of argument and discussion, a most brilliant wit, humor and love of fun."

"He told me an amusing story of how, at one of the examinations he was holding, one of the students proved to be a young man of great ability and accurate knowledge, so much so that he made the unheard-of score of 99 out of 100 full marks. At the end of the verbal examination, in which every question had been accurately answered, Huxley said to himself that he was determined to ask the young man one question that he would certainly be unable to answer. He mentioned a perfectly insignificant and unknown waterfall in an obscure part of Jamaica, which he had passed when travelling, and gravely asked the young man what was its height. After a look of startled amazement, the young man replied: '326 feet.'"

"How in the world do you come to know that?" cried Huxley.

"Well," said the young man, "as a matter of fact, this waterfall happens to be on my father's estate in Jamaica!"



She—"What's your idea of a perfect marriage?"
He—"You and me."

The Cook's Chauffeur.

Mistress—"Mary, we'd rather you didn't entertain policemen in our home."

The Cook—"The man in uniform ye saw, mum, was no officer of the law, but me own private chauffeur."



Dusty hands are germ-carriers

Everywhere, every day, the hands are touching things covered with dust.

Countless times those dust-laden hands touch the face and the lips in the course of a day.

Consider—dust is a source of infection and danger.

Lifebuoy Protects

Take no chances—cleanse your hands frequently with the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy contains a wonderful health ingredient which goes deep down into the pores of the skin, purifying them of any lurking infection.

The clean, antiseptic odour vanishes in a few seconds, but the protection of Lifebuoy remains.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

More than Soap—a Health Habit

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

Growth of Milling Industry in Canada.

From its humble beginning at Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, in 1605, flour and grist milling in Canada has grown to be one of the Dominion's most important industries. According to an early census there were nine mills in operation in New France in 1665, while the latest figures (those for 1922) compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, show 1,364 operating mills in Canada with a daily capacity of 134,125 barrels. The amount of wheat milled and flour produced by these mills showed a considerable increase during 1922. This year saw 81,413,649 bushels of grain converted into flour, as compared with 70,005,373 bushels in 1921 and 61,116,350 bushels in 1920. The production of flour during the 1922 calendar year reached 17,787,929 barrels, an increase of 2,466,170 barrels over the previous year and 4,660,609 barrels greater than 1920.

Easy access to the Atlantic seaboard has heretofore been a determining factor in deciding the location of flour and grist mills in Canada. Of the 1,364 mills in operation in 1922, 1,211 were situated in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces. In the early days of the industry Montreal became the centre of flour and grist milling and it has held its predominant position, the daily output of the mills in its vicinity totalling nearly 20,000 barrels in 1922. However, with the development of the Pacific trade the growth of western points as milling centres is being accelerated, and there is every indication that the industry will continue to expand in proportion to the Dominion's position as one of the great wheat-producing countries of the world.

Maps in Trees.

Trees sometimes assume very grotesque shapes, and one can trace in their branches the outlines of animals or birds.

Occasionally, too, the monarchs of the forest may resemble the giants and monsters of legendary lore. But not often do they grow so as to give the idea of a geographical formation.

Such a tree, however, can be seen growing in "The Lady of the Lake" district in Scotland. Its short and long limbs give a distinct impression of the map of England.

Good Samaritans of To-day.

Callous to human suffering we are not—in spite of a certain hardness that war induces. The other day a great liner far out at sea answered the radio signal of a freighter, aboard which a suddenly stricken fireman needed medical attention. The obscure man's life was saved even though the hundreds of persons on the steamer who had important business in Europe had to put up with serious delay. We venture to think that not one of those persons failed to applaud the decision of the captain to act the part of the Good Samaritan.



Willie's Opinion.

"Now, Willie, what motive impelled our early settlers to journey westward in their covered wagons?"
"I guess it musta been curiosity, teacher."

The greatest depth at which a diver has worked with success is 182 feet, the hero of this exploit being a Spaniard who recovered 6,000 dollars in silver from a wreck off Flaisterre. In New Zealand a husband and wife who have been separated by mutual consent for three years may obtain a divorce.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Jack's Adventures

BY LURA E. BENNETT.

PART I.

The engine choked, coughed, strangled, coughed again, and the low-hung, yellow roadster came to a standstill. As if that was not enough, bang! went a tire.

"Misery likes company," murmured Dudley Martin, sliding from his seat to interview the engine.

"What choked her, Dud?" asked Jack Allen, pausing to shake his fist at the flat tire. "You either feed her too much or starve her."

"Her ration was regular all the time," replied Dudley, scowling at the dead engine. He caught the crank, spinning it around. Another cough and wheeze, then silence. Jack glanced at the indicator.

"This thing registers two gallons. It said the same thing two hours ago. I'll bet her 'grub' has 'gin' out," and he proceeded to inspect the gas-tank. "Tee-totally, Dud!"

"How far back was that filling station?"

"A million miles, more or less," returned Jack, and began to sing:

"You're a million miles from nowhere, when you're one little—"
The singer dropped behind the car, as a handful of dirt left Dudley's hand. "Shut up!" he flung along with the dirt. "I say, Jack, where are we?"

"In the Sahara, I think. A sandstorm just passed over," answered Jack, peering over his bulwark.

Dudley looked at the speedometer. "A hundred and one miles! We've about forty more to go, to get to Aunt Lucy's. Well, oldtimer, who goes for gas?"

"Please, sir, I'd just as soon repair the damage to the tire, sir," returned Jack, his hands clasped in a devout manner.

"We'll flip," and Dudley produced a nickel. "Heads or tails?"

"Heads, and you go," returned Jack. Dudley flipped, and heads won.

"All right," he said, "I can get a sandwich when I get there. So long."

"Gosh! Dud, I'd just as soon go."

The reference to a 'sandwich made his stomach sit up and take notice. "Goodbye, Jack. I hope you have the tire up when I get back," and Dudley started off at a brisk pace.

"Nasty business," muttered Jack, as he took out the tools, and began his job. He finished, and no Dudley was in sight. "Jackie, your stomach is crying for refreshments. I wonder—"

He looked about. Across the fields was a substantial looking farmhouse. He dug his hands in his trousers pockets. A surprised look swept over his face. He felt in the pockets of his coat, and produced a quarter. He whistled. He had forgotten to bring any money!

Then he frowned. "All right, Jackie," he told himself; "I foresee an adventure. Aunt Lucy's is too slow for me. I'll show myself and everybody else, that I can start out with a quarter, and work my way a hundred miles home."

Taking a card from his pocket, he wrote: "Dud: Sometime, somewhere, we shall meet again. Shoot me for a deserter then, if you like. Do not look for me, for I will not be found. Jack." Placing the card on the car seat, and laying a stone on it to attract Dudley's attention, he vaulted over the fence and swung off across the fields in the direction of the farmhouse.

Maida Carleton threw herself into a chair near the kitchen door, literally tired out. "Oh, dear! I wish mother was here. The floor needs sweeping, all those strawberries to can, and five cows to milk to-night. Oh, dear!" A tear rolled over one cheek, another; and then a perfect deluge.

A light tap on the screen door startled her. Hastily wiping her tears away, she turned about and encountered the gaze of a strange young man. He raised his cap. "I beg your pardon. You are in trouble? Can I assist you?"

Maida first thought him a tramp, but he looked too well-dressed for a real tramp. To be sure, there were grimy smudges on his face, his clothes were dusty, but she decided he was no one of whom to be in fear. "If you know how to sweep, can strawberries, and milk cows, you can assist me," she answered, dashing aside a tear that would not be held back.

"Is that your only trouble?" he inquired. "That is easy. Now with me, I am in trouble—a serious trouble." Maida's look was a question, so placing his hand in the region of his stomach, he continued: "There is a terrible feeling of emptiness within me, and I have but a lone quarter with which to remedy my complaint." His glance took in the large pan of delicious looking strawberries on the table. "If I could—if you would exchange some of that beautiful fruit for my quarter, I am sure I could do anything for you." Maida laughed and held open the screen door. "Come in, please. I believe I haven't had any lunch either."

Jack entered and, while he washed at the kitchen sink, he also watched the left fingers of the girl as she hulled and washed the berries. In a very short time the table was set with bread, butter, cold ham, strawberries and cream, and a wonderfully good-looking cake.

When the keen edge had vanished from Jack's appetite, he said: "This is a lunch fit for a king."

Maida smiled, and wrinkled her nose. "I am sick of strawberries."

His hands went up in mock horror. "Shocking! how can you?"

She wrinkled her nose again. "If you had to pick, wash, can, preserve, and a dozen other things with them; milk cows, separate milk and all that, you would get sick of them, and everything else."

The wonder in his face was genuine. "Do you really do all that?"

She nodded. "Mother went away a week ago, to help care for an aunt, who is ill. The day after, father wrenched his ankle badly, and we have no hired man at present, so I have it all to do, and look after father besides."

Jack was thinking. "Would you hire me to help you? I am honest, but I'm 'broke.' I think I could learn to do all these things you mention."

Maida saw that he was serious. "I will speak to father, presently," she said. "I think he is asleep now. You may help hull these berries, and we will consider your lunch paid for."

"You are very kind," he answered, his eyes following the trim figure as she moved about.

Presently there was a call from another room, and Maida went in answer. Jack worked steadily at the berries, and when she returned the pan was empty.

"Father says, if you do not look as if you would rob or murder us, or burn the buildings, he will give you a dollar a day and your board."

"Done!" Jack exclaimed. "I am yours to command."

From across the field came the putt, putt, putting of an automobile. Maida glanced out of the window, and Jack glanced over her shoulder. "There is a small yellow car on the other road," she announced. "Seems to be just starting off. Must have broken down."

"Um, probably. I imagine those machines are troublesome."

"Our 'Liz' very seldom bothers," she said, returning to her work.

Maida was a good teacher, and that afternoon, Jack learned to pick, wash, can and preserve strawberries. "What shall I call you?" she asked, and he replied: "My name is Jackson. You may call me that, for I understand servants are called by their surname."

"Jackson, I see the cows are up. Will you go and let down the bars?"

"With pleasure," he answered, and started toward the barn.

The bars proved a puzzle to Jack. "How do I let you down?" he questioned. Finally it was done. One inquisitive heifer decided to look the new hired man over, and advanced toward him.

"Shoo!" he said, backing up. She followed. He backed some more and caught his heel on an unfriendly piece of board, and suddenly sat down.

"Brr-ah!" bawled the heifer, and ran across the yard.

"Brr-ah!" bawled Jack after her. "I hope your curiosity is satiated."

Maida witnessed the scene from the stable door. She was convulsed with laughter.

"Laughing aids the digestion," offered Jack, dusting the seat of his trousers.

Maida handed him a stool and a pail. "Can you milk?" The laughter quirked were still playing about her lips.

"Oh! that is easy," he said, and watched a moment as the milk seemed to flow into Maida's pail. Jack sat down—on the wrong side of the cow, of course. "Whoa, cow," he said, and the next instant he was picking himself up from the gutter. He was undaunted, and started back.

"Jackson, there is a right, and a wrong side to a cow," Maida's voice was shaking with laughter.

Finally Jack was settled. There was no sound of milk flowing into the pail; only a mumbling guttural voice could be heard. "Miss Carleton? Does this cow milk?"

Maida emptied her pail. She was shaking with mirth as she watched him. "You have the motion of milking," she told him; "But squeeze, when your hands make the downward move."

"Oh!" The 'squeeze' was so sudden and severe, that the usually mild animal, now surprised, simply pushed him off the stool, but he came back, and managed to finish his cow by the time Maida was through.

At last the chores were finished, and Maida prepared a delicious supper. It seemed to Jack, that he never felt so hungry before, and he did ample justice to the meal.

(To be continued.)

Exhibition Notice

Don't buy your Electric Fixtures or Appliances until you have seen our fine display of the latest designs, in the Manufacturers' Annex Building, under the Grand Stand, Booths 16 and 25. Special prices on all goods sold during the Exhibition. If not convenient to call, send for our New Electric Fixture Catalogue, larger and better than ever. Any other information or advice we can give you will be gladly supplied either by mail or at the Exhibit.

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A Mozart Retort.

Mozart wrote his first symphony when he was not yet nine years old, and went on writing them at the average rate of nearly two a year for the rest of his life, besides writing operas, masses and all kinds of other music. After he had come to be recognized as the leading musician of his day a younger composer went to him and asked him how to set about to write a symphony. "A symphony?" said Mozart. "Oh, you are too young to write a symphony." "But, Master," replied the enquirer, "you had written many symphonies long before you reached my age." "That is true," said Mozart. "But then, I did not ask how it was done"; and he turned on his heel and left the young man wondering. If you think of it, however, this was only another way of saying that if you have not an irresistible impulse to write certain kinds of music all the teaching in the world will not give you the ability. It does not mean that the teacher is no good to the genius, for Mozart was a very keen pupil of Haydn and other teachers.

Tree That Whistles.

A whistling tree has just been brought to Paris, and efforts are to be made to acclimatize it to the Paris air.

It grows mostly in Barbados and parts of the Sudan. The leaves have small holes in them, and when a gentle breeze passes through them a sweet whistle results.

Getting Even.

Mother—"Jessie, the next time you hurt that kittle, I am going to do the same thing to you. If you slap it I'll slap you. If you pull its ears I'll pull yours. If you pinch it I'll pinch you." Jessie (after a moment's thought)—"Mamma, I'll pull its tail."

With a dog as her principal companion, an English lady recently travelled 20,000 miles into the middle of Africa.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

San Francisco has the only telephone exchange in America devoted exclusively to Chinese patronage.

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