

The Fine Qualities of "SALADA" GREEN TEA

cannot be adequately described but they can be appreciated in the teacup.
FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

Variations.

Composers of music have often chosen to take a theme of simplicity, dignity and beauty and repeat it with subtle changes. Sir Edward Elgar wrote a series which he named "Enigma," giving to the sections the initials of his friends. Brahms took a theme from Haydn as his text; Tchaikovsky used an idea from a song of Tchaikovsky; some writers of music have borrowed from their own earlier works a melody for ingenious elaboration.

Music owes much of its charm to its modulations, its shifts and its surprises. A great deal of the joy of life at large, outside the realm of music, is due to the unexpected breaking in upon the familiar and the commonplace. "Variety is the spice of life" is the proverbial way of putting the truth that human nature delights in the refreshing differences of scene, of personal acquaintance, of vital experience.

Therefore, the vacation. We need now and then to get away from the place we know too well, the people we see too much. Among those people we must count ourselves. We must break loose from that familiar, tyrannous identity that looks at us in the morning mirror, eats out every meal, sits at our desk and does our work and shakes hands with all our friends. To feel like a new man is to put off the old one whom we have endured too long.

How can we bring variety into a life bound down to plain, dull, drab routine, by family cares, by ties not simply industrial, but parental and filial and domestic? How can we break away from business that must be done, when there is no one else to do it? We cannot shirk our burden of duty to other shoulders. We must carry on, since we have no substitute. What is to supply the need of change, the need of a refreshing difference between to-day and to-morrow?

We can make some sort of contrast,

if we will. We can refrain from doing the same old thing in the same old way, if we set our minds on a constant improvement in the being that we bring to every task, and in the doing of the work. We ought to have an intellectual outreach beyond anything we do—if the solid earth is beneath our feet, so are the stars set over our heads to remind us that this world is not all. Perhaps we cannot travel to far places, nor share the presence of delightful people, nor go when we are tied to a delightful avocation. But we can, if we will, "find pleasure in our work." We can do things with a difference—and that difference should mean a quickened enthusiasm, a fresh determination, an unquenchable will to live and to do our best under all conditions. Those looking for a continual holiday, which means no more than a luxurious idleness, will not give much pleasure and comfort to their tiresome selves; but those seeking to enrich life with a fuller meaning and a greater usefulness will never be heard to lament that existence is dull and that there is nothing they care to do.

Fear of death shortens the average span of life, according to a French scientist.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.



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Jack's Adventures

BY LURA E. BENNETT.

PART II.

"Well, Maida, how is the new 'hired man'?" asked Mr. Carleton, when she took his supper in.

Maida told him the happenings of the afternoon, and he laughed heartily. "I should like to see him," he said, as she was about to leave the room. Jack was taken to Mr. Carleton, while Maida finished her household duties for the night.

"Well, young man," began his employer, "you certainly do not look like the proverbial 'hired man.'"

"I assure you, sir, I feel like one," was the answer.

"Where were you last employed?"

"I-er-let me see," Jack was thinking fast. "Do you know, I have a very poor memory, but I think it was in New Mexico. You see, I travel about so much—"

"Did you walk from there, here?" Mr. Carleton interrupted in a sarcastic tone of voice.

"No, sir, I had a ride."

"On a freight train, I suppose," still sarcastic.

"Oh, no! You see people would take pity on me and ask me to ride in their automobiles," answered Jack, seriously.

"Come, young man, own up. What is your game?"

"There is no game, really. I was down to my last quarter and hungry. Your house looked inviting, so I stopped. Then I found you needed assistance, and I needed a job. So here I am."

"You know nothing at all about farm work, how?"

"I have learned many things this afternoon, sir," interrupted Jack. "I am quick to learn if I set about it. Why, I milked a cow! And I learned, too, that there is a right and a wrong side to the beasts."

The corners of Mr. Carleton's mouth were twitching. "Well," he said, gazing upward, "to-morrow you can learn that there is a right and a wrong side to a plow. Maida will show you what I mean."

It was early when Jack awoke the next morning. Some one was moving about below. "Bless me," he muttered.

"I suppose it is time for the 'hired man' to arise." As if in answer to that thought, the stair door was opened, and Maida called softly, "Jackson."

"Directly, ma'am."

No one was about when he went below. The row of shining milk-pails was gone, so he went on to the barn. He could not but admire the neat, trim figure of the girl as she arose from her stool with a brimming pail of milk in her hand, and Maida decided milking wasn't at all monotonous, when one had some one with whom to exchange pleasantries.

When they had finished breakfast, Maida said: "Father wants you to plow to-day."

"Yes. But I say," in a confidential tone; "do you know the right and the wrong side of a plow?"

She laughed and nodded. "You will have to catch the horses first."

"Horses? What for?" Jack seemed surprised.

"To draw the plow."

"I hope I prove a bright pupil," he said, with a resigned air.

Maida watched him as he stalked off toward the pasture to catch the horses. They seemed to know that he was strange, and would not allow him to come near them.

Maida walked toward the pasture, also. Jack saw her, and called: "Is there a right and a wrong side to a horse?"

In answer, she gave a peculiar shrill whistle. Both horses heard, dashed past him, through the gate he had left open, and straight to the waiting girl. Gaily she waved her hand to Jack, as she turned toward the stable, followed by the willing animals.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he ejaculated, as he went back to the barn.

With Maida's help the team was harnessed, and Jack started off bravely to "put his hand to the plow." He fastened the traces, and started the team, walking along by the side of the plow. "I wonder what those sticks are for?" referring to the handles. Suddenly, the point of the plow struck a stone and left the furrow, the handle striking him a blow on the thigh.

"Jackson!" Maida's voice sounded as if she was amused. "You have to steady the plow by the handles." She came to his assistance, showing him how it was done, and got him started once more. "You see there is a right and a wrong side to a plow."

"I do not believe there is a thing on this farm, but what has a right and a wrong side to it," he said, as he started off. When noon came he was tired; by night he was dead tired, but he was game.

"You did fine to-day, Jackson," Maida told him. "Are you tired?"

Jack shook his head. "Not after I look about and see what you have done." He watched her in genuine wonder. She was continually busy at something. "How do you stand it?"

Maida laughed. "I have to stand it. The work has to be done, you know."

"I suppose so. But, Miss Carleton, will you allow me to tell you I think you are a wonder?" Jack's voice was very earnest.

She colored under his steady, admiring gaze. "Really, I am not half so wonderful as some women."

He shook his head. "I have known girls, but they were—" he paused. Before he finished the sentence, Maida was called by her father, and when she returned, Jack had retired.

"Does any one happen to know where Jack is?" Big John Allen looked from wife to daughter.

"Went with Dud Martin to visit Dud's aunt," answered Grace Allen.

Big John raised his eyebrows. "I met Dud to-day, and he told me Jack deserted him on the way out, for no apparent reason. They ran out of gas, and Dud went back two miles to a filling station. When he returned, Jack was gone, leaving a card with some fool thing written on it."

"Jack is old enough to take care of himself," said Mrs. Allen. Jack was her son and could do no wrong.

Big John shook his head. "He will never be old enough to take care of himself." Big John was so nicknamed in college because of his size, strength, and prowess in athletics. Later in life, the nickname had clung to him, for he was a "big" man in railroad circles. He tried to get Jack to join him in his business, but the son loved his leisure, and his mother upheld him.

"He needs to marry some good, sensible girl," growled Big John. "Maybe he could settle down and work then."

"Yes, John, I have his wife selected. Agatha Trumbull will make him an excellent wife."

"That baby-faced wax doll!" Big John exploded. "Why, she hasn't two ounces of brains!"

"John Allen!" expostulated his wife. "She is a dear, wonderful girl."

"Wonderful! Yes, wonderful because old doughhead Trumbull has seven figures in his bankbook! Puff!" Big John called for his hat and cane, went out, shutting the door impressively behind him.

Meanwhile, Jack was enjoying himself. He was learning something new every day. He laughed aloud when he thought of what his fastidious mother and sister might say to see him in overalls. But dad! Well, dad was different. Dad had wanted to buy a farm, but mother and Grace had objected and—so had he. Still, even now, he would not care to live on a farm unless Maida could be there. He had known her less than two weeks—to be exact, he had known her eleven days, and they had grown to be good chums. Even Mr. Carleton, who now began to hobble about with the aid of crutches, liked to be included in their pleasantries and more serious talks.

It was Saturday morning, Jack was cleaning up the barn. Maida called to him to bring her the step-ladder.

Jack looked about. Just what did she mean? A long ladder hung on some pegs at one side of the barn. He looked at it, then finally took it down, with considerable trouble, and started toward the house.

Maida turned the corner by the house, as he reached it. The end of the ladder, which was a long one, missed her head by a fraction of an inch. He stopped short. "Gosh! that was pretty close!"

"Plenty," returned Maida. "But, Jackson, where are you going with that?" she paused remembering she had asked for the step-ladder. She doubled up, then sat down, helpless with laughter. "I am going to wash windows," she gasped. "I can't use that!" She laughed heartily at the crestfallen look on Jack's face. Finally, she said: "Jackson, the step-ladder; a small, short ladder that folds up. It always hangs right under the one you have there."

Jack returned to the barn. There sat the innocent step-ladder, for he had to remove it from its hanging place, when he took down the long ladder.

"That is a step-ladder, Jackson," Maida laughed at him, when he came back.

He grinned good-naturedly, and stood watching her as she proceeded to polish the windows. "Another accomplishment," he remarked.

She turned to answer him, lost her balance, and fell.

With a bound, Jack caught her, saving her from a nasty fall. His whole being thrilled, as he held her in his arms so closely that for an instant she leaned against him. His arms did not relax until she pushed him from her, her face flame color, even to the roots of her brown hair.

"Thank you, Jackson," she said softly. "You saved me from a bad fall."

"Oh! I-er-you are welcome," he stammered, and his face was no less flaming than her own.

Immediately, Maida went into the house, and Jack's eyes followed her, then he went slowly to the barn. "Jack, my son, that was a pleasing sensa-

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tion," he said aloud. "Boy! she was just made for a fellow's arms." (To be concluded.)

Dust as Evidence.

Microscopic examination of the dirt and dust upon the clothing of suspects is a new scheme of the French police to catch criminals.

After cross-examination the suspects are stripped of their clothing, whose superficial dust is first examined under a strong microscope. A vacuum cleaner is next applied to draw out other dirt into a pan.

In some instances a more thorough process, in which heating figures, is used to separate all particles of foreign matter. From the dirt thus secured the detectives determine whether the suspect has been telling the truth.

One murderer tried to prove an alibi by saying that he had slept in an open field the night of the crime. Microscopic examination of his clothing showed that he had slept in a quarry.

An unsuspected carpenter was connected with a murder by means of sawdust found on a piece of overall which the victim had torn from his assailant and which was found at the scene of the crime.

The chief value of the new plan has been in breaking down the bravado of criminals. They frequently confess when shown that their first stories were lies.

Timepiece That Plays Tunes.

A novel contrivance in the musical line is a combination phonograph and alarm clock. This "musiclock" can be set not only to whatever time is desired, but also to whatever tune the slumbered wishes to be aroused by.

Upon going to bed at night the owner selects his favorite record, places it in the machine, sets the alarm for the hour at which he wishes to arise, and then retires.

When the hands of the clock have reached the time for getting up, the alarm is set off, a spring is released, and the record begins to play.

Anxious to See.

At Wembley a little girl accosted an official outside the Australian section and asked him: "Please, sir, can you tell me what time the Australians are fed?"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

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