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PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored?"
Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER IX.

A letter from Pamela Reston to her brother:

"... It was a tremendous treat to get your budget this morning after three months of silence. I got your cable saying you were back before I knew you contemplated going, so I never had to worry. I think the War has shaken my nerves in a way I hadn't realized. I never used to worry about you very much, knowing your faculty of falling on your feet, but now I tremble.

"Sikkim must be marvelous, and to try an utterly untrodden route was thrilling, but what uncomfortable times men do give themselves! To lie in a tiny tent in the soaking rain with your bedding crawling with leeches, 'great, cold, well-nourished fellows.' Ugh! And yet, I suppose you counted the discomforts as nothing when you gazed at Everest while yet the dawn 'walked tiptoe on the mountains (will it ever be climbed, I wonder!), and even more wonderful, as you describe it, must have been the vision from below the Alukhang glacier, when the mists slowly unveiled the face of Pandim to the moon."

"And I shall soon hear of it all by word of mouth. It is the best of news that you are coming home. I don't think you must go away again with me. I have missed you dreadfully these last six months.

"Besides, you ought to settle at first, your long exploring expedition and then the War: haven't you been across the world away long enough to make you want to stay at home? You are one of the very worst specimens of an absentee landlord. I don't know how many times I have written you profound calculations I have come to the conclusion that you will get two letters from me from Priorsford before you leave India. I am sending this to Port Said to make sure of its reaching you. You will have lots of time to read it on board ship if it is rather long.

"Shall I meet you in London? Send me a wire when you get this. What I should like to do would be to conduct you personally to Priorsford. I think

you would like it. The countryside is lovely, and after a week or two we could go somewhere for Christmas. The Champertons have asked me to go to them, and of course their invitation would include you. They are second or third cousins, and we've never seen them, but they are our mother's people, and I have always wanted to see where she was brought up. However, we can settle all that later on."

"I feel myself quite an old resident in Priorsford now, and have become acquainted with some of the people—well-to-do, hospitable, not at all interesting (with a few exceptions), but kind."

"The Jardines remain my great interest. What a blessing it is when people improve by knowing—so few do. I see the Jardines once every day, sometimes oftener, and I like them more every time I see them. 'I've been thinking, Biddy, you and I haven't had a vast number of people to be fond of. There was Aunt Eleanor, but I defy anyone to be fond of her. Respect her one might, fear her we did, but love her—it would have been as discouraging as petting a steam road-roller. We hadn't even a motherly old nurse, for Aunt Eleanor liked machine-made people like herself to serve her. I don't think it did you much harm, you were such a sunny-tempered, affectionate little boy, but it made me rather inhuman."

"As we grew up we acquired crowds of friends and acquaintances, but they were never like real home-people to whom you show both your best and your worst side, and who love you simply because you are you. The Jardines give me that honey feeling. 'The funny thing is I thought I was going to broaden Jean, to show her what a narrow little Puritan she is, bound in the Old Testament thrall of her great-aunt Alison, but not a bit of her. She is very receptive, delighted to be told about people and clothes, cities, the trees, pictures, but on what she calls 'serious things' she is an absolute rock.' It is like finding a Round-head delighting in Royalist sports and you personally to Priorsford. I think

head psalms—if you can imagine an evangelical Royalist. Anyway, it is rather a fine combination. 'I only wish I could help to make things easier for Jean. I have far more money than I want; she has so little. I'm afraid she has to plan and worry 'a good deal' how to clothe and feed and educate those boys. I know that she is very anxious that David should not be too scrimped for money at Oxford, and consequently spends almost nothing on herself. A warm coat for Jack; no evening gowns for Jean. David finds that he must buy certain books and writes home in distress. 'That can easily be managed,' says Jean, and goes without a new winter hat. She and Mrs. Cosh are wonders of economy in housekeeping, and there is always abundance of plain, well-cooked food.

"I told you about Mrs. Cosh? She is the Jardines' own servant—an elderly woman, a widow from Glasgow, I like her way of showing in visitors. She was a pew-opener in a church at one time, which may account for it. When you ask if Jean is in, she puts her hand on one side, and a sidling way and says, 'I'm no' just sure.' She ambles away, leaving the visitor quite undecided whether she is intended to remain on the doorstep or follow her in. I know now that she means you to remain meekly on the doorstep, for she lately recounted to me with glee of another caller, 'I'd went awa' up the stair to see if Miss Jean wis in, an' the wumman wis no' ma' home.' The other day workmen were in the house doing something, and when Mrs. Cosh opened the door to me she said, 'Ye see the mess we're in. D'ye think ye should be comin' in?' leaving it to my better nature to decide.

"She is always serene, always smiling. The great love of her life is Peter, the fox-terrier, one of the wickedest and nicest of dogs. He is always in trouble, and she is sorely put to it sometimes to find excuses for him. 'He's a great wee case, is Peter,' she generally finishes up. 'He means no ill' (this, after it has been proved that he has chased sheep, killed hens, and bitten message-boys); 'he's just a wee thing playful!'

"Peter attends every function in Priorsford—funerals, marriages, circuses. He meets all the trains and sports strangers to the objects of interest in the neighborhood. He sees people off and waits his tail in farewells as the train moves out of the station. 'He and Mhor are fast friends, and it is an inspiring sight to see them of a morning, standing together in the middle of the road with the wide world before them, wondering which would be the best way to take for adventures. Mhor has had much liberty lately as he has been infectious after whooping-cough, but now he is gone back to the little school he attends with some twenty other children. I'm afraid he is a very unwilling scholar."

"You will be glad to hear that Bella Bathgate (I'm taking a liberty with her name I don't dare take in speaking to her) is thawing to me slightly. It seems that part of the reason for her distaste to me was that she thought I would probably demand a savory for dinner! If I did ask such a thing—which Heaven forbid!—she would probably send me in a huge muddling dish of macaroni and cheese. Her cooking is not the best of Bella's. 'She and Mawson have become fast friends. Mawson has asked Bella to call her Winifred, and she calls Miss Bathgate 'Beller.' 'Miss Bathgate spends any leisure moments she has in doing long strips of crochet, which eventually become a bedspread, and considers it a waste of time to read anything but the Bible. 'The Scotsman' and the Missionary Magazine (she is very kind to the foreign Missions), but she doesn't object to listening to Mawson's garbled accounts of the books she reads. I sometimes overhear their conversations as they sit together by the kitchen fire in the long evenings. 'And,' says Mawson, describing some lurid work of fiction, 'Evangeline was left shut up in the picture-gallery of the 'ouse.' 'D'ye mean to tell me hooses hev picture-galleries?' says Bella. 'Course they ave—all big 'ouses.' 'Just like the Campbell Institution—sic a bother it must be to dust!' 'Well, Mawson goes on, 'Evangeline finds 'er 'eyes attracted.' 'Again Bella interrupts. 'What was Evangeline? I forget about her.' 'Oh, no, you remember? The golden-haired eroine with violet eyes.' 'I mind her noo. The yin wit the black hair was the bad yin.' 'Yes, she was called 'Ermione. Well, Evangeline finds 'er 'eyes attracted to the picture of a man dressed like a cavalier.' 'What's that?' 'I don't rightly know,' Mawson confesses. 'Kind of a fancy dress, I believe, but anyway 'er 'eyes were attracted to the picture, and as she fixed 'er 'eyes on it the 'eyes in the picture moved.' 'Oh, murder!' says Bella, much thrilled. 'You may say it. Murder it was, h'attempered murder, I should say, for of course it would never do to murder the vile-h'eyed 'eroine. As it 'appened, 'er 'eyes moved.' 'One of the three months gone? Per-haps at the beginning of the year? I shall have had more than enough of Lewis Elliot in living near Priorsford, it, and go gladly back to the fleshpots of Egypt and the Politician. 'It is a dear thing a little town, 'a lovable thing, God wot,' and Priorsford is the pick of all little towns. I love the shops and the kind, interested way the shopkeepers serve one. I have shopped in most European cities, but I never realize the full delight of shopping till I came to Priorsford. You can't think what fun it is to order in all your own meals, to decide whether you will have a 'finnan-haddie' or a 'kipper' for breakfast—much more exciting than ordering a ball of light. 'I love the river, and the wide bridge, and the old castle keeping watch and ward, and the ponds through which you catch sudden glimpses of the solemn, round-backed hills. And most of all I love the lights that twinkle out in the early darkness, every light meaning a little home, and

Woman's Sphere

KITCHEN MEDITATION.

When our two-year-old baby climbs out of bed, he usually runs to the window and looks out. "Pitty day, Mama," he will say, "Pitty day." He has made me appreciate the "pretty days" and the beauty that it is our privilege to see and enjoy. Think how different life would be if you could not see a pretty day.

Sister Nellie just wishes her children's lives away. When they're babies she wishes they were big enough to walk; when they're walking she wishes they were older so that they'd know enough not to run away; when they're older she wishes they could go to school, and so on. I suppose when they're getting married she'll cry and wish that they were babies again.

As Mrs. "Jake" and Mrs. "Louis" were coming home from the Sunday School picnic with me they were commenting on Mrs. "Jim's" clothes. She must spend a lot of money for them, they both agreed—she always looks so nice. Now I know that Mrs. "Jim" doesn't have anything nicer than either of them—she just takes better care of her clothes. But I don't quite like to tell them so.

Grandma Jones was crying the other day when I dropped in to see her. It seems that when she had last visited at her son's she noticed that the large photograph of his father had been taken down from the wall of the front room and relegated to the attic. "They aren't keeping pictures like that around any more Mother," her daughter told her.

"Well, maybe they aren't," said Grandma, but "they're mighty glad to hold onto the farm Grandpa left you and John."

Nov, wouldn't it have been nice if Jane and John had had a small picture of Grandpa made and appropriately framed and rehung in the living-room? This way they have inflicted a lifelong hurt on Grandma—there are some things more important than style in a house.

Young Dick, who works for us, laughed when he heard his father tell an insurance agent that Dick wasn't worth taking out an insurance for, but I've noticed he's been blue and hasn't acted the same toward him ever since. Why aren't people a little more careful in what they say?—E. M. Clark.

POTATO STARTER FOR BREAD.
So many people use the liquid starter for yeast, or what is known as potato beer, that I am venturing to send the recipe. So many times one's starter is lost or runs out and there is no one near who uses this method.

Here is the recipe: Pare three large or four small old potatoes; boil until done, mash fine through a strainer to avoid lumps, add one cupful of granulated sugar, half a cupful of salt, two cups of good dry yeast, previously dissolved in a little lukewarm water. Stir all together thoroughly in an earthen crock and add two quarts of lukewarm water. Do this at noon, cover and let stand overnight. Next morning stir well, take out a generous pint of the liquid and put in a glass jar with cover adjusted loosely and set in your cellar or a cool place to serve as your next starter. Do not put in an ice box, as this kills the yeast.

To the remainder of your starter in the crock add one pint of lukewarm water, one level tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar—these depend on your personal taste, however, and after one baking you can tell if this is too much or too little of either to suit your own ideas—sift and stir in flour enough to form a soft dough a little heavier than pancake

a warm fire-side and kindly people round it. 'To live, as you and I have done all our lives in houses where the difficulties of life are kept in oblivion, and existence runs on well-oiled wheels, very pleasant, doubtless, but one misses a lot. I love the nearness of illness to the door. Mawson and B. B. converse in the kitchen, to small (this is the most comfortable and homely smell) the ironing of clean clothes, and to know (also by the sense of smell) what I am going to have for dinner hours before it comes. 'Of course you will say, and probably with truth, that what I enjoy is the newness of it, that if I knew that my life would be spent in such surroundings I would be profoundly dissatisfied. 'I dare say. But in the meantime I am happy—happy in a contented, quiet way that I never knew before. 'It is strange that our old friend Lewis Elliot is living near Priorsford, a place called Laverlaw, about five miles up Tweed from here. Do you remember what good times we used to have with him when he came to stay with the Greys? That must be more than twenty years ago—you were a little boy and I was a wild colt of a girl. I don't think you have ever seen much of him since, but I saw a lot of him in London when I first came out. Then he vanished. Some years ago his uncle died and he inherited Laverlaw. He came to see me the other day, not a bit changed, the same dreamy, unambitious creature—rather an angel. I sometimes wonder if little Jean will one day go to Laverlaw. It would be very nice and fairy-tale-ish!" (To be continued.)

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

ISSUE No. 33-24.

WRIGLEYS

Chew it after every meal
It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how good. Note how good. Note how good.



Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and gets the goody that's stuck.

Good-Will is the greatest power in the world.

Good-Will is the respect and confidence of other people. Good-Will is more than gold—any banker will tell you that. Only about one-seventh of the business of the world is done on cash. Six-sevenths is done on credit, which means good-Will.

Every worker who is ambitious must ask—"How much respect have I earned as well as my wages? How much good-Will have I stored up?"

CREAM

Ship your Cream to us and obtain the best results with highest price for number one quality. Daily returns, cans supplied, and express charges paid. Write for cans now.

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The Kelsey warm air generator will heat every room in your house. It is easy to operate and costs less for fuel than any other heating method. Heats both small and large houses with equal satisfaction.

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CANADA JAMES SMART PLANT
BROOKVILLE ONT.

Minard's Liniment Heats Cuts.

PAIL FOR PICKING FRUIT.

A "hooked" pail will make the picking of cherries and other small fruit easier and safer. Any boy or girl in a few minutes can bend a strong wire into a small hook at one end and a large hook at the other. The small hook fastens to the handle of the pail or basket. The larger hook slips over a branch of the tree. This leaves both the picker's hands free, and as it may hang where the fruit is thick the pail is soon filled without bruising the fruit.

Self-confidence is only sometimes the result of actual performance; more usually it's based on what we think we could do if we get the chance.

Pause and Refresh Yourself

A glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola—Ice-cold, "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim," invites you to delight taste, satisfy thirst and refresh yourself.

Sold everywhere at fountains and in bottles. The price is only a few pennies.

Drink Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

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MINING INDUSTRY OF THE DOMINION

IMPORTANT FEATURE OF ECONOMIC LIFE.

World War Served to Emphasize the Potentialities of Our Mineral Wealth.

From the time the Indian mined copper around the shores of Lake Superior and hammered it in a crude way for arrow tips to the present day of big mining enterprises with markets in all countries of the world, mining has played an important part in the economic life of Canada. With the gradual settlement of the land along the banks of the St. Lawrence River and the colonizing of the West, mineral discoveries of immense value were constantly being made. Some of the reports of prospectors were written in such glowing terms that the public was of the opinion that they were grossly exaggerated and for a long time little money was available for development. However, as time went on mineral development was undertaken by a few courageous investors who had faith in the prospectors, and the handsome returns received on their investment have resulted in a change of public opinion.

Estimates of the mineral wealth of Canada have been made from time to time, but these vary so much, and as little cognizance has been taken of the unprospected regions of the North, little faith can be put in them, and many Canadians have come to believe that the mineral resources of the country are "unlimited." Of course, this is not so, but such estimates as have been made more than prove that the report of the pioneer prospectors were not exaggerated and in many cases were unduly conservative.

The Dominion's Production.

At the present time mining operations are carried on in all parts of the Dominion, and recent figures show that Canada with only 3.5 of the world's population produces approximately 90 per cent of its cobalt, 75 per cent of its asbestos, 85 per cent of its nickel, 12 per cent of its silver, 8 per cent of its gold, and 3.2 per cent of its copper. According to the Bureau of Statistics, the mineral production of Canada, during the period 1910 to 1923, amounted to \$2,309,446,494, or approximately \$266 per capita. Ontario led all other provinces with a total of \$28,410,321, followed in order of importance by British Columbia with \$446,915,322; Nova Scotia, \$209,985,457; Alberta, \$263,070,383; Quebec, \$220,362,300; Yukon, \$64,177,154; Manitoba, \$32,312,823; New Brunswick, \$20,317,429 and Saskatchewan, \$13,895,505.

In connection with Canada's output of gold and silver, it is of interest to note that Canada is the third largest producing country. As the period from 1910 to 1923 is a fairly comprehensive one of the mining industry, a review of the annual production values shows a steady and gratifying increase from year to year. In 1910 the value of the output was placed at \$106,823,623. Two years later production had increased to \$135,048,296. At the outbreak of the war—1914—the value of the output had decreased to \$128,863,075, owing to the economic depression prevailing at that time. However, the war brought about a greatly increased demand for various minerals, and production in the following years showed a steady increase, until in 1918, when it amounted to \$211,301,897—a new high record. The following year recorded a sharp drop to \$176,686,390, but in 1920 the value of output rose to \$227,859,665, the highest mark ever reached in the history of the mining industry of Canada. A slump followed the boom year of 1920, and production in 1921 was only valued at \$171,923,342.

Production in 1923.

With the gradual rehabilitation of the European countries and the return to normalcy of the United States and domestic markets, the mineral industry took on a brighter outlook and the value of production last year was \$214,019,832, which is very satisfactory in view of the post-war feeling of unrest and is indicative of the progress made by the Canadian mining industry in the last decade.

An analysis of the minerals going to make up this total show that gold and coal were the two most important items. These two minerals were largely responsible for the splendid showing of Ontario, British Columbia, Yukon, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Asbestos, lead, zinc, silver, nickel, copper and various non-metallic minerals were also important contributors to the total.

One result of the war was the keener realization by the Dominion of the enormous potentialities of the mineral wealth of the country and the last two or three years have witnessed a remarkable activity in this industry. Large sums of money have been invested in mining enterprises not only by Canadians but by Britishers and Americans. Much of this new capital is employed in the gold mining areas of Ontario and Quebec. The other provinces have also been receiving their share of new capital, and in all likelihood the advance in the Canadian mining industry.

The sun raises 164 cubic miles of water from the world's oceans daily.

Efficient

DON'T FEED CORN ALONE
It is surprising how many farmers in feeding corn, or corn alone, without salt or other minerals, find that their pigs grow slowly and that they are sometimes with salt, to the loss in the winter.

Now young growing pigs have access to the high class such as alfalfa, clover, and rape can do fairly well, but corn, or corn and oats, will teach us that they should do as well as they should do. Last year we carried some sows on corn. These sows produced approximately a third of a pound and they farrowed litters which averaged 13.2 pounds. Where pig tankage was fed in addition rate of two-fifths of a pound daily the sows gained half a birth to litters that averaged 20 pounds.

The corn-alone sows produced averaging 1.7 pounds of meat whereas sows that received a meat-meal tankage produced an average of 2.2 pounds. The addition of pig-meal to the corn ration results in causing a strong tendency to a greater percentage of pigs being able to get into the strong class.

The corn-alone sows that pig out of 100 farrowed in the class, whereas meat-meal tankage corn feeding resulted in an output of the 100 in the strong class.

We tried adding oats to see what it would do to balance the ration. The pig just oats to just corn, though, some, is not the best way to mix. Some oats added to a milk ration or a corn-and-oats ration is much more beneficial where they are just added to feed.

Where just corn and oats to breed sows carrying pigs wintertime the litters are stronger or larger at birth than the corn alone.

The remedy is obvious. In both summer and winter pastures, milk products, house-by-products, alfalfa in combination of these feeds with mineral mixture.

A good mineral mixture, salt, a phosphorus-enriched building product, such as bone-carrier, such as lime, iodine carrier, such as a iodide.

One year we fed some young pigs for five months in one group receiving shelled corn, protein meal-meal and block salt in separate feed with another group receiving corn, 50 per cent protein meal-meal and block salt in self-feeders, with another group receiving the same feeds but tankage omitted.

These pigs weighed 42 pounds at the start of the experiment, and at the end of the five months the salt-fed pigs weighed only 50 pounds.

During the whole period aged in consumption only 1.50 of corn a head daily, which is consumption. Although they eat any more than that, and consumption they gained only of a pound a day.

Was it a case of too much of these pigs didn't receive tankage, because if the corn was balanced the pigs would have done much better, and would have done much better. As it was pigs took 1,446 pounds of two pounds of salt or a total of pounds of feed for the balance of gain.

Contrast this poor showing that of litter mates fed along getting tankage in addition, and salt.

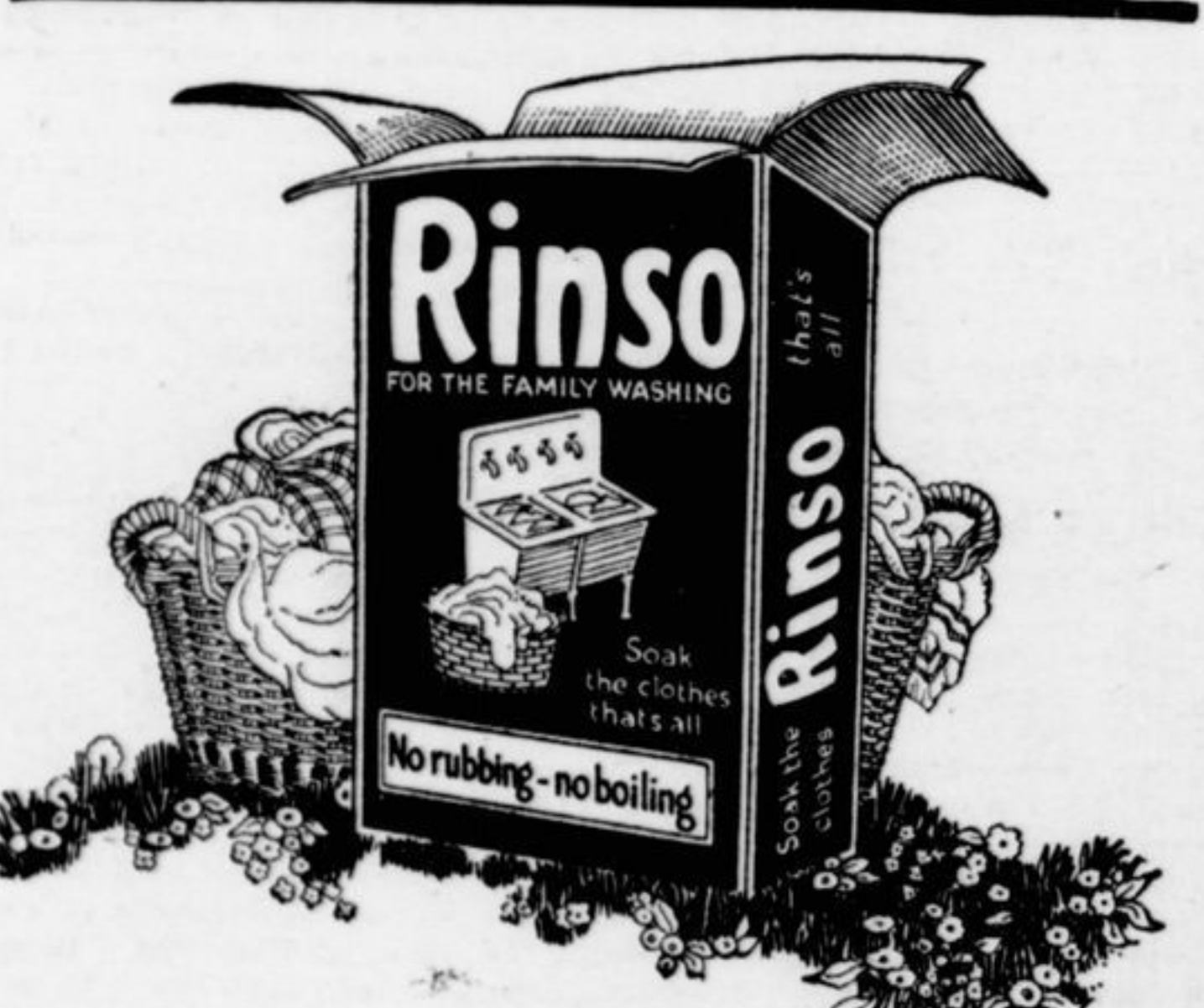
These pigs ate almost the same amount, or 1.4 pounds of corn a head daily, which is much more than they were able to assimilate capacity was due to tankage-feeding. They aged three-fifths of a pound, age daily a head.

By feeding three-fifths of the seemingly high-priced it was made possible for these practically triple their consumption the very cheap corn and do-omica. Investment steady.

The tankage-fed pigs weighed pounds at the end of the five of feeding as compared to 50 pounds where no tankage was fed. The difference in weight of at the end of five months was 169 pounds a head on the average feed requirement for 169 of gain was very much less than a third.

We have noted that the pigs took 1,446 pounds of feed hundred pounds of gain. The age-fed pigs receiving corn in a similar manner took only 49 of feed for the hundred pound gain. This 409 pounds was as follows: shelled corn, 362; 47; and salt less than a second pound.

The forty-seven pounds of less than a bushel, saved 1,08



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For every wash-day method
RINSO is ideal for any wash-day method you use. You do not have to change any of your usual steps—just use Rinso where you used to use ordinary soap.

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Just soaking with this new kind of soap loosens all the dirt until a single rinsing leaves the clothes clean and spotless.

However you do your wash, make it easy by using Rinso.

If you use a Washing Machine, soak your clothes in the Rinso suds as usual. In the morning add more Rinso solution and work the machine. Then rinse and dry—you will have a clean sweet snow-white wash.

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