

High Quality—Always

"SALADA"

TEA

The choice teas used exclusively in Salada yield richly of their delicious goodness. Say Salada.



A pretty girl is just the reverse of a successful bank. In her case, the higher the principle, the less the interest.

"What we need is better distribution," said the bald man, as he prepared to leave.

Old Lady (to druggist)—"I want a box of canine pills."

Druggist—"What's the matter with the dog?"

Old Lady (indignantly)—"I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman."

The druggist put up the pills in deep silence.

To the Modern Girl. Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep and the roUGE comes off.

Women are heroic creatures. Yesterday my wife sat and smiled and talked to a caller while a cake in the oven was burning to a cinder and she knew it.

Few very children get home in time these evenings to tuck their parents in bed.

A Lady Laments. Ah! tell me, shall I love him less Because he stole a kiss; Shall I begrudge one small caress No one will ever miss?

Or shall I lightly look away Excuse his brief digress, And tell him when he comes to-day Of my forgiveness?

I'm quite annoyed about that kiss; Perhaps I shouldn't be. The reason for my pique is this— He did not steal the kiss from me.

Another sure sign that a fellow's getting old is when he is no longer accused of infidelity by a suspecting wife.

Uncle Sam is to erect a barbed wire fence at El Paso to keep out the rum-runners. If they ever spill any of the stuff on the fence, good-bye fence.

Nothing Special. Floorwalker (to gentleman who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)—"Are you looking for anything special?"

Gentleman (absently)—"No, thank you; I was only looking for my wife."

The first rule of business is not to spend more than you take in.

The Alabama man who heard a snake say "Hello" must have been a few drinks behind the rest of the boys.

WRIGLEYS
AFTER EVERY MEAL affords benefit as well as pleasure. Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach. The World Famous Sweetmeat, untouched by hands, full of flavor.

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

160 U.S. No. 30-25

CLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns by *Head-Copy*



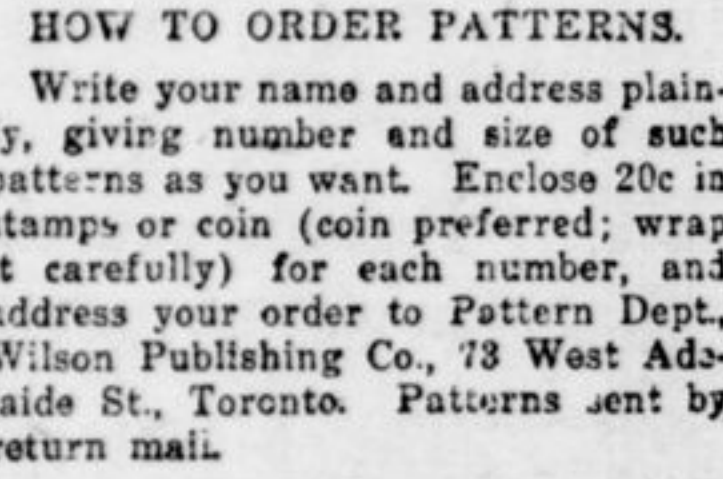
TAILORED-LOOKING SUIT FOR BOYS.

This boy's suit is so well cut, and yet so simple to make, that it cannot but win approval from both mother and son. Tweed or suiting serge would assure indefinite wear and service for school days. The jacket has a simple front closing, buttoning close to the neck and finished with a round collar.

The sleeves are cut in two pieces, and trimmed at the wrist with buttons. The pockets are set in and may be omitted. The two-piece trousers are cut straight and have side closing. No. 1182 is in sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing 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 Patterns Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.



One Thing It Won't Preserve.

"He's trying to preserve the secret of his drinking." "That's one thing alcohol won't preserve."

Where Weddings Are Rare. A wedding in St. Paul's Cathedral is an extremely rare event, but there is still living at least one member of the House of Lords who must be keenly interested in the condition and preservation of Wren's beautiful church, because he was married beneath the dome.

This is Earl Fitzwilliam, whose marriage took place in the cathedral in 1836, some years before he succeeded to the title. Nearly half a century ago a lady mayoress, acting for a bachelor Chief Magistrate, was married at St. Paul's, the first wedding for over 100 years—and a few years later the daughter of a dean of St. Paul's was led to the altar there.

World Shrinkage. Britain's Air Ministry has signed a contract with the Imperial Airways, Limited, for the Egypt-India air line. Soon the air traveler who wants to see the world will have to use a microscope.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

NERVE

By MARTIN KNAPP.

PART II. There was an exclamation of awe. "Fifty thousand dollars is a sight of money to lose," murmured Ezra Meeker.

"Pshaw!" Bixby told him. "Say, I got a deal on now that makes fifty thousand dollars look like fifty cents. If this deal goes through it'll put Woodstock on the map, because I live here, understand. It's one of the biggest things that's happened in this part of the country for quite a while."

He sat back and blew out a great cloud of smoke.

I pricked up my ears. I'd heard rumors of a big waterpower development and transmission line through the state with which Bixby's name had been connected. "You're interested in water power, aren't you, Mr. Bixby?" I inquired. He gave a flip of his cigar and answered blandly, "Oh, some!"

A silence fell. The men, impressed, shifted in their chairs. On the outside of the group stood Ben Hooper all by himself.

"Well, I got to get along," Bixby said, pulling himself up. "How long you going to be here, Earl?" one asked.

"Oh, just a day or two. Ought not to have come up at all, but the missus wanted that new addition I'm putting on started, and I knew the only way was to come up with the plans and see Clark about it. Have to explain every little thing to him. Well, good night, boys."

"Good night, Earl."

He moved through the group to where Hooper stood. "Old Ben Hooper!" he said again, giving Ben a dig in the ribs. "Ha! ha! ha!" The phrase seemed to amuse him. "I doubt if the man meant to be brutal. I really don't think he did mean to be. He was simply unconsciously of anyone's feelings but his own."

"My old friend Ben!" he roared. "Say, Ben, sometime I'll put you into something good. How's that?" He gave him a slap on the back that knocked him completely off his feet.

"Here, here," remonstrated Ambrose, "leave Ben alone, Earl."

"Leave him alone! Ha! ha! ha! That's good! Why say, I'm the best friend he's got."

With his old hat knocked over one eye Ben stood, panting a little, trying to preserve his dignity.

"You keep out this, Brose," he cried shrilly. "I kin fight my own battles!"

I thought he was going to lose control of himself. Peck came to the desk and the other men got up out of their chairs. Ben stood looking straight up at Bixby. It was almost grotesque, he was so little and threadbare and the other was so large and round and pompous.

Struggling to keep his voice steady, Ben spoke at last. "You jest wait and see! I ain't lost my nerve. I'll get even with you yet. You'll pay me what you beat me out and the folks in this town'll laugh at you just the way they've laughed at me all these years. You see! My turn'll come!"

This seemed to strike the senator as even more funny. He simply exploded. "That's the talk, Ben," he cried. "Hurrah for you! You jest try to get the best of Earl Bixby."

He gave Hooper another mighty slap on the back. "Ha! ha! ha!" Bixby shouted as he went out the door. "Old Ben Hooper!"

Trembling from head to foot, the little man screamed after him, "Don't you forget now; it'll be my turn next time!"

For certain reasons, that scene there in the old hotel has remained in my mind. I rather enjoy thinking of it now.

The fishing that spring had not been very good. The water was high, for it had been cold and the woods were full of snow. But that night it grew warmer and began to rain. Outside my window I heard the south wind groaning, and the rain coming down, that, that, that.

"Maybe we'll have a flood," I laughed. "Well, I guess not that. They had one though, long in 1902, in just such a spell as this, but I guess we won't now. It'll probably let up in a little while; it's rainin' too hard to keep up."

But it didn't let up. It seemed to rain harder all the time. W. an Ben Hooper came back from the ninety-five train he said: "Holy catastrophe! I never see anything like it. The valley's commencing to look like a lake and the water 'n't far from the floor of the bridge."

"For a moment the old man's face broke into an eager smile, until he saw that the other was joking. "No," he said disappointedly. "Guess it won't be as bad as that."

Rather gloomily I sat around the hotel until, late in the afternoon, the rain ceased and a wet sun tried optimistically to crowd through the lowering clouds. Everyone came out on the sidewalk to talk about the weather.

I walked down the main street, which, at the edge of the town, turns to the left and then to the right again and runs across an old iron bridge over the valley station on the other side of the valley. The valley here is rather flat and the hills on either side roll back with some abruptness. The village lies tucked up under the eastern slope, whereas the railroad hugs the shoulder of the hills on the west side.

Between the village and the railroad McClinton Creek comes winding down from the south along the level floor of the valley. Just below the town the hills draw together, and the highroad, which, to the south, runs along the eastern side of the valley, crosses the old bridge there and joins the road on the west side at the railroad station.

Below the town, therefore, there is no road on this side of the valley. As a matter of fact, the east road was being repaired and all the travel up and down the valley was over the west road.

As I came to the edge of the town the valley spread out below me like a steaming kettle filled with brown broth. Mist rose languidly through the thin shafts of western sun, and what had been bending dejectedly with the current, the road which crossed the valley is higher than the surrounding fields, and this formed a sort of dam of which the spillway was the opening underneath the bridge.

I walked out on the bridge and watched the muddy water swirling just beneath it. Branches of trees, fence rails and other debris were caught against the abutments, clogging the opening, and I thought if the rose more higher that the bridge might be endangered.

When I got back to the hotel I mentioned an argument among the men gathered around. Ezra Meeker proclaimed instantly that that was exactly what he had feared for years.

"You wait and see!" he kept repeating. "I tell you that bridge won't stand much; it's old. Them foundations on the west side this town 'ud be cut right off if that bridge went. You can't get over the east road, and you know what the road over the hill's like."

The other men laughed. "Ez, you kin see calamity further off'n any man I ever see," Peck broke in. "That bridge's been there twenty years and it'll be there twenty more, I guess."

We sat around talking about storms in this part of the world and that. Ambrose Peck was just in the middle of a tale of what his brother had seen out in California, when he had to answer the telephone, and we heard him say, "Yes, yes—you can't, eh? Well, we got a bad storm up here. Line's out of order most likely—sure, I'll have him call you."

"Long distance tryin' to get Earl Bixby," he told us as he hung up. "Says Brompton wants him, and they can't get no answer to his house, so they want I should send word up to him to call 'em. They say it's important."

"I'll tell him," Seth Thomas offered. "I'm goin' home to supper now and it's right on my way."

Just as I was coming out of the dining room after my own supper I saw Bixby come into the hotel.

"Those folks in the city won't let me alone a minute," he puffed importantly. "Wish I could get away for just a few days without bein' bothered."

We went into the booth which stood in the office and shouted at the toll operator, and eventually at some individual named Stevens in Brompton. Of course all conversation immediately ceased, and as Bixby by no means talked in whispers, it was impossible not to hear the conversation.



Rinsol dissolves completely makes rich soapy solution soaks dirt out

The person on the wire seemed to be trying to explain, but Bixby continually interrupted.

"But they'll jump up the whole game," he kept crying. "I got to get hold of Jackson right away. Why didn't you get me sooner? Well, not very hard, I guess. I been right here; it's too late now. I can't get in; about eleven to-morrow is the soonest I can get there. You have him there, sure."

He gave a lot of directions, and shouted again with increasing asperity, "Say, don't keep tellin' me how important it is. I ought to know, hadn't I—"

"Guess I took a bad time to come up here," he complained as he came out of the booth, mopping his face. "Ain't it always the time? Man can't call a minute of his time his own when he gets tied up in business the way I am."

Though he appeared very much upset, it was obvious that his importance was not unpleasant. Sinking heavily into a chair, he lowered his tone and explained to me, "Got to have nerve to do business these days. Some fools tryin' to hold up this deal I was tellin' you about last night. You got to be on the job every minute." He lit a cigar and sat back, slapping the arms of the chair with his palms. He seemed worried. "Pretty bad rain we've had," he remarked presently. "And then, as an afterthought, 'Storm hasn't affected the trains any, has it?'"

A man said "Guess not," and looked at Ben Hooper.

"No, Ben," answered proudly. "Trains been on time all day." There were only two trains each way, but he spoke as though there were a dozen. "Water don't affect 'em none on this side of the valley."

Bixby interrupted. "Ben ain't had a train late on the Chenango Valley branch since he's been runnin' the road, have you, Ben?"

Someone laughed, and Hooper answered mildly: "Them trains is most a-lus on time."

"Well, you see that the nine-forty-five is on time to-morrow, Ben, or you'll get fed. See!"

The idea of Ben Hooper's running the railroad seemed to amuse him. He kept talking about Joe's remarks, after which he would laugh loudly.

Hooper, very red, by turns scratching his head and slapping his battered hat against his knee, tried to make adequate replies, which trailed off ineffectively. At last he was relieved from his predicament by having to meet the 7:29 from Brompton, and when he got back Bixby was gone.

(To be concluded.)

Minard's Liniment—used by Physicians. Indirect Development. The eggs of the sea-urchin and starfish do not hatch directly into forms resembling the parents, but give rise to young differing as widely from the adult as the caterpillar differs from the butterfly.

Even among vertebrates, as in the case of some fish and all amphibians, the development from egg to adult is indirect.

Volcanoes in Malaya. There are about eighty volcanoes in the Malay Archipelago which exhibit distinct signs of activity.

First Sugar Mill. Sugar cane was first grown in territory now constituting the United States in 1761, and seven years later the first American sugar mill was built near New Orleans.

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

Someone asked about a wealthy man who had died, "How much did he leave?" The lawyer replied: "Every-thing."

It is remarkable that people always judge a man's worth by the amount of money he leaves.

True value is not easily calculated. One may have all and be valueless, whilst another may have little or nothing—and yet be supremely valuable.

We are never so wrong as when we limit worth to money. After all, money is only a form of barter and is almost worthless of itself! Buttons, or boots, or beads could be honored in the same way, though they might not be so convenient.

One bit of paper is worth five dollars. Another bit is used for making a fire. One piece of metal is a sceptre for a king. Another of about the same length and weight is used as a poker. Wherein lies the difference in these bits of paper and pieces of metal? Only the worth we set upon them.

What is it that makes one fellow indispensable to a business or community whilst others come and go and are not missed? The answer is not found in terms of money or property or even ability, but—sheer worth. These differences are found everywhere—in cricket, golf, legislation, and social life.

Worth, then, is really the amount of our usefulness to the world. If other people are not better because of our being amongst them, then we are worthless. A man can get as much as he can carry—and more than that, as so many do—and be of no worth at all. It is giving that makes him of value. Withholding is ever an impoverishment. To live so that our fellow men and women may find life easier is to live worthily.

It is a heartrending thing to have it said of us: "He's no use!" It means that we have no place in the game, that the world could get on quite as well without us. Of course, it all depends upon who says it! One might say it and be no better than the person about whom he is speaking; another might misjudge us or do it according to wrong standards.

A man's worth does not always lie on the surface. How often we hear it said: "You have to know him to value him."

To judge hastily of anyone is unfair, but we all do it and we never quite value each other. To one who knows us we may be of pre-eminent value, and that brings out the best in us.

When you think of the value of a person, what do you entertain in your mind? Do you think of his salary, position, family, upbringing, house and car? A scoundrel may have all these things, whilst one minus them is an asset to the nation and is ever living to make men free.

Professions and possessions of themselves never make men valuable. It is always what they are and never what they have which conditions men's worth.

The most wonderful book in the world declares that we are only of use as we "do unto others as we would they should do unto us." But we must always "be" before we do. Worth is first a matter of character and not reputation. What we are, and not what others think us to be.

"To thine own self be true, and it follows as the night the day. Thou canst not then be false to any man."

An Early Sportswoman.

Lord Howard De Walden treasures a game licence granted by Henry VIII, on May 31st, 1541, to an earlier Countess of Oxford.

This empowered her to invite her friends to kill game with crossbows or hand guns in any part of the realm, provided these shooting-parties took place only when the Countess herself was present.

The privilege—at first granted orally—was resented by other landowners, who threatened to prosecute the Countess for poaching. Whereupon she induced the King to give her formal permission in writing and to confirm the document by letters patent under the Great Seal.

Founder of Bolivia.

A man by the name of Bolivar established Bolivia in 1827.

CAPO POLISHES FOR ALL PURPOSES

"Makes old like New"

Stove Polish, Odorless Stove Pipe Enamel

The Capo Polishes, Ltd., Hamilton

LESS WORK BETTER RESULTS

SMP Enamelled Ware ROASTERS

Cooking experts figure that the SMP Enamelled Ware Roaster will save the average Canadian family fully \$24.00 a year in meat bills. The secret is, it roasts the meat with very little shrinkage. Also, it makes cheap cuts taste like the best ones.

You place the roast in the roaster, put on the cover; the roaster does the rest. No basting required. Every roast is perfectly cooked.

The cover fits close, so that cooking odors cannot escape. Grease can't spatter out, which means a sweet clean oven. Prices range from 85c. to \$3.50 each, depending on size and finish, and don't forget the saving of \$24.00 yearly.

SMP Enamelled Ware ROASTERS

Profitable Age of Catt.

Dealing with the age and weight of calves has been made at the middle of the range of articles and made of packing apples. You step into any fruit aisle the packs you see to see that as you step, as a case, have.

Nothing would do fruit business on a single simple packing.

The third point is shall be so well packed arrive at its destination. This requires many a package of a home packing house, and in good condition.

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Bird Had Crossed Atlantic.

The Canadian National Parks Branch, which keeps a record of all wild bird banding operations of interest to Canada, has had brought to its attention an account of a bird locally called a "ticklaek," which was killed on the 12th of August, 1924, by Mr. L. Curtis, of Horse Island, in the District of St. Barbe, Newfoundland.

On the bird was found a thin silver band inscribed with the words: "Inform Witherby High Holborn, London."

On writing to Messrs. H. F. & G. Witherby, 326 High Holborn, London W.C.1, England, it was learned that this ring, No. 67,423, was put on a young gittiwake (Rissa tridactyla), on 28th June, 1923, on the Farne Islands, Northumberland, England, by one of Mr. Witherby's correspondents. The foot of the bird was examined and was pronounced to be that of a Kittiwake, which agrees with Mr. Witherby's records. The record is extremely interesting, more especially as this bird is the first under Mr. Witherby's ringing scheme—which has been in operation for 16 years—reported from this side of the Atlantic.

Nasty! They had not been married very long, and so it is not very strange that until this day they had never had a quarrel.

However, now they had their first little tiff, and she turned to him with tears in her eyes.

"Well, John," she said, "even though I have been extravagant I got a bargain to-day."

"Yes," he replied, "I'll bet it was a bargain! You have no idea of the value of money. I suppose you think you got something for nothing?" Her eyes gleamed for a moment. "Yes, dear," she said sweetly. "I got a present for you."

No wonder labor is high, with so many good farm hands writing bad poetry.

GUARANTEE

There is nothing but the confidence of an acre in the quality of an acre. The more like the confidence of a man who has produced "Your money back if satisfied" carries over to the purchaser. Nothing in article can be backed position with safety.

And, of course, we are no exception to the rule. If we can guarantee the output in the package, it will certainly be the output first, not made to follow.

There are about 100 propositions as to how to make it a real one.

In the first place, good fruit. We mean that for granted; that the big end of the every apple in an acre is mighty little different from the other end, of course, guarantee the poor stuff, but there's no such thing as a free lunch.

The second essential fruit honesty. This is no discussion. There have been made at the man who made it in the middle of the range of articles and made of packing apples. You step into any fruit aisle the packs you see to see that as you step, as a case, have.

Nothing would do fruit business on a single simple packing.

The third point is shall be so well packed arrive at its destination. This requires many a package of a home packing house, and in good condition.

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Just Tight

They'd get you a much more an' thought he was to "I'll bet, he was