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Gold in Canada

Gold has been found in every province of Canada except Prince Edward Island. The first recorded discovery was made in Quebec in 1824 on the Gilbert river, 50 miles south of Quebec city. Placer mining operations commenced here in 1847 and intermittent operations have been carried on ever since. Placer discoveries were made in Ontario, in British Columbia, and in Yukon Territory at much later dates. Lode mining for gold began at Tangle river, Nova Scotia, in 1858. In 1926 the total production of gold in Canada was 1,729,000 ounces, valued at \$35,749,000. Approximately 85 per cent. of this production was obtained from mines in northern Ontario, and 14 per cent. from British Columbia.

Camels in Canada

Camels are commonly understood to belong exclusively to the Old World. It was not always so, however, as a specimen recently acquired by Canada's National Museum at Ottawa amply demonstrates. This is the fossilized frame of a camel which a few million years ago roamed over the western plains of North America which were then dry. This curious specimen has been placed on exhibition in the Hall of Palaeontology.



ISSUE No. 52—27



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Sir Dudley Glenister, English baronet, recently came into the title through the death of a cousin, James Glenister, royally entertains some friends at a hunt and picnic on his estate. There while preparing lunch—A crow flies directly overhead, and when one of the party takes a pot-shot at the bird, it drops its plunder—Plip into the centre of the dining table. Coming to rest it confesses itself to be the fleshless finger of a man.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

Save for an affected little scream from Mrs. Coningsby, a silence of some ten seconds greeted the crowd's parting legacy. Then Doctor Melville stretched out his hand and picked it up, scrutinizing the bony horror with professional interest.

"The second finger of a man's left hand," he pronounced judicially. "And by the absence of gony lemons in the joints, I should say that the man was youngish. He must have been dead for quite a long time."

Kathleen Glenister, sitting next the doctor, leaned over and gently took the finger from a grasp which, after a moment's surprised resistance, yielded. "I thought so," she said in her deep contralto. "That is my brother's signet ring, with the Glenister crest. The bird could not have brought it four or five thousand miles from America. George must have been killed much nearer home."

CHAPTER II.

THE "DARK SECRET."

The silence which followed Kathleen's assertion was a tribute to its obvious good sense. The inference that since the crowd could not have carried the fleshless finger from the other side of the Atlantic, its owner must have died within range of the bird's flight, could not be gainsaid.

With varying degrees of directness, the eyes of nearly all present were turned on the man who, whether George Glenister had died near or far, had so enormously benefited by his death. The young people had resumed their walk now. "I noticed every inflection of his voice, every shade on his face," Kathleen said. "It is quite clear to me what has to be proved. Dudley investigated George home from America on some pretext entailing secrecy, and murdered him. Then with the most diabolical cunning he must have manufactured the evidence that deceived the family solicitors."

"Sound reasoning," Norman agreed. "I shall insist, under threat of calling in the police, that all the men on the estate are turned out to search for the body. We will see how he takes it."

But it is one thing to propose and another to dispose when the spectre of murder has started walking about the countryside. The host of Beechwood Grange was seen no more during the afternoon, and when at last he had to meet his guests at dinner he was in a black mood which forbade any reference to the episode at the picnic lunch. He took a good deal of wine and bullied the servants. Nevertheless, when the desert had been placed on the table and the servants had left the room, Kathleen tackled him with a directness that drew Willoughby Melville's bushy brows together in a thoughtful frown.

"I suppose, Cousin Dudley, that you are going to have a search made?" "Search? What for?"

departed, the house party grouped itself for the walk home through the covert. Doctor Melville, who had obtained permission to keep the finger, fell in at the side of his host, to whom also Mrs. Coningsby attached herself. Norman Slater and Kathleen brought up the rear, by mutual consent lagging behind—out of earshot. The girl's face was set and hard.

"I have thought all along that there was foul play," she said. "Now I know it. My brother didn't die in America. Dudley murdered him, and he is lying unburied somewhere in these woods."

Kathleen halted in the woodland path and laid her hand on his sleeve. "Look here, my friend," she said. "I like you very much, and I admire your honesty and proved courage. But if there is one thing I can't abide it is stupidity. If you are going to be stupid, I shall not only cease to like you, but I shall have no use for you—in any capacity, mind."

"Behold me, then, as bright as they make 'em," replied Norman earnestly. "At least," he added the saving clause, "I will reflect your brightness by doing whatever you wish. You must remember that I am a soldier by training—not a detective, which is what you appear to want."

"Now you are being a dear," Kathleen received her swain back into favor. "Of course, I don't expect the impossible. You could not ferret out Dudley's dark secret single-handed, any more than I could myself. But I am afraid of my cousin, and I may be in danger, Norman, when he discovers that I am going to leave no stone unturned to detect his crime. I shall feel more secure if someone I can trust knows of the task I have set myself, and of my cowardly fears."

"If that is the way you look at it, I am with you—up to the neck. Not that there's any cowardice in you that there's any cowardice about you, Katty. One hates fuss, but one couldn't help smelling a rat, don't you know. Dudley didn't strike me as facing the music with an air of complete innocence. A mixture of bluff and funk, eh?"

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Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal brought to a close a year in which the Bank had enjoyed almost record growth.

Sir Vincent Meredith, President, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, in their addresses, stressed the rapid strides that Canada was making but struck a warning note against possible over speculation.

Sir Vincent Meredith in his address, said in part: Trade conditions in Canada during the year have been active, and while there is still keen competition in many lines, balance sheets generally show satisfactory profits. Manifest evidence supports this statement. Bank deposits, bank clearings, railway gross earnings, imports, retail circulation and lower mercantile mortality all reveal that the tide of business has risen during the year.

Speaking generally, manufacturing industries, textile mills are fully employed; iron and steel operators continue to face strong competition from abroad as an increasing volume of imports attests; the lumber trade shows a slight improvement; newspaper output increases; production of footwear is larger and the industry is in better state; the manufacture of motor cars has slightly diminished, but in the first nine months of the year 161,583 cars were turned out, having a value of \$105,179,000 or practically the same as in the like period of last year, though the number of cars was 700 less.

I see no reason why an abatement of confidence in the continuance of these prosperous conditions need be apprehended.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, in addressing the shareholders, said in part: In two fundamental respects, earning power and liquid strength of resources, our position continues highly satisfactory. Never have we been better prepared to care for all the normal needs of the public and to meet any business or financial exigency.

I have referred to the past year as the most expansive in the country's commercial history. That Canadians have experienced a greater degree of individual prosperity than ever before is, I think, undisputed. The high general level of employment, and the enhanced spending power of the people, are attributable to a succession of good harvests and to a great broadening of the basis of production. Until a few years ago Canada was best known abroad as an agricultural country, and outside capital sought investment here chiefly in government and municipal issues and in railway building to provide transportation for an ever-increasing agricultural area. Today most of the largely increased capital coming in for investment is for industrial development. It is now fully recognized that Canada has the natural resources for the building up of a vast variety of indigenous industries, and is fitted by the character and spirit of her population to take an increasingly important place among the industrial nations of the world.

Vaccination in N. B.

Thorough and Strict Enforcement of Existing Laws Has Cleared Up Small-pox Situation

NEW BRUNSWICK FREE

For some reason which health authorities are not prepared to declare, off-hand, the fall and early winter of 1927 has been marked by sporadic outbreaks of smallpox in widely-scattered sections of the Dominion.

To a considerable extent, these intermittent revivals of a disease which can be utterly subdued, are due, in the opinion of officials of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council, to a carelessness on the part of the average citizen, as far as vaccination is concerned. Prompt measures in the past, by official health bodies, have served to eliminate the old-time horrors of the disease when epidemics ravaged cities and nations unchecked. But the fact that smallpox has been changed from the terror of the house-hold to the background, to a degree, and thus contributed to the attitude of neglect as far as preventive measures are concerned and the growth of an unprotected population.

In view of the present situation across the Dominion, information on the methods employed by the Provincial Health Department of New Brunswick, are very timely.

"It is impossible for an epidemic of smallpox to make any headway in this province," A. M. Beidling, editor of the St. John Telegraph-Journal, said recently. "If memory serves, there was only one case of smallpox in New Brunswick last year and it came from another province."

The exact reason for this fortunate state of affairs goes back more than a quarter century. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, smallpox broke out in none of the New Brunswick counties. It gained considerable headway and before it was over, it was obvious to the heads of the Provincial Government that the financial loss involved was going to make serious inroads on the treasury.

In fact, it was finally necessary for the province to issue a bond to cover the losses which New Brunswick sustained as a result of this smallpox outbreak.

At that time, however, there was no effectively-organized Department of Public Health and few active health boards.

The state of affairs at that time is an interesting contrast with conditions in New Brunswick today.

The lumber camps used to be fruitful sources of trouble and at times, could develop into real hotbeds of smallpox. Now, however, the operator of each camp is responsible for all costs connected with any outbreak of smallpox among his men for the financial outlay involved in stamping out the disease.

These camps were formerly danger spots but this method has almost completely eliminated the risk.

As far as children are concerned, their protection is dealt with under the Public Health Act of 1917, in which it is stated that all children must be vaccinated before entering school.

With adequate safeguards protecting the two sections of the province where smallpox is most probable—in the schools and in the lumber-camps—efficient organization and prompt measures on the part of one of the four district health officers, whenever a case breaks out, have resulted in the cutting down of the number of cases in New Brunswick to the absolute minimum.

The Ghost Ship Of the North Sea

The North Sea has a Flying Dutchman of its own—a sort of ghost ship whose appearance is superstitiously regarded by sailors as an omen of ill fortune. If not of death, to the beholder. It was first reported by a British war convoy that left a Norwegian port in November, 1917. Lieut. Commander Fox of the Mary Rose counted twelve ships as they passed out of sight of land. Later an enemy raiding attack on the convoy. When Commander Fox counted the convoy again there were thirteen.

Other officers on the Mary Rose counted the rumber. No one had seen the thirteenth ship join the convoy. One moment there was blue sea sparkling behind the twelfth ship; the next the stranger was speeding along with the rest, a somewhat rusty craft whose name had been so obliterated by long service at sea that it could not be made out.

When the raider's attack began the stranger was still with the convoy. When the enemy had been driven off the stranger had vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared. The Mary Rose was lost in the skirmish.

The North Sea phantom has appeared, according to its growing legend, several times since then, each time as the precursor of ill fortune to the beholder. She is said to be a small warship or again a rusty freighter, a battered schooner or a small sea-worn liner. But however she is reported, North Sea sailormen believe she hides no good.

The only difference between Isaacism and Christian Science is that Stoicism recognizes the material element.

Rochester Suffers From Floods



A LOG JAM IN A CITY

Rochester, N.Y., was presented with the unusual situation of having a tightly-locked jam of logs and debris accumulate at one of its downtown bridges during the great floods that have recently been experienced in the Empire state. The crowd on the bridge watches civic employees preparing to blow up the obstruction with dynamite.

The Fall of Trotsky

Manchester Guardian (Lib.): The expulsion of Trotsky from the Communist party of the Soviet Union marks the last stage in the fight between the successors of Lenin since the death of the leader of the Communist revolution. For Trotsky it has been a losing fight from the first. His original onslaught against the growth of bureaucracy and the stereotyping of Communist policy was defeated by the combined efforts of the rest of the "Old Guard," and even when he was joined by some of the repentant victors the new "Opposition" were no match for Stalin, who outmanoeuvred them in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the American "boss."

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

Well Cuttings Found

Udden found potash minerals in well cuttings in the area. His pioneering work was completed by the United States Geological Survey. "These deposits will naturally be mined like coal," the two professors report. "The products—sulphates of potassium, sodium and magnesium—have a different market value from the chlorides."

Facilities in Nearby City

The industry will also be helped by the fact that the oil industry has developed the nearby City of Odessa so that power, supplies, labor, etc., may all be readily and cheaply obtained there.

"The amount of potash in sight may be said to be that underlying a strip three miles wide by six miles long. Within the soluble layer this strip contains 23,000,000 tons of potassium oxide and in the polyhalite layers about 34,000,000 tons. At present the United States consumption is 250,000 tons of potassium oxide per annum. For this rate of consumption the foregoing will suffice for 250 years."

Liszt's Kindness

The munificence of Liszt was well known. He discovered the fun of giving early in life, and there were literally thousands who had reason to be grateful to the famous pianist for his charity.

It is said that when he was in Paris he was seen one day holding the broom of a crossing sweeper. It was in the days before street cleaning departments were established. Men or boys commanded certain street corners, which they kept clean to permit passage over the street, and therefore expected a gratuity. Liszt found himself without change and, not wanting to forget the street-sweeper, held his broom while the fellow went off to change a five-franc coin. When he returned, Liszt handed over the broom and gave the boy his tip.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.