

The colour and exquisite flavour of "SALADA" Green Tea are natural—Only the process of curing is different from Black Tea—Both are equally pure—"SALADA" Green Tea is sealed in airtight aluminum—fresh—delicious—satisfying—33c per 1/2-lb. at all grocers. Ask for this tea.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Patriotic Philanthropy

Great Britain is probably the most heavily taxed nation in the world, as a result of the World War, and yet the sturdy citizens of the islands in the North Sea pay with but little grumbling, with but little complaint. It is regarded as a duty "to pay for the war." It should be remembered that the richer the individual, the higher is his proportion of the taxes to be paid. Not only, however, do the British pay these abnormally high taxes, but every once in a while the world learns that some patriotic individual has forwarded to the Government a large sum of money, or its equivalent, to assist in liquidating its enormous debt, and thus lessen, even if only infinitesimally, the heavy burden of taxation carried on the shoulders of his fellow-countrymen. In this way, a total of over \$1,000,000 has been paid into the British Treasury.

The latest gift of this nature is of a somewhat unique character, and was made as most of them have been, anonymously. The amount is the handsome sum of \$100,000, and the position on which it has been given is that the money shall lie at compound interest for a number of years before being applied to the reduction of the national debt. As money at 6 per cent. doubles itself in about 14 years, it is easy to perceive that in a comparatively short time the original \$100,000 will have grown into a most respectable sum.

It may be recalled to the credit of the British Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, that it was he who started the ball rolling in giving these large sums of money toward the amelioration of his country's condition. It will be remembered that Mr. Baldwin when the country's needs were most urgent, realized 20 per cent. of his entire fortune, which he valued at some \$580,000, and with this amount he purchased \$150,000 of the new war loan. The gift was anonymous, and it was only later that Mr. Wickham Steed made the matter public in the Review of Reviews. This patriotic example was followed with donations of other sums of money, extremely noteworthy, and the total amount thus received, as before stated, is considerably over \$1,000,000.—Editorial Christian Science Monitor.

Radio Experts Get New Data

Inventor Explains Circuit Permitting Side-band Reception in Full

New York—A new radio circuit permitting reception of the full side-bands of a radiocast signal without loss of selectivity was explained to the Institute of Radio Engineers Convention here by its inventor, Dr. Frederick K. Vreeland, radio and electrical engineer.

In telling of his research work on the receiver, Dr. Vreeland, who has contributed numerous inventions to the radio field, said that its development was made possible by means of a hitherto undiscovered system of balanced reactances which is called a band selector inserted into the radio-frequency amplifier.

Dr. Vreeland stated that the circuit did not infringe on any existing patents pertaining to radio frequency amplification. Many of his patent claims have been allowed, indicating, he said, that the circuit is fundamentally new.

"The band selector is a very simple circuit," he explained, "which has the remarkable property of balanced reactances at all frequencies within a band of 20 kilocycles. An ordinary tuned circuit has its reactances balanced at only one frequency. The balanced reactances are variable and are adjusted by means of an ordinary dial."

The angry grocer ran swiftly round the counter and seized his fair customer by her arm. "Do you know, madam," he blurted, "that your dog has eaten a pound of my best fresh country butter? I saw him do it a second ago!" The fair customer received the grocer of her arm and regarded him coldly. "I did not know it," she replied coldly, "but if you are quite sure it was your best butter, that it is fresh, and that it really did come from the country, I don't think there is much reason to suppose it will do him any harm." With these words she left the shop.

The man who frequents the blind pig never brings home the bacon.—Detroit News.

ISSUE No. 3-28

The SKELETON FINGER

By Headon Hall

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Sir Dudley Glenister, suspected of murder when a crow drops a skeleton finger on his lands, is further involved when a searching party finds the body of Stephen Colne, former cabinet minister, tells James Wragge, Scotland Yard detective, assigned to the case, that Sir Dudley had faked evidence to the effect that the cousin had died in Montana, U.S.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"Is that the Harley Street nerve specialist, sir?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Not in the sense of his being known to the police. I consulted him once as a patient."

Mr. Colne laughed.

"You with nerves, Wragge?" he said.

"You forget, sir, an occasion on which they were somewhat highly tried," he replied with a certain dignity.

Mr. Colne regarded the speaker from under half-closed lids. "Oh, that!" he said, as if with an effort recalling some bygone incident. "I was not aware that you were so hard hit as that, Wragge, but as you have referred to that little lapse I will take advantage of the opening to impress upon you that this Glenister case must be conducted along the line indicated."

"I am not likely to do anything detrimental to my career in the force, Mr. Colne. I gathered from the newspaper reports that Mr. George Glenister left England on his terms with his father. It might help if you could throw any light on the cause of their quarrel. A woman at the bottom of it, possibly?"

Mr. Colne raised his eyebrows.

"Really, Wragge, you jump too readily to conclusions," he replied. "Drop that line like a live coal. The cherdere la femme wheeze doesn't hold here. Old Sir Philip Glenister and his young hopeful came to loggerheads over a much more prosaic matter—pounds, shillings and pence."

The inspector rose from the chair.

"Thank you, Mr. Colne," he said. "You have saved me a lot of spade work and I will get busy at once. I must go back to town this afternoon and start on Sir Dudley's record at his former city office, but first I can put in a useful hour or two at Beechwood. I should like to see the head-keeper who conducted the search party, and if I could run up against Doctor Willoughby Melville I might play on his sympathy for an expert."

CHAPTER VII.

THE RED-NOSED BLACKMAILER.

The same train which brought Inspector Wragge to Colbrook Towers deposited at the wayside station another passenger for whom no grand motor-car was waiting.

Not a prepossessing person by any means was the middle-aged, flashily dressed individual bearing down on Sir Dudley Glenister's country seat. Signs of dissipation on his bloated face culminated in one big red blot at the end of a prodigious nose. His gait as he trod the pebbly road in thin shoes bespoke him a town-dweller, more used to pavements.

He came at length to the scroly iron gates giving access to Beechwood Grange. The gates were shut and he halted in his tracks. Just inside was the lodge-keeper's cottage, embowered in the shade of giant elms. In the distance the old mansion was partly visible.

"Not exactly Chapel Court and Throckmorton street. A trifle gloomy to my way of thinking," murmured Mr. Simon Trickey as he pushed open the small gate intended for pedestrians and proceeded up the drive.

Mr. Trickey had been a clerk in the stockbroking office of Coningsby and Glenister, and, subsequently, after the senior partner's death, in the employ of Dudley Glenister alone. On the latter's succession to the Glenister title and estates the business connection of the firm had been sold to a new combination, with whom Mr. Trickey could have remained had he so desired. He elected, however, to retire from city life and live on his savings—a proposition which struck his intimates as strange.

The cronies of the wine bars and lunch counters had been surprised to find him, two years after his severance from ostensible work, still "going strong." Once in a moment of bibulous confidence, he had imparted to an acquaintance the startling fact that

he was married to a film actress of amazing fame and beauty.

Mr. Simon Trickey mused over the fable. He suddenly came face to face with two gentlemen who had sauntered out of a side-walk—Sir Dudley Glenister and Doctor Willoughby Melville. The baronet stopped short, glaring at the apparition with a rage that for a moment threatened to be ungovernable. Then he broke into a cackle of harsh laughter.

"Hullo, Simon," he exclaimed. "Not drunk yourself to death yet, then? I thought we had agreed that all communications between us should be by letter."

The ex-clerk tried to induce a pained expression.

"There are some things best not put on paper," he said with a sidelong glance at Doctor Melville.

"All the same I expect you would have found it healthier to embody the object of your visit in a letter," rejoined Sir Dudley savagely. "Melville, you will excuse me, please, while I deal with this fellow. He won't take more than a few minutes."

Sir Dudley led his obviously unwelcome visitor into the dining room through an open French window. With studied brutality the baronet went to the sideboard, mixed himself a strong whisky and soda and drank it off.

"Now, Simon, reel it out," he said. Mr. Trickey's parched tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth at sight of



"At the first sign of treachery I will kill you."

that gurgling draught, but there were bigger things in view and he recovered his poise. A gleam in his blood-shot eyes even suggested that he saw the funny side of Mr. Trickey being introduced to a whisky decanter merely as a bowing acquaintance.

"I've been reading the papers, Mr. Glenister—I beg pardon, Sir Dudley," he began. "There seemed to be—"

"A damned good chance for black mailing me, Sir Dudley cut him short.

Mr. Trickey ignored the interruption. "There seemed to be," he persisted, "more than a chance that you might need my help."

"What for?" demanded Glenister roughly.

The visitor glanced significantly at the closed door and open French windows through which they had entered. "Unless you are prepared to talk on your fingers, sir, I should prefer to leave that to your imagination," he said. "Keyholes and garden paths harbor listeners sometimes."

"There is nothing more that you can do to help me and you have been well paid for what you have done already," the baronet responded angrily. "No evidence that you could

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Magistrate—"The police say that you and your wife had some words."

Prisoner—"I had some, sir, but I didn't get a chance to use them."

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?" asked the traveller of the man he had got into conversation with in a railway carriage. "I don't believe in the survival of any body," was the reply. "I'm an undertaker."

For frostbite use Minard's Liniment.

"I know I told you it was a sin to be wasteful but what has that got to do with your wearing a short dress, frock like that?" "Well, if I wear a long frock like you want me to, I'll be wasting about ten shillings' worth of silk stockings."

Mrs. Ritz—"Nora, was the butcher boy impudent again when you telephoned your order this morning?" Nora—"Sure, but I fixed him this time. I see: 'Who the blazes do you think yer talkin' to?' This is Mrs. Ritz talking."

France Heavy Buyer Of Australian Wool

Sydney, N.S.W.—The wool sales at the various Australian capitals, according to reports extending from July to November, have been on a satisfactory level as compared with last year, and at the moment of writing this the tendency of the market continues to be satisfactory to growers. This state is the principal wool state of the Commonwealth, and it has shipped so far this season £8,500,000 worth as compared with £8,490,000 worth during the corresponding period of last year.

The biggest buyers of the season in the order of their buying are, to date, France, Germany, England, Japan. They all purchased between £1,500,000 and £2,000,000 worth. France's total being £1,846,000, and Japan's £1,554,000. America's buying is light. The total Australian wool sales, so far as they have progressed to date, represent a value of £16,109,000 for 675,676 bales.

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

Man-Eating Lions Terrorize Kenya

New and Terrible Breed, in Packs of Twenty or Thirty, Raid Native Villages

London.—A new and terrible breed of man-eating lion, which makes organized raids on native villages in packs of twenty or thirty and transmits its appetite for human flesh to its cubs, has appeared in the British African Colony of Kenya, according to official reports which have just reached London.

Night after night, according to these reports, packs of a dozen or two dozen lions lionesses raid the native kraals, crash their way through the flimsy roofs or walls and bear away screaming victims to devour at their leisure.

Women and girls drawing water at the rivers and boys guarding herds of cattle are being carried off and hundreds of heads of cattle eaten.

Five hundred lions, it is estimated, have gained supreme control over hundreds of square miles of territory. All this is not only a reversal of conditions prevailing up to a few years ago, but is a contradiction of the accepted ideas about the relations between lions and human beings.

Young and Lusty.

The man-eating tigers hitherto encountered have been with a few exceptions, old or crippled beasts, too slow to hunt their usual prey, and who have learned to eat human flesh primarily because it is easier to procure.

The new man-eating lion is a very different kind of animal, young and vertile, who hunts human beings because it has come to think of them as his normal prey.

The territory wherein this new breed of lion has made its appearance is the Masai reserve in Kenya, and the presence of the animals, curiously enough, is ascribed largely to a British ordinance abolishing the Masai system of adult initiation known as "Moraa."

In a recent dispatch it was related how the Masai, when called on to assist a white hunter in slaying their reserve of marauders, offered to do so if they were equipped with the best spears and big shields which had been taken from them as a part of the Government's policy of pacification, and when these weapons were restored they amply proved their courage by attacking lions singlehanded.

Law to Blame

Details now at hand indicate that under the "Moraa" system no youth could be considered a man until he had blooded his spear, either by killing his enemy in fair fight or slaying a lion single-handed. The Masai, especially since their tribal wars were forbidden, had become known as a race of intrepid lion killers, and the lions in their turn had acquired such a wholesome respect for humans that it was noted sometimes that they have up their lives in organized hunts almost without a struggle.

This condition changed when the spears and shields were abolished by ordinance. The lions grew bolder and bolder and they began to raid the native kraals and finally the native kraals. Finally they have become such a menace that official steps have had to be taken to exterminate them.

One measure is the restoration to the native hunters of their spears and buffalo-hide shields. Another is to dispatch white hunters to the reserve on a lion-killing mission. No such hunter, J. A. Hunter, killed eighty lions in three months.

Man-eating lions have proved a problem in other parts of Africa, notably in Uganda and Tanganyika, but for different reasons. In Uganda a dire outbreak of rinderpest killed off thousands of head of game and forced the government to attempt to destroy almost all of it to prevent the spread of the disease to cattle.

Deprived of their natural prey, the Uganda lions turned to man eating. One lion alone killed eighty-four human beings and another forty.

In Tanganyika, man-eaters thrived because of the widespread native superstition that they were witch doctors in disguise. A band of such doctors known as Antausimba claimed to be able to turn themselves into lions at will, and so terrified the natives became that they made practically no resistance to the depredations of real lions.

It is recorded that one man-eater attacked a crowd of 2,000 natives and that another charged a gang of 600 natives in broad daylight.

Korean Sailor Dies Saving 32 Shipwrecked Japanese

Tokio—Tying a lifeline around his waist, a Korean sailor saved thirty-two Japanese from the steamer Myogi Maru, wrecked in the Northern Sea of Japan, swam to the island off which the ship had grounded and made the first step to rocks on the shore.

Then thirty-four Japanese followed one another along the rope and all of them were saved except two who lost their hold in the buffeting of the waves. The Korean died from the effects of the cold water.

The Myogi Maru, a vessel of 2,275 tons, was crippled in the harbor of Hokkaido on December 29 and since then had been drifting till it went ashore on the island.

Betty thinks that no man is good enough for her. "Well, she may be right—and she may be left."

Beavers Form C In Rebo

Washington.—Mottled plots of beavers at work were shown American Nature Association. They are reported to be the first made and were taken within the of the animals.

The films were made in Glacial Park of Canada last season. Describing filming the beaver Arthur Peck said:

"The dam was dismantled, we waited. Out of his 'house' came the chief engineer beaver construction company."

"The beaver first cut out a hole about eight feet high. Then he dug on this he made his hole to the edge of the current with a hole in the dam. The rushing water kept the beaver hearing the click of the camera."

Pardoned Slayer Is Believed Famous Fuller Case, 30 Ago, is Recalled

CAPTAIN MISSING

Schooner Not Heard Since Distress Call Jan. 8

Portland, Me., Jan. 28.—The cadets of West Point, in their own, in payment for what he termed one of the most beautiful in history, veteran marines when they learned that the ship had passed with no word from Captain Thomas M. Bram and three other Alivans.

That Captain Bram, master of a four-masted schooner from Cape Cod, called on Sunday, Jan. 28, is the Thomas M. Bram who was shot to death by a German coast guard in 1904. The schooner was on the high seas when the coast guard expected of local men.

And equally as confidently the men shake their heads with when the possibility of their reaching this port, her crew with her cargo of lumber from sonville, Fla., was suggested. Believe that the man who was victim, but who escaped the through the intervention of Robert E. Hinchey, now, as revealed by President Taft, as done by President Wilson at the toll of the sea.

The gruesome memories of were recalled as follows:

Aboard the barkentine schooner Fuller on a morning in 1890 the opening chapter of the with the discovery of the bodies of Captain Nash, master Fuller, his wife and the second. The murderers' deed had been told with an axe.

BRAM ARRESTED.

Charles Brown, the man whose wheel was accused by Bram's murderer and he was put in. Shortly after, however, Bram noted in the act of removing the ing axe from beneath a deck. Brown was then released and placed in irons.

The vessel, which was bound South America with a cargo of her, was turned about for the. The three bodies were placed in a boat and in that manner towed the new port of destination.

At Bram's first trial in Boston the same year, he was convicted sentenced to be hanged. At a trial, however, he was sentenced life imprisonment at Atlanta.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, who a novel, weaving into it the story of the murder, then became interested in Bram and her efforts were with the parole being granted President Taft. Later, the man pardoned by President Wilson.

Murderer Inherits Victim Property

Paris.—For years Paris aristocrats have made a practice of acquiring and women who have killed wives or husbands in cases known "love tragedies."

But a jury at Beauvais (France) went a step further—to the diam French judicial experts—when acquitted Charles Marin, who shot mother-in-law, a widow aged 86, because she had sold disadvantageously a portion of her estate which he hoped to inherit at her death.

The Public Prosecutor pointed out that this was a crime of vulgar ice and the criminal deserved mercy.

But the jury, moved by the story of Maitre Paul-Bonheur for the cause, who spoke of the natural of a man who saw family property wasted, returned a verdict Not Guilty.

This means that not only was he set free, but that through his inheritance the whole fortune of his tin.

Dinner—"What on earth is the matter with you this evening, waiter? Give me the 7th first, and then soup?" Waiter (confidentially) "Well, to tell the truth, sir, it was time you 'ad that fish."

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