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Weddings in the Air

Boston Transcript: Asked to go up in an airplane and there marry a couple who were under the delusion that they would be doing something romantic, a New Jersey magistrate told them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for trying to turn a solemn occasion into a stunt. . . . Sensible folk will give him their approval. Weddings included as part of the program of public fairs, as advertising in show windows, and in balloons and airplanes, do not tend to inspire respect for marriage. And all who have studied the prevalence of divorce in this country agree that the hasty and ill-considered marriage is a principal cause. Marriages of that kind will not be diminished in number if weddings are to be included among the stunts of the air circus.

Dog Applies For Own License—and Gets It

Patchogue, N.Y.—Application by a dog to have his license renewed was received at the Brookhaven Town Hall and "Gyp," a collie, owned by Charles Driscoll, received it. "Gyp" took his place in a long line of dog owners. In his mouth was an envelope containing a message to Walter J. Jones, town clerk, from his master. It included a properly filled out notice for a renewal of "Gyp's" license and a cheque for the required fee. "Gyp" waited while Mr. Jones made out the new license and placed it along with a metal tag in an envelope which "Gyp" took in his mouth. He wagged "Thank you" and started obediently for home.

Minard's Liniment for Insect Bites.

In the case of a youth charged with insulting behaviour on Hampstead Heath it was stated that he was one of ten young men who were quarrelling as to who should escort a girl home.

ISSUE No. 30—28

Canada to Decide Status of Envoy

Question Arises in British House Regarding Precedence Question

London.—Col. L. C. M. S. Amery in the House of Commons, replying to Patrick J. H. Hannan (Birmingham), that it would be for the Canadian Government to decide whether the British High Commissioner to Canada would enjoy privileges similar to those of foreign diplomats. Regarding precedence, he said, "in the analogous case of the Dominion High Commissioners here, they rank immediately after Cabinet Ministers, but not before foreign representatives. Mr. Hannan, who, it is understood, represents the Federation of British Industries in the House of Commons, also asked, "If, in submitting proposals respecting British commercial interests to the Government of Canada, the British High Commissioner will have the full diplomatic support of His Majesty's Government?"

Col. Amery replied, "It is of course contemplated that he will be authorized to make representations on commercial questions to the Canadian Government, where instructed to do so by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain." The President of the Board of Trade, answering Percy A. Hurd (Cons., Devizes), supplied details of the direct help Canada had given British employment since the war. He said the Canadian Pacific had spent \$70,000,000 on new tonnage in British shipyards and also \$5,000,000 on machinery and the conversion of ships while a further new ship was under consideration. Lloyd's Register reported that since the war the Canadian Steamship Lines had built here 15 vessels of a gross tonnage of 31,600 tons. He had no official figures to show what these orders represented in British wages in the shipbuilding, iron, steel, engineering, coal mining and other industries.

Epitaph

Here lies a lover—one who did not know
That love is of the spirit—one who dreamed
Of bodily loveliness that faintly gleamed
Through mists of passion when the lights were low.
He has forgotten, now, that arms were white,
And warm and white a bosom's rise and fall;
And all he loved is dead and rotten
Surfeit attained, and unattained delight.
—Daphne Muir,
In London Spectator.



TICK-TOCK!

1st Mouse: What a queer place to live. How do you manage to sleep?
2nd Mouse: Very comfortably. I sleep between the ticks!

Canada and the American Tariff

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): The first duty of a Government is to its own citizens; and if the United States Government feels that it owes it to American producers to protect them from Canadian competition, that is its right and privilege. Where the fault lies in Canada is that we take such things lying down. We see Americans excluding us from their markets, yet we go right on buying from them at the rate of about two million dollars a day.

SWALLOWED UP

By Mrs. WILSON WOODROW
Illustrated by R.W. SAITFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Loring Ranger offers a hundred thousand dollars for the safe return of his missing daughter, Hope. He is assisted in his search by his good friends, Eustice Highy, attorney, and Juarez Charlie, adventurer.
Acting upon directions from Hope's captors, Ranger leaves a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds at a specified place. Charlie stations himself near the place mentioned in the letter to Ranger and follows the car that collects the bonds.
At Dr. Bristow's private sanitarium a plot exists between Bristow and a nurse named Copley regarding an inmate registered as Nurse Copley's sister. George Kelsey, detained at the hospital, is friendly with the so-called sister. He decides that the girl is not insane.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
He knew the girl was acting, but the way she held her pose, never relaxing for a moment into the normal, roused him to wonder and admiration for her courage and strength of will; and the pathos of that courage stirred his heart.
Revolving the riddle as he mused on the porch in the sunshine, his glance strayed from under his hat drawn down to where she sat, the ever-present elder sister knitting beside her.
How alike the two were, and yet how different. Anita, beautiful in a way, but to him repellent—a woman pursuing the course of her perverse, unscrupulous will.

Verna breathed a different air. About her was the atmosphere of one reared in ease and freedom and beauty. She had all the simplicity of good breeding. Anita's veneer was specious. While he pursued the puzzle, never getting any nearer to a solution, a big, luxurious limousine turned in at the gates and drew up before the entrance. A ponderous, bent old man emerged, carefully assisted by his valet. Some one important it was without a doubt; for Bristow came down the steps to meet him with jovial camaraderie. There was an amount of luggage which was hastily unloaded and carried up stairs. The new arrival gave some directions to his valet and his chauffeur, and then preceded Bristow into the house, as if perfectly familiar with the place. He stopped at the head of the steps, though, to speak to Anita Copley, who hurried forward with smiling, almost sycophantic deference, and Kelsey got a fair view of him.
"So Alderman Higgins has come back," Kelsey heard the comment of some one behind him. "Wonderful how he holds on."
Miss Copley had followed the old man and Bristow into the house; and with her presence removed, he looked over at Kelsey with a humorous, contemplative smile and a wag of his head.
"Yes; some car. I've seen the days when Bristow had to hoof it all the way to the station, if he wanted to get into town."
"Times have changed, eh?" Kelsey stretched out in his chair. "Not always so prosperous?"
"Not always," Morton's reminiscent smile still lingered. "When I first came here, seven years ago, things were so far from prosperous, that we never knew from one week to another whether we could keep going or not. Then, all of a sudden, we were on easy street. Bristow began putting all sorts of improvements on the place, buying more land, throwing out new wings, installing modern appliances, re-furnishing, re-decorating, splurging on cars, turning himself out like the lilies of the field, and making the old dump one of the highest-priced refuges for fashionable nuts in the whole East."
"Found the buried treasure under the old mill, what?" Kelsey yawned slightly.
Morton chuckled. "Where the money came from I never knew. Bristow's close-mouthed and it would take a bolder man than I am to question him about his affairs."
"You see," he explained, "all this happened after 'Hobo Bill' came into our lives, and I've always believed that he gave the tip that was responsible for our rise to greatness."
The bell of the telephone jingled, and Morton interrupted himself to answer the call.
"Yes, Doctor," he said; then reluctantly, as he turned round eyes toward Kelsey: "Ye-es—Yes, he's here, Doc."

He stopped at the head of the steps to speak to Anita Copley.

This afternoon in Bristow's new Rolls-Royce.

Morton filled his pipe and looked over at Kelsey with a humorous, contemplative smile and a wag of his head.

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CHAPTER XII.
The house physician, when Kelsey dropped into his office that evening, happened to be in a voluble mood. A medical journal lay upon his desk in which he had just been reading an article that controverted one of his pet theories; and he seized upon the opportunity to refute the fallacy, citing authorities and giving his reasons at length, while he puffed indignantly at his old, black pipe.

Kelsey was pleased to find that he could genuinely concur in the little man's views; and by his advice and with his assistance a letter was composed to the publication, which they were convinced left the offending author not a leg to stand on.
So delighted was Morton with the vigor of the rejoinder and so grateful, that he expanded into unaccustomed warmth; and Kelsey took quick advantage of the propitious moment to strike.

"By the way," indifferently, 'who was the old rooster that arrived this morning in such state?"
Morton looked at him in surprise.
"Why, you know. Or, sure enough; you didn't come here until after he'd left for Bermuda. That, my son, is ex-Alderman William Higgins. Mean to say you never heard of 'Hobo Bill'?"
Well," as Kelsey shook his head, "a half dozen years ago he used to be a power in New York; about the same type, I guess, as some of your picturesquely named politicians out in Chicago. He started out in life as a tramp, they say; but somehow he managed to edge into politics and cleaned up big; worth anywhere from seven to ten millions, I guess. He stays here when he's not off on one of his periodical trips. Funny old coddler."
"I should say so," Kelsey agreed. "It's the first time I ever heard of a man voluntarily making an insane asylum his headquarters."
"Oh, he's no bug. Half blind, pretty well broken down physically, but mentally keen enough; shrewd, devilish shrewd, let me tell you. And as to his being here, why, he had some nervous affection, you see, used to go on fiece sprints and all that, and Bristow got him into shape. They're like brothers."
"So?" Kelsey was mildly interested.
"I saw the two of them out together

tor." After a moment, he hung up the receiver.
"It's Bristow," he said; "he wants to see you in his office right away."
Kelsey flung himself out of Morton's room and down the hall to meet his anticipated wiggling.

Sleek and shining, Bristow lounged on the hearth rug, looking down into the clear flame of a birchwood fire.

The conference upstairs from which he had just come had left him in the mood of humor, and he felt in the mood to play a cat and mouse game with Kelsey, whom he regarded as lamentably lacking in finesse.

"Ah, Kelsey?" he said pleasantly, taking a chair himself and waving hospitably toward another one. "Sit down and have a cigarette." He pushed across the table a humidifier containing various brands in the different compartments.

Kelsey stiffly declined both the chair and the cigarette. This unwonted cordiality made him wary. But Bristow's smiling geniality was proof against the rebuff.

"Rather late," he said; "but I was anxious for a little talk with you—about yourself." He was grave now, but kindly. "Although I may have seemed to neglect you, you have really been very much on my mind. To speak frankly, your present manner of life is not good for you; it leaves you too much time to brood."
Bristow lifted the letter containing the magazine offer from the table, and getting up handed it to the younger man.

Kelsey rapidly glanced over it, but before he could speak, Bristow took up his thread again.
"I have neither the time, nor," with a mellow laugh, "the inclination to undertake it. Too much research; too much work altogether. But it struck me that it would be just the thing for you. I would have to sign the articles of course, but that is detail."

Kelsey saw himself pulling Bristow's chestnuts out of the fire! Not for a kingdom.
"Do I understand," he asked with exaggerated humility, his mouth still twitching, "that you wish to entrust, not that hypothetical quantity, your honor, but your name, your scientific reputation to my unworthy hands?"
The shaft glanced off without leaving a scratch.

"Don't belittle yourself, my boy," benignly. "You are, I know, an excellent and well-informed writer."
"I'm sorry," Kelsey's tone was elaborately satirical, "but it will be impossible for me to oblige you."
"Think twice before you refuse," Bristow urged persuasively.

He went on, clothing the same arguments in fresh phrases; but all the time he was covertly scanning Kelsey's face, watching for that quick gleam of the eye which would show that the other had awakened to the latent possibilities within his proposal.
(To be continued.)

Boston fisherman opened the stomach of a large cod and found a can of condensed milk inside. Probably an ocean flying fish.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt seeks a million dollar fund to combat what she terms the cigarette evil. Cash and Carrie!

A woman flies from Newfoundland to Europe, and then telephones back about it. If that doesn't epitomize the present era, what does?—Christian Science Monitor.

Woman Shopper (to assistant)—"I say, young man, there's a ladder in these stockings." Exasperated Assistant—"Well, what do you expect for 2/11—a marble staircase?"



There is nothing that has ever taken Aspirin's place as an antidote for pain. It is safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get the real Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word genuine printed in red;



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Here is a treat that can't be beat! Benefit and pleasure in generous measure!
Peppermint Flavor

A Strange Argument

Vancouver Province (Ind. Con.): (In his campaign speeches for the British Columbia election which took place recently, the Premier has repeatedly suggested that he and his Liberal Government are the only people that can make a bargain with Ottawa about the P.G.E.) Mr. Dunning, in reference to another railway matter, that of the projected C.N.R. hotel in Vancouver, takes the position "that both as a matter of law and otherwise the position is one to be adjusted by the Canadian National Railway and not by the Government." In other words, Mr. Dunning says he is going to keep the Canadian National out of politics. If he takes that stand in reference to railway hotels in Halifax and Vancouver, he must logically take it in reference to the much more important question of the sale or lease of the P.G.E. to the Canadian National. It is an entirely proper attitude for any minister of state, and it contrasts very wholesomely with the entirely improper attitude of Premier MacLean.

Boston fisherman opened the stomach of a large cod and found a can of condensed milk inside. Probably an ocean flying fish.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt seeks a million dollar fund to combat what she terms the cigarette evil. Cash and Carrie!



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Everyone Flying in North Country

Trips of Weeks Duration Are Cut Down to Hours
"FUR IS FLYING"
Competition is Keen for Use of Available Skins

Spectacular interest surrounds the airplane rush into the North these days. Men and freight are being sent daily into the Hudson Bay country by this method. Trips of 1,000 to 1,500 miles, continuous flight, are not uncommon.

Machines that will carry five tons of freight and three or four passengers are in use by three different companies operating out of Winnipeg. From the Pas, 50 miles north, the Western Airplane Co. has a fleet of six machines constantly in use for remote points north, even as far as Forts Churchill and Nelson, on Hudson Bay.
Routes that were matters of weeks to negotiate with loads a year ago are now traversed in a few hours. Dog trains have proved too slow in the mad rush for development over a region 1,000 miles square. Bundles of rich furs that have come down by the slow process of canoe and dog sled from the Hudson Bay Co. for a century are now being shipped into Winnipeg by these returning planes.

Wireless Orders.
Daily wireless orders are received by merchants at Winnipeg for supplies to be rushed out the same day by this or that plane. In several cases this winter injured men have been transported to the local hospitals by the air route from remote points, and last week a wireless was received from the Central Mining region requesting a plane to bring a doctor and return with an injured man.

So much competition has been introduced that passenger fares by plane are not more than four times the railway tariff. For freight the charges are proportionately heavier than other means of transportation, but not so high that for companies, mining enterprises and kindred industries cannot afford to pay the increased price.

Engineers and investors from Toronto, Montreal, New York and Chicago arrive daily, having wired in advance for their plane reservations and within an hour after their arrival are on their way northward.

Last week an order for delivery of 1,000 pounds of beans, a ton of miscellaneous canned goods and 500 pounds of bacon was received for delivery by plane to Old Lake, 800 miles north in the Hudson Bay section. The jobber who filled the order had difficulty in finding a plane without a full charter to make the journey. Before the ship left another order for an electric drill and other machinery weighing a ton had been received for shipment by the same plane.

England's Landmarks

The damage which fine, old buildings in the City of London suffer appears to increase each year, according to a report presented to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which held its fifty-first annual meeting recently. The report contained a note of warning, according to a London dispatch to The Manchester Guardian, which says it is often thought that the cause for which William Morris founded the society fifty years ago has been won. Although declaring that this, in a sense, is true, The Guardian dispatch quotes the report as saying:

"The need for the society is as great as it ever was, and the possibilities for usefulness are unlimited. Owing to the rapidly increasing traffic facilities, the country side is suffering on an appearance which, before the war was confined to the suburbs of great towns. The widening of old roads, as well as the making of new ones, causes the disappearance of buildings to which we have become accustomed, and which for long years have been half-consciously admired as fixed features of the landscape. Where these are not entirely destroyed, they are often left isolated and stark among the new, crude and unfriendly neighbors . . ."

"There has never been such a time," it was pointed out at the meeting by C. R. Peers, Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments, "for the construction of roads, railways and electric and water supply systems. One of our most serious problems is the relation of the new roads to the old bridges. A sensible number of old and beautiful bridges, when preserved and widened, will be left with little of their ancient fabric in tact. Unfortunately, the construction of alternative bridges is not always possible."

The necessity for some central authority is urged by Mr. Peers. "There are streets in some of our country towns in which every house is worthy of preservation," he said. "Such things are national monuments, but they are at the mercy of municipal authorities. Local government in these matters is better in theory than in practice, and it must be more closely linked with a central authority before it can be trusted."

Ten athletic events constitute a decathlon, says a contemporary. Our idea of a fine example is undressing in an upper berth.—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

Balkans Stirred By Attempt Minister

Attack Coincides Casualties Among Macedonian Forces
Belgrade—With the assassination here of Jovan Vukobratovic, Minister of the Interior and Chief of the Intelligence Service in the Balkan states, the most serious incident in the Balkan peninsula since the approach to disarmament of Europe's warring states.

The conflict of the autonomous factions, the "gang war" was intensified by threats by political when it was learned that had been made to assassinate the Minister was attacked. The Minister was attacked at Laxton, and the official over the returned the revolver to the Minister Laxton's hospital, where it was expected to recover. His assailant is considered serious.

The assassin is a Serbian nationalist, and the relation of the assassination to the Bulgarian Macedonian known, charge that the measure in Macedonia is being followed by the Bulgarian General Protoger, the autonomous camps was shot to death.

Anxiety led to a new attack upon Laxton here when reports from the sanguinary clashes of Macedonia in whom Protoger's supporters of an anti within the Yugoslav



FATHER OF . . .
England's oldest Edmund Prescott, 92nd birthday, his son, Sir Sydney grandson, Edmund.

Britain Bans Coastguard

Agreement Reached Charters of Coastguard

Miami, Fla.—An agreement under which coastguard boats will patrol waters of British Florida coast, runners became minister from the Washington on restriction Coast Guard.

Washington.—In view of means of smuggling from United States, Treasury Assistant Secretary, with reports from the British side whose lines in the Hudson official favored more New York Central Lines, S. E. Carter, St. L. and general manager, E. A. Warren, National, J. A. Trunk, and J. Canadian Pacific.

Mr. Lowman's custom of sailing transit from one another American over Canadian territory, which had long been the car from tons officials from the States from

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