Green Tea drinkers do not know the full enjoyment of Green Tea unless they use "SALADA" Green—the very choicest variety, blended to perfection—packed in air-tight metal to protect the flavour—Sells for only 38c per ½-lb.—Ask for it at any grocer's.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

301

Fashion

A Chic Daytime Frock

The simplicity of the frock pictured here will appeal at once to the home modiste as a smart and easily fashioned style. The skirt has three plaits at each side of the front and back and is joined to the bodice having a round or V neck in front, a tie, and short kimono or long sleeves attached and gathered to narrow bands at the wrists. Of special interest is the shaped belt which crosses in the front and gives a smart waist-coat effect. NO. 1602 is for Misses and Small Women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch, or 2¾ yards 54-inch material; short sleeves require ½ yard less 39-inch material. **Price 20 cents the pattern.**

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 Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Trade With the West Indies

Kingston, Jamaica, Mail: (The Canadian Government are placing five passenger and cargo vessels on the West Indian trade.) We are inclined to the belief that the five ships will not only serve to encourage greater trade between Canada and the West Indies; but to pave the way towards the holding of another Trade Conference at Ottawa to discuss the advisability of Free Trade between the Dominion on the one hand and the British West Indies on the other—an arrangement that would not only go to strengthen the British chain which passes through the Caribbean Sea, but would certainly offset the aspirations of the United States to convert this portion of the globe into an American lake.

WRIGLEY'S NEW HANDY PACK P.K. CHEWING SWEET

A treat in the Peppermint-flavored sugar-coated jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside—utmost value in long-lasting delight

CI 31

ISSUE No. 31—'28

America Ranks Low in Air Service

Investigator Finds Lindbergh "Boom" a Colossal Flop

Since Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget there has been an extensive spread of newspaper talk about how he has "boomed" aviation throughout the United States, but J. Herbert Duckworth has thoroughly investigated the situation and writes his conclusions exploding this aviation propaganda in the August issue of "Plain Talk."

"A Frenchman was in Washington last January," relates the writer in "Plain Talk," "and, desiring to go to New York in a hurry on important business, inquired, in his innocence, about air schedules at his hotel. He would have done the same thing under similar circumstances in any European capital. The hotel porter acted as though he had been asked for a time table of the subway to the moon. The puzzled Frenchman needed help. He taxied over to the office of the Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics of the Dept. of Commerce. The men in the Air Information Division were obliged to admit that there was no air route operating out of Washington. 'C'est extrordinaire!' exclaimed the Frenchman."

Mr. Duckworth reveals that there are no regular air lines carrying passengers from the principal cities of the United States not to mention the capital of the country. Utilizing statistics to good advantage he clearly shows that the United States is far behind the European countries in the matter of air transportation of passengers as well as of mail and baggage.

"Try to take an airplane from New York to Boston," says the "Plain Talk" writer, "and you will discover that there is no regular service between the world's largest city and the 'Hub of the Universe.' In fact, passengers are carried 'only by special arrangement.' From December 1 to April 1, no passengers are carried under any circumstances."

Comparing various sections of this country with similar portions of Europen the "Plain Talk" writer concludes that "when it comes to passenger-carrying airlines, the United States, considering her size, wealth and boasted genius, ranks with Persia, and, until those really responsible for her sorry plight shake themselves out of their lethargy, it would be only decent of the professional shouters for aviation to soft-pedal a bit. Their babble about the United States leading the world in air transportation is ridiculous.

"There is not one passenger-carrying airline in the whole of New England," declares this air investigator in comparing that section of the United States with Old England. "Planes leave Croyden, a London suburb, daily for all parts of Europe, with connections to North Africa and the Far East. The rates offer competition to the railroads and the channel steamers. One can fly to Paris from the $1,250,000 airport at Croydon (250 miles) for a little under twenty dollars. There is not a single passenger-carrying airline running from any point on or near the Atlantic Seaboard to any point north, south, east or west, with the exception of the dinky little line between Key West and Havana. The only lines in this vast area that are 'comparable to Western Continental Europe' are the Chicago-St. Paul, the Detroit-Cleveland and the Cleveland-Buffalo. Every American who has been abroad in the last few years knows that the whole of Europe is linked up with passenger-carrying airlines from Oslo in the north to Seville in the south, from London in the west to Constantinople in the east, and that one can travel by air between any of the European capitals and between many of the smaller cities just as easily as one can travel by the railroad."

Canadian-New Zealand Trade

Auckland (N.Z.) Star: New Zealand is Canada's second best customer in the Empire. We spend on the average more than three million pounds a year on Canadian goods, which is more than Canada draws from Australia with four times our population. But though New Zealand stands eighth in order of importance among Canada's customers, the Canadian market is not very valuable to us. The president of our Chamber of Commerce recently pointed out that while the average value of our Canadian imports for three years has been £3,350,000 the average of our sales to Canada has been less than a million pounds—about £984,000.

Minard's Liniment for Blistered Feet.

SWALLOWED UP

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Hope Ranger, daughter of wealthy Loring Ranger, disappears after a luncheon with friends at the Plaza. A hundred-thousand-dollar reward is offered by the father for the safe return of his daughter.

Ranger's two friends, Eustice Higby, attorney, and Juarez Charlie, adventurer, assist in the search for Hope.

Acting upon directions from Hope's captors, Ranger leaves a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds at a place mentioned by the abductors.

At Dr. Bristow's sanitarium George Kelsey is detained. He meets Vera Copley, patient, who is supposed to be sister to Anita Copley, nurse. A personage comes to spend some time at the hospital and Dr. Morton tells Kelsey that he is called Alderman Higgins.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

It came at last. Kelsey had been so intent on discovering some underlying motive in the request, that he had not seen the advantage to himself. It was a great light, but still he could not dvest himself of doubt.

"What's your game, Doctor?" he asked bluntly.

"I wouldn't pull you out of the water if I saw you drowning, or rescue you from a burning house. But it's foolish for a man to cut off his nose to spite his face; and I'm pretty well fed up on loafing. Perhaps, on the understanding that I take over this work solely for my own diversion and advantage, and not in any sense to aid you, I might—?"

"Put it on any grounds you please," Bristow interrupted with a significant movement of the head. "Shall I expect you here tomorrow morning?"

"Yes," curtly. "I'll draw up a sort of schedule tonight of the subjects to be covered, and have it ready to submit to you."

CHAPTER XIII.

Days very seldom go exactly as planned. Bristow hovered about all morning, helping lay out the work, consulting books, offering suggestions, keeping Kelsey so busy that he did not have a moment to slip away from his desk and look for the girl, and the afternoon was not much better. It was almost five o'clock before he felt free to leave the office and seek her.

Most of the patients, he saw, with their attendant nurses, were clustered over at the side of the lawn, interestedly watching the destruction of a wide section of the wall beyond the encircling hedge.

He stood looking on with the others, but his eyes were less engaged with the wall than in sifting the group of spectators for a sight of the girl; and he had about made up his mind that she was not present, when he finally saw her sitting on a stone bench a little removed from the rest.

Kelsey looked about for the omnipresent nurse, but she was nowhere in sight; so he walked boldly over and seated himself on the bench.

He felt the girl start and turn, but he did not glance at her. With his elbow on his crossed knee, chin in hand, he sat watching the demolition of the wall.

"Where is Miss Copley?" he asked under his breath.

"Ill," she answered. "She's got a sick headache. Another of the nurses is supposed to be looking after me, but she's busy now.

"Oh," she went on in a fervent whisper, "I've prayed that you would come today. I've dared so much on the strength of it. It was so necessary that I should see you."

"And also, that I should see you," he broke in. "I have news. Bristow has engaged me to help him in the preparation of some magazine articles. I will be in his office, in a position to know everything that goes on. Perhaps—?"

"Wait!" she interrupted. "Before any one comes, I have something I want to give you."

She cast a searching glance about; and then slipped a folded paper from between the sheets of her pad, letting it fall on the seat between them, screened by her frock.

He dropped his hand over it, and with deft sleight-of-hand transferred it to his pocket, bringing up in its stead a cigaret.

"It's safe," he assured her.

"And now tell me about your work with Bristow," she said.

He did so briefly, explaining the features connected with it that might inure to their benefit.

"Also," he went on, "I have found out about Higgins as you asked me to."

"Oh, yes?" But the interest she had shown the day before in the decrepit old man seemed to have waned.

"He's hand in glove with Bristow," said Kelsey, concluding his sketchy report. "And I have no doubt is just as big a crook."

"And Copley, too," added the girl with conviction. "They're all three crooks together."

Kelsey himself had much the same idea, but he hadn't wanted to say it, Strange, that she should speak so of her sister.

But already her thoughts seemed to have turned in another direction. She was gazing again in the gap in the wall.

"Do you know anything of Dr. Bristow's engagements?" she asked unexpectedly.

He shook his head. "Only, that I heard him tell his secretary, he would be attending a dinner of the Medical Society in town tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night!" For some reason, this seemed to her extremely important.

"And Copley's sick headache will last two or three days; they always do." She spoke musingly as if the two facts to her held some connection.

Fearing that he had already stayed too long with her, and knowing of nothing else to be said, Kelsey rose to go; but she detained him with a quick gesture.

"Wait!" He could see that her fingers were trembling as she guided her pencil; there was an excited tremor in her voice. "I must see you tomorrow. Don't let anything prevent. I have an idea. We may be able to get away."

He nodded. A nurse was moving toward them, and he dared not linger.

"I will lay off about noon, and find you."

He was eager of course to see what the message she had given him contained, but he deliberately held himself in check. He ate his dinner, talked an hour or so with Morton, and it was not until he was safe in his room and had taken every precaution against surprise, that he ventured to look at it.

'I was brought here," it began without preamble, "I don't know how. The next day—it must have been the next day—Dr. Bristow told me that I had

"He put me through all kinds of tests—surprises, everything."

been very ill and was in a hospital, but that I would see my father and mother soon. I believed what he said for a little while. But when the effects of the drug wore off—I must have been given a drug—I felt well and strong. My parents did not come, there were excuses. I insisted on going home. Dr. Bristow and the Copley woman wouldn't let me. When I tried to go, they prevented me by force. I screamed and struggled. Then the Doctor put a drug into my arm. These scenes happened several times, and always ended in the same way. They never let me get out of that one room. Then one day when Copley thought I was asleep, I heard her talking outside my door to another nurse.

"This woman said: 'Is your sister getting any better?' and Copley answered in a weepy voice: 'No; she'll never be any better, I'm afraid.' They talked a while, and then the other nurse said: 'If you were a little younger, dearie, and hadn't been here for years, I'd try and get the hundred thousand dollars reward for that missing Hope Ranger. You're almost a dead ringer for her.'

"Then it all flashed over me, what they were doing; why I, Hope Ranger, was in this place—"

The sheets of the letter shook in Kelsey's hands.

"After I heard these women talking and understood what it meant I nearly went mad, trying to think what to do. I had already tried to bribe Copley, but she is in love with Bristow and absolutely ruled by him. So I just sat thinking; plans, plans seething through my brain—"

"I know all about that," muttered Kelsey as he paused to turn the page. Then she quickly resumed:—

"I was so furious, so despairing, so bent on finding some way out, that I wouldn't even look at those two, the only persons I saw. I wouldn't speak to them, or notice them in any way. They couldn't understand the reason for the change in me, and were surprised. I saw them exchanging glances. And then it came to me, I don't know how, that if I pretended to be silly and not remember anything, they might let me out of that room and go about as I saw the others doing from my window.

"I worked up another scene with Copley, when I knew the doctor was away. I fought to get out the door, and when she gave me the drug to quiet me, I accused her of having given me an over-dose in her excitement. She denied it, but was bothered. Then I pretended to lie in a stupor for almost an entire day. When I came to, I acted as if I were stupid, as if I were someone else. I said I was a writer and asked for pencils and paper, and wrote pages of nonsense.

"I heard Bristow talking to Copley. 'Charming,' he said at first, but she was convinced by this time that she had given me an overdose, and finally got him to thinking so too. I heard him explaining to her about 'shock' and something about 'a congenitally weak brain.' She was upset about it all, but he told her, 'Better so, if it's true.'

"He put me through all kinds of tests—surprises, everything. It was dreadful, but my nerves are strong, and I was fighting for my life. He talked to me about my parents, my home. I was indifferent. Then he got to trying to make me remember things that aren't true. He told me my name was Verna Copley, and I repeated it after them like a parrot. I have only forgotten my pose with them once. That was when Copley tried a hat on me and I caught a glimpse of myself and burst out laughing. But it was so grotesque that even an imbecile would have laughed.

"I have been afraid to make myself known to any one. To say that I am Hope Ranger would only convince most people that I am the lunatic I appear. But I am Hope Ranger, and I know that you will believe me, just as I believed you."

(To be continued.)

BICYCLE BARGAINS

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Est. 1903

Reality

Thank God for things we see and touch—
For books, for chairs, and meals and such.
Our love that died, our hate that sears
Are ghosts, abstractions. Through the years
We two shall cling together, tied
By habit, courtesy and pride,
Pain, joy, elusive, soon are gone,
But coffee cups have handles on!

—Louise Garwood in Vancouver Province.

Minard's Liniment—A reliable first aid

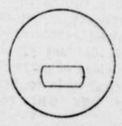
Immigration

Manchester Guardian (Lib.): (The Archbishop of Melbourne, speaking at a Manchester Luncheon Club, said that on the question of immigration a great deal had been said that ought to be unsaid.) The three qualifications required of the immigrant were courage, wisdom and patience, and first of all he would put courage. No man should ever come to Australia if he thought he was going to a soft job, because he wasn't. It meant hard work for the man, rather harder work for the woman; and men should not come too old, nor if they had the anxiety of a considerable family. He preferred to have immigrants quite young, so that, possibly from boyhood and girlhood, they might have the feeling that they really were Australian, and grow up in an atmosphere in which homesickness should not play too predominant a part. It was not the least good a man going out to grow apples and potatoes whose whole life had been spent at the loom. He should not go out unless he had something or someone to go to.

Gloria Swanson: Won't you have some tea? Lon Chaney: Oolong will it take? Gloria Swanson: I don't know, but I'll Ceylon.—Judge.

"Twenty-five years ago," says Lady Astor, "I was taught better geography than my sons are to-day." Geography, of course, was very much better in those days.

UNIVIS



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"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding

Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting

Costs little but always effective

Folding Boats Useful to Campers

The knock-down, take-down, folding or collapsible boat—whatever you please to call it—is not a sure-fire contraption for getting an unexpected bath as the old-time campers contend, but, according to the Camping Editor of "Forest and Stream Magazine," a valuable addition to any woodsman's pack.

"It is strange to relate and yet a fact nevertheless," points out this expert, "that the great worth of these take-down boats has yet to be universally recognized, and it is even more a little-known fact that most all of these boats are made staunch enough, unshakable enough so as to permit an outboard motor being used in combination with them.

"Last summer," continues the editor, "I was trying out for the first time a collapsible canvas boat. A party looking over our outfit and inquiring about what sort of boat we were going to use was shown the same in its take-down state. I was promptly told that I was crazy for trusting a watercraft of the sort. One gentleman said it would be the last thing he would venture into and that a thousand-dollar bill would not get him out on a lake in one of them. To back him up there were vigorous head-shakings all around and figuratively, I was already numbered with yesterday's ten thousand years so far as my earthly presence was concerned. And yet we came down one of the fast rivers of the north in this outfit (one hundred and fifty miles, by the way) and completed the trip unscathed, in fact did not ship water once while going down twelve miles of as treacherous rapids as you can find anywhere. The same is true of most take-down or collapsible boats. Were people to really have confidence in them there would be hundreds of vacations that would be successes instead of certain failures."

Judge: "Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?" Speeder: "Never, your Honor. I've tried to pass you on the road once or twice, but my bus will do only fifty-five."

WHEN IN TORONTO

Eat and Sleep at

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Rates: $1 Per Day and Up.

MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word *genuine* printed in red? It isn't the genuine Aspirin without it! A drugstore always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box;

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.

Ancient Flyers

Days of Great Flying Reptiles Repictured by Fossil Discovery

Eugene, Ore.—With man's conquest of the air now holding the center of public attention, especial interest is attached to the discovery of an odd-shaped, fossilized bone near Mitchell, Ore., which is reminding natural scientists of an earlier and seemingly less successful attempt to invade the realm of the birds.

Not men, but reptiles, engaged in these early flying enterprises, and developed, not machines, but long, membraneous wings with which to propel themselves in the air. But despite the seeming power of these wings, which in some types reached a spread of as much as 20 feet, the flying reptiles, or pterosaur, faded out of the picture. All that is left to remind men of such creatures are a few fossilized remains, such as that found by Dr. E. L. Packard, professor of geology at the University of Oregon, while on an investigation in Wheeler County last summer.

Dr. Packard's discovery is especially important as it is the first skeleton of the kind found west of Wyoming, indicating the pterosaur existed along the shores of the cretaceous sea which extended at one time as far east as the Achocho Mountains in Oregon. That the skeleton is that of a bona fide pterosaur is established through its identification by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C., whence Dr. Packard sent the odd-shaped fossil. Word of the identification has just been received here from Washington.

The bone which Dr. Packard found formed the upper arm of the flying reptile, he says. One of the fingers on the hand at the end of this arm extended to great length, and between this and the leg of the reptile was the great, membraneous wing, not unlike the wing of a bat. Sufficient information upon the identification of Dr. Packard's find has not been received to make it possible for him to reconstruct a complete idea of the particular creature of which this bone was a part. He was able to visualize the reptile, flying over the shallow waters on the margin of the sea, picking up fish and small fowl for food.

Just why the reptiles have been unable to retain domination of the air is problematical, according to Dr. Packard. The lack of feathers may be a factor, and certan differences in bones structure another. The pterosaur, or flying dragons, as they are sometimes called, were able to fly many miles, Dr. Packard believes.

While this is the only specimen of this particular type found by Dr. Packard, thousands of specimens giving evidences of the encroachments of the sea into what is now inland on the Pacific coast have been discovered. These include ammonites, clams, snails, and other fossils. It was on the shore of this sea that Dr. Packard discovered the fossilized bone of the pterosaur. Similarly, waters covered the great inland basin east of the Rocky Mountains, and on its shores, particularly in Wyoming and Oklahoma, other remains of the pterosaur have been found, but in all there are very few in North America.

Befuddling the Brain

Y. Y. in the New Statesman (London): (In an article on the Prince of Wales, a writer in a London Sunday newspaper says: "You will not find him befuddling his mind with books.") I do not remember ever reading a sentence with more curious implications. . . . If books only befuddle the brain, then it would obviously be better if all the schools were shut and schoolmasters who teach reading, writing and arithmetic to innocent children should be sent to prison as public dangers. . . . (Still) we are inclined to-day to exaggerate the importance of reading and writing to the growth of the intelligence. A considerable perecntage of human beings would be just as intelligent as they are at present if they had never learned to read or write, and I have known men who could not read or write and who were nevertheless better company, more imaginative and more intelligent than others who could. Speech plays a far more important part in the life of the ordinary man than reading and writing. It is possible for a man who can neither read nor write to be either a good poet or a good farmer, and a world containing good poets and good farmers is a world in which any of us ought to be reasonably happy.

The World's Work

Church Times (London): The lucky minority earn their living with pleasant and sometimes exacting tasks. They work with a zest. They are not the least inclined to strike for an eight-hour day. But for the majority, in the circumstances of the modern world, work is monotonous and dull. A man might well write a book or paint a picture or preach a sermon or spend long hours in a chemical laboratory without any thought of wages on Saturday. It is not conceivable that a sane man would clean a sewer or a chimney just for fun. And since there are many dull and unpleasant things to be done in a modern community, it is surely only decent that society, which benefits, should see that its servants are paid adequately and should have sufficient leisure to compensate them for their hours of labor.

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