

If you seek the finest green tea—this is it

# "SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

"THE FOOL"

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SARTWELL

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Clare Jewett, in love with the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, marries Jerry Goodkind for his money. Daniel is dismissed from the fashionable Church of the Nativity in New York because of his radical sermons.

"Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed, is established by Gilchrist. George Goodkind, Jerry's father, calls and orders Daniel to cease seeing Clare, who frequently visits the hall to help Gilchrist. Clare says she has left Jerry, and Daniel sends her back to him. Clare returns to her husband. Joe Hennig and his gang break in and threaten Gilchrist. Umanski meets the mad gang.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"That's it," he said. "Don't let this guy buffalo you. Come on, let's drive him out." Hennig came close to Gilchrist. "I told you I'd get you," he sneered. The mob pressed closer. Umanski placed his bulk in front of them. They were fast closing in on him.

"Listen to me," commanded a voice. It was Goodkind who had forced his way through to face them. "No violence. You're dealing with a lunatic. I've got a doctor coming down here. Leave it to me and I'll have this place closed tonight."

The mob was becoming more restless—moving closer.

Miss Levinson and the Henchleys were backing toward the windows.

Mary Margaret looked on helplessly from the platform. Her face was terror-stricken. She dropped her crutches to her side and knelt.

"Oh, dear God, please listen—" she besought. And then fervently she began to repeat the Lord's prayer.

Her voice was lost in the growing tumult.

"Leave him alone," warned Goodkind. "You can't beat a crazy man!"

"He ain't crazy!" shouted Pearl. "He ain't a man. Ain't you seen what he's done for me. I lied to him and he's given me another chance, and I'm gonna take it. He ain't no man. He's a saint. I tell you he's like God!"

Laughter first and then a serious muffled protest came from the mob.

"That's what he's been tellin' 'em. Ain't it, Grubby? Jimmie, didn't he tell you he was the son of God?" Assenting nods came from here and there in the pressing throng and whispered or mumbled threats.

"That's what he told 'em all," Joe blurted. "That's how he gets 'em." Joe turned menacingly toward Gilchrist. "Didn't you tell 'em you was a son of God?" he demanded.

Gilchrist straightened.

"I am," he said simply.

There were epithets of scorn, wrath, fire now in the mass that edged closer with fists shaking in the air and curses shouted aloud.

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS EVE.

Another Christmas Eve had come and with it the hush of a halted world, its busy features pausing in their pell-mell, some with reverent reason and others merely because a day had been marked red in the calendar.

The glow of dying embers fell upon Gilchrist as he sat in reverie before an open fireplace in his room "upstairs," he eyes dreamily on a pipe. It was a simple, unpretentious room. Its furnishings were cheery and it was banked with friendly books.

A faint tapping at the door hardly stirred him, and before he could turn Mary Margaret had entered furtively. She saw him in the dim light and hastily hid a package behind her back.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "Goodness, you scared me. I thought you went out."

"No," he said. "I came up here to read a little before we put our gifts on the tree. Where's Grubby? He promised to help."

"Grubby's all swelled up with his new taxicab," she said, a little contemptuously. "Christmas eve's the big night in his business, but he says don't worry—he'll be here in time for the sandwiches. Am I interruptin' your reading?"

"Oh, no," he answered, noting her obvious efforts to hide her package. "What have you there?"

"Where?" Her evasion was child-like.

"Under your apron."

"I was gonna surprise you," she said. "It's your Christmas present. It ain't much—an I didn't want it on the tree—before everybody. I wanted to give it to you myself. Open it now."

He did so, smiling. He held up a picture, its simple significance lost in the bliant colors of a cheap chromo.

"Mary Margaret!"

"The name's on the back," she said. "See—'Mama's Treasure.'"

"It's just what I wanted," he said. "Is it honest?" she rejoiced in delight. "Let's put it in place of that one over the mantelpiece. That's an awful pretty pitcher, but mine's got colors in it."

"Why not in place of the Venus who fell on her nose?" he suggested.

She assented readily and with an air of pride he stood the picture on top of the bookcase.

"I can't thank you enough," he said, taking her hand.

"You thank me," she reproached. "You that's give me—"

She looked down at her side where crutches had once stood. They were gone now. "Oh,



Mary Margaret, crutches at her side, was still praying.

Mr. Gilchrist! she started, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Now, now," he warned, "we mustn't cry on Christmas."

"What are you going to do if you're happy?"

"Try laughing," he said. And she did. "And if I'm having my Christmas now, you must have yours, too. Suppose you rummage on the sofa."

She hurried over and made her way through a score of packages. There was a book for Miss Levinson, and gifts for a dozen others.

"This one isn't marked," she said, holding it aloft. "Is it mine?"

"No," he replied, "those are gloves for Mack. I wanted to show I appreciated his bringing back that coat."

Finally she found it—a large box marked with her name. She opened it breathlessly and held up a child's fur set, a muff and neckpiece in beaver.

"Oh, Mr. Gilchrist," she protested feebly. "Oh, you oughtn't." She tried them on and ran to a mirror. "They're beautiful," she went on rapturously. "They're the beautiful! I've never seen like this. I never was so happy before in my life."

The tears started again, but he held up an admonitory finger and they turned to laughter.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said.

"Don't try," he returned.

She scurried off to show her present to her mother. As she opened the door Mr. Goodkind reached the stairway landing and entered. Mary Margaret turned toward Gilchrist alarmed, and stood ready to protect him.

"Well—Mr. Goodkind," welcomed Daniel.

"May I come in?" the visitor asked, meekly.

"Of course," Daniel drew up a chair. "I've only a moment. Jerry's waiting for me in the car."

ISSUE No. 10—'29

Make Your Own SOAP and Save Money!

All you need is waste fats and

## GILLETT'S PURE LYE FLAKE LYE

Full Directions With Every Can

YOUR GROCER SELLS IT!

"How is Jerry?" Gilchrist inquired solicitously.

Goodkind was sadly eyeing Mary Margaret.

"I wish you could perform a miracle on him," he said, disconsolately.

(To be continued.)

Styles by ANETTE

Paris—New York.



LOVELY GIFT.

An idea, entirely new, in apron with fitted bodice and gathered skirt with dipping hemline is seen in Style No. 688. It is just as practical as it is attractive and will make an excellent gift, that will be truly appreciated for every woman loves a dainty apron. The gathered skirt in pointed outline is attached to bib section with straps that cross at back and waist with buttons at each side of waistline. Organzie in dainty floral pattern, printed sateen, pongee silk, dotted dimity, blocked gingham, radium silk and chintz are smart fabrics to choose. Pattern in sizes small, medium and large, and only requires 1 1/2 yards of 40inch material with 6 1/2 yards of binding for the medium size. Price 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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, 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

The Need for Economy

Quebec Evenement (Cons.): In former days, in every Canadian province, the conviction was so strong that our natural resources were inexhaustible, that insufficient care was taken to regulate their scientific exploitation. It appears that Canadians of the present generation, while recognizing the extravagances of the past, do not realize sufficiently the importance of economy. A naive optimism leads them to believe that we do not need individually or collectively, to make provision for the future. This is particularly apparent in our export figures.

A boost is good for everything but taxes.

And now the "Lone Eagle" line is merely a matter of record.

First Knut: "You know, Richeigh must have money." Second Ditto: "So must I. Introduce me to him."

The recent honors heaped on the inventor of the aeroplane are enough to make any man feel that he'd rather be Wright than President.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

Roger Babson Sees Flivver Plane

The Day of the Flivver Airplane is Not Far Off, Writes Roger W. Babson in the March Issue of "The Forum"

In giving a blueprint of the future use of airplanes, Mr. Babson assumes the development of a helico, ter which will hover at a given spot, make a slow vertical descent—and possibly perform as a parachute when the power is cut off.

"This will be the master key," says Mr. Babson. "Other key inventions may be as follows: The planes or blades can be folded up as a grasshopper folds its wings. A pontoon construction will permit landing and locomotion on water or on saw. The landing wheels may be power driven, so that the machine can be operated on the road like an automobile. For example, after flying to a city, it will be possible to land outside its limits and then use the plane as an automobile. Fundamentally this is the flivver airplane which I visualize. Granting the possibility of such a design, we can foresee an industry of giant size. Moreover, it will have profound effects upon human life, equal to or even greater than the vast changes which can be traced to the automobile industry.

"Some houses will have roof garages, reached by automatic electric elevators. Once discovered, the room may be utilized for other purposes in addition to that of garage. Long rows of apartment houses have a roof area that can well be smoothed and generally re-designed to form a landing field. In our big cities there are millions of square feet of roof area that are now an economic waste. We complain about lack of room, but there is still room at the top.

"These changes, however, seem trifling in comparison with other tremendous readjustments in living conditions resulting from the flivver airplane. We get a glimpse of these possibilities by observing what the automobile has accomplished. The automobile has created the suburbs. The airplane will create the countryside. People who used to live in the city now live ten miles out in the suburbs. People who now live in the suburbs will live fifty miles out in the countryside.

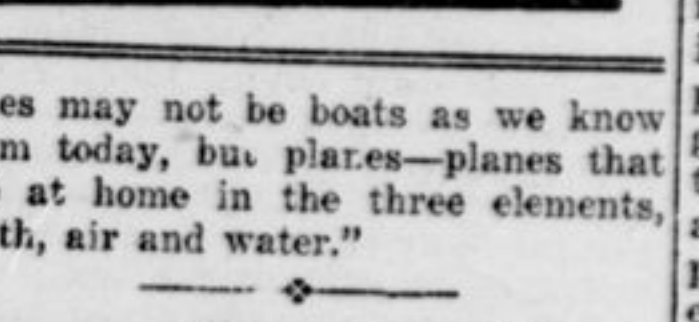
"If these anticipations are realized," continues Mr. Babson, "a mammoth and varied volume of construction is on the horizon. The conquest of the skies will result in rebuilding the face of the earth. For example, poles and wires will be recognized as obstructions and they will be removed and placed underground, on the same principle on which we are spending millions to make our roads more clear and straight. Towering smoke stacks will be replaced by power-draught systems. The campaign for smoke prevention will gather new force. In the northern regions snow removal from highways will be extended. While it is true that the plane in flight is indifferent to impassable roads, nevertheless the plane on land will want to taxi about and will insist on adequate facilities. Plane drivers will join car drivers in demanding good roads the year round.

"The plane of the future must be able not only to alight on water but to travel on water. The chief passenger traffic on rivers, canals, and

I've forgotten I ever had any nerves



Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing relaxes and soothes strained nerves, and how the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes and tones you up all round. Aids digestion.



Home Dressmaking

Commercial dress patterns are made to suit certain specified textiles. Because of this, it is the best plan to select the material and pattern in relation to each other before purchase.

A model is designed in a specific textile. This means if a velvet model is bought to be copied, the pattern is adapted to velvet and probably is not suited to cotton or chiffon. This is the first stumbling block for the home sewer—she does not think in terms of material and pattern.

The second point is to select the dress best suited to your type. The lines and silhouette are most essential prerequisites for a smart and becoming costume. Every woman should enjoy studying her own problems of dressing, selecting lines which will bring out all her best points and cover any defects, and indulging only in colors which will make her look young and pretty rather than old and worn. If one will only give this thought to the selection of her clothes there is no reason on earth why she may not be becomingly dressed for a minimum sum.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

For nearly five minutes there had been shouts from behind the closed door of a Cape Town manager's office. The visitor was tired of it. What's all the noise about," he asked the clerk. "Mr. Brown is speaking to Worcester, sir." "Well, why on earth can't he use the telephone?"

A biologist has decided that the ape is not man's ancestor, and that ought to be comforting to the ape.

Indianapolis News.

FARMERS

Requiring British help—Single men, women or families, to assist with farm work, should write Rev. Alex. MacGregor, 43 Victoria St., Toronto. These people will be arriving after March 15.

Women of Rumania Beat Themselves To Cure Ailments

Vermin Considered Lucky and Taken to New Abode Whenever Peasants Move

Turnu-Severin, Rumania.—Rumania is a land where medieval customs, habits and superstitions strangely mix with modern tendencies. Weirdest of all ancient customs which still survive among the peasantry is the practice of the women beating themselves when sick. They believe having entered the body and that if they chastise themselves the spirit will depart. When one of their children dies, they also resort to self-flagellation, believing an evil spirit has entered their body as well as that of the child.

This superstition is particularly common among the gypsies of Rumania. Not infrequently the practice is carried so far as to cause death or permanent disability. One Rumanian gypsy woman whom an American doctor recently visited was apparently about to die. She was suffering from pneumonia. The physician found numerous bruises all over her chest, which had seriously aggravated her condition. Upon being questioned she admitted the bruises were due to a beating she had given herself because one of her eight children had died.

Other beliefs among the Rumanian peasants are equally strange to Canadians. For instance, it is considered good luck to have vermin in the house and on one's person. In fact, there is a Rumanian proverb that no living creature is without lice. It is considered unlucky to kill vermin. The simple, untutored Rumanian believes everything, even the lowliest insect, has a right to live. When he moves to a new abode he usually takes with him some of the bedbugs and other vermin from the old house and transplants it in his new home so as "to bring good luck."

The majority of the Rumanian population live in dirt-floored huts made of woven branches and plastered with mud. Hens and pigs, cattle and poultry, all sleep in the same room. In winter the heat of the cow's body is depended upon to keep the children warm. The men and the women sew on their clothes for the winter, in order to keep out the cold, removing their garments only with the advent of summer. Among the masses, bathtubs are almost unknown.

The Financial Variance

A fool there was, and he bought some stock

(Even as you add it)

He was told it was strong as eternal rock.

(We called him a lamb of the newest flock)

But the fool he bought an enormous block.

(Even as you and I).

Oh, the risks we take and the deals we make,

And the spoil of our head and hand

Belong to the Magnate who knew too much.

(And now we know that he knew too much)

But we didn't understand.

A fool there was and his stock he sold

(Even as you and I)

And then, with a bound, it upward rolled

At the word of the Magnate who controlled,

But the fool was scared and his feet got cold,

(Even as you and I).

Oh, the toll we lost and spoil we lost,

And the excellent gains we planned

Belong to the Magnate who knew too much.

(And now we know that he knew too much)

But we didn't understand.

A fool there was and his stock he held

(Even as you and I)

And the price went down like a tree that's felled

(Yet somehow the Magnate's surplus swelled),

But ruin for that same fool was spelled.

(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the dress and it isn't the loss

That stings like a red-hot brand,

It's coming to know that we don't know much

(Seeing at last we can never know much),

And never can understand.

—Carolyn Wells, in Van Norden's Magazine (many years ago).

Mining Activity in Nova Scotia

There is much activity in the investigation of known occurrences of copper, lead, zinc and tungsten in various parts of Nova Scotia, of tin at New Ross, and of auriferous antimony ore at West Gore in Hants county, and it is not unlikely that some of these prospects will in due course add to Nova Scotia's total mineral output.

Stockholm scientist claims to have discovered how to make paper out of straw hats. Huh, the first rain usually does that!—BBorder Cities Star.

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Next time you want to dye, try them. See how easy it is to use them. Then compare the results. Note the absence of that re-dyed look; of streaking or spotting. Observe how the colors keep their brilliance through wear and washing. Your dealer will refund your money if you don't agree Diamond Dyes are better dyes.

The white package of Diamond Dyes is the original "all-purpose" dye for any and every kind of material. It will dye or tint silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye, for silk or wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. Remember this when you buy. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool. Your dealer has both packages.

Diamond Dyes

Easy to use Perfect results

AT ALL DRUG STORES

# ACHES

WHEN a cold or exposure brings aches and pains that penetrate to your very bones, there is always quick relief in Aspirin. It will make short work of headaches or any little pain. Just as effective in the more serious suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago. No ache or pain is ever too deep-seated for Aspirin tablets to relieve, and they don't affect the heart.

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