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Not Forgotten

They apparently had not met for some time. They were sitting in the gloaming, listening to the languorous roll of the sparkling sea below. "And just fancy you being in the town where I lived last week," she murmured softly. "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom; Of all who live, I am the one by whom This work can best be done in the right way."



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WIDE WATERS
By CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, visits Sailortown, where he meets Joe Bunting, a seaman, with whom he drinks himself off his feet in a barroom. Awakening next morning Drake hears Captain Stevens of the Orontes denounce his as a "dude." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew. He is discovered by the captain and thrown overboard. Drake boards the vessel a second time, however, and manages to pass muster as "Peter Finch," one of the signed members of the crew. Mary Manning, daughter of the Orontes owner, is a passenger on the Orontes. In the forecastle, Joe Bunting makes an enemy of Tony, one of the sailors, by kicking him out of his bunk to make room for Drake.

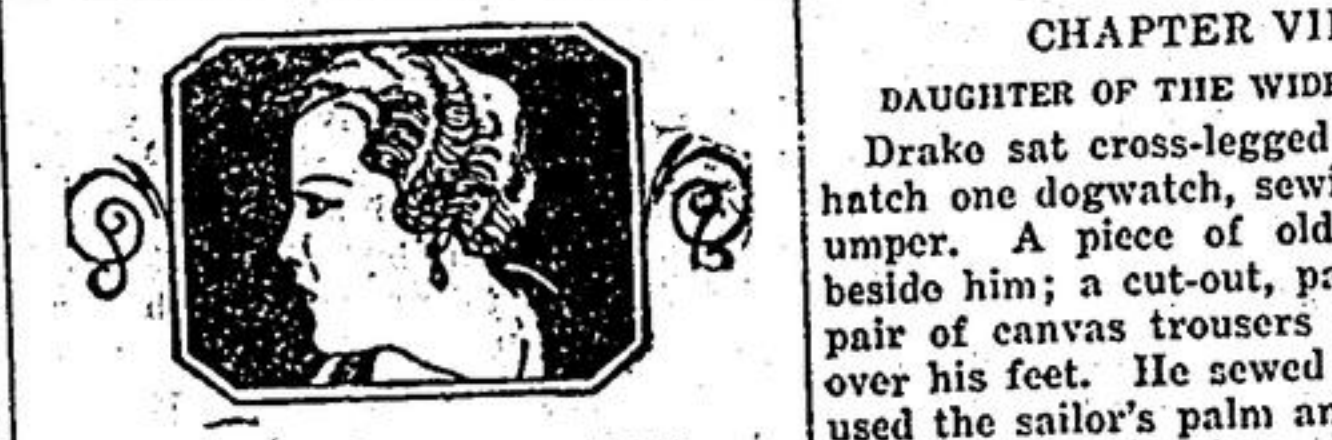
CHAPTER VI. (Cont'd.)
Drake mustered at the break of the poop with the watch. As the mate called the names over, the skipper came to their names, and moved aside, the skipper played the beam of a flashlight over their faces, looking for the likely helmsman. Tomorrow the men themselves would arrange wheel tricks and lookouts; tonight a man would be chosen by the watch officer, and approved by Captain Stevens. "You, Bunting, relieve the wheel," said Mister Twining. The flashlight flickered over Joe's placid face. "And you, there—" Mister Twining pointed into the darkness, at a momentary loss for the name; and the skipper's flashlight, seeking out the new lookout, fell upon the startled face of Alden Talbot Drake.

CHAPTER VII.
"YOU DIRTY BOY."
"Mister, send another man on lookout," the skipper said grimly. "Come here, you dude!"
Drake stood before the big blond man with a curious feeling of elation.



ONE SNAPPY PUNCH LANDED ON THE SKIPPER'S JAW.

He expected to hear an interesting opinion of himself, expressed in vivid salience. "Come here, you!" growled Stevens, and fastened a grip like a steel trap on Drake's jacket. "A dress suit gentleman, are you? Went slimming and got drunk, hey? What did you steal, that drove you to my ship, you putty faced whelp?"
Drake suddenly wrenched free, leaving some buttons in Steven's grasp, and forgot all considerations of discipline and rank in the glorious thrill of one solid, snappy punch that landed flush on the skipper's square jaw and set him on his heels. Surprise had a lot to do with the result. Its effect lasted but a second. Drake struck again, a straight left-hand jab to the mouth that drew blood. He knew it drew blood; he felt the grinning lips burst. But he knew little after that. A terrible, white, snorting face came close to his own, two triphammer fists drove through the defence he put up as if he were a ten-year-old boy, and after one agonizing moment when he



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ISSUE No. 30-29

do it, and a few others aboard the Orontes, but it was not a general accomplishment, and the ability to turn out work of that sort hinted at a real apprenticeship to the sailing ship. "We learned to do little-jobs for ourselves when I was a boy at sea," Drake smiled. "Nothing much in it. Sails gave me a bit of canvas and lent me his sailmaker's bag. I asked like Saintry for a pair of scissors, and he borrowed these from Miss Manning."

Joe was thoughtful. He glanced at the skipper and Mary Manning; walked the poop together, along the weather side from taffrail to the break. The skipper seemed happy. The girl was laughing and full of pleasant chatter. "Well, matey," said Joe, "there ain't a bloke in this ship as can turn out clobber like that, an' you may lay to that. I never cut out a pair o' tags to ekal them, not in all my goin' fishin'." "I ain't makin' no remarks, me son, an' I ain't arskin' no questions wot ain't none o' my business. If so be as you wants to ship boy in this packet, boy you kin be for all Joe Buntin' 'il bother yuh. But if you does other jobs same as you're a-doin' this, I'll gamble my donkey's breakfast you won't stay boy long. What yer doin' it for, anyhow?"

"Fun!" said Drake, thinking Joe referred to his being in the ship at all. "Fun! Why don't yuh git yer things outa the slop chest? You can't make everything you want. You won't never 'ave no stand easy."
(To be continued.)

The "Selfishness" of Britain
Quebec Soleil. (Lib.) In business, Britain and its politicians have no sentiment. Britain is always out for the main chance and takes it where it can find it. Still, nations are like people; sometimes it pays them to give up a moderate or immediate profit if there are serious grounds for believing that by doing so a better profit or one lasting longer may be obtained. London has never been able to see this. Nor yet has London learnt how to behave with strict loyalty in its dealings with the British Dominions. London has not ceased to preach to us the doctrine of imperial solidarity whenever it was a question of expenses to pay or responsibilities to take, but has always forgotten to practice what it preached when it was a question of getting benefits out of the British Commonwealth. The United Kingdom demands as its due the British preference, but makes no bones of refusing it to its partners.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

Just As Good
There was no gaining the fact that P.C. Roberts was an outside. His feet covered quite a large area when placed together, and they left deep impressions where he stood.

So perhaps the little girl who was spreading sandy gravel over the garden path may be forgiven, for, as the worthy officer passed the gate for the second time in five minutes, she ran across to him.

"May I ask you something?" she inquired.

"Ask away, missie," beamed the constable, and tucked his thumbs into his belt.

"Then would you mind walking up and down my path a bit; it's so uneven, and I haven't got a garden roller."

Later Years
Old friends are the great blessing of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have the same mode of thinking. I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends?—Horace Walpole.

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Proof Positive
The man before the magistrate was a stranger in the village, and he was most indignant that he should suffer the humiliation of his present condition. "The constable seems very certain about all the facts connected with my case," he sneered. "But, if I may make so bold to point out a certain weakness, why doesn't he call his fellow officer to corroborate his evidence?"
"There is only one constable stationed in the village," said the magistrate sharply.
"Excuse me, but I saw two last night," protested the offender.
"Exactly," grinned the policeman. "That's the charge against yer."

My wife is a wonderful woman. As clever and sweet as they come; Her views are remote, but she now has the vote, And she's happy to stay in the home; You'll think me somewhat pessimistic And soft to be grouching and blue, When I have a spouse who'll stay in the house, But—she thinks I should stay in it too.

NURSES WANTED
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Brass Cross Marks
Papuan Grave
Of Aviator Priest

Sydney, Australia—How comes it that rare visitors to the wild and remote little French mission station on Yule Island, Papua, find, carefully tended in the small cemetery, a brass cross placed by order of the French government over the grave of one of France's war heroes—the flying ace who destroyed thirty-six airplanes and balloons?

It is a story that the mission fathers tell with pride and sadness, Father Bourjade was a brilliant scholar, as well as a great hero, and the outbreak of the war found him studying for service under the Sacred Heart community. At the call of duty he started in the ranks, rose rapidly to a commission and entered the flying service. He proved one of the most fearless officers and became one of the first aces. Serving right through the war with only slight wounds, it was for him to choose at the end of the war between a brilliant civilian career and a humble place in the service of the Church. Rejecting all offers, he returned to his studies; and upon their completion he was ordained and went straight out to Papua, where he became famed as one of the most gentle and charming of the Yule Island priests. The privations and risks in those tropical islands make them one of the outposts of Christianity and, to the sorrow of the natives and his rother priests, the flying ace was destined after a few years' work to fall a victim to the deadly black-water fever.

At the Water Hole

From a vantage point among the rocks on the rim one can look out a short distance over the tawny plain and down upon a water hole cupped in the sands of a low mesa.

At the first glance the landscape appears dull and monotonous, but at sunrise twilight-tinted colors are reflected in the shady pool, and more brilliant hues wink and scintillate in scattered patches out on the level plain.

The stillness and calmness of the desert is noticeable here, and the scarcity of birds and wild animals adds a touch of remoteness to this water hole used by the Indians. In early summer the mourning doves appear in pairs and fly in from the desert on swift, rhythmic wings. How daintily they drop to the pool to drink of the cool water, and how gracefully they whirl away through the blue sky.

When the sun has been up but a few hours there comes a haze of dust on the horizon, which rises higher and grows larger with each passing moment. A faint noise rises from the billowing cloud and at last the obscuring murk floats backward and a flock of sheep surge toward the water hole. The bleating becomes loud and discordant; the baa-a of lambs in a lower, fainter key comes from the rear; the patter of little feet on the sand and the shrill barking of a dog adds to the din; and yet there is a semblance of order among the thirsty flock. A squaw, with a stout staff in her hand, struggles behind the dingy, surging mass, and two dark, bare-headed boys astride a shaggy donkey come slowly up the mesa.

With a flapping of drab, ragged clothing and the flutter of a red headband, the Indians pass among their bleating, noisy charges and turn the band expertly to the water hole. Then homeward toward the desert. The dust and noise are over, the land relapses into its usual calmness, and the water hole of the Navajos again becomes a tranquil pool.—"The Desert."

Where The Catch Came

A stranger in Aberdeen stopped a man in the street and asked for a match. Reluctantly and silently the other handed over his box of matches, which the stranger examined with interest.

"My friend," he said, "you are in luck's way. I see you use our matches, and my firm has authorized me to hand over a guinea to every man I meet who produces one of these boxes. Here's your guinea."

He passed over the money and turned away, leaving the astonished Aberdeen man gazing at his windfall; but he had not gone far before he heard the other shouting to him to stop.

"Here," said the Scot as he came up, "I thoct there wad be a catch in it. Ye're awa' wi' ma matches."

Extract from the Wigan Fretworkers' Sentinel:—"It is reported that a fastidious young married woman of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. This may be peculiar but there are others. The editor and proprietor of this paper needs bread with his boots on, he needs bread with his shirt on, he needs bread with his coat on; an endless some of the delinquent subscribers to this paper pay up before long he will need bread without a damn thing on—and Wigan is no Garden of Eden in the summer."

Wheat is Still Boast of Canada

Member of Royal Commission Replies to Fort William Editorial
HOLDS ITS PLACE

Canadian Grain Has Quality of Own, Says Rutherford

Fort William—Wheat was, and still is, the boast of Canada and never was there a time when it had been chased off the high seas, declared Dean Rutherford, member of the Saskatchewan Royal Grain Commission, recently at a session of the commission. Dean Rutherford was replying to an editorial which appeared in a local newspaper and which criticized the quality of Canadian wheat.

Canadian wheat has a quality of its own, he declared. "Even our number five wheat was quoted at equal and little better than export wheat from other countries," the speaker stated. While Britain will buy Argentine wheat when it is cheaper, Britain also wants Canadian wheat, Dean Rutherford continued. A report issued recently by the United States Government quoted the price of the best exportable Argentine wheat at 16 cents less than Canadian No. 3, portulora and the best United States export wheat at 14 cents under the same grade.

The commissioner said that lack of rain in the fall of 1926 and 1927 had damaged the crop. The same condition prevailed this year. The farmer cannot be blamed for this, he stated.

Holds Its Place
"Our wheat holds its place in the markets of the world with any wheat in any country of the world," Dean Rutherford concluded.

A representative of the local newspaper whose editorial was under discussion, declared that it could not be denied that Manitoba No. 1 hard wheat, on which the reputation of western Canadian wheat was based had vanished from the market. In no place in the west was number one hard raised to-day, he declared. He called attention to the report of the seed branch on the seed sown by the western farmers. This report showed that in a large number of cases seed taken from the farmer was actually sowing 500,000 weed seeds per acre.

For these reasons, he believed there was justification for most of the statements in the editorial in question. It was possible that number three wheat was all that was claimed, but the farmer no longer has even number three to sell.

Work

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to love and play and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Van Dyke, in "Forbes."

Monarch of Hedjaz Is Facing Revolt

Jerusalem.—Reports have been received here that Ibn Saud, king of the Hedjaz, faces a serious revolt in the Nejd and possibly in the Hedjaz. Three of the most powerful Arab tribes, the Ajmann, Ateiba and Mutair have combined against him. The rebels have already taken Taraba, an important strategical point. British quarters here admitted the gravity of the situation but were confident that Ibn Saud would put down the rebellion.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.