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Our increase in sales in 1929 over 1928 shows that there were over seven hundred and ten thousand additional SALADA users last year.

"SALADA" TEA
'Fresh from the gardens'

Plaits Achieve New Distinction

Juniors Copy Elder Mode in Moulded Hips

By ANNETTE



The smart junior steps into the mode in swaying sports frock of novelty wool crepe in delightfully gay green tones that speak of Spring. It is killed across front with box-plait at centre emphasized by the crossed applied band of the flat hipline. Corresponding treatment appears in applied band of collarless neckline. Applied trimming bands affect deep cuffs on sleeves.

Style No. 153 comes in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It is made with 2 yards of 39-inch material with 3/8 yard of 35-inch contrasting for the miss of 8 years.

It's ever so simple! It consists of a two-piece bodice pointed at front, which is seamed at sides and shoulders. The skirt is in four sections, seamed and pressed into plaits at front following perforations for same and stitched to the skirt.

Gypsy-red wool crepe with trimming bands of dark blue grosgrain ribbon with almost invisible matching shade red stripes is very, very smart.

Featherweight tweed in beige and brown checked pattern with brown woolen trim, tweed-like cotton in yellow and brown with yellow trim, and bottle green wool jersey self-trimmed are interesting ideas.

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.

Minard's Wa. ds Off Grippe.

February—All Hail!

Among the Romans the second month of the year was the month of purification. It took its name from a name of Juno 'Februa,' a derivative of the Sabine word 'Febrino,' which means to purify. The people in northern latitudes occupied themselves much with the promises of the seasons, and coined old proverbs and rhymes, and crystallized traditions. One tradition of February gives us pictures of dripping skies, inundated meadows, brimming creeks, and bankful rivers. The poet Spenser personified February as sitting in a wagon drawn by a couple of fish. Where I spent my boyhood we schoolboys used to sing something about

February fill-dyke
Either black or white.
Meteorological departments can easily disprove traditions and disallow rhymes, but with all their power of prognostication they cannot sweep away the joys of February.

The first joy to mention is the delightful shortness of the month. Its usual length is twenty-eight days, and one to the good every four years. Even if one has to travel in the teeth of its storms one can button one's coat a little more tightly and smile inwardly. Blow, blow thou winter's wind for thy reign is shorter than any other month in the year. February will soon be torn from the calendar and March shall enter, either lion or lamb.

The fact is winter and spring meet in February. A hedgerow may be wrapped in snow on one side and on the other be sun-smitten and flushing slightly with the rapture-throb of awakening vitality. Which thing is a parable. In sheltered nooks delicate green will make its appearance; and woods that nestle in the arms of hills will be uncurling tiny leaves and jewelled blossoms; and birds will begin to win and possess one another, their sober winter hues giving place to brighter colors; and piping voices are astir and feeling their way to strength. Crocuses prepare to cry from the ground and snowdrops to wave their little flags and perfumed violets to shed their scent upon the breeze, a prelude to primrose. Winter and spring mingle and we are at the point of emergence.

That is to say February is the month of abounding hope. We are visibly moving toward the illuminated miracle of spring; the rich fruitage of summer; the golden harvests of autumn. All the treasures of these seasons are in prospect.

John Burroughs once said that February represents our spiritual pilgrimage more fully than any other month of the year. Because in February the best things are invisible, a prize for faith. The great harvests lie below the ground; the heart's best is still to be reaped.

AUDACITY

In the matter of love, audacity and ardour are a man's most conquering weapons; timidity is fatal; and the secret of a woman's success lies in a subtle responsiveness.

FORGIVENESS

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little and others much.—Leighton.

WIDE WATERS
By CAPTAIN A.E.DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, ships aboard the clipper Orontes as "boy," under the command of Jake Stevens, whose enmity he incurs because of a mutual love for Mary Manning, a passenger. At Cape Town, Stevens is superseded as captain by Drake, whose lawyers have seen to the purchase of the Orontes during its cruise. Stevens is reduced to the rank of chief mate.

The Orontes runs aground in the Straits off Java. Mary slips away from the ship with Ike, the steward, and later Jake goes to join her ashore. Part of the crew mutinies and goes ashore, too.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Let's float the boat and get clear," he whispered. "It's our last chance to get the boat. Come, steward!" "Leave him here?" cried Mary. "You're insane! Get the axe, Ike!" "Come, Mary," said Drake, turning away from the crowd again. He glanced at Stevens now as if expecting more opposition. Tubbs and Sims were cautiously rising, never taking their eyes off Drake. Some of the men picked up rocks. Joe Bunting and his crew brought the other boat in dangerously near.

"I'll take care of Mary, Captain Drake," Stevens said gruffly. "Mary's coming with me." He drew Mary's hand inside his arm and looked down at her bent head. "Aren't you, lass?" Drake's black eyes widened, and his brows lifted; but his smile was unbroken.

"Miss Manning is my passenger, Stevens. She goes to Batavia in my charge. Come, Mary." "Better get your ship afloat first," growled Stevens, for Mary seemed inclined to obey the captain. "The ship lies at anchor, afloat,"

every punch and kick. "Orontes! Orontes!" It was Green Point all over again. The cry shrilled out from Mary, standing erect in the bawely floating boat, beating Ike on the back, furiously bidding him to let her get to land. Ike kept her out of danger with all the desperation contained within his puny frame. She wrestled for the oar, and frightened Ike with her strength.

On the beach, there seemed to be a human ant hill rumbling with imminent eruption. Drake went down under a blow from a rock stung in a ripped off shirt sleeve. Then it was Stevens who stood over him until he struggled to his feet again. Jake's big body and fighting blond head towered over the snarling gang like a beacon above hideous rocks. Then Drakes' dark head bobbed up beside him, bloody but buoyant. Mary was in a fever of excitement. They fought side by side in her defence. Every blow that fell upon blond head or black sent exquisite pain through her body. It was real. She saw Drake go down, and could have screamed. She saw Stevens stride over him, and battle like a fury until he rose again; and she wanted to shriek a pean. She beat upon Ike until he became afraid of her and started to turn the boat. Clumsily spluttering in to shore came the other boat, with poor battered Bunting cursing his reluctant mates on with shocking language.

"Orontes! Orontes!" screamed Mary. "Hurry, Joe! Oh, get a move on, you wooden men!"

Joe grinned cruelly behind his bloody mask. But he was doing his best. The fight on the beach suddenly took on a different aspect. Three of the deserters had gotten all they wanted, and were crawling away shaking



MARY TOOK JAKE'S ARM AND DABBED AT HIS BLEEDING FACE.

aching heads. Tubbs covered at Drake's feet, hands gripping tightly about his bruised jaws, blind and weeping with defeated fury. Stevens gripped Sims by the neck with both hands, and was swaying him to and fro; and the look upon Jake's battered face was horrible because it was outwardly a laugh. Another of the gang looked scared and crept further away, for Sims' feet were leaving the ground. Sims choked desperately. One man with more nerve or less intelligence than his fellows, picked up a stone and raised it over Jake's head. The only other ruffian remaining lifted a club of driftwood and aimed a finishing stroke at the bowed head of Drake. "Orontes! Orontes!" wheezed Joe Bunting at that moment, stumbling through the small surf followed by two of his crew.

"Rontes, an' give 'em hell!" squealed Ike Sainly. He sprang ashore, too, grabbing for his axe, bold with the advent of fresh men. Mary was running up the beach, hampered by wet skirts, her blue eyes blazing, and her long hair flying, holding a sharp pointed boat-hook before her like a spear. She was transfixed. She reached the fighting group when two blows seemed certain to fall at the same instant, and one only might be wardied. She drew in a deep breath, and thrust hard with her boat-hook.

The driftwood club over Drake's head fell, but fell upon the covered head of Tubbs, for Drake had turned to see whence came Ike's fierce squeak of encouragement. The battle was over. Ike glared around for foes with fine ferocity. There were none. His axe drank no red blood that day. Joe Bunting and his two mates, panting hard from their efforts, willing enough but too late. There mere appearance frightened all fight out of the conscious mutineers.

"Round up the gang, Bunting, and take them aboard the ship," ordered Drake. "Mary, we'll take the boat now." He turned to Jake Stevens, with hand held out. "Thanks for your help, Stevens. Do I understand you are not returning to the ship?" Mary took Jake's arm, and dabbed at his bleeding face with her handkerchief. She answered, with blazing eyes and high color: "If Jake doesn't, I won't!" (To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 4—30

Royal Bank Annual Meeting; Assets Exceed Billion Dollars

The annual meeting of shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada not only marked the close of the most successful year on record, but was rendered specially interesting by constructive addresses delivered by Sir Herbert Holt, president; C. E. Neill, vice-president and managing director, and Morris W. Wilson, general manager.

Sir Herbert, in addressing the shareholders, pointed out that in spite of the losses incurred by thousands of investors throughout Canada and the United States, the strength of the business structure is such that there is no reason to look forward to more than a moderate recession in business during 1930.

Dealing with conditions in Canada, Sir Herbert stressed the fact that neither the prospects in foreign trade nor the situation in Canadian industry, trade and agriculture, warrant pessimism concerning the outlook for the coming year.

Industrial Advisory Council.

After dwelling on the success obtained by President Hoover in securing the active co-operation of industrial leadership throughout the country in the recent crisis, Sir Herbert urged that it would be to the advantage of Canada to establish a non-partisan Advisory Council, composed of men of outstanding ability, representative of industry, agriculture and commerce. This council would bring about a close rapprochement between government, industry, agriculture and labor that would assist the

formulation and execution of effective measures for the maintenance of that equilibrium which would ensure stable prosperity.

Vice-President's Address.

C. E. Neill, vice-president and managing director, submitted to the meeting a very interesting proposal by which Canada might benefit to a far greater extent from the tremendous tourist traffic that is coming annually into the country from the United States.

"Canada," said Mr. Neill, "is attracting approximately fifteen million visitors a year. This great annual migration presents an unparalleled opportunity for increasing our trade. As yet there has been no concerted effort to build the tradition that there are purchases which can be made in Canada more advantageously than in the United States. If we could make purchasing in Canada sufficiently attractive, it would make a difference of more than one billion dollars a year in our trade."

General Manager's Address.

Morris W. Wilson, general manager, reviewed the 60th annual report and balance sheet, for the year ending November 30. The figures, both of assets and profits, constitute a new record for Canadian banking. Total assets of \$1,001,412,741 are shown, being an increase of \$92,916,856 for the year. Deposits have gained \$64,620,923 and now stand at \$772,067,768.

Canada's Mineral Production

Ottawa.—The value of the mineral production in Canada last year reached a new high mark with a value of \$203,876,000, an increase of 10 per cent. over 1928. Records were established in 1929 in the output of asbestos, cement, clay products, copper, gold, gypsum, lime, nickel, petroleum, salt, stone, sand and gravel, zinc, and in the value of natural gas.

In order of total values the leading mineral products of Canada are: coal, copper, gold, nickel, cement, lead, asbestos, clay products, silver, zinc, stone, natural gas, sand and gravel, lime, petroleum, gypsum, cobalt, salt, and platinum metals. The list of 19 products includes all that reach an output value of \$1,000,000 or more annually. Together they make up about 98 per cent. of the total value of Canada's mineral production. In addition to these main products, about 50 other minerals were recovered in commercial quantities during the year. Canada produces 50 per cent. of the world's nickel; 55 per cent. of the world's asbestos; 85 per cent. of the world's cobalt; 9 per cent. of the world's gold; 8.7 per cent. of the world's lead; 8.4 per cent. of the world's silver; 6.4 per cent. of the world's zinc, and 4 per cent. of the world's copper.

A WONDERFUL GIFT

Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—Lowell.

"The only novels that live are those whose characters the reader calls by name without quotation marks."—Edith Wharton.

"Don't Lend the Money!"

London Daily Mail (Ind. Cons.). (An issue of £6,000,000 Indian Treasury Bills is about to be made on the London market.) British bankers and investors will be very unwise if they hand over this huge sum when there is the risk of Dominion Home Rule being granted to India. It will be an act of signal weakness and short-sightedness. No doubt Indian Government stocks have been trustee securities under British rule. But who believes that they will retain any trace of the quality of trustee securities in an India under the control of Hindu agitators?

Self-Government for India

London Daily Express (Ind. Cons.). If a self-governing India were possible to-morrow no one would rejoice more than the British nation. But most obviously it is not yet possible. There is no conceivable structure or organization emanating from and controlled by the Indians themselves that can at present take the place of the British Raj.

Falling Hair—Just try Minard's.

"Society prepares crimes, the criminal is the instrument that executes them."—Lewis E. Lawes.

What Does General Smuts Want?

Canada has just said goodbye to that distinguished soldier-statesman Jan Christian Smuts. His visit was brief but the great South African managed to deliver three stirring addresses during his stay.

The same theme rang out through all the addresses—the greatness of the British Empire.

Why did General Smuts come to Canada and what is his mission to this continent? He is too serious-minded a man to come just for a pleasure trip, just to make fine speeches and stir men's hearts unless there is some underlying purpose behind the journey.

General Smuts brought to this country with him Mr. Phillip Kerr, the head of the Rhodes Trust, one of the artificers of the constitution of the Union of South Africa and what is more important still one of the best informed men on the British Empire and one of its ablest living publicists.

To determine the reason for Mr. Smuts visit we must go back a year in history and read the invitation sent by the foundation constituted in memory of one of his old adversaries, Cecil John Rhodes, asking General Smuts to deliver the three lectures given at Oxford every year known as the Rhodes lectures.

General Smuts accepted and three lectures were delivered. They dealt with two entirely different subjects. In the first and the third of these lectures General Smuts expounded his hopes and his aspirations for the future of Africa. The second lecture which was delivered just before Armistice Day was of an entirely different nature.

In it he examined the record of the League of Nations of which he is to a large extent the foster father and author and suggested that the time had come for the League to make certain adjustments in its objects and its methods of procedure so that it might be a more effective instrument of peace.

Then lest the appeal had not been made to a sufficiently wide circle General Smuts repeated its substance and elaborated it at the Peace Commemoration dinner at the Guildhall.

At the lecture and at the banquet, General Smuts asked three pertinent questions with regard to the League. The first concerned disarmament, the second the reconciliation of peace with justice, which may involve the alteration of existing conditions in order that the legitimate claims of some nation or some people might be satisfied.

The third question was the most important of all, and it is the keynote of the whole matter. General Smuts asked:

"What is going to be done with a disturber of the peace?"

The words are his own. In his Oxford address General Smuts made a sharp distinction between "private" wars and public wars. By "private" wars he meant all the wars fought previous to the Covenant of the League of Nations and by public wars he meant police action taken against a breaker of that covenant in certain eventualities.

General Smuts made it quite clear that in his opinion everything depended on whether in the event of a proved violation of the Kellogg Pact (and he spoke in this manner of the Kellogg Pact rather than the League of Nations covenant) any nation would go on trading with the violator and thus destroy and nullify the effect of the economic boycott.

Then he came to his appeal to America and said that if the United States was prepared to join with the rest of the world in signing a new agreement to be attached to the Kellogg Pact and binding its signatories to treat a convicted violator of the pact as an outlaw and breaking off all relations with him, the question of how to treat a disturber of the peace would be settled.

General Smuts has come to this continent primarily to attend the tenth anniversary of the founding of the League of Nations. He will be the honor guest at the gathering in New York of the League of Nations Society which will be attended by many of the leading men of the United States. Will he repeat his statements made at the Guildhall in November? Will he enlarge on his second Oxford lecture?

Will he tell the assembled gathering at the tenth annual meeting of the League of Nations that he wants to put teeth into the Kellogg Pact? That is what he has come to America for. That is why he opened his tour so auspiciously by pointing out to America that the British Empire was a solid unit and the best assurance of world peace.

How will America react to the suggestion? Will she make it once more a party issue or will she have the courage to realize that the Kellogg Pact without effective power to enforce its pledges is nothing but a scrap of paper.

The task of persuading the United States to enter into a supplementary covenant enforcing the terms of the Kellogg Pact will be a difficult one. Premier Smuts at least has the courage to undertake it. If he is successful the whole course of history in the future may be diverted into new and peaceful channels.

PRaise
The praise that comes of love does not make us vain, but humble rather.—J. M. Barrie.

—you know that

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