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"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Flares From Low Hipline And Dips Side

Expresses New Elegance for Tea and Bridge

By ANNETTE



161

Clothes seem to be growing more and more luxurious every day. At all fashionable gatherings, the general atmosphere denotes charming femininity, which is really quite a treat, in flattering new silhouettes which rather follow the line of the figure, as in Style No. 161.

It is modified Princess type that is equally suited for miss or matron and is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. The front in panel effect gives the figure the smart vertical line and slimmest so essential to smartness this season. The circular skirt at either side and at the back is shaped snugly through the hips with rippling fullness at hem which dips its sides.

The bolice is beautifully moulded in Princess lines. A softly flaring collar of Vionnet neckline detracts from the breadth and makes this delightful Princess dress suited to larger women. Flaring cuffs of sleeves are ultranev and flatteringly feminine. Silk crepe, chiffon, crepe marocain, fishnet, crepe satin and wool crepe smartly appropriate.

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.

PERSISTENCE

Even when work is all planned out, however, failure sometimes follows through lack of persistence. It has been said that "persistence is the key to existence. Success invariably rewards the good fight. Knowing what to do or how to do it won't bring results. The nail is useless without the hammer. Courage is the complement of knowledge."

Check Falling Hair with Minard's.

British Navy Sets Example in Respect

Young Naval Officer Never Fails to Show Respect to Older Men

Some time ago I heard an elderly man rebuke a youngster in a club with the remark: "When I was a young man it was customary to pay respect to one's elders," to which the boy replied: "Oh, well, at any rate, then, we've got one good thing out of the war."

I admit I had to laugh. But my sympathies are entirely with the elderly man. Nothing will convince me that one of the elementary signs of breeding is not deference of youth to age. And that is why the Navy produces the finished article. In the course of a long life I have known very few naval officers who were snobs (though I admit a certain admiral was one of the worst of the type I have ever met); and never have I known a case of a young naval officer failing to show respect to an older man.

Other professions do not carry out the traditions of respect to age to the same extent as the Navy. Neither does a public school and university training produce the same result. I have in my mind three rich boys, all great friends, public school boys, and all of whom have just left Oxford. Two are all they should be; the third is, frankly, a young hog.

And I do not altogether blame the war for this lack of respect to older men. I attribute it to the slackness and slovenliness that are a part of so many youths of the present day. Possibly in my father's day discipline was carried too far. For instance, if a young man seated was accosted in a club by an older man, the former would, as a matter of course, rise from his chair.

But we have gone to the other extreme, and there is much discourtesy shown today by boys to men old enough to be their fathers. I was recently addressed by a boy who had just left his public school by my surname, pure and simple, no prefix at all.

Such a state of things would have been impossible five-and-twenty years ago. Let us be thankful that even today it is an impossible happening in one body of men—the Navy.



A goat-getter used to be a herdsman—now he's a speed cop.

Friend—"If you spend so much time at golf you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day." Gold Flend—"Won't I? My desk is loaded up with work that I've put aside for a rainy day."

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals,—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspooled when the world praises him.

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 command of Jake Stevens, whose enmity he quickly incurs because of a mutual love for Mary Manning, a passenger, daughter of the owner. At Cape Horn Stevens is superseded as captain by Drake, whose lawyers have seen to the purchase of the Orontes during her cruise. Stevens runs the ship aground in the Straits off Java and is reduced from first mate to passenger. Drake frees the ship. The accident was due to Jake's carelessness, and now Jake comes before the new captain to "face the music."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
"Mr. Stevens," Drake began, "I don't want to dig up a lot of old troubles. I think the quickest way is the best. I want to say first, to you and Mary, that I have held an inquiry into the stranding of the Orontes, and have found myself guilty."
"You've what?" gasped Jake. Mary pressed his arm warningly.
Drake continued: "I have decided that whatever ill has happened to the ship or her people, has been directly due to my pursuit of a fad. As I see it now, it meant only sport to me, but something very much more serious to others."

Jake stood dumb. He could feel Mary's hand trembling on his arm. Forward, a concertina stopped playing and Bill Gadget bawled, so that all might hear.
"Stand up, y' lubbers! Health to the 'Cap'n and his passengers!"
There was silence, then three awkward, embarrassed cheers. The concertina started up again, and a song

by a ship master is a brief passage of words. With the least possible delay Captain Alden Talbot Drake pronounced Jake and Mary man and wife. He kissed the bride warmly, and Jake Stevens, whose enmity he quickly laughed at her blushes. He sat her at the right hand of the table head chair, then stood aside with that sunny, youthful, whimsical smile that naturally belonged to him. Jake Stevens stood by smiling, but as if not sure that he was invited. Drake laid a hand on the back of the head chair.

"Captain Stevens, won't you be seated?" he said.
"Oh, do you mean—is Jake to—What do you mean?" stammered Mary, her face alight with something which convinced Alden Drake forever of the unfathomable happiness to be got out of a decent deed well done.

"If Captain Stevens will take his seat, and let us begin on the wedding supper, perhaps you will not embarrass me with so many questions. Sit down, Twining. I want you to relieve Adams before all the color has gone out of Mrs. Stevens' face."
And Twining relieved young Adams, who was not in the secret.
"Mister Adams, Captain and Mrs. Stevens desire your company for the balance of the supper," said Drake with a twinkle. Many meals had been eaten in that saloon. Drake had seen young Mr. Adams eat a few. But he never saw him eat so little, or look about him so rudely as now. Jake seemed to be still a little uncertain. Drake went off on deck, leaving the bride pair to recover their balance.

Jake Stevens had always been a good sailor. He stayed but briefly at the table after Drake left. His ship was in the Suda Straits, near her port. It was volleyed forth with all the steam of rum-tickled throats.

CAPTAIN DRAKE PRONOUNCED JAKE AND MARY MAN AND WIFE.

Drake paused while the cheers went up, then went on:
"So to get the gist of this business, Mr. Stevens, I did not enter the stranding in the Log. I am owner, as well as master, and I shall not enter it unless my officers insist."
"Do you mean you won't?" Jake stammered.
Drake cut in:
"Let me finish, please. There is another matter. A word will dismiss it. Mary is your woman, Stevens. She always was. I did you a wrong there. But if you had heard what she told me a while ago, you would feel that I had been properly punished."
"Oh!" said Mary. The darkness was kind to her.

"Now I shan't reinstate you as mate, Mister Stevens." Jake's figure stiffened. Here, at last, was the meat. All the rest had been vapor: words. "Because it is not permissible for a sailing ship mate to have his wife aboard."
"Oh!" said Mary.
"So you will remain a passenger," said Drake, and the kindly darkness cloaked his broad grin, "a little longer. You see, if I were to put you back in command of the ship, you couldn't perform your own marriage ceremony, could you? So, if you will both come into the saloon with me, I'll call Mister Twining as a witness, and make of two splendid human beings the perfect pair."

"Just a minute, Captain Drake," said Jake Stevens, just a bit more chokily. "Are you having some more fun with me, or—"
"I'm having fun, certainly. I hope you will see the fun of it, too, Stevens. Come along."
They entered the saloon. Mary's big blue eyes opened like sea pansies. Iko had dressed "Erb" in a white jacket. They both stood at attention beside a table laid out as if for a feast of royalty. Twining stood outside his cabin door, grinning as if he knew something about it. There was a bouquet of flowers beside one plate. Mary stared hard before she recognized that bouquet as belonging to some of her hats. But she smiled at the joke. Drake was grinning, with a prayer book in his hand; and she could afford to smile.

"Come, children," the skipper grinned. "The feast awaits. Let us tuck this long splice. I never expected to be at your wedding, Jake. Now look at me!"
The marriage service as performed

was night. A ship master's place was on deck. Drake stood at the rail, smoking his comfortable old pipe. The sing-song was progressing gloriously. Stevens and Mary came up slowly. In the dim companionship Jake tenderly wrapped a shawl around Mary's shoulders. She gazed up at him shyly. The sweet fragrance of her enveloped him. There was no reason for restraint. He gathered her to him, and crushed her hungrily in his arms.

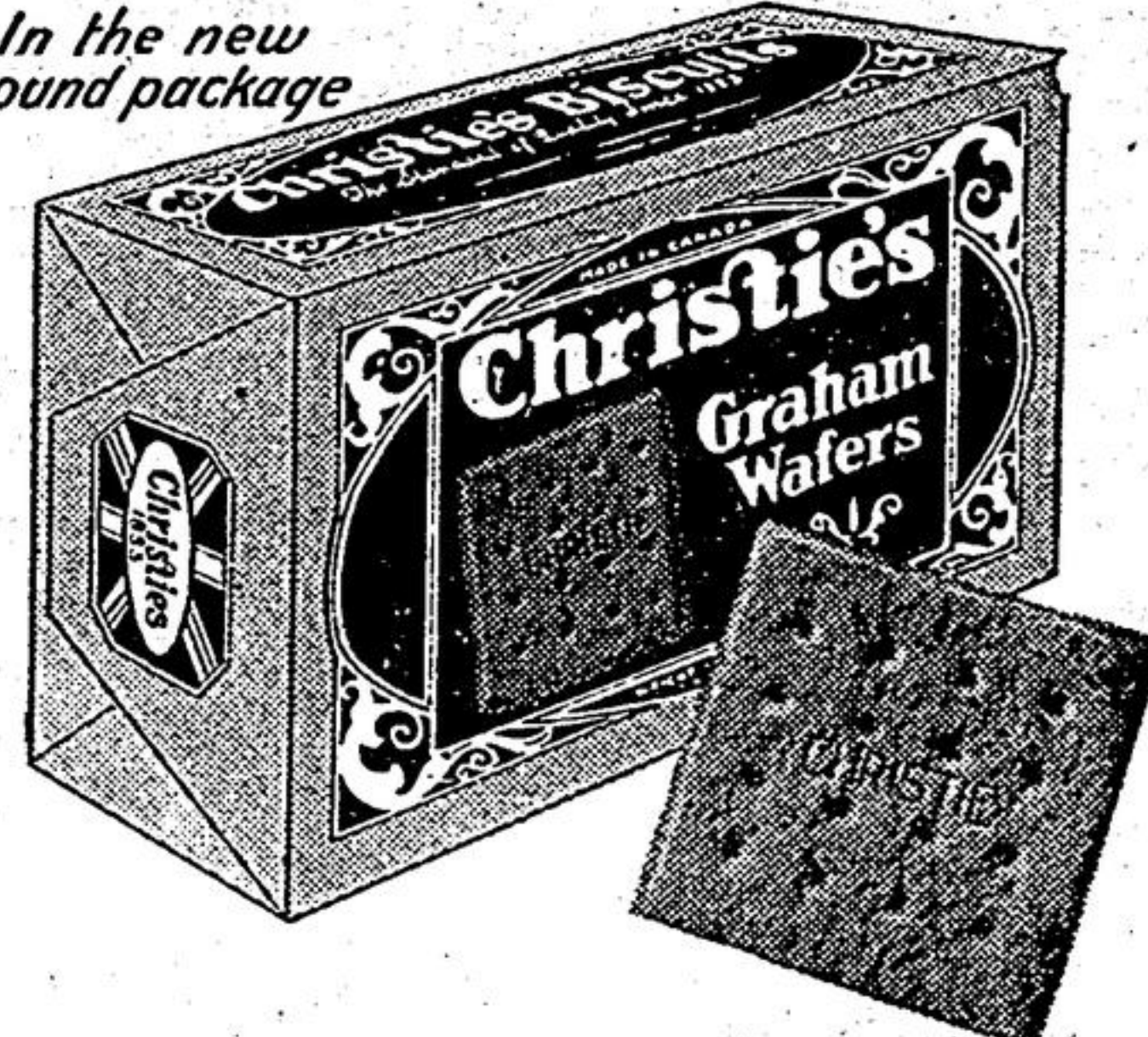
Drake moved a bit farther forward. For a moment the smoke puffed from his pipe perkily. Somewhere in the darkness forward a sailor began to sing "Maimuna."
Stevens came out of the companionway, and placed Mary near Drake at the rail. She held his arm. Jake gently removed her hand.
"I must look after my ship, lass," he said, and walked away aft. Drake chuckled. She turned quickly. Then she, too, laughed, a silvery, happy laugh.

"A ship master's loss is a passenger's gain, Mrs. Stevens," Drake said, drawing her nearer to him.
"You're not to call me that!" she said.
"Very well, Mary." Drake was still enjoying some tremendous piece of humor yet to be given out. He pressed her arm, and put his head down to her ear. He knew the new bridegroom would be looking; he could not resist placing one little tax upon Jake's composure.

"I have a secret for you, Mary," he whispered. "Don't jump like that! It looks guilty. I really ought to have told you both at the table; but you know I never do the expected thing. I think a bride ought to have some secrets, don't you? Of course, you do. Listen: I'm going to give you a little wedding present as soon as we get ashore. I shall make over to you a one-quarter share in the Orontes, and—"
"Oh!" gasped Mary. "Oh, Alden!" She pulled his head down further, and kissed him on the lips, right in full view of puzzled and startled hubby.
"—and," Drake laughed, "there will be a one-quarter share for little Jake, and little Mary, and maybe for little Alden."

But Mary had left him. She cared nothing for Captain's orders. Captain Jake Stevens was overwhelmed by a blushing, moist-eyed bride who simply must blab out her secret though all at me!"
The marriage service as performed

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the shipping in the Straits come crashing aboard.

(The End.)

ENJOYING LIFE

Some people take to it like a duck takes to water. Others—well—

After all, there's no secret about it, yet most of us have been trying to solve the riddle since we began to think.

One of the oddest things about us is that we seem unable to do things simply. We must make them complex. If we think a task is too easy, well, we're not interested in it. In a way, this is a good sign. But if we could hold to the character which makes us feel this way, and still accept and apply to our life the simpler aspects of it, we should come a little nearer to the perfect condition. Seeing that we don't do this, we must face the facts and deal with them as best we can.

The only way to enjoy life is, many people say, to take it as it comes. In a sense, that is perhaps the best way—for some. Anyhow, it's the easiest. But is it the best way? Taking it as it comes is accepting whatever it brings without a protest. In other words—giving in.

Certainly what life brings us can be accepted philosophically. But that is no reason why we should not mould its experiences for our development. Not kicking at life—but just meeting it honestly and fairly. Extracting the honey from it. Utilizing even the disappointments in such a manner as to turn them towards our own happiness. Life is full of compensations—it we only see them.

A FOUNTAIN OF GOOD.

Within is the formula of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.—Marcus Aurelius.

Lady waiting to use phone—"Say, you've been in that booth twenty minutes and haven't said a word!"
He: "Wait just a little while longer. I'm talking to my wife!"

Big Business

Young Duke of Norfolk Forms Company to Administer Estates

London.—The Duke of Norfolk premier member of the British peerage who came of age last May, has followed the example recently given by so many heads of Britain's ancient landed families. He has formed a limited company for the administration of his estates. The nominal capital is \$250,000, and he is permanent governing director and chairman. The estates are estimated to be worth millions of pounds, though parts have been sold since the duke died. Norfolk House, the duke's London residence, which served as a club for Canadian women during war work in London, was sold last year. Arundel Castle, the great residence in Sussex, still possessing much of its ancient feudal appearance, has been rented more than once by prominent visitors from the United States.

From this castle the duke takes the oldest of his numerous titles—Earl of Arundel, 1120. The Duchy of Norfolk was not created until 1482. The present duke, who owns about 49,500 acres, succeeded the fifteenth duke in 1917, when he was nine years of age. Between that time and his coming of age last year the estates were administered by his uncle, Viscount Fitzalan.

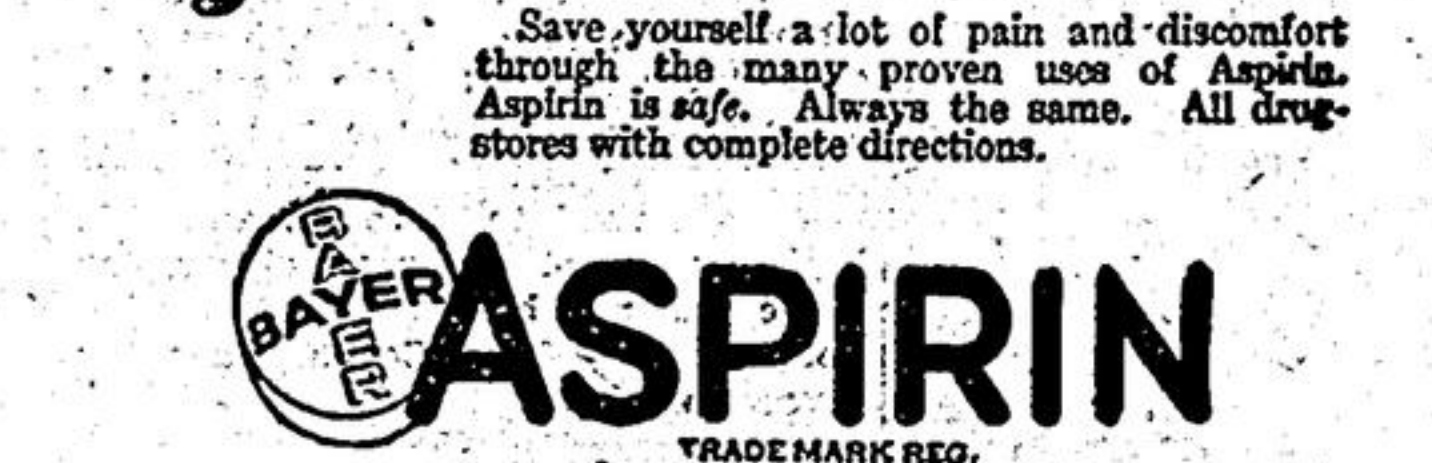
CALM
The tempest makes returning calm more dear,
The darkest midnight makes the brightest star.
—Bonar.

"If there's anything I don't understand, it isn't worth understanding."
—George Bernard Shaw.
Minard's is Best for Grippe.



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course." They wait for their headaches to "wear off." If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning. Meantime, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Aspirin tablets always offer immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists, consult your doctor as to its cause. Save yourself a lot of pain and discomfort through the many proven uses of Aspirin. Aspirin is safe. Always the same. All drug stores with complete directions.



TRADE MARK REG. **ASPIRIN**

Manitoba Premier May Soon Retire

Interest is Shown in West as to Political Future of Central Province

Winnipeg.—Premier Bracken, despite many denials, is to retire as soon as a satisfactory successor can be found for him.

E. A. McPherson, Liberal M.P. for Portage la Prairie, "the man who defeated Arthur Meighen in his own home town" and virtually drove the former Conservative leader from public life, is said to have first refusal. If Mr. McPherson takes the premiership, he will have the active support of Hon. T. A. Crerar, senior Liberal chieftain of Manitoba, and that means that the Farmer's party will swing once again behind the Liberal standards both federally and provincially.

The stumbling block is Mr. Bracken. Indeed, Liberals in the Legislature do not wish to have anything to do with Mr. Bracken, if report be true. They have made up their minds that they cannot co-operate with the Premier. It is understood that Mr. Bracken himself favors the appointment of Mr. McPherson as leader of the combined forces just as soon as he is ready to resign.

Just when Mr. Bracken will resign is not, of course, known.

It is known, however, that the Manitoba premier will not be forced to the country just at present, due to the fact that the forces behind him, and the amalgamation with the Liberals, do not permit of an election.

The Government may decide to carry on one session without going to the country since the Legislature has at least another session to go before the end of its legal life. Another possibility for the position is Hon. R. A. Hoey, Minister of Education.

It has been hoped that Mr. Bracken's studies of the British Old Age Pensions system would have resulted in such a report as would have made it possible for him to be appointed chairman of a Federal Pensions and Unemployment board.

However, his findings as a result of his studies in the Old Land, are not regarded as satisfactory; and his chances of getting that chairmanship have vanished, it is said.

Other positions have been suggested for Mr. Bracken. He would make an excellent Manitoba High Commissioner in London, since his brilliant mind and vast knowledge of the Prairies would be invaluable in building up its place in the Empire, especially now that Manitoba is to have its resources back.

But the Province is disposed to go slowly until it sees just what it is going to cost to administer its resources. Ultimately, such a commissioner will certainly be appointed.

Then it has been suggested that he might be found a position in the Federal Agricultural department. He has long stood in a pre-eminent position as a farm expert.

Fake Promotions Exceed Billion

The selling of stocks which, if not absolutely worthless, are of a highly speculative nature, has become one of the biggest businesses in America. Investigators estimate that in an average year one billion dollars—nearly one-fourth of the money invested in new security issues—goes down the financial sewer.

The proportional magnitude of this waste is indicated by the fact that the fact that the nation's annual investment in new building construction approximates only three billion dollars, and that the annual bill for automobiles is around two and a quarter billions.

The money thus wasted in a single year would buy two million automobiles and would duplicate every public improvement in the shape of schools, hospitals, sewers, paving and water supply made within the same period by American cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants.

And this waste is altogether inexcusable for there is not a man or woman in the land who is denied the expense or inconvenience, the authoritative information and sound counsel that make safe investment possible.

It is now some years since the Better Business Commissions of the country adopted as their slogan the phrase "Before you Invest—Investigate." But the public, it seems, has not yet learned the lesson.

GOOD TURNS

Most people enjoy doing a good turn. But they resent being asked to repeat it. When their beneficiary appeals to them again, they become angry, they feel they are being imposed (and traded upon, they grow irritated) at the thought of an ever-lengthening chain of obligation. They have yet to learn of it. That is not a reason for withholding the helping hand. But it is a good reason for making sure that it is proffered from a genuine kindness of heart and not from vanity or to gratify a passing whim.

Small Boy—"Mister, you sell automobiles, don't you?" Accessory Dealer—"Yes, my boy." Small Boy (displaying old inner tube and an auto horn)—"Well, how much would the rest of 'em come to?"

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