

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**  
THE PERFECT GUM  
SWEETENS THE BREATH  
THE FLAVOR LASTS

**THE STANDARD OF QUALITY throughout the World**

THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR

# Velvet and Steel

By PEARL BELLAIRS

**SYNOPSIS**  
Joan Denby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her secretary. She meets Piers Hannen, millionaire, who forces his attentions on her. Lord Edwards proposes to Joan.

The Salon Celeste was a cool, muffled place of deep piled carpets, low-toned courteous voices, and sumptuous decorations in the modern style. Joan found herself politely received by Madame Celie, who took her to another of the girls high up in society, who had turned to fashion display as a career.

"Yes, we are short of girls," just now," she said. "I am willing to give you a trial—though, you understand, Mademoiselle, that since you are without experience it can only be a temporary engagement until we see how you get on."

She was asked to commence work on the following morning, as they had a special display of winter models, and another girl was needed. Elated, Joan came out of the Salon Celeste with her feet planted on the road to independence.

Miss La Fontaine was cut when Joan arrived back in Eton Place, and Joan set to work to put everything in order for her friend before she left. When this was done, Joan collected her things—the few that were really hers. She looked round the familiar rooms of the beautiful house and bade them a regretful farewell, for though she hoped to return often to see Miss La Fontaine she knew that she would never again dwell in

Eton Place as though it were her home.

**CHAPTER VIII (Continued) HANNEN AGAIN!**

It was dark in Poplar when Joan got there; as she hastened home she was pleased and excited about the events of the day and her appointment at the Salon Celeste. And, Oh! it was lovely to have left behind her all the difficulty of living with Georgie, dear though Georgie was!

Now she could start a new life with no unpleasant legacies left her from the old; it had been the wisest action of her life, bringing Piers Hannen down here last night. Not only had she got rid of him, but she had cut the bonds of deceit about her family which bound her more effectively than anything to Eton Place.

The door of the house in Hooley Street stood open as ever; sounds of excitement greeted her from the kitchen as she went in.

Mr. and Mrs. Denby were there, with the two boys. The cause of their joy was a large wireless set, gleaming and resplendent in a mahogany cabinet which stood in a corner of the kitchen. Jimmy and Ben were squatting on the floor in front of it, while their parents stood and admired.

Jimmy sprang up at the sight of Joan, and hurled himself across the room at her. Clutching her around the waist, he cried:

"Your Mr. Hannen has sent a wireless — he sent it for me! It's mine!"

Joan stood incredulous. The room appeared to darken with the shadow of her dismay as Jimmy spoke.

"So you're down again, Joany!" said Mrs. Denby, who was beaming over the wireless set in spite of all her former anxiety. "Yes, Mr. Hannen has set it for Jimmy. Ain't it lovely? Ain't it a beautiful set, Joany? Look at the meegony. I never see such lovely meegony. My word, when it arrived in the van I didn't half wonder what was coming!"

Joan read the card with Piers

### Function of Advertising

Observes the London Times: "The Function of Advertising in the Distribution of Goods," was the subject of a paper by Lork Luke at the congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris. In his absence it was read by Mr. C. S. Kent, the assistant manager of the Times.

Advertising, it was pointed out was really one of the most economical as well as one of the most effective means of obtaining adequate distribution. It had been estimated that the total retail trade in Great Britain amounted to £2,361,000,000 in a year and that the total amount spent in advertising was about £70,000,000 a year, or about three per cent.

Advertising covered a very great proportion of the total retail trade, and where the percentage of advertising was higher than the average there was often a proportionate reduction in the costs of distribution. Selling costs could be kept much lower. The success of some of the combined advertising campaigns, such as the "eat more fish" or "eat more fruit" campaigns, had been notable in securing greater distribution and more effective consumption of goods by the public.

Government Departments, too, were learning that silence was not golden in the market-place, and where they had services to offer they were finding it profitable to advertise judiciously. The Post Office telephone was a case in point.

Advertising was also being started on behalf of some of the marketing boards set up to encourage the distribution of primary agricultural products. A falling off in public demand, unstimulated by advertising, eventually meant loss of distribution. Where advertising was employed to stimulate public demand the channels of distribution remained freer and more open.

If advertising was a necessary part of the distribution plan of any established manufacturer, how much more it was needed in the introduction of a new product! He knew of no outstanding success among new products which had not made intelligent use of advertising.

### Basic Slag

Several important changes have been made recently in the regulations under the Fertilizer Act, one of which relates to basic slag, (Thomas Phosphate). It is now required that basic slag have at least 14 per cent of available phosphoric acid and at least 16 per cent of total phosphoric acid, and have a fineness of at least 80 per cent, otherwise the product must be sold under the name "Low Grade Basic Slag". Moreover, the percentage of available phosphoric acid must always be given as a prefix to the brand name, as for example, "18 Per Cent Basic Slag".

Numerous shipments of basic slag, of a low quality from the standpoint of availability, have been imported from Europe during recent years, and the recent changes in the requirements for both analysis and labelling have been accordingly designed to protect Canadian purchasers against such inferior grade products.

### Lipstick Tissues Save Linens From Stains

The management of a New York hotel, some time ago noted that an enormous amount of table linens, napkins and towels were being ruined because of women wiping rouged lips on the linens. Many brands of this rouge are irremovable and leaves a permanent imprint even after laundering, forcing the linens from service. The management finally adopted inexpensive packets of lipstick tissues which were distributed freely in rooms and in dining rooms, with the result that the destruction of linens has been reduced to a minimum.

**Green tea drinkers will find a sheer delight in the exquisite flavour of Salada Japan tea. Try a package.**

# "SALADA" JAPAN TEA

**Your Handwriting Reveals Your Character!**

All Rights Reserved Geoffrey St. Clair Graphologist

The question most readers ask when they read these articles on Graphology is: "How can Graphology help me?"

This is, after all, a natural question, because it is the personal quality of things that interests us most vitally. I will endeavor to answer the question by first posing others.

Are you progressing in your work? — or are you dissatisfied; a square peg in a round hole; unable to make any real progress, yet not knowing what to do to effect a change for the better?

Are you happy and contented? — or are you continually frowning at life, with a constant chip on your shoulder?

If you are married, are you contented? — or is disquiet creeping in, with perpetual bickering?

Do you make friends, and keep them? — or are you living the life of an involuntary recluse, unable to enjoy the society and companionship of others?

If these questions reveal that there is something lacking in your character or nature; if you feel that you are not getting the best out of life, then the problem is to find what is wrong, and how to rectify it. To Know Yourself is to Understand. And that is the essential foundation for rejuvenation or rehabilitation.

Graphology shows the hidden characteristics that make up the sum total of what you are and what you are capable of becoming. There is nothing magical about this. This science of character reading from handwriting is based on definite scientific basis. It has been proved thousands of times to readers of this and other Canadian papers.

Handwriting, you must remember, is not merely a matter of putting pencil to paper. You use brain in writing. And handwriting is merely the physical expression of your character. Those who have read these articles previously will recall instances that I have quoted to bear this out. The evidence is incontrovertible—and many readers of this paper have found considerable satisfaction in a graphological delineation and have helped to solve their personal problems and to make the most of their characters and opportunities.

You, too, can do the same thing. And, after all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating always.

Would you like to know what your handwriting shows about the real you? The real truth, not merely as you would like to be, or even as you think it is, but the actual truth, without bias or sentiment. Perhaps, too, you have friends or someone dear to you whose true characters you would like to know about? Send specimens of the handwritings you wish to be analysed, stating birthdate in each case. Enclose 10c coin for each specimen and enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope, to Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. All letters will be treated in strict confidence and replies will be mailed as quickly as possible, having regard to the heavy volume of mail that has to be answered.

### Reformed Golfer Happy in Relapse

By Howard Vincent O'Brien in Chicago Daily News

It was late at night, but the house was ablaze with light. The little ones, who should have long since have been abed, were very noisily awake. Plainly, something was going on, but what it was no one would tell me.

I was led into a room and the door was closed. "Prepare yourself for a shock," I was warned. Outside, I could hear voices whispering. Suddenly the door was flung open and in marched the family, singing "Happy Birthday to you!" And on my lap they laid their collective gifts—a gorgeous set of golf clubs, matched, numbered, certified and hooded.

It was a shock, as they had promised. I blenched and my hand shook as I fingered the choulum-plouk instruments of a renewed servitude. Years ago I had shaken off the yoke of this enslaving pastime and had been a relatively free man thereafter.

Now I am back in the galleys, pivoting, pronating and trying once more to solve the unanswerable mystery of the putt.

It is the family's idea that I am to get out of doors, relax, enjoy the beauties of nature and drink the scented air of the greensward. Too young to know what I have been through, they cannot understand in presenting me with a set of golf clubs they are presenting a runaway slave with a nice new set of chains—a convalescent from mortal illness with a new set of lethal germs—a cured addict of morphine with a bright and shining hypodermic!

The fact is that I was once a devotee of the slice and hook. My lips first touched the fatal cup 'way back in the days of the hard ball, when 150 yards was a man's drive and people in red coats played against bogey. I used implements now known only to the archaeologist, such as the cran and the bafy. In those days clubs and names (as did holes) and science had not invaded sport with a numbering system that made golf as dryly technical as the triangulation of an artillery problem.

In those days the turf was mowed by sheep and one drove from a pinch of sand. There were bunkers to impede the blunderer and they stayed put from season to season. There were no brass-buttoned flunkies fluttering around the locker houses and no such thing as a starting time. Even strong men used floaters on the water holes.

In that consularship of Plancus, golf was a game. A set of sticks, gathered from here and there and stoutly shafted with hickory, lasted a lifetime and were passed on to posterity. The annual model mania had not appeared and the ball with a centre guaranteed to outdrive all others had not begun to dominate the advertising pages of the magazines. Men did not visit their professional oftener than they visited their dentists and a round of golf (on what was then called a "links") had not tried to outdo the speculative possibilities of the stock market.

Ah, well, it is a sign of advancing senility when one begins to lament a golden past. One must keep abreast of changing times. I shall yield to the numerology of modern golf and how to the necessity of getting my right hand through, as with cold and repellent steel I smite a piece of dry ice enveloped in latex.

I shall be more or less miserable, but it will be the misery of the mustard plaster. In my anguish at the hopeless task of trying to manage my anatomy in the manner of Bobby Jones, I shall forget my lesser woes.

As I struggle to keep my left hand over, my arm straight, my head down and my courage up, I shall achieve respite from the task of trying to make sense out of politics. In the pain of missed putts, I shall forget the gnawing ache that plagues the amateur economist. And when my ball goes soaring off into the bushes, in the old familiar slice, I shall below so loud that the reverberations from Washington will echo thinly in my ears.

The more I think of it the happier this choice of birthday gifts becomes. I have had some years of freedom, but I begin to suspect that the domesticated bird is happiest in a cage. Like a recaptured canary, I shall thrill contentedly inside the bars of golf, and when, at the end of the day's pleasure, the last torturing putt gurgles in the cup, work will seem like play.

# BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best You Baby To

# Galaxy OF STARTLING PERFORMANCES!

In the evening on the mammoth stage, glittering splendor of radiant lights and magnificent costume effects; beauty of European and sparkling performances of European and vaudeville artists in thirty acts, surpass any similar undertaking ever attempted in the Dominion. Military Tattoo, brilliant military spectacle with massed bands in attendance. Aug. 24. "ZODIAC" vivid in color and realistic in presentation, Aug. 26 to Sept. 7. Royal Canadian Mounted Police Musical Ride. Thrilling ski-jump without snow... wonder galaxy of startling performances. General admission 25c (tax extra). Pageant Reserved Seats 50c \$1, Box Seats \$1.50 (tax extra). Tattoo reserved seats 50c and 75c (Yonge St., EL. 1098, or at Moody's 90 King West, EL. 1098.

Colonel F. H. Deacon President  
Elwood A. Husher General Manager

**CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO**

**AUG 23 to SEPT. 7**

### GAPS IN TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY NOW ONLY SIX PERCENT. OF WHOLE

(From Canada Week by Week)

Dominion Day marked the formal opening of that section of the trans-Canada highway between Winnipeg and Fort William-Port Arthur.

The opening of this particular link of the inter-oceans highway is a highlight in the history of Canadian roadbuilding as it enables motorists for the first time to drive their cars from Halifax to Vancouver and vice versa over an all-Canadian route.

It is true that to do this motorists must use the car ferries between the twin ports of Port Arthur and Fort William, Ontario, at the head of the Great Lakes, to Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, pending the construction of the remaining links of "Canada's Main Street" between Schreiber and White River, a distance of 125 miles, now under contract and the ultimate link or twin links between White River and Sault Ste. Marie and Hearst.

There is also a short gap in British Columbia where cars are being carried by trains until the highway is completed.

The Winnipeg-Fort William-Port Arthur section of the trans-Canada highway is 452 miles in length. It is gravel surfaced, the travelled portion being 30 feet wide, and it has been driven in 10 hours.

The radius of curvature is generous and the gradients easy. It intersects some of the continent's finest fishing and hunting country as well as far-famed scenic Summer playgrounds. The Kenora and the Lake of the Woods districts with their primeval forest and myriad lakes and streams are world famed.

The trans-Canada highway will be approximately 4,200 miles long, and will provide motorists with an opulence of diversified scenery unequalled by any other of the world's great trunk roads. There now remains only approximately six per cent. to construct in order to bridge the gap northeast of Lake Superior, and a short section in British Columbia, and part of this is now under construction.

### WEAK WOMEN

ARE you tired? Nervous, run-down? No pep? No ambition? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It quiets quivering nerves—improves the appetite—makes life seem worth living again.

Mrs. James Martin of 227 1/2 Main Street E., Hamilton, Ontario, says—"Your Vegetable Compound built me up wonderfully. I have gained pep, my nerves are better and I have a good appetite. I feel much stronger."

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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International war will be stopped some day as duels have been stopped." —George Bernard Shaw.

For Summer Reading

These days call for light reading and Polycarp's Progress by Victor Canning (Musson Company, Ltd., Toronto), allows you to flow along easily with John Polycarp Jarvis in his search for adventure and fame. We drive a huge "Red Dragon" bus until Polycarp decides to give his passengers a view of a sunrise over the downs. We next barnstorm the English countryside with Polycarp as the proprietor of the New Age Flying Company. From that we try selling quack medicine. The Chessvale Kennels are our next attempt. Then we acquire a newspaper by a flip of a coin and with blackmatting the leading feature writers with the assistance of a charming London actress, we actually make it pay. All in all, you get your money's worth in the chronicle of the adventures of this amazing young man.

Judge: "What were you doing at that roadhouse when it was raided?"

Locksmith: "I was making a bolt for the door."

**People Didn't Rush And Run So Much Long Ago**

A little old lady in the village of Sheridan who always wore a white grandmother's cap when she came to listen to sermons, seated in front pew, is one of the memories of Rev. G. Wilson of Wesley United Church, Mimico, Ontario, 50 years in the ministry.

At one time he was probationer in the Cooksville circuit of the Methodist Church. "I believe people lived an easier, more contented life then than now," Mr. Wilson says. "They didn't rush and run so much and I think it was better for them. They all went to church, too."