

Fill the Salt Cellars direct from the "Regal" package.



REGAL TABLE SALT FREE RUNNING

Buy this oven-tested flour

Your oven will certainly produce more bread and better bread as a result of our oven test.

From each shipment of wheat delivered at our mills we take a ten-pound sample. It is ground into flour. We bake bread from this flour. If this bread is high in quality and large in quantity we use the shipment of wheat from which it came. Otherwise, we sell it.

The baking quality of flour sold under this name is therefore an exact certainty. Buy and benefit!

"More Bread and Better Bread" and "Better Pastry Too"

DESERTED METLAGATLA

BRITISH COLUMBIA TOWN WAS ONCE A BUSY CENTRE.

It's Palm Days Date Back to the Time When Father Duncan Led the Indians From Savagery Into the Ways of Peace and Built Them a Church—Then Disension Entered in and They Left.

Less than a hundred years ago the Indians up around the Arctic Circle were killing each other for food. We have occasional glimpses of this ceremony to-day on the films of the moving picture machines. The weird, ungodly, and more weird noises, the war whoops and gaudy ornaments. Then the sombre feasts around a great crackling fire, says Margaret Bell in Toronto Globe.

Into this scene of barbarism came a young man of simple habits and kindly disposition. Father Duncan they learned to call him. Father Duncan had great faith in an all-pervading Omnipotence, and went about showing that faith. He learned to speak their tongue, he watched them at their bow and arrow practice. And soon they ceased to kill their fellows and roast them over the camp fires.

Father Duncan was becoming established. He lived in a small log hut, and tilled a bit of land at the back of it. And the great, hulking fellows would come silently along, and watch the white-faced man working under the Arctic skies.

Small wonder that they learned to look upon him as a sort of god. His principles were not warlike, he was just in all his dealings, as the great god of all the Indians was supposed to be.

And soon they began to forget any god but the one he represented: And they thrived, under the new dispensation, their squaws gave them new Indians, and their workings in leather found a market in the country to the south of them.

They even worshipped in the hut of Father Duncan, who had no creed but the creed of honesty and conscientious work.

But he was not popular with the authorities of the orthodox Church. They did not agree with his practical views on religion. Their religion had a creed, a theory, which placed their Deity on high and regarded Him from afar.

And so they banded together and decided that Father Duncan must leave. He was not of their faith, and he was influencing the Indians to believe in his faith. True, they had never succeeded in changing the faith of the Indians, but they were determined that no one else should.

The good Father heard of the bickerings and felt the spirit of unrest which swept over the people. So he moved away from his little hut and bit of land, away across the boundary into British Columbia.

At Metlagatla he established what is known to-day as The Holy City. It stands on the seashore, just across from Prince Rupert, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

His followers went with him to the new country and prepared to establish for themselves a new home more comfortable than they had ever known.

They built a pretty little church, built it with their own hard, brown hands. They cut down the fragrant cedar trees, trimmed them and built their church from the native wood. The work was a great celebration when it was finished, and never was white man prouder of an achievement than these uncouth red men of their first church.

The Metlagatla Indians became known for their industry, and their painstaking earnestness in furthering their industries. And more; the tribes who used to live on each other became the least warlike.

But ill-luck seemed to shadow the kind Father. The beautiful church, of which he was so proud, was burned to the ground through a blunder.

For there were constant bickerings amongst the white-faced people. Bickerings as to the religion established by this stranger; bickerings about the industry he had established among the Indians.

The good Father was blind and deaf to the bickering for awhile. He rebuilt his church and went quietly about his work. At last, however, he became tired of the controversies of opinion. He longed for a quiet spot where he could live as he wished. So he decided to leave the Holy City he had established. He went back to establish his religion and home in the Alaska which had driven him out before. Of the twelve hundred followers he had in Metlagatla, over eight hundred went with him.

But they left many reminders. Wonderful carvings cut in great cedar trees. These are the family totems. They took large trees, anywhere from ten to fifty feet high, and carved upon them grotesque birds, bears, fishes, and animals of all sorts. Each carved figure represented something—part of their faith in nature, or a tribute to their deity. The white man cannot appreciate the totems of the Indians.

The most remarkable one stands on the seashore, where a neglected road now leads up from the landing to the village of Metlagatla. This is made of granite. One might call it a monument. It represents a mother holding her child in her lap. Rising from the head of the monument is a high hat, the monument extends some six feet, terminating in a square top, six or eight inches in diameter.

At the bottom is inscribed some strange epitaph, no one knows what. But the Indians know the meaning of it. They say that the monument was erected in memory of a white woman who dwelt amongst them, and died in their midst.

Metlagatla to-day is a lonely spot. Treat, stolid men sit on empty boxes in the shops, smoking their long pipes and talking of the days that were.

Excepting Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, the increase of crime in Canada has been remarkably high in the past year, according to the criminal statistics tabled in the house of commons.



SIMPLE BUT DISTINCTIVE IS THIS ONE-PIECE BLOUSE OF BROCADE

Whereas skirts just now are trimmed quite considerably, blouses depend for effect upon cleverness of cut and simplicity of lines. Many are cut in one piece, and this renders the figured materials, brocades, silks etc., still more attractive, as the pattern is not disturbed.

For afternoon affairs these figured blouses with skirts repeating the predominating shade are most practical as well as pleasing. Several blouses may be worn with the same skirt, each combination giving the appearance of a new frock.

No 8109 is an attractive example of brocade combined with a tulle skirt; there is a small self figure in the tulle, but this does not clash with the figure of the blouse.

The skirt (8164) is a peg-top with the fullness laid in about the waist-line.

To copy this costume in size 32 it requires for the waist 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch silk ranging in price from \$1.50 per yard up; for the skirt, in size 24, 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch tulle from \$1.25 a yard and up.

No 8195 is another frock that shows a simple kimono blouse with a two-tiered skirt. It is fashioned of chambray, plain and figured. A chemise of net fills in the front and an unusually good collar completes the costume.

This dress requires for size 36 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch chambray, which ranges in price from \$1.50 up.

No 8109—sizes 32 to 42.
No 8164—sizes 22 to 32.
No 8195—sizes 34 to 44.
Each pattern 15 cents.

CHAPLAIN OF THE WARDS.

The Hospital Parson and His Round of Labors.

Whenever I hear people grumbling about the desperate wickedness of human nature I wish that they could take my place and act as chaplain to a large hospital for just one week. They would know better by the end of that time, says a writer in a London paper.

It is possible that they might also be feeling in need of a rest. In such a position as mine, one is on duty practically all the time, and it is something of an event to get through a night undisturbed.

Some people seem to think that the chaplain's duties begin and end with holding the services and attending to the dying. That is quite a mistake. It is my business to be, as far as I can, on friendly terms with all the inmates of the hospital.

For one thing, we parsons are out to be, as our Master said, "fishers of men." That is our business—to catch men in our net, and bring them to the service of God. Few of us have better opportunities for doing this than we who work in the hospitals, and naturally we do our best.

We don't go round the rounds trying to cram down belief in the beef-tea and religion in the rice pudding, but we do try to make the men and women whom we come to know remember the old lessons which they learnt as little children.

But if we try to teach, we also learn. I have learnt more of the power of faith, of the wonder of hope, and of the beauty of charity in a year in this hospital than I should have learnt in five years outside of it.

There was an old lady who was, I am proud to think, a great friend of mine. She came to the hospital, not to be cured, but to die. It was the end of a life of misery, brought about by the ill-treatment of her husband. But every time I had a chat with her it came round to him sooner or later, and she would tell me what a fine man he was, and beg me to pray for him.

And the patience of these sufferers! I knew a man—a man of good education, who had fallen low—who suffered almost incredible pain. But he was always smiling, and he had his own way of explaining his suffering. "It's the Lord's scrubbing brush," he would say to me. "It is His way of cleaning my dirty soul, and I am glad to be made clean."

At times, needless to say, I get some queer jobs thrust upon me. Many of the people who come into a hospital object to the good, but plain, food which is provided. Many a time I have been implored to use my influence to get a patient a hearty meal of fish and chips!

The grumblers—and you find grumblers in every hospital, just as surely as you find saints in every ward—seem to regard the parson as the official receiver of complaints. If they have anything to say, they say it to me, and it requires quite a lot of tact to deal with them.

But one does one's best, and one is learning all the time. The roughest old bundle of grievances has a heart, and all you have to do is to find your way into it. To do that may take time, but I have learnt never to despair, and never to give up hope.

Take them all round, and people are better than they seem. I am certain that at the bottom of human nature there is good.

The leak in the pocket of the prodigal is usually found at the top. With some people the dog's life seems to be a matter of choice.

Fatality of Whooping Cough

Many parents think lightly of whooping cough, and treat it as a necessary evil, not giving the child who has it any special attention.

The seriousness of whooping cough was emphasized by the Medical Health Officer in Toronto a few months ago, when he reported 14 deaths during the month from whooping cough and only ten from scarlet fever, typhoid fever and measles combined.

So many people write to us about the relief and cure of whooping cough by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limesol and Turpentine that we can recommend it with the greatest confidence.

It loosens the cough, aids expectoration, and by its soothing influence prevents the terrible paroxysms of coughing which are so distressing to witness, and which wear away the strength of the child. By using this treatment the disease is held in check, and cured in a few weeks, instead of months. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the bottle you buy. There are many imitations.

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The Best that money can buy.

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H. F. Metcalf - Principal

BEAVER FLOUR

combines the rich gluten of Manitoba Spring wheat and the lighter, but equally important, properties of Ontario Fall wheat. The two combined form a perfectly blended flour that makes bread light, white, nutritious and extremely palatable, while pastry made with Beaver Flour has a crisp, flaky texture that brings many a compliment to the cook.

You don't need to be an expert in baking to strain the best results with BEAVER FLOUR. But if you are an expert, you will readily recognize its incomparable qualities. Your grocer has BEAVER FLOUR, and will recommend it.

DEALERS—Write for prices on Post, Coarse Grades and Canada.

THE S. S. TAYLOR CO. Limited,
CHATHAM, Ont. 208



WHEN YOU BUY **RUBBERS**

be sure that they bear the "Jacques Cartier" Trade Mark.

The "Jacques Cartier" mark on rubbers stands for skilled workmanship, best quality and latest style.

AT ALL DEALERS.



Children Cry for Fletcher's **CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assuages the Child, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Tale The Wagons Tell

My office window faces a street, close to the railway freight sheds.

All day long a steady stream of trucks and lorries lumber by—loaded with boxes, barrels and bales.

One truck I noticed the other afternoon was particularly interesting. No two boxes were the same, and stencilled on the end of each was the name of some well-known product—soap, tobacco, socks, breakfast food, cocoa, port, tea, chocolates, perfumery and baking powder.

Gathered there in prosaic wooden boxes were the results of thousands of hand's labor in all parts of the world.

There, behind that obviously prosaic truck-load of freight was the whole romance of modern commerce—the skilled production, the universal demand for food, drink and raiment, and the world-wide distribution of the things we use every day.

And then I speculated why we use these things every day, instead of some other things; and that brought me plump back to my own job of advertising.

The names of some of the boxes on the lorry were known everywhere to-day, but had been unknown a few years ago; and I saw then more clearly than ever before that Advertising is really a great channel digger. It is like the Panama Canal. You can sail from Montreal to Vancouver now, around the Horn. You can get there, but it is going to take months. A year or so from now you will sail through the Panama Canal and chop the journey to less than half. A new channel will have been dug.

The great names in commerce to-day are those of the manufacturers who have let modern advertising steam-shovel a channel across the isthmus of distributing difficulties.

The great names in the commerce of to-morrow will be those of men who widen and dredge this channel so that the greater traffic may pass smoothly and quickly from the source of production to the homes of the consumer.

If you are doing a local business talk over your advertising problems with the Advertising Department of this newspaper.

If you are doing a provincial or national business it would be well for you to have counsel and assistance of a good advertising agency. A list of these will be furnished, without cost or obligation, by the Secretary of Canadian Press Association, Room 503, Lumsden Building, Toronto.

