

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

NO. 51

For that reason is never sold in bulk.

CANADA'S FISHERIES 1922.

The total value of the fisheries production of Canada in 1922, in both sea and inland waters, and comprising fish marketed for consumption, fresh and canned, cured, and otherwise prepared, was \$41,908,076, an increase over the previous year of \$6,976,141, or 19.97 per cent. The value of the sea fisheries in 1922 was \$37,245,949, an increase over the previous year of \$7,302,980, or 24 per cent, and that of the inland fisheries was \$4,662,127, a decrease from 1921 of \$326,839, or 6 per cent.

On the whole the year 1922 made a gratifying showing in the fisheries industry in Canada, which has been well carried into the present year from all indications. Whilst the value of the 1922 fisheries did not reach the level of the years 1917, '18, '19 and '20, when there was an unusual overseas demand and extraordinary prices prevailed, it exhibits a substantial increment over the valuation of the normal years prior to the latter part of the war era and the immediate post-war period.

By provinces the value of Canada's fisheries in 1922 was as follows:— Prince Edward Island, \$1,612,599; Nova Scotia, \$10,209,258; New Brunswick, \$4,685,660; Quebec, \$2,174,105; Ontario, \$2,858,122; Manitoba, \$908,816; Saskatchewan, \$245,337; Alberta, \$331,239; British Columbia, \$18,872,833, and the Yukon Territory, \$10,107. The relative positions of first and second in the industry are still held by British Columbia and Nova Scotia. The only provinces to show a reduction in valuation were Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and the Yukon. The increase in the case of British Columbia amounted to \$4,919,163.

Salmon and Lobster Lead.

First among the commercial fishes of Canada was the salmon, accounting for a value of \$13,619,632, followed by the lobster with a value of \$5,956,450, and, occupying third place, the cod with \$5,378,540. Halibut was worth \$4,342,526; herring, \$2,067,277; mackerel \$1,500,357, white fish \$1,492,407; haddock \$951,073; smelts \$939,427; trout \$776,020; pickered \$743,535; sardines \$708,381, and hake and cusk \$376,953.

Though the inland fisheries of the Prairie Provinces show a decrease in value as compared with the previous year, it is gratifying to notice that these waters have been developed to the extent of producing fish in excess of a million and a half dollars value each year. It is only of very recent years that these waters have been exploited commercially, but already a profitable market has been developed in many sections of the United States as well as Eastern Canada.

There is a total of \$44,596,208 invested in the fishing industry of Canada. Of this, \$25,565,208 is in primary operations, represented in vessels, boats, nets, traps, wharves, etc., in the primary operations of catching and landing the fish. In this section there were last year 56,716 men employed. In fish canning and curing establishments the investment was \$19,141,205 and the number of persons employed 15,684.

Since the war period, when an unprecedented demand for Canadian fish resulted in a temporary marked stimulus to the industry, with additional capital invested in equipment and unusual efforts made to increase output, the Canadian fisheries have suffered somewhat in the reaction. It is pleasing to note the tendency to return to more normal conditions. That great opportunities exist for the

industry is evident from Canada's substantial importations, having no regard to the Dominion's wide export markets. The industry is suffering from undue conservatism, which could be remedied with considerable profit to the exploiters by the introduction of capital into the secondary processes of the industry.

The Last Voyage.

Some morning I shall rise from sleep,
When all the house is still and dark,
I shall steal down and find my ship
By the dim quayside and embark.

Nor fear the seas nor any wind,
I have known Fear, but now no more.
The winds shall bear me safe and kind,
Long hoped for and long waited for.

To no strange country shall I come,
But to mine own delightful land,
With Love to bid me welcome home
And Love to lead me by the hand.

Love, you and I shall cling together,
And look long in each other's eyes.
There shall be rose and violet weather
Under the trees of Paradise.

We shall not hear the ticking clock,
Nor the swift rustle of Time's wings,
Nor dread the sharp dividing stroke,
Being come now to immortal things.

With all those wonders to admire,
And the heart's hunger satisfied,
Given at long last the heart's desire
We shall forget we ever died.

Oh, in some morning dateless yet
I shall steal out in the sweet dark
And find my ship with sails all set
By the dim quayside and embark.

East Wind.

The east wind's fingers prick and pry
About my windows and my door;
The icy breath of him comes in
And creeps along the floor.

The windows chatter noisily;
My fire leaps high, then flickers low;
Along the dim length of the wall
The shadows come and go.

I stuff my fingers in my ears
And yet I hear the wind's shrill call;
I close my eyes but still I see
The shadows on the wall.

The loneliness I had forgot,
The longing I had hid away,
Lay icy fingers on my heart—
I wish they would not stay.

If you were here we two might sit
All cozily and toast our feet,
Glad of the storm that shut us in
From rain and wind and sleet.

If you were here, if you were here,
I know, dear heart, I should not mind
The ragged shadows on the wall,
The shrilling of the wind.

—Abigail Cresson.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

I stopped at an inn one day to dine;
The host was a generous fellow;
A golden apple for a sign
Hung out on a branch so mellow,
It was the good old apple tree
Himself so nobly dined me;
Sweet fare and sparkling juices he
Was pleased and proud to find me.

To his greenhouse came many a guest,
Light winged and lighter hearted;
They sang their best, they at his best,
Then up they sprang and departed.

I found a bed to rest my head—
A bed of soft green clover;
The host a great cool shadow spread
For a quilt and covered me over.

I asked him what I had to pay
I saw his head shake slightly—
O, blest be he forever and aye
Who treated me so politely.

Swift Return.
She—Last night I was singing "In
Old Madrid" and—
He—Good heavens! What make
airplane did you come back on?

In Great Britain the women exceed
the men by nearly 2,000,000.



THE IMPERIAL ZOO

The British Lion: "Be careful, my dear. That may be a nice play-ball—but it looks to me uncommonly like a horrid bomb."
—From London Opinion.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

The Amazing Song-Writer.

World-conquering songs composed in ten minutes or so!
That is one of the records of Mr. Ernest R. Ball, who is now in London from New York.

The following are only a few of his successes which have exceeded a million in output: "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Love Me and the World is Mine," "When Irish Eyes are Smiling," "A Little Bit of Heaven," and "In the Garden of My Heart."
"I compose my songs as the mood takes me, doing most of my writing in the quiet after midnight," Mr. Ball told me. "I did 'Who Knows?' and 'The Garden of My Heart' in the same evening. 'Ten Thousand Years from Now' is one of the compositions I did in ten minutes. 'Mother Machree' took me twenty minutes."
"Thousands of men who married after hearing 'Love Me and the World is Mine' are blaming me," was one of Mr. Ball's whimsical comments.

King George, Yachtsman.

King George, though the first gentleman in the land, is also one of the most modest, and he does not assume that he knows everything simply because he wears a crown. "The King never talks at Ascot," said an intimate friend the other day. "He simply listens to the experts with quiet deference. But he happens to be the greatest amateur expert yachtsman, and at Cowes talks with any of the professionals most learnedly."

One of his most recent yachting observations ran thus:

"I have known a lot of men who have been able to buy yachts, but I have known very few who have been able to sail them."

That is perfectly true. Perhaps he was thinking of a certain amateur who, after purchasing a yacht, went off to have some necessary lessons. "Well, can you sail a yacht yet?" asked his friend, after the first lesson. "Good gracious, no!" replied the other. "I'm learning to swim!"

The Safer Course.

The Hon. Lionel Tennyson, the cricketer and all-round sportsman, has a middle name. It is Hallam, and his father bore it before him. And there hangs a tale.

Before Hallam senior was christened, Alfred Lord Tennyson offered the role of godfather to his friend Hallam, and Hallam accepted the honor.

"What are you going to call the boy?" asked the godfather.

"We are thinking of calling him Hallam," replied Tennyson. Hallam was flattered, but he inquired modestly:

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"Why not Alfred?"
"Yes," said the poet, "but suppose he should turn out a fool?"

The Pictured Garden.

There's a quiet English garden in a picture on my wall,
An old, old fashioned garden where the hollyhocks are tall;
The roses romp in riot and the sunflowers sway and lean;
And a lovely little lady walks the grass grown paths between.

It's a funny little garden where no flower grows by rule;
But you know the breeze that's blowing is a perfumed breeze and cool.
A breeze that loves the blossoms as a boy did long ago;
And disorder is true order where the foxgloves bloom and blow.

The Canterbury bells are ringing softly in the wind,
Syringa buds are blossoming for any one to find,
The sun is shining softly and the grass is gay and green,
And a lovely little lady walks the box edged paths between.

It's a picture—just a picture—on my staid and stainless wall—
Of an old, old fashioned garden, and a lady, that is all;
But it stabs the stilly silence, wakes a memory like a blow
In the heart of one who loved the two, oh, long, long ago.

The Inspiration of Music.

Everybody sings. This is the secret of Welsh musical progress. Down deep in the mines, where dynamite and strange gasses flirt with danger and death, the Welsh miner, excelled by none in the world, gathers with his friends and sings and sings and sings. We can say that their famed excellence in the hazardous word of mining is not due in a large measure to the good cheer and good spirits which their voices carry with them to the midnight darkness of the mines, that you and I may have warmth in the long winter months?

However, it is not in the highly drilled chorus that the Welsh are most surprising. When the entire gathering at the Eisteddfod arises and pours forth its soul in such a hymn as "Huddersfield," you will hear such a chorus as you have never heard before. These Welsh folk sing from memory in four parts, and the sheer beauty of the thing makes one dizzy with delight.

Thus the inspiration of music, possibly more than anything else, has carried men of Welsh blood to some of the loftiest positions ever gained by man.

Scared Into It.

"Were you born with that stammer, old man?"
"No-no; I acquired it t-trying to propose t-to a rich girl."

Ladybirds are systematically bred in Italy and France to produce the larvae which destroy insect pests of the vines.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

WRIGLEY'S



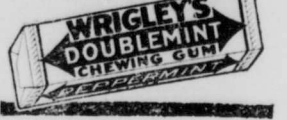
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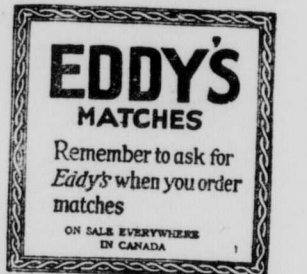
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