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About the House

THE PATH TO MARY'S.

It was six months since Mary Collins had died. She had been a quiet woman and was never in the forefront of anything; but after she had gone people were amazed to find how closely she had been interwoven with all the village life. She had not indeed been in the forefront, but she had been at the warm, beating heart of it all. Even now, after half a year, no event happened in the village that some one did not say wistfully, "It seems as if Mary Collins might come in any minute!"

Martha Brooks, who had been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Thayer, had been talking of Mary for some time; Mrs. Thayer had been Mary's closest neighbor. Presently a silence fell between the two women, a tender silence full of memories.

Martha Brooks broke it. She had been looking absently out the window, and suddenly something unusual caught her attention. "Why, Ada, you've moved your dahlia bed!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Thayer smiled. "I was waiting for you to notice that," she said. "Look along the path,—no, the other way,—the path to Mary's."

Mrs. Brooks turned. The path to Mary's led along the fence and then through an orchard; and all the way to the orchard the dahlias stood glowing and splendid in the September sun. "Why,—what,—?" Mrs. Brooks gasped.

"It was Betty's idea. She had been learning in school about the Lincoln Highway, and she proposed making a memorial path over to Mary's with my dahlias and hers."

"But it isn't nearly so good a place for them, is it?" Mrs. Brooks asked.

Mrs. Thayer caught her breath. "As if one could think of that when it was Mary!" she cried.

She was silent for a while; then, "I think of this so often, Martha. Betty isn't going to stay at home always. She will go away to college and then to her own place in life. And it may be in a city,—most of our girls do go to cities these days,—and neighbors are not so common in cities. I want Betty's little path of remembrance to be something she never can forget. She has every one of the dahlias named for some lovely gift or service. That long line of scarlet ones is for the weeks when she had scarlet fever and Mary came over every night to relieve me; the variegated one is for the bits of silk and ribbons Mary used to save for Betty's dolls,—and so on. Some of them would sound funny to you or me, but my little girl never will forget what it means to be a neighbor."

"It's a queer notion, but I guess I like it," Mrs. Brooks replied.

SELLING OLD ROOSTERS.

If you have a steam pressure cooker try using the old roosters at home. About an hour at fifteen pounds pressure will make an old rooster, in our cooker, become about as tender as a springer. The meat drops from the bones and is fine for chicken pies and pressed chicken. When you sell old roosters to private customers without steam pressure cookers they may half cook the birds and claim they were tough, which is the case. A few meals of tough chicken sicken them of poultry and soon the beef steak market is benefitting while the poultry market loses a customer.

WRIGLEYS

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well. Good for teeth, breath and digestion. Makes the next cigar taste better.



ISSUE No. 38—24.

One Up For Wembley

Romance in the Gorgeous Setting of the Great Exhibition that Links East and West and North and South.

PART I.

On her way from the private office of the chairman of the Boulter Line to the general office Elsie Payne had many opportunities of seeing and speaking to Jim Franklin, who was in the Freight Department.

Elsie liked Jim Franklin, but she did not attempt to flirt with him as did the other clerks, and she was just a little sorry for him because he seemed so utterly out of his element in an office. She knew that, after the War had crooked him up, influence had got him this job, and she was also sadly conscious of the fact that influence was at work to get him out of it.

As an ordinary, well educated, public school man, Jim Franklin was the goods, but as a freight clerk he was a washout. He made blunders in simple arithmetic every day, and Mr. Manson, manager of the Freight Department, had marked him out for destruction.

That was not entirely because Jim's arithmetic was shaky, but rather because he and Elsie Payne seemed to be getting over friendly; for Mr. Manson, a big man of about forty, who dressed very well and was generally reckoned to be a fine-looking fellow, had his own plans about Elsie, who was reported to have a big pull with the great Mr. Boulter himself, whose confidential secretary she was.

It was a sweltering day in mid-summer when Jim Franklin sat with his freight sheets before him. The names that he read set his imagination afloat. Madagascar—Santiago—Vera Cruz—heaps more.

He conjured up the scenes. Surf-beaten shores, palm trees, white, sunlit houses—all that he had read about in books. He longed to visit these distant places whose names he wrote down in a big book in Cockspur Street.

Travel was in his blood, yet he had never been farther afield than the trenches of France.

He forgot the work on hand. Then suddenly, a bright voice addressed him:

"Dreaming, Mr. Franklin?"

Jim sat up with a start, and his eyes, steady before him.

"Yes; I'm afraid I was," he confessed. "Of our big steamer. It must be fine and cool on the sea to-day."

"You haven't been for a long time yet?"

"No; my turn comes in November. Where ought one to go in November? South Africa, perhaps! But one can't do South Africa in a fortnight or on six pounds a week."

"No," said the girl; "I'm afraid you can't. But it's lovely to see you. I've seen India and Burmah and Australia."

"How ripping! It has become a kind of obsession of mine to see the world. All through making up these freight sheets, I suppose. The names have a kind of magic in them."

"I saw India and Burmah a last night," said the girl. "I hope to see Canada to-night."

Jim frowned.

"I didn't know you were rotting!" he grumbled. "You mean you've been to Wembley?"

"Quite! I go there most nights. I live close by—at Harrow."

"Ah! I wonder if you would—"

Jim's daring invitation was interrupted by Mr. Manson's peremptory voice.

"Franklin, I want you!"

James Franklin, ex-major Machine Gun Corps, D.S.O., followed the big man with the flamboyant buttonhole into his private room and faced him with a sinking heart.

In three minutes he knew the worst.

"You're no good to us, Franklin!" Mr. Manson said, with relish. "No good at all. You're on a weekly basis, aren't you? Well, draw your next week's screw and beat it! Good morning!"

It was done cruelly. Jim wanted to say a lot of things, but thought it was not worth while. After all, the bouncer was right. Jim knew that he was no good at his job. He turned on his heel and left the room.

While he was finding his hat in the outer office Elsie Payne met him again.

"Going out?" she asked.

"Yes—for keeps!" said Jim bitterly. "I've got the push!"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" There was real regret in the girl's voice. "There's nothing I can do?"

"I'm afraid not; except to tell you're sorry. You've been a real brick to me while I've been here, Miss Payne!"

He wanted to say a lot more, but again the voice came from Mr. Manson's office.

"Miss Payne."

To Jim the financial crisis that had arisen was serious enough, but not nearly so serious as the thought of losing sight of Elsie. He had just realized that it was because of Elsie that he had not gone abroad. He had been suffering the drudgery of office work only because in the office he saw Elsie every day.

So Jim Franklin left the Boulter office feeling more low-spirited than any healthy young man has a right to feel. He was at a loose end; he

was afraid of his own company, his own thoughts.

Then he remembered that Elsie had said that she hoped to visit Canada that evening, and made a sudden resolve. To Canada he would also go. The chances of his meeting Elsie were about one thousand to one.

But Jim had a fancy for long odds.

He caught the train for Wembley.

At the Exhibition, he took notice of the bands and the gardens, the lake, and the amusements, but straightway sought out Canada, and there, for two hours, gazed upon the exhibits. At the end of that time he felt that he never wanted to look upon an apple again.

Dependently he left the building and wandered into the grounds, seeking the less frequented parts. The lights on the water, the sound of music, the laughter of youth—all these brought more and more melancholy upon him.

He lit his pipe and smoked savagely, seated on a chair, his hands thrust deeply in his pockets.

"I'm an incompetent fool and sentimental idiot!" he muttered to himself. "What right have I to fall in love with anybody?"

(To be concluded.)

Oddities in the News.

The startling theory that every human being is a veritable wireless station, sending out waves of varying length that aid him in his daily work, is advanced by the famous inventor, Lakhovsky. He calls these waves "human waves."

Lakhovsky believes that eventually it will be possible to eliminate maladies by overcoming radiations of microbes, and that some day men may converse at a distance by directing their own waves.

Miniature traffic towers are being used on after-dinner speakers' tables in New York to curb the flow of oratory. Amber and green lights warn the speakers that their time is about to expire, while a red light is signal for a full stop.

Skin from a patient's arm was used to make him new eyelids in an unusual operation recently performed at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary.

Five prehistoric human skeletons, standing upright in undisturbed strata in the Los Angeles mountains, have been discovered.

Believe the skeletons date from 25,000 years ago.

At a recent meeting of the British Astronomical Association, some photographs of the moon in natural colors were shown. The general tint of the lunar surface resembles weathered stone, concrete, or dried mud. These photographs promise to increase our knowledge of the nature of the lunar surface. It is hoped to take similar pictures of some of the planets.

Five tons of fish, preserved by carbon dioxide, in place of ice, reached Montreal from Nova Scotia after a three-days' train journey as fresh as when taken from the water.

The First Envelopes.

The first envelopes of which there is any knowledge indeed a letter sent 226 years ago by Sir William Turnbull to Sir John's Ogilvie. The epistle dealt with English affairs of state, and, with us covering, is carefully preserved in the British Museum.

At that period, and long afterward, it was the regular custom to fold letters and seal them with wafers of wax.

Early in the last century envelopes began to come into more general use, and stamped adhesive envelopes achieved wide popularity in England shortly after the establishment of the penny posts in 1840, and by 1850 were largely used on this side of the Atlantic.

The first machine for the manufacture of envelopes was patented in 1844 by George Wilson, an Englishman, and improvements were made the following year by Warren De La Rue and E. Hill.

Solitude.

Have you breathed the faith of fir trees, by the lure of camp-fire light?

Watched the wistful shadows creeping towards the restful lap of night?

Have you sent your thoughts a-homing to the source of space and time?

Felt the pulse of soul communion full and firm with the divine?

Sensed the wonders of creation? Cried the purpose of the whole?

Then you know the mystic sweetness that comes stealing over the soul, As on balsam bougias spread thickly on the mossy mountain sod

One with questioning eyes looks upward to the very heart of God.

M. D. Geddes.

Second Sight.

Small Nephew—"Did you ever fall in love with a girl at first sight, Uncle Ned?"

Bachelor Uncle—"Yes, my boy. I did once, but I went back the next morning and took a second look at her."

The soul of the self-centred man will always travel in a small circle.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Fifteen Fires An Hour.

According to statistics just published in the United States no fewer than 359 American houses catch fire in each twenty-four hours. In other words, a new fire starts every four minutes day and night, year in and year out.

Although, of course, many of these fires are promptly extinguished, yet the fire losses in the United States run to \$15 a second, \$900 a minute, or, in round figures, something like five hundred millions a year.

America is a country of wooden houses, and also of forest fires on a huge scale, and with the possible exception of Russia fire does more damage there than anywhere else.

The direct loss by fire in Great Britain is five million a month, or \$60,000,000 yearly. This is the direct loss only; it does not include the cost of fire brigades, and the heavy indirect losses of one kind and another. Take all these into consideration, and the fire bill is more than doubled.

In London alone the yearly damage by fire varies between \$2,000,000 and \$3,500,000. Nearly a hundred lives are lost in London each year through fires, and in the two countries of England and Wales the deaths from fire total nearly two thousand yearly.

The great majority of victims are children, of whom 1,200 are burned to death in a year.

In the United States the death toll, already enormously heavy, is increasing. Twenty years ago it was 10,000 a year; in 1922 the deaths from fire amounted to nearly 16,000—that is, one person was burned to death every thirty-five minutes.

The losses caused by forest fires are almost incalculable. In the province of Ontario over \$2,000,000 worth of timber is destroyed each summer. The forest fire bill for the whole of Canada is more than ten millions yearly.

It is reckoned that in the world at large fire destroys nearly \$10,000,000 worth of property daily, almost all of which would be saved if due caution were observed.

Why He Was Poor.

Once, while walking through the land of imagination, I saw a dull-eyed man, sitting at the door of a small, dingy cottage.

"Why are you so poor?" I asked.

"I'm not poor," he answered indignantly. "There is coal underneath my garden—one hundred thousand tons of it."

"Then why don't you dig it up?" I asked.

"Well," he admitted, "at present I have no spade and I don't like digging."

—Herbert N. Casson.

A SERVING HINT.

We all know the difficulties we have in eating head lettuce when we are not provided with a salad fork. One place where I was visiting the slices were cut from the head of lettuce and these slices in turn were cut in small squares after they were on the salad plate. This left the slices intact but made it much easier to eat the lettuce.

Lincoln's Rule.

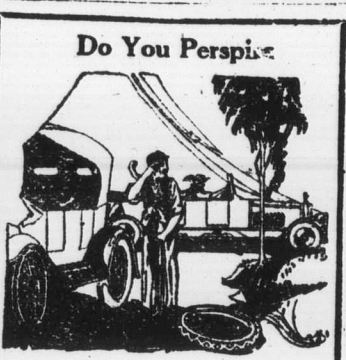
I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.

I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live.

Up to what light I have.

I must stand with anybody that stands right.

—Abraham Lincoln.



Do You Perspire?

When You Change a Tire?

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WINGHAM, ONT.



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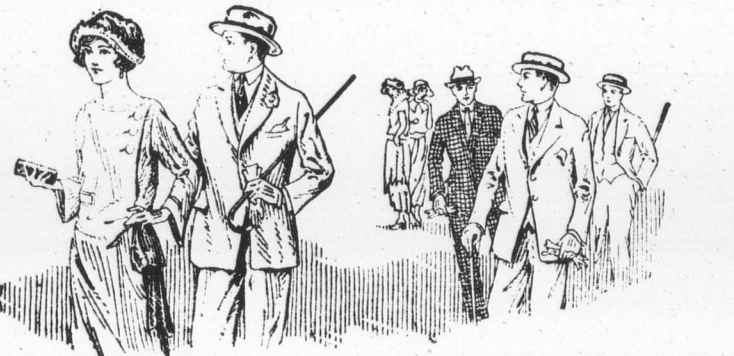
A Warm house and a cool cellar day and night the winter through. And a saving in your coal bills of from 25% to 50%.

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In your cellar will ensure this. The Kelsey is the most efficient and economical system of home heating ever devised and will heat the smallest cottage or the largest mansion properly and healthfully.

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