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The Revolt From Four Walls

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

CHAPTER V: (Continued).

Back from the Islands! It was startling information. Guy looked out across Georgian Bay. There was a small light on one of the Islands. There had been one there for two or three weeks but no one was suspicious of the boy who was this year's keeper. Always at this season of the year, there was a guard, paid by a bird society to see that no feather-hunters harmed the sea gulls who flew from the coast to hatch their young. Guy hurried towards the shore. He knew that the bushes, whose land he was passing, kept a small boat on the shore. He would row to the Islands. It would be hard to imagine a more secluded hiding place than any one of the four Brother Islands. They were wild, for that part of Georgian Bay where they were located, was isolated. There were no great summer colonies nearby. The farmers did not indulge in boating, and so the Islands were very infrequently visited. It was only of recent years that the Bird Society had protected the sea gulls. The guards were generally students or occasionally a semi-invalid, glad of the chance to live out-of-doors. Evidently the man who was on duty this season was of a different material. And it was probably to visit him that the two men whom Madeline had seen rowing away, had been heading.

He rowed quickly. Hunger and fatigue were forgotten and he did not mind the wind that was rising, making a choppy sea. A mile, two miles, slipped by. He was quite close to the nearest of the Islands. He made his landing noiselessly. A hundred feet away from the house he dropped to his stomach and crawled towards an open window from which the light streamed and on the opposite side of the building from the door. Crouched beneath the window he thought he could distinguish four different voices, and from other sounds, he knew that the speakers were eating. Precious minutes passed. The wind had shifted suddenly. It was blowing hard from the north. Guy thought of the row back which would be dangerous. He had about decided to lift himself enough to look into the room, when his own name was mentioned.

Merchants Bank of Canada Reports Record Progress

Marked Expansion in Assistance Bank Has Given to Canadian Trade and Commerce. Saving Deposits Show Large Increase.

The close association established by the Merchants Bank of Canada with the expansion of the business and industry of the Dominion is strikingly shown by the semi-annual statement of the Bank, to October 30th, 1920.

The Merchants Bank, with its complete organization throughout the Dominion, is known for the special assistance to growing and expanding businesses and the report now issued shows that it has been particularly active in this direction during the past year. This is reflected by the increase in current loans and discounts to customers to \$120,515,403, as compared with \$102,346,514, a gain of \$18,168,889.

Increase in Capital
With a view of increasing its facilities to the farmers and merchants and the manufacturers of the country, the Bank has provided for an increase in capital and as a result the paid-up capital now stands at \$9,955,970, an increase to date of \$1,614,434. At the same time the reserve has been increased by \$1,400,000 and now stands at \$8,400,000. Both these amounts will be further increased by the instalments still outstanding.

ASSETS

	1920	1919
Gold Coin, Dom. Notes and Cr. Balances with Banking Correspondents	\$ 30,620,251.09	\$ 25,642,136.32
Deposits in the Central Gold Reserve	1,500,000.00	8,000,000.00
Government and Municipal Securities	21,114,908.29	36,240,262.41
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	8,837,377.14	8,870,611.91
Call Loans in Canada	6,254,286.81	6,343,917.91
Call Loans elsewhere in Canada	4,179,235.55	2,418,846.99
Loans and Discounts	120,515,403.00	102,346,514.00
Loans and Discounts elsewhere	1,340,428.69	329,334.27
Loans to Municipalities	4,635,381.80	3,875,382.16
Liabilities of Customers and Others	2,491,684.35	757,606.04
Credit per contra	3,132,744.42	2,574,048.23
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	602,748.47	911,291.19
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	705,967.02	528,177.93
Deposits with Dominion Government for purposes of Circulation Fund	460,000.00	377,000.00
	\$209,450,448.23	\$195,506,572.90

LIABILITIES

	1920	1919
Capital Paid-up	\$ 9,955,970.00	\$ 8,341,536.30
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	8,660,774.99	7,574,048.23
Notes in Circulation	17,707,977.00	16,827,373.00
Deposits	170,634,061.90	156,600,000.00
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	2,491,684.35	757,606.04
	\$209,450,448.23	\$195,506,572.90

curiosity decided that he must investigate. He dropped to his hands and knees and crawled forward. Check against the earth, he peered into the room from which the light came.

A young man sat beside the light reading and about his ankle was an iron band, from which a chain led to a huge staple driven in the wall!

Wardell studied the man and the place of his confinement thoroughly before he decided to make his presence known. The fellow seemed about twenty-four or five years of age. He immediately felt that he did not belong to the crowd on the other Island. The room itself was small, possibly twenty feet square, and man-made, being mostly below the level of the rocky earth.

Wardell jumped to his feet, and bending low, dropped to the room.

"Hello—you're a new one?" was the young man's greeting.

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Perhaps I ought to ask the same question of you?"

"Well, I can answer easily. I'm Guy Wardell from over on the Point. I got blown ashore here to-night and when I saw your light, I came up to get refuge, to say nothing of some dry clothes."

"Have you got a boat here?"

"No. I'm marooned."

"Marooned? Gee, that's tough!"

"You're being kept a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"By the gang on the other Island, the fat man, and the fellow with the ferret, and the rest? They're holding you a prisoner?"

"Because I've been trying to find out their devilry."

"Do you know anything about them?"

"Not much, except that they want to organize the hired hands in this part of the country to strike for what they call liberty. The Point is the start of their work and if they are successful here this spring, they want to spread out and do considerable damage by fall. They have lots of money. That chap you called ferret-faced is the boss. He's a foreigner of some sort; Russian, I think, though I'm not sure."

"And you?"

"I'm Gregory Smith, going to college at McGill. I had a chance to come up here and earn a little playing nurse to the gulls. I guess that gang got scared off the mainland for they landed on my place and took possession. I didn't like them and was

going to get out, when one of them hit me over the head and I woke up here. I can't get this thing off my ankle but I've worked the staple fairly loose."

Gregory Smith's patient labor had loosened the staple considerably. Now, with the help of a heavy stick used as a lever, he and Guy were able to pull it from the wall. The prisoner was free.

The question of whether both of them should remain in the hut and attack and overpower the guard or should go down to the shore and grab the boat the minute he left it, was discussed. Guy decided that Smith would stay as he had for the last few weeks, apparently chained. Guy was to hide outside and then run into the room, point a pistol at the guard and hold him under his nose while Smith bound him.

It was really ridiculously easy when the moment came for the surprise rush. The sight of the gun, Guy's very presence, awed the guard, who recognized as one of the rougher men he had seen in the house on the other Island. Binding him was easy. They left him lying on the floor, blew out the light and made for the boat.

The wind had died down, leaving a choppy but not dangerous sea. On in the east the sky was growing grey. Soon the early summer dawn would be on them. With a sigh of relief, Guy pushed the prow of the light boat on to the shore before his own home.

"First thing I do is to wake up my wife and get her to make us some coffee. Then we'll get a file and remove your ankle with its pretty chain."



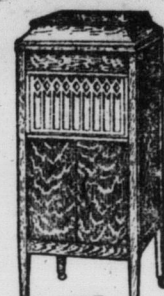
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110.E.

Human Nature.

Beneath "these troublesome disguises that we wear" we are much the same, and if the most supercilious of fine ladies or the most fastidious of men only knew,

We are very slightly changed From the semapies who ranged India's prehistoric clay.

In the little interval of time given us upon this planet we are filled with the most fatuous assumptions of human vanity, and the reason for them does not appear. We ridicule the savages for what they do, and could anything be more savage than what we palefaces were doing from 1914 to 1918? We call those queer who are not of our outward ways and semblances, though in the real stuff of character they may be better, as Gunga Din was better than the thirty man he served.

It doesn't take much to set us back from our acquired character to our original nature. Sometimes a long spell of sickness discovers to us what we really are, as compared with the fine creature we like to pretend we are. Starvation will bring old friends to the point of clutching each other's throats, and an excess of bodily fatigue may curdle the sweetest temper. Let us not hear that any human being has an angel character till he has been under some excruciating trial and has emerged with honor from the ordeal.

The very serious trouble with most people is that they are human, like ourselves. They react in the same way under the same stresses. They also want sympathy and are looking for a friend. They too, heartily enjoy being appreciated or at least understood. Burdens that are heavy for us are heavy for them. It is as easy for them to watch other people at work as it is for us. They likewise enjoy picnics and parades.

It is time to get over the idea that we have to be comfortable because we were brought up that way, while others were predestined to misery and are so hardened to their condition that we needn't bother. One effect of travel—if the traveler is impressionable, and some travelers are not—is to show us that no country has a monopoly of certain homely virtues that take root and flourish in the bleakest as in the richest soil. Nor is any other country particularly interested in our introspective studies of how good we are and our ingrowing imagination of our greatness. Boastfulness is a posture as unlovely for the millions as it is for one. Let us give credit to others for possessing some of the qualities we admire so much in ourselves.

Your Home Town.

There is something the matter with the man who doesn't care for the place he lives in; who doesn't come back to it with some degree of rapture and relief. The world citizen who boasts that all places are alike to him and any place is home where he hangs his hat misses out of his life one of the first and strongest incentives to decency and duty—which is the desire to win the general esteem and good opinion of the community in which one dwells. There is no reward in money which compares in value with the golden treasure of a good name. If a man cheats and lies and steals and bears false witness, he may build up a great fortune and still be plagued at night with the knowledge that those about him hold a low opinion of his worth and works. Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, has told us that it is the favorable opinion of a man's home town that is worth earning and retaining. One of the neighbors might be wrong; but if we take the summation of what many are saying, we probably shall arrive at a just estimate.

Merely to live in a place doesn't make one a citizen. Your heart will be where your work has been put in to help forward any good thing that is going. Of course, one must be true to the immediate family circle and look well to the roof-tree and the doorway of one's own household first of all. But that intimate indoor devotion, commendable as it is, may become a selfish sentiment that takes no thought for those measures of public welfare in whose benefits we all share. Fault-finders are numberless, who stand ready with harsh censure and snap judgment upon what the toilers are doing. The toilers are too busy doing the work of the fault-finders, and they cannot stop to explain. What every plantation of human beings is in need of, if it is to flourish, is a group of men who love others better than they love their own ease and quiet and spend themselves in selfless endeavor. No man gets the name of civic patriot by doing things simply for himself. He must serve the public interest and the general good, not his own pocket; while the range of his charity may cover the whole world, it should, in the homely phrase, "come home to roost" in his own town.

Alaska a Field for Wheat.

Alaska gives great promise of becoming a wheat-growing country. Quite a good start in this direction has been made in the Tanana Valley, and the results were so successful that the planting will be increased. Many of the farmers are enthusiastic about wheat growing, and they receive every possible encouragement from the government.



Woman's Interests

Food Combinations.

Incorrect food combinations are responsible for many more problems of physical proportions and health than are incorrect quantities of food. Because of this we should, every one of us, ask ourselves, "What shall I eat?" rather than "How much shall I eat?" Both questions are important when we are planning food for children, for they require more in quantity than is usually planned for them or else we would not so often hear parents say in effect, "Our children have bottomless pits, not stomachs to fill." This fact would not appear so strange were we always to remember that the weight of a child must be maintained in health, that there must be a monthly increase in weight, that there must be power for activity and if the activity be football plus some field work the power furnished must be large.

The other day a notice was posted in a poultry show stating that a hen to be efficient must have eighty-one pounds of food each year. This food supply must be made up of definite proportions of each required kind.

A study of our own food habits will often reveal that we pay too little attention to the proportions of the required kinds of food and for this reason many children are not efficient as is revealed by their inability to utilize their food supply in growth. They are described as malnourished and a monthly study of their weight chart is recommended by the school nurse.

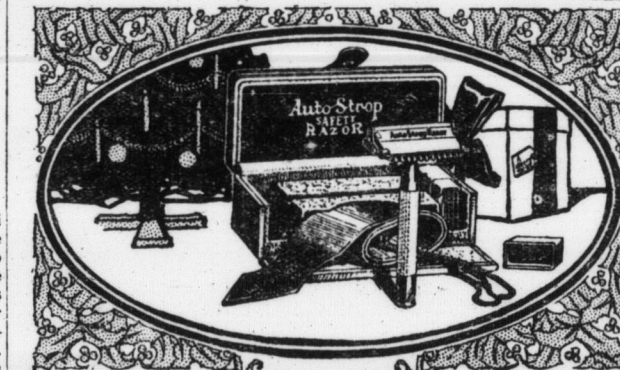
Adults, too, are not efficiently fed. If facts were otherwise we should rarely hear the request, "Tell me how to reduce my weight." Nor would we see in cars, automobiles and so forth a man or a woman occupying seat-room originally planned to accommodate two!

Obesity in middle and later life and malnutrition in children come from a neglect to furnish all the elements required for an efficient human machine. We rarely furnish too little food for any age.

Bread is an essential food, so it is eaten three times a day. It is scientifically classed as a cereal food. One rule of dietetics warns against serving the same food in more than one form during a meal, but how often breakfasts like this are served: wheat farina and toasted white bread. The milk taken with the farina and the fruit which precedes it make this an excellent breakfast for the active, growing child but the average woman past thirty-five years of age, converts her body into a storehouse (food stored in the form of fat) when she takes both the cereal and the bread.

Bread may often be omitted by adults from the noon meal. In it are repeated the starch of potato, corn and a starch dessert such as rice pudding. Some European nations do not serve bread at dinner and those who deem a double chin a tragedy would do well to adopt this custom.

Macaroni, which is a splendid potato substitute, is often served with meat and potatoes as a second vegetable.



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