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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 benefiting while the poultry market loses a customer.

WRIGLEY'S
After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a 1-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.
Good for teeth, breath and digestion.
Makes the next cigar taste better.

Sealed in its Purity Package
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

ISSUE No. 36—24.

Unless old male birds are unusual breeding value I think it is best to kill them, as this reduces the summer and fall feed bill. Of course they must be replaced by cockerels, which also take feed, but I find that well developed cockerels are more apt to produce a larger per cent. of fertile eggs than older male birds. When selling old cock birds to city dealers I find they do not often like them at any price but will buy them at the rate of about 2 males to 20 hens. Some dealers will buy them all at the same price per pound and then deduct one pound for each cock bird in the crate. This saves using a separate crate for the male birds and saves some time in weighing in the consignment at the market.

It often pays to trade with the dealers to whom you wish to sell poultry meat. After buying a pound of sirloin and half a dozen pork chops, the dealer smiles and asks if there is anything else. Then you say, "Yes, sir. Would you be able to use four old roosters and forty hens next Thursday morning? They are fine plump birds and we will deliver them at the back door at exactly the hour your man wants to dress them." This often results in obtaining an order slip to bring the birds and fair payment.

Some dealers seem to like to keep a farmer standing on one foot while they visit with salesmen, kid the clerks and do almost anything but write out a cheque. This can also be avoided by buying a few necessities of their after they have bought of you. Have them take the pay from your cheque and it may speed up the whole transaction. And then such dealers soon find out if a producer is anxious to give them first-class goods and be friendly and soon they become more friendly which adds satisfaction to the job.—K.

PESTS.

A farm woman needs to know a lot about getting rid of pests. It is a matter of history that mice pick on the farmer's wife—witness the nursery rhyme to that effect. However, she needn't bother to cut off their tails with a butcher knife. If mint leaves are spread wherever mice are to be found, the pests will leave for good. They have a distinct aversion to the smell. Essence of mint will answer the purpose if leaves are not to be procured.

There are hundreds of methods for getting rid of flies. I have two favorites:

When the season makes it possible, I distribute sweet clover about the rooms and the flies keep out. Again it is the odor that is distasteful.

If, however, the flies have got into the house, the best method is extermination. For years I have concocted an unfailing fly poison that is absolutely harmless to humans: One teaspoonful of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sugar and four table-spoonfuls of cream. Mix in a flat dish and set wherever the flies are most abundant.

Mosquitoes cannot be killed readily but they can be driven away. Penny-royal is effective. So is sprits of lavender.

For cockroaches there is nothing better than powdered borax.

If you have a rug that is infested with moths, spread a damp cloth on the rug and iron it dry with a hot iron. The steam acts as an effective destroyer.

A few drops of carbolic acid in the suds used to wash out closets is a good moth preventive.

IRONING PONGEE.

The popular craze for pongee for women's wear and children's dresses, not to mention the boys' and men's suits, brings up the question of its proper ironing. Pongee cannot be laundered in the usual way and look right. In the first place, the material should be allowed to dry and never be sprinkled or dampened at all. A medium hot iron will give a beautiful finish on the dry pongee, and I find that I get even better results by ironing it on the wrong side first.

Really, when one knows how, it is much easier to "do up" a pongee dress than any other kind for there is no starching and dampening to do. The person who irons a pongee dress while still wet makes a lot of work that is unnecessary and produces a very unsatisfactory result.

Many times the reading of a book has made the fortune of a man—has decided his way in life.—Emerson.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

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 and he did not attempt to flirt with her as did the other clerks, and she was just a little sorry for him. 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 afire. 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 Cockspar 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 a very pretty girl, with dancing eyes, stood before him.

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

"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 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 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 eyes. "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 a 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 of the lake, and the amusements, 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.

Depositedly 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, have been discovered.

Scientists believe the skeletons date from about 20,000 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 enclosed a letter sent 226 years ago by Sir William Turnbull to Sir James Ogilvie. The epistle dealt with English affairs of state, and, with its covering, is carefully preserved in the British Museum.

At that period, and long afterward, it was the general 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 post 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 o'er the soul, As on balsam boughs 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 15,000—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."

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.

A fresh, youthful skin is admired by everyone

YOU must frequently purify your skin, antiseptically, to make and keep it healthy, to bring to it a glowing beauty.

Thousands of men and women have realized this, which is why Lifebuoy Health Soap has become the most widely used toilet soap in the world.

Lifebuoy is a scientific skin purifier—a real health soap. Yet soap cannot be made more pure, more bland, more beneficial to the skin than Lifebuoy.

Lifebuoy protects

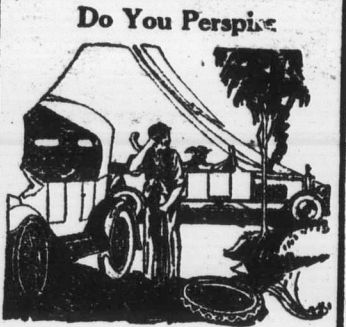
Its rich, copious lather releases a wonderful antiseptic ingredient which is carried down into every pore, eliminating all impurities and leaving the skin thoroughly clean and safe.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

More than Soap—a Health Habit
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

Li-4-1

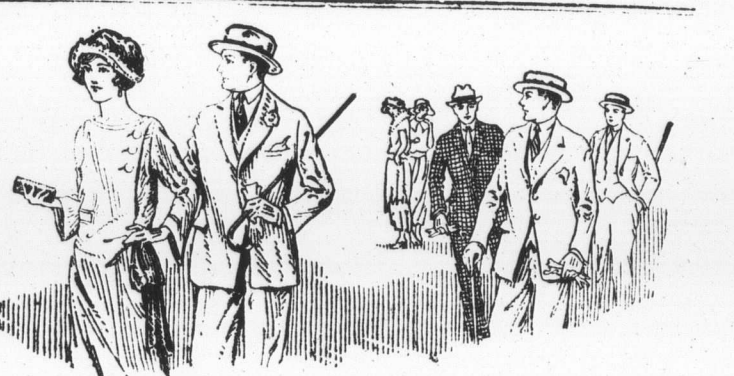
"Don't get tired—drink Bovril"



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A fresh, youthful skin is admired by everyone

YOU must frequently purify your skin, antiseptically, to make and keep it healthy, to bring to it a glowing beauty.

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