The Economy
of
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA H466
is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.

EVERY COAT HAS ITS OWN HAT.

With an extra half-yard of the coat material and a spare hour you can make the youngster a hat that matches. "Matching up" has come to be the distinguishing mark of excellence in the kiddies' clothes.

Little boy's sturdy greatcoats have caps of the same goods.

Little girl's broadcloth coats have pert little poke bonnets that match in texture and color.

Wee toddlers have leggings, mittens, bonnets, and coats of all one goods.

Even brothers and sisters who aren't twins match. The best-dressed little Johnnies and Janes wear coats of the same goods and same style. This means coats of regulation cut—the kind the youngsters can romp and tumble and scuff around in and really enjoy wearing. To my way of thinking, when Sister steps out all ready for a good time in her swagger little greatcoat, she looks as attractive as Brother.

Of course, the material goes a long way toward meeting the durable requirements. Tweeds head the list of sturdies that come to my mind.

Herringbone worsted is another I like for the little folks.

Homespuns come in heavy overcoating weights, too.

Chinchilla is an excellent choice for a coat that is to serve for both best wear and everyday.

In making your selection it is well to keep in mind that a rough-surfaced woolen is easier to mend than a smooth goods, such as twill, velour, and broadcloth.

Speaking of broadcloth brings me to what I call the "pretties" for the toddlers and little girls up to six years. I am thinking of the little coat, hat, leggings, and mitten outfits of white or pastel-colored broadcloth (pale blue, flesh color, or buff). These can be given a certain degree of durability by shrinking the goods thoroughly before it is made up so the outfit can be tubbed. "Inners" and linings must be washable too. Even a little girl's poke of this material can be made to snap to the foundation for easy laundering.

For cold weather the regulation coats are made double-breasted, with or without belts, with convertible collars and set-in sleeves or raglan shoulders. The cut is identical for boys and girls with one exception, the lap. The boys' coats lap left over right, and the girls' in the opposite way.

BIRTHDAY CANDLES.

Sometimes it is a problem to know how to arrange the candles on a birthday cake when they number more than a dozen. Not everyone has an elaborate birthday cake board conveniently filled with candle sockets.

Here is a simple way that proves perfectly satisfactory: Choose a deep [illegible] or platter of desired shape and [illegible]—a tin receptacle answers the purpose as well as any. Pour into it melted paraffin to a depth of an inch or more and just before the paraffin actually sets arrange the candles by thrusting their ends into the hardening wax. Have your plan well laid out and work quickly. In a few minutes the candles will be firmly set in place. When ready to serve arrange a doily on the space left in the centre of the platter for the cake and cover the edge the platter with greenery or crepe paper. The clear white wax is very attractive.

MORE USES FOR PAPER.

The accumulation of large quantities of paper—daily, weekly and Sunday newspapers, wrapping paper and paper bags—in our house has prompted the discovery of every so many ways of saving work about the house.

First of all, I establish a definite place for the storing of the three types of paper, and that within three steps of my working centre in the kitchen. On a hook very near to the stack of wrapping paper I hung a ball of stout cord. This grouping together of string and paper has saved countless minutes of hunting about when a parcel needed wrapping to be taken to town and father was in a hurry to start.

I also draw upon this supply for draining the excess fat from bacon, doughnuts, croquettes, and the like. The wire dish drainer with a lining of brown paper makes an excellent tool for this purpose.

Since we do not have electricity, floors must be cleaned with the broom or carpet sweeper and dustless mop. I carry a few newspapers with me on my morning rounds of the rooms. Some I use for spreading over articles to keep out dust and others make useful containers for the dust from the dust pan and carpet sweeper. They can be folded up, dust and all, placed in the waste basket and carried out.

When I begin to prepare a meal, I open a thick newspaper upon the kitchen table and confine my mixing and fixing to that space. There is no clatter of utensils on the table, no wiping up of drips and drops, and there is always a clean working surface, for when the uppermost paper is soiled it is quickly rolled up and placed in the basket.

Vegetables and fruit cleaning is not half bad when done on a paper-covered table, for then the tops or hulls may be disposed of without disturbing the appearance of the kitchen or porch in the least.

Paper bags, besides the numerous uses that suggest themselves, are convenient for sugaring doughnuts and even for flouring joints of chicken for frying, or for breadcrumbing cutlets, and the like.

A SMART AND POPULAR DAY DRESS.

4216. Here is a model ideal for business or home wear—showing simple lines, attractive and practical features. The collar is convertible. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or to the elbow. The graceful becoming fulness of this model is held by belt sections over back and front. Prunella or twill for service and kasha, crepe or velvet for a more dressy dress in this style would be fine for its development.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material. To make the collar of contrasting material 32 inches wide requires ¼ yard. The width of the dress at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Fully Qualified.

Butcher—"Well, do you think you can cut up and serve a customer?"

Colored Applicant—"Ain't Ah jes' outa jail, boss, for cuttin' up two men already? Ah kin nserve any man dat way!!!' !

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

ISSUE No. 45—'23.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
(Copyright.)

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

The nearness, the ecstacy of being with her again, the sudden joy of living that swept over him, was the only excuse for what followed.

They were seated in the shade of a huge flowering tree, whose great pink bell-shaped blossoms breathed out deep wafts of intoxicating elixir. The blue sky overhead was reflected in the clear water before them; the swans were sailing majestically, calm and indifferent; the shadows were lengthening; a breeze crept up to them and made white ripples in the soft folds of Tu Hee's mourning robe. The gold nail-shields were caught in the sun's rays and flashed warningly, menacingly, but to David they only added to the mysterious charm of the woman beside him. The world once more stood still for him, as it had the night in the sacred temple. Again that inexplicable, incomprehensible feeling swept over him: that he had lived all his years for just this moment.

Tu Hee drew away startled at what she saw in his face, but David had her hands in his.

"You ask me why I do this? Can you ask, Tu Hee? Can you not read your answer in my face, in my voice? Did you not guess that I ran away from—with—my love for you—that it accompanied me all the way across the sea and drove me back to your side?"

David's thoughts were all a jumble by this time. One coherent idea alone lodged firmly, clearly in his mind—he had told her! His heart sang jubilantly. Thank heaven, convention was strangled. He had told her! He laughed with the very ecstacy of the thought.

"Tu Hee, I love you. Come!"

He held out his arms, but Tu Hee, her face as white as her gown, sprang to her feet away from him.

David, a trickle of cold doubt cooling his ardor, rose too, and confronted her.

He had lived with doubts, with fears that his great love might not be returned, but the wild joy of the past moment had obliterated everything but his own great love.

"You don't care, then?" His voice was dull, cold.

Tu Hee clasped and unclasped her hands feverishly. Her blue eyes, which his passion had compelled to meet his own, now glanced away, avoided his.

David stood there inwardly cursing himself. Like a fool he had treated his great love as a game of chance—had staked everything on one throw and had lost. More, he had lost what he had before possessed, her respect.

Tu Hee had turned her back on him now. Mechanically he picked up his hat from the grassy slope. Well, he deserved it. Apparently she did not care to even say good-bye. What was that? David wheeled about.

Tu Hee's hands covered her face.

It wasn't fancy then. It was a sob he had heard. In one stride David reached her side.

"Please forgive me." His voice was contrite, pleading. "The wonder of being near you swept my reason away. I should have known better. I am going now. I won't ask you for your friendship—yet. I'll earn it."

Still Tu Hee did not move.

Reluctantly David turned, but before he could move away his arm was caught in the clasp of fluttering white and gold-cased fingers. Soft lips were pressed against his hands; there was the swishing of silk, and something white darted past him and disappeared in the green of the shrubbery.

* * * *

"This is a great old world, Ma Tu, isn't it?"

The time was past midnight. David was leaning back viewing the rings of smoke from his cigar. Ma Tu was laying out his master's night paraphernalia, emitting a joyous chuckle at whatever his idol might say.

"I happy, too, Master Marsden. You happy?"

"Ye gods, happy! Why, Ma Tu, I'm so jolly, madly happy, that I'm delirious, intoxicated."

"Toxee—that mean drunk"—another chuckle—"master lie—ah, no"—Ma Tu glanced up in quick consternation—"speak funny, that is the word—drunk mean wine—liquor—master not that."

"You're right, Ma Tu. It's not that. This is a heavenly drunkenness—a drunkenness from an elixir that gives strength to your muscles, clearness to your brain, and vim to your lagging energy. I envy Hercules no longer—I pity him."

"Tee hee!"

"Here, stop that confounded tittering. Off to bed with you, you scamp. Do you think I'm a baby? Suffering humanity, you'll be rocking me to sleep next if I don't keep an eye on you."

"Yu, yu, a minute I go. Master's bed not punch quite—see I punch pillows—there—good night, sir."

"Good night, Ma Tu—you're worth all the gold of Midas."

A chuckle and the soft closing of the sitting-room door, and David was alone.

He sat eyeing his bed for half an hour. There was no earthly use of getting into it; he would never sleep. Would he ever be weary enough to sleep again? To think he was at last favored by the gods, he whom ill luck had dogged so long. David glanced down at his hand. His mind played him a queer trick then. Instead of Tu Hee he fancied his aunt was looking at him, favoring him with a spicy harangue on assinine man and his sentiment. A happy laugh was David's answer to this fanciful tirade, and he laid his face tenderly against the back of his hand.

The clock in his sitting-room sent in its mellow announcement that two a.m. was here.

David stretched in answer and mechanically unfastened his lounging robe.

"Might as well dream with my head on feathers as up in the clouds," he murmured, and rolled in between the sheets.

CHAPTER XXIII.

David worked desperately to save the woman he loved, but his every effort seemed flung against a wall—a wall of superstition and prejudice. The Chinese officials listened to the foreigner amiably and politely, and after David thought he had at last drilled a ray of pity and reason into their hard heads and crusted hearts, he received a smile, a bow; yes, their manners were flawless, these dark-skinned Orientals—and the sad assurance that the house of Weng Toy must suffer for the crime.

Sometimes David lost complete control of himself, and then when his diplomacy had fled and his threats were flung right and left, he was still smilingly and politely but unmistakably informed he was a foreigner interfering in China's personal affairs.

He engaged the services of an American lawyer, but alas, the affair wasn't international, and China remained stubbornly supreme.

Indeed, it seemed David's efforts had only brought more trouble on Tu Hee. She was now guarded by a cordon of spies. She could no longer walk in her gardens. One room was allotted to her; there she must stay a prisoner in her own house. Even David could gain no admittance now.

Fool, he called himself, to have attacked the enemy openly. Why had he not studied the people first? Why had he not returned their polite indifference with smooth diplomacy? The way then would at least have been open for flight, whereas now Tu Hee was as much out of his reach as if she were already behind the prison bars that menaced her; and that last punishment might take place any hour now.

Gloomy and dejected he sat in his rooms one night. It was the end of the second day of his frantic but useless efforts on Tu Hee's behalf.

Ma Tu moved noiselessly about, afraid every moment he would be ejected by his silent, morose master. Ta Tu had not dared to chuckle for the past twenty-four hours. Indeed, he had no occasion to; his heart was as downcast as his master's. All he could do was wait and watch like a faithful dog. He had spread his master's night clothes out on the bed, had pounded the pillows into downy softness, and then quietly slipped to the mat at the door, where he stretched himself out and waited. Through a crack in the slightly ajar door his bright eyes fastened themselves mournfully on the gloomy brow of his master.

David tossed aside the end of his ninth cigarette and drew another from the case, but he put it back again, jabbed the silver holder into his pocket and jerked himself from his chair. His lame foot was a bit stiffer tonight. He shook it impatiently and started on a restless pacing up and down the room.

His face grew grimmer and darker; his lips were set in a tight, straight line; his jaw took on a savage, fighting look. Impatiently he drew out his cigarette case, jabbed the tenth cigarette between his lips and threw himself into the chair again.

The clock chimed the quarter hour after midnight. At the same time a quick, sharp knock sounded; the sitting-room door was pushed open and Grace stepped into the room. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone with excitement, and she was dressed for the street.

"Thank heaven, you are up. Quick, get your hat, don't sit there gaping, David dear. It's no nightmare. Do just as I say. I'll tell you later what it's all about."

"Is it Tu Hee? Good God, speak, is it?"

David had sprung to his feet and was roughly grasping Grace's arm.

Grace winced and drew back. "Here, Ma Tu, bring your master's coat and hat; be quick!"

Ma Tu, who had been standing at attention from the moment the door opened, lost no time in doing her bidding.

As David took his place beside his cousin in the waiting car, he turned to her questioningly.

"Yes, it's Tu Hee. The messenger brought the word to my apartment first. All I could make out was that someone was dying."

David's face went gray.

"No no it's not Tu Hee. A servant. I don't know what it's all about, but we'll soon know."

(To be continued.)

The Canada-France Exposition Train

On July 16th the Canada-France Exposition Train, consisting of some 30 specially constructed motor coaches containing samples of Canadian manufactured goods and products of field, mine, forest and river, left Havre on its three months' tour of France, the itinerary including stops at practically all important cities and terminating at Paris on October 8th.

It is to Senator Charles Beaubien of Montreal that the credit for this moving exposition of Canadian products must be given, and it is only after some years of constant work and propaganda that it was finally brought to fruition and the support of manufacturers and the Canadian and French Governments secured. Interviewed on the subject, Senator Beaubien is reported from Havre to have said:

"I do not ignore the fact that the operation of this exposition in France will take some years to bring results. Without doubt the war, which left its mark on many European countries, depreciated the franc, but in spite of tha tour exports to France are today superior by 400 per cent. to those of 1913, and at the end of its last fiscal year the United States had sold to France more than $220,000,000 of merchandise. If, thanks to this exposition train, we succeed in doubling our trade with France, our efforts will have brought about a novel propaganda in France which during six months will cause the name of Canada to be on the lips of Frenchmen in all parts of the Republic."

In a message from Premier the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King to the French people, published in the French press, he expresses Canada's pleasure at the co-operation of the French Government, in the following words:—

"Canada, in sending an exposition to France, takes, with pleasure, the occasion to reply to the bonne entente which exists between the two countries and to draw closer the bonds of friendship which unite them, entente and desire which was clearly demonstrated by the splendid exposition of French arts and industry which toured Canada in 1921.

"The friendship which this exchange of visits inspires, augments and reinforces the mutual respect and admiration consecrated during the war on French soil by the common sacrifice of our glorious armies, will not be lessened by the occasion which offers to make known to each of us the products of the two countries.

"It is good, therefore, that Canada, of all the countries of the earth, which has known how to unite the descendents of those valiant men and women who have remained loyal to the flags of France and Britain, and to make of their descendants a great nation, should now reinforce the bonds.

"The English and French in Canada have united, in the national life of the country, all the best traditions, the highest courage and other qualities which have come down to them from their antecedents. Canada was proud in 1921 to extend the warmest of welcomes to the French exposition train which visited the Dominion, and it is with the same spirit of friendship and perfect understanding that she now sends her exhibits to France."

The interest which the Canadian exposition train is creating in France is excellent. The public are thronging by the thousands to view the exhibits in the afternoons and by the tens of thousands in the evening. Pamphlets are being distributed, the natural resources of Canada explained, and everything possible done to convey to the French public a proper idea of Canada's greatness—what it is and what opportunity she offers for settlement, trade and manufacturing.

At each point where the train stops the delegation is officially welcomed by the civic authorities, there is a complimentary luncheon or dinner, a reception by the Chambre de Commerce and an official inspection of the exhibits.

Accompanying Senator Beaubien are Prof. H. Laureys, Director of the School of Higher Commercial Studies, Montreal; Dr. Ami, of Ottawa, Government expert on minerals; Mr. Georges Bouchard, M.P., Prof. of Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere Agricultural School; and Lieut.-Col. H. Barre, Canadian Commercial Agent at Paris. Thirty young Canadians, mostly students, are accompanying the train and giving their services free as lecturers.

At the conclusion of the tour the exhibits will be displayed in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, where the French Government have specially prepared a building in the Tuileries Gardens.

After Every Meal
A universal custom that benefits everybody.
Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.
WRIGLEY'S
a good thing to remember
Sealed in Its Purity Package
WRIGLEY'S NIPS
THE FLAVOR LASTS

His Name.

A young man was boasting about the conquests he had gained over the feminine heart.

"Look," he said, "here's a handsome present I had from my last inamorata," at the same time handing round a beautiful cigar-case.

"A very nice gift," remarked one of the company. "I perceive your lady-love even had your name put on the case."

"Well, that's queer," said the boaster. "I never noticed it."

"Look again," said the candid one; "the case is distinctly marked 'Real Calf.'"

AND THOSE WHO DO NOT.

He: Men understand women pretty well.

She: Yes; all except two kinds of men.

He: And what are they?

She: The married men and the bachelors.

Oysters can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt to every one thousand parts of water.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Bees will eat moistened sugar if necessary, but prefer the nectar of flowers.

Get This For Your Home
30 DAYS TRIAL
Universal Folding Bath Tub for Town & Country Homes
A pure white enamelled metal bath tub, with or without instantaneous water heater. Gives all bathing facilities of city homes. No plumbing required. When not in use, folds up out of the way. Mounted on castors, can be moved anywhere. Moderate in price and lasts a lifetime. Write for folder and trial offer, also information on Indoor Chemical Closets.
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RAW FURS WANTED
Highest Prices Paid for
Skunk, Coon, Mink, Fox, Deer-Skins, Hides, Calfskins, &c.
Ship to
Canadian Hide & Leather Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Bale Your Hay
Strong Wire—Quick Delivery
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ALWAYS ASK FOR
EDDY'S
MATCHES
sold by over
14,000 General Stores and 16,000 Grocers
ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

SOLVED.

Tomato: At last I have solved the mystery of my poor brother's disappearance.

If the good die young how do you account for bald-headed editors?

Bovril makes you feel ten years younger

EXPANSION OF FUR FARMING IN CANADA

IMPORTANT POSITION IN OUR ECONOMIC LIFE.

Supply for Auction Sales Depends More and More Upon Produce of Fur Farms.

The steady and consistent growth of fur farming in Canada during the past decade has, undoubtedly, been one of the outstanding features of the fur industry. From a small beginning, fur farming has grown until today there is a fur farm of some description in every province of the Dominion. At the end of 1922 the Federal Bureau of Statistics undertook a survey of the fur-farming industry in Canada and its report shows that there are 1,009 farms, comprising 960 fox farm, 17 raccoon, 13 mink, 3 skunk, 1 marten, 1 fisher, 4 karakul, 5 beaver and 5 muskrat. This is an increase of 197 farms over the previous year.

The census shows there were on the various farms 21,433 silver foxes, valued at $5,372,262; patch or cross foxes 1,357, $100,755; red foxes 435, $8,626; miscellaneous fur-bearing animals 6,645, $89,345. The total number of all kinds was 29,870, and the total value $5,570,988, compared with 23,105 and $5,977,545 in 1921. It will be noticed there was an increase in the number of fur-bearing animals of 6,665, but a decrease in value of $406,457. The decrease in value is largely accounted for by the drop in price of silver foxes. The average value of silver foxes in 1922 was $250, while for 1921 the average was $322.

Increase in Sale of Pelts.

There was a satisfactory increase in the number and value of fur-bearing animals and pelts sold last year, as compared with the preceding year. The number of animals sold in 1922 was 4,220, value $925,140, compared with 3,431, value $871,205 in 1921. To these totals silver foxes contributed 3,679 in number and $897,387 in value in 1922, and 2,920 in number and $843,976 in value in 1921. A total of 5,626 pelts, valued at $549,464, were sold in 1922, comprising 4,512 silver fox pelts valued at $525,408; 376 patch or cross fox pelts, valued at $17,303; 374 red fox pelts, value $4,449; and 364 miscellaneous pelts, value $2,304. Compared with 1921 there was an increase in the number of pelts sold, but a decrease in value.

With the gradual settlement of land in the northwestern parts of Quebec and Ontario and Western Canada, and the retreat of fur-bearing animals into the north, fur manufacturers have become more and more dependent upon the pelts of animals raised in captivity. At the present time silver fox skins put up for auction at the various sales are largely made up of those raised on Canadian fur farms. In addition the farms also supply large numbers of mink, red fox, cross fox, marten, beaver, muskrat and other pelts. If the demand for these pelts by fur buyers can be taken as a criterion of their quality, there is no doubt but that the fur-farming industry in Canada will continue to expand and take a yet more important position in the economic life of Canada.

Explained.

The Oriental does not believe in a simple answer to a simple question. He is thoroughly happy if he can envelop his meaning in a verbal fog.

A certain Persian used to buy six loaves of bred daily. A friend inquired the reason.

The man said: "One of the loaves I keep; another I throw away; two I return, and two I lend."

The friend expressed himself as puzzled, and asked for further explanation.

The man replied: "The loaf I keep is the one I eat myself; the one I throw away is the one I give to my mother-in-law; the two I return are those I give to my parents, and the two I lend are those I give to my children."

Explained.

The sergeant-major and a young officer were inspecting the cookhouse. Pointing to a large copper containing water which was just beginning to boil, the officer said:—

"Why does that water boil only round the edges of the copper and not in the centre?"

"The water round the edge, sir," replied the sergeant-major, "is for the men on guard; they have their breakfast half an hour before the rest of the company."

"If I had every one of those seventy-five years to live over again, I would do just the same.

"I would give and keep on giving, because I have had more pleasure out of that than anything I ever did.

"Fun? That isn't the word. That doesn't half express it, when I die I will leave only a little for my children.

"I have never figured out how much money I have given away in the last thirty years, but I have collected compound interest on what I have given not in dividends, but in happiness."—Nathan Straus.