

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEYS



Juicy Fruit, Peppermint and Spearmint certainly make three delightful flavors to choose from.

And the new NIPS—the candy-coated peppermint gum, is also a great treat for your sweet tooth.

All from the Wrigley factories where practice has made perfection.



Is It Good-bye to the Tin Can?

It has been said that if processes for "dehydrating" vegetables and fruits can be made entirely successful, we shall live out of cartons instead of out of tin cans.

One of the most puzzling problems in this line has been offered by sweet corn. It has been found that dehydrated corn, and already that dehydrated corn has appeared on the market in many packages. At first the housewife only had to much as she pars for canned corn, and the flavor is much more like that of corn on the cob.

Leaving refrigeration aside, we have two methods of preserving food—sterilization and dehydration. The former is represented by canning. The latter is as old as civilization; for housewives for thousands of years have dried some kinds of foods to preserve them. How ancient and familiar is the dried apple?

The recent war gave a great impulse to the development of dehydration, and since the armistice much has been accomplished in the improvement of methods. With some vegetables and fruits success has not yet been attained, but the problem seems to have been satisfactorily solved with regard to grapes and most other fruits, as well as stringless beans, spinach, pumpkins and root vegetables.

Five bushels of green sweet corn will yield one bushel of the dried product. One pound of the latter will make an equivalent of three cans of sweet corn. "Refreshed" by soaking in water, as a preliminary to cooking, a pound of dehydrated corn will weigh nearly three pounds.

In the preparation of dried sweet corn, motor-driven machines are used to remove the husk and silk and cut the corn from the cob. To "salt" the corn and preserve the color, the corn is packed in a steel tank into which steam is blown. The drying is accomplished by conducting heated air through a compartment in which the corn is contained in wire trays.

The product is run through a cyclone mill to remove debris, and is finally to be packed in cartons.

Expert Record Maker Finds New Market.

The family portrait album of the future will talk. At least that is the idea suggested by a new business which has just been started in London for the making of private gramophone records at reasonable prices.

Formerly only very rich people and popular artists have been able to indulge in the pleasure of hearing themselves on a gramophone. The big record making firms had not found the business profitable enough to be worth encouraging.

W. Slinker Darby, a gramophone expert of 25 years' experience, has set up a studio in the West End of London exclusively for the making of records for private customers. In a short time he has discovered that the idea is proving very popular. Several titled people with musical and elocutionary abilities have had records made to give to their friends. One of them has recorded her own piano compositions. Amateur and professional singers have found their gramophone reproductions of their singing reveal many hitherto unrealized faults. A baritone who had a record made by Mr. Darby recently says that it has proved of more value to him than any number of lessons, as it enabled him to discover where his breathing and enunciation were at fault.

But one of the most attractive aspects of this new idea is the recording of children's talk at various ages. Recently father, mother, nurse, and the two children of one family went to the studio and had a record made of their conversation. Another parent had a record made of his little boy reciting in his childish way the things he had done during the day, while his little sister kept interrupting him.

Plain Jane.

A pretty young lady named Jane. While walking was caught in the rain. She ran—almost flew. Her complexion did, too. And she reached home exceedingly plain.

Newly Discovered Twins in Our Sky

The discovery of two new stars, designated as the twins, by Dr. J. S. Plaskett, of the astronomical observatory in Victoria, B.C., is profoundly interesting, especially in view of their gigantic size—one of them being a sun twenty-five times as big as ours, and the other sixty-three times as big—out the phenomenon of "doublets," where stars are concerned, is a great novelty.

The star nearest to the earth, called Alpha Centauri, may be seen with a good-sized glass to be really a pair of stars, which the astronomers tell us, revolves about a common centre of gravity. Each of them is about the size of our own orb of day. They are visible only in the night sky of the southern hemisphere.

These nearest cosmic neighbors of ours are distant from us about four and a third light-years, or approximately 25,498,018,000,000 miles. If you were to start tomorrow for Alpha Centauri in an airplane—or let us say an hour plane—and travel 200 miles an hour, night and day, without stopping, you would get there in a bit over 14,500,000 years.

Most familiarly known of all the constellations is the Dipper. In the middle of its "handle" is a star called Mizar, which is in reality twins—a pair of giant suns. Again, in Scorpio there is a brilliant red sun linked with a much smaller bright green sun.

The ancients were well acquainted with Castor and Pollux, two master stars which they called Gemini, or the Twins. They are not really twins in an astronomical sense, but very long ago the extraordinary discovery was made that Castor revolves about a yet larger globe which is dark and therefore invisible.

Although no man has seen, or ever will see, that dark globe, its existence and its power of attraction are manifested by swaying the motion of the great star which revolves about it. The situation which presented is most remarkable for here we have the spectacle of a fiery orb many times bigger than our own sun revolving around a colossal world which quite possibly is inhabited!

It has often been said that we have no knowledge of any planets other than those of the solar system, although it is to be presumed that there are billions of them. But there is one very interesting exception—a dark globe which revolves about the great star Algol (in Medusa's Head), cutting off three-fourths of its light at regular intervals of sixty-eight hours. The dark sphere is about four-fifths the size of Algol, its diameter being approximately 850,000 miles. In other words, this enormous planet is about as big as our sun. Chopped off, it would make 1,250,000 worlds the size of ours.

Once more our insignificance:

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Dr. Early, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a mooring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He becomes an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to smother. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction, Dave's education thrives apace. His father's death on the Call. One Sunday he told Edith the story of his life and his compact with Irene. Conward drops in with talk about "industrial development" and fires David's imagination.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)
His nights were busy with his investigations, and on Sundays, as usual, he went out to Duncan's. He had developed the habit of attending morning service; he loved the music, and it was customary for Edith to sing morning solos. Edith, who had enraptured him when they first met, had developed wonderfully. It filled the morning air like the clear ringing of silver bells. For its sake he gladly endured the sermons, and even in the sermon he sometimes found common ground with the preacher. They could meet on any faith that postulated the brotherhood of man. But the reverent speaker touched such a subject warily. It seemed to Dave he would gladly have gone further, but he was held in restraint by a sense of the orthodoxy of his congregation. Too literal an interpretation of the brotherhood of man might carry the taint of Socialism, and the congregation represented the wealth of the city. It was safer to preach learnedly on abstractions of belief.

This morning Edith had not been in her place, and the service was flat. In the afternoon she was not at her home. Mrs. Duncan explained that Edith had gone to visit a girl friend in the country; would be away for some time. Dave felt a foolish annoyance that she should have left town. She might at least have called him up. Why should she call him up? Of course not. Still, the town was very empty. He drove with Mrs. Duncan in the afternoon, and at night a vague but oppressive sense of loneliness had him. He had a feeling that part of his life these Sunday afternoons with Edith had come to be. He had no man friends; his nature held him apart from his own sex. And yet he had a strange capacity for making friends quickly, if he tried. But he didn't try. He didn't feel the need. But he felt lost without Edith.

A few days later Conward strolled in with the inevitable cigarette. He smoked in silence until Dave completed a story.

"Good story, you're giving us," he commented, when the article was finished. "Mighty good stuff."

"Your tip put me on to a good lead all right," Conward acknowledged. "And now The Times is chasing me hard. They had a story this morning that the railway is buying a right-of-way up the river."

"Remember what I told you the other day? Stories start from nowhere. It's just like putting a match to tinder. Now we're off."

Conward smoked a few minutes in silence, but Dave could not fail to see the excitement under his calm exterior. He had, as he said, decided to "sit in" in the biggest game ever played. The intoxication of sudden wealth had already been his blood-letting. He slipped a bill to Dave. "For your services in that little transaction," he explained.

Elden held the bill in his fingers, gingerly, as though it might carry infection, as in very truth it did. He realized that he stood at a turning-point—that everything the future held for him might rest on his present decision. There remained in him not a flicker of the fine, stern honor of the ranchman of the open range, but a curious, sometimes terrible, in its interpretation of right and wrong, but a fine, stern honor none the less. And he instinctively felt that to accept this money would compromise him forever. He had no doubt of that. Conward would laugh at such scruples. And Conward had more friends than he had. Everybody liked Conward. It seemed to Dave that he had tried and hated him. But that, also, as Dave said to himself, lay in the point of view. He granted that he had no more right to impose his standard of morals upon Conward than the preacher had to impose an arbitrary belief upon him. And as he turned the bill in his fingers he noticed that it was for one hundred dollars. He had thought it was ten.

"I can't take that much," he exclaimed. "It isn't fair."

"Fair enough," said Conward, well pleased that Dave should be impressed by his generosity. "Fair enough," he repeated. "It's just ten per cent. of my profit."

"You mean you made a thousand dollars on that deal?"

"Exactly that. And that will look like a peanut to what we are going to make later on."

"We?"

"Yes, you and me. We're going into partnership."

"But I've nothing to invest. I've only a very little saved up."

"Invest that hundred."

Dave looked at Conward sharply. "Are you trifling? No; his eyes were frank and serious."

"You mean it?"

"Of course. Now, I'll put you on to something, and it's the biggest thing that has been pulled off yet. There's a section of land lying right against the city limits that is owned by a fellow over in England; remittance man who fell heir to an estate and

"I figure this business is going to be too big for me, and you are the partner I need. I figure we'll travel well in double harness. I'm a good mixer—I know people—and I've got ideas. And you're sound and honorable and people trust you."

"Thanks," said Dave, dryly.

"That's right," Conward continued. "We'll be a combination hard to beat. You know the story about the brothers in the coal business?"

"No."

"Jim and Fred were coal dealers, when a revival broke out in their town, and Jim got religion. Then he tried to convert Fred; tried awful hard to get Fred to at least go to the meetings. But Fred wouldn't budge. Said it wasn't practicable. Jim argued and coaxed and prayed, but without result. At last he put it up to Fred. 'Fred,' he said, 'why won't you come to our meetings?'"

"Well, the brother answered, 'it was all right for you to get religion. Sort o' lends respectability to the firm. But if I get it too, who's going to weigh the coal?'"

The two men laughed over the story, and yet it left an unpleasant impression upon Dave. He had never felt sure of Conward, and now he felt less sure than ever. But the lust of easy money was beginning to stir within him. The bill in his hands represented more than three weeks' wages. Conward was making money—making money fast—and surely here was an opportunity such as comes once in a life-time. A boy is shocked in his head and yells for copy. Dave swore at him, impatiently. He had never before realized how irksome the drudgery of his steady grind had become.

"I'll go," he said to Conward at last. "I'll risk this hundred, and a little more if necessary."

"Good," said Conward, springing to his feet and taking Dave's hand in a warm grasp. "Now we're away. But you better play safe. Stick to your pay cheque here until we pull the deal through. There won't be much to do until then, anyway, and you can help more by guiding the paper along right lines." Dave demurred, as though unwilling to credit the possibilities Conward had outlined. "You're sure it can be done?"

"Done? Why, son, it has been done in all the big centres in the States, and at many a place that'll never be a centre at all. And it will be done here. Dave, bigger things than you dare to dream of are looming up right ahead."

Then Dave had a qualm. "If that section of land is worth close to a million dollars," he said, "is it quite fair to take advantage of the owner's absence and ignorance to buy it for a few thousand?"

"Dave," said Conward, with an arm on his shoulder, "the respectability of the firm is safe in your hands. But please let me weigh the coal." (To be continued.)

SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

1/2 LB. TINS and in packages

Tablet Designs in Demand.

The Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior has organized a competition among the architects and art schools of Canada for a design for a suitable standard to which will be affixed the bronze tablet intended to mark the historic sites of the Dominion which are judged by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada to be of national importance and worthy of preservation and commemoration.

Five hundred dollars will be awarded as follows:—First prize, \$250; second prize, \$150; third prize, \$100. The assessors also retain the privilege of choosing any design possessing special merit and for these an award of \$50 will be made.

Conditions of the competition will be advertised in the Canada Gazette, in the principal architectural journals and in the post offices throughout the Dominion. Copies of the conditions will also be sent to architectural associations and schools of art and design. The assessors will be Professor P. E. Nobbs, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., Mr. J. O. Marchand and Mr. Homer Watson, R.C.A., President of the Royal Canadian Academy.

Canadian Building Boom Biggest Since War Began.

Canada is experiencing a building boom. Figures for the first six months of the year show a volume of construction unequalled in any year since 1914.

Building permits had an aggregate value of \$132,452,000 for the first six months, as compared with \$111,765,000 in the first half of 1921. Ontario accounted for \$74,586,900, Quebec \$31,294,200, maritime provinces \$5,521,700, and the western provinces \$21,049,200.

Of the total \$55,435,300 was invested in residences, \$39,860,900 in business buildings, \$10,050,700 in industrial concerns and \$29,305,100 in engineering construction. Compared with last year building in Ontario has doubled and Toronto has led all Canadian cities in work of this kind.

This activity extends from coast to coast. Fifty-six cities show an increase in construction of 30 per cent. over last year. Quebec reports an increase of 50 per cent., Saskatchewan 300 per cent. Value of permits in Winnipeg increased \$1,000,000. In Calgary the million dollar mark was passed.

Regina, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Brandon, Lethbridge and other western centres report more building than since before the war. Building in these western cities is taken as a barometer of the prosperity of the agricultural prairie provinces.

Building was almost at a standstill during the war and has been slack since. Resumption of construction on a substantial scale is looked upon by business men and economists as an augury of prosperous times ahead.

A Germ-Proof House.

No germs nor earthquakes need apply, might well be the legend on the lintel of a house in Yokohama, designed and constructed expressly to resist those undesirable things. The walls are made of hollow bricks of glass, in which is introduced a chemical solution which has the effect of causing the temperature of the rooms never to vary. The windows are closed with screens through which the air penetrates only after being filtered.

The creator of this extraordinary device is a European physician, suffering from a sort of neurophobia. He sees germs everywhere. He hardly dares to eat or drink, through fear of swallowing armies of microbes.

A similar fear of germs is found, of course, in many people. Though less pronounced. Yet our ancestors lived just as long as we while ignoring this danger.

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Marconi Model "C" Regenerative Receiving Sets, furnished by us, guaranteed to receive concerts as far down coast as Memphis, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., and west as far as Kansas City, Mo., Denver, Col. and Omaha, Nebraska, in addition to all the other Canadian and United States broadcasting stations.

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Radiotron Valves U.V. 200	\$6.75	All Vernier Rheostats	2.95
Radiotron Valves U.V. 201	7.75	S.C. Filament Jacks	1.35
Radiotron Valves U.V. 202	10.50	Variable Condensers, 4" plate	4.95
"Bakelite" Dial	.90	Variable Condensers, 23 plate	3.95
1 1/2" Rheostat Dial	.85	Variable Condensers, 11 plate	3.25
S.C. 2A "Phones, super. sens.	1.00	Magnavox R3's	60.00
2" Rheostat	10.25	Ampliphone Horns, double receiver type	12.00
Connecticut 3000 Ohm Phones	10.50	Pres-O-Lite 80 Amp. Hr. "A"	18.00
Audio Transformers	5.95	Batteries	
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Many other parts of Quality equipment also at most reasonable prices. Mail orders shipped same day as received.

A RADIO EXPERT IN ATTENDANCE TO HELP SOLVE YOUR DIFFICULTIES. DO NOT HESITATE TO WRITE US.

When in Toronto LOOK for the RED radio sign at 140 Victoria St., just North of Queen—Automatic Telephones & Time Recorders Ltd. Main 3074.

Woman's Interests

Fall Sewing Notes.

A yard and a half of forty-inch crepe de chine! On the front and back edges on the fold of the goods. A bias binding of the material makes a neat and quick finish for the slash.

On the Seales.

What do you weigh? You are so small! Eight little pounds at seven weeks? Right little pounds—and that is all—Of waving arms and rosy cheeks.

But we who tip a heavier scale, What do we weigh, then, as a whole? What do our pounds of flesh avail Against your unweighed soul?—Ruth Wright Kaufman.

Freshen Up.

Of course, I know that you are too busy to take naps during this month, devoted to canning and preserving. But here's a short cut to freshen up. Squeeze in two or three minutes for a "mental rest" treatment.

This is how you do it: Stand with your back to a chair and slowly allow yourself to fall into it. Your arms will hang down, your body will sag. That's what you want. Close your eyes. Let your head fall back, but be sure that you are comfortable. If your neck aches, the treatment won't be a success. Try to think and see nothing. Let the whole world become one big black void.

Stay in the darkness and the nothingness just for a minute or two, then come back into your own world. Stand up, take a long slow breath, and start your daily tasks. If there's a mirror near you, you might take a peep in it. I think you will be rewarded by seeing that your eyes are a little brighter and your face a little fresher looking. It's a quick way of snapping up your looks.

If you have a little longer time to devote to the freshening-up process, add cream to the treatment. Put a certain rich, fragrant yellow cream under the eyes, around the corner of the mouth, and along your necklines. These are the treacherous places where fatigue brings the first wrinkle or deepens those you already have.

Perhaps you are planning to go out or perhaps friends are coming to visit you at the end of a particularly trying day. Here's a quick simple way to freshen up: After you have finished washing your face, dash it off with cold water in a which you have put a few drops of spirits of camphor. Be sure to keep your eyes closed tightly, for the camphor starts if it gets in them. I am sure you'll find this refreshing stimulating. It will tighten up the face and make it feel velvety smooth.

Another simple expedient for toning up the expression is to put the palm of the hand against the chin bone and press slowly up. This must not be done roughly nor for too long a time. It rests the muscles at the side of the face, and rested muscles are never sagging muscles.

There's nothing like the milk diet for the women whose work seems to sap her vitality and to keep her unduly thin. It is so simple, so easy to

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Make it an every morning habit to shine with 2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes

INSTANT POSTUM