

Always Buy "SALADA" GREEN TEA

The little leaves and tips from high mountain tea gardens, that are used in SALADA are much finer in flavor than any Gunpowder or Japan. Try it.

RUBBER ROSES INVENTED BY A WOMAN

An exhibit in one of the furnished rooms in the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition which attracted a great deal of attention was a vase full of roses so natural in appearance that the public refused to believe that they were not real until people were allowed to pinch their petals, and so found them to be made of rubber!

These rubber roses are the invention of an Englishwoman, Mrs. D. M. McGarvie Munn, who told a press representative the story of their discovery.

"I was feeling the petals of a rose one day," she said, "and thinking how unsatisfactory the ordinary artificial flowers are, and wondering why they could not be made to imitate nature more closely. I tried to think of something that would be nearer to the texture of a real flower petal than silk or velvet when the idea 'Why, rubber, of course,' came to me."

Worked Out the Formula Alone.

Mrs. Munn was stopping in a hotel in London at the time so she went to a flower manufacturer with a request that he would make some flowers. She received little encouragement, however, for he presently wrote to say that he was very sorry but the material did not lend itself to flower making.

"I had a very slight knowledge of chemistry, only what I had learned at college," she said, "but it was just sufficient to enable me to experiment for myself on the gas stove in my room. Up to that time there was nothing known that would curl rubber except heat and I tried baking and cooking it until presently my room was like a workshop and I had to rent another room for experimentation."

The secret, which is a chemical one, was at length discovered. The rubber rose was put on the market and last June at a public function Princess Mary was presented with a lovely bouquet of them. The methods of coloring also remain a secret.

Two Ambitions Approach Fulfillment.

Mrs. Munn has two ambitions with regard to her flowers, one is to establish workshops, where former soldiers can make them, and the other is to have the flowers produced all over the

world where rubber is used. At the time of writing both these ambitions are nearing fulfillment for the roses have met with an enthusiastic reception from everyone, including the Rubber Growers' Association, which was responsible for their being exhibited at Wembley and Paris. When they first saw them they said "Fruit is made of rubber. Why did not one think before of using it for flowers!" Both the Canadian and Australian governments are interested in the idea and Mrs. Munn has had inquiries from all over the world.

Other flowers are also made, realistic carnations, primroses and daisies, little bunches of violets which will presently be on sale at all the big London stores. The blossoms are scented and are washable and would be very much used for table decorations in restaurants and on board ship and in many other ways.

This is not Mrs. Munn's first invention. She has also invented what she calls a "rainshade," an umbrella trimmed with rubber. "This is one that I use myself," she said, holding up a delightfully smart affair in brown silk with a petal frill of rose reversible rubber lined with amber and an applique rubber design on the cover itself. One can imagine the muddest street looking like a flower garden on a wet day when these decorative rainshades are more generally used.

Date Pickles and a Duplex Hat.

"Then I invented a date pickle," she went on, "which is being made by one of the leading manufacturers in Paris. When I took it to him he tasted it and said how delicious it was and bought the recipe straight away. Of course, I got a royalty on each bottle." The writer tasted this "Datie de la Munn," as the pickle is called, and found it most unusual and delightful.

Another of Mrs. Munn's inventions is a hat which is convertible from felt to straw, so that it makes two hats for traveling. This is also being manufactured in Paris.

But it is as the first woman to take an interest in rubber and as the inventor of natural rubber flowers that she is best known.

A Morning Song.

O, I am—
up with the morning
And I am off with the breeze,
Off to join the merry dancing
Of the winds in the trees.
I shall gather on my way
Many silver sips of dew.
O, I am one with the morning.
Come along, will you?

O, I shall—
shiver with the poplars.
I shall whistle with the pines.
Sharing every scent of sweetness
That the winds breath finds.
Circle softly round great mountains,
Finger lightly giant trees.
A clear morning song is calling.
Come along, do, please!

Oh, I am—
up with the morning—
Hear it shouting from you hill.
You can hear when it is singing,
You can hear when it is still.
You may hide you with excuses,
It will search them through and
through.

Ah! The morning sweet is calling.
Calling me—and you!
—Flora Lawrence Myers.

The End of Human Wisdom.

Most human beings seem to me
To act like big children.
Who to the mart with their scant
money store
Greedily hasten.
While yet their pockets hold
The little fund secure.
Ah, then all things are theirs—
Sugar fancies and other sweetmeats
rare.
Some pictures gay, also a hobby horse,
Likewise a drum and violin;
Heart, what is thy choice?
And this heart is insatiable!
It opens up his eyes extremely wide—
But when at last for one of all these
fancies
The fund is lightly hartered,
Then—good-by ye golden wishes all,
Ye proud hopes and desires;
Farewell!
In but one ginger cookie
Ye terminated.
Might as well run home.
—Goethe. Translated by E. M. Cord-
sen.

Hard Wood in Motorcars.

The automobile industry, according to a General Motors statement, uses more hard wood than the furniture and building trades combined.

BATTERYLESS RADIO SET IS A BIG SUCCESS

Satisfactory Results in Thousands of Canadian Homes Proves it is What Public Want.

Imagine just plugging into your electric light socket and getting not only the power to operate your radio set but also your aerial—thus doing away with the necessity of all "A" and "B" Batteries and also the trouble of putting up an aerial.

And that is just exactly what this remarkable Radio invention—the Rogers Batteryless Set—will do.

Why would anyone having electric power in their home bother with the "fuse and muse" of a Battery Set when they can own a set which needs no "A" or "B" Batteries?

This Canadian achievement in Radio is amazing everyone who sees and listens to it, bringing in distant stations without any worry of run down batteries or having to recharge or buy new batteries.

And yet there are those who will

still make false statements about the Rogers set because they want to try and sell you something else!

One Rogers owner writes that he tuned in 51 different stations in one evening. Others say they get Florida and Cuba just as powerful as a nearby station.

To anyone contemplating buying a Radio set, it is, of course, apparent that to buy anything but a Batteryless Set would be like buying an automobile that was going to be out of date in six or seven months.

There are selected dealers in certain communities who will gladly put a Rogers Set in your home on trial, so that you can hear for yourself this wonderful radio accomplishment.

If there is no dealer possessing the Rogers franchise in your community, write the Q. R. S. Radio Co., Ltd., Toronto 1, Ontario.

The Greater Good

BY RANMSTER MERWIN.

PART II.

Kent raised himself higher on the couch. His bearing had become sterner, but there was still the tortured fear in his eyes. And Latham, who knew that the hardest truth was often more merciful than uncertainty, answered him.

"It is bad," he said, "but many great and useful men have had it. Caesar suffered from it; so did Napoleon; so did Peter the Great."

Kent's face was set in startling horror.

"School yourself," continued Latham.

"Yes, it's epilepsy."

Kent relaxed as if a stunning blow had been struck him. His lower lip dropped. But, with a rebound to sudden fury, he jumped to his feet.

"You lie!" he exclaimed. "You are trying to frighten me! You—"

His voice died away as he saw the truth in Latham's face. He sank limply to the couch and covered his face with his hands.

"It might be worse," said Latham gently, "consider the situation as calmly as you can and listen to me. You are in splendid physical shape. You have taken good care of your body, and you may withstand many nervous inroads. The attacks may never be frequent. Look constantly to your general health. Avoid undue excitement. Do not marry."

"Do not marry?"

He was no longer the single-minded scientist, but the man. His position was equivalent beyond explanation. He flushed.

"Of an ordinary," he said quietly. "For the moment I have forgotten the special bearing of my words. Nevertheless—you must not marry."

Kent looked at him contemptuously; then swung on his heel and went slowly to the window. After the lapse of many seconds he turned again to Latham, and his eyes were steady.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"There is this shadow upon your life."

"Well, I shall keep it hidden from her."

"And the question of children?"

"There needn't be children," said Kent calmly. "No, Dr. Latham, I'm not going to give up happiness because once in a year or two there is danger of being unconscious for a few minutes."

"But man, think of her!" exclaimed Latham with growing disgust. "She is sure to find it out. And—"

"That is something you needn't concern yourself with," said Kent. "I'm quite capable of looking out for her."

"But you don't realize—"

"That you're in love with her yourself?"

Kent laughed a short laugh. "No; that's been plain enough ever since you came. It's even plainer now."

Latham made an abrupt gesture. He smothered his resentment.

"You distrust me," he said gravely. "I have spoken to you as a physician, and not as a man. Now I ask you to go to New York and see Bidwell, and follow his advice. If he tells you not to marry, you certainly will not accuse him of interested motives."

Kent was silent.

"Will you do it?" Latham persisted.

"No, by heaven, I won't!" Kent exploded. "You think you've got me in a trap. But if all the quacks in the world told me to give Marjorie up, I wouldn't. Do you understand? She's mine; she's mine; she's mine."

"No!" exclaimed Latham sharply. "I'm not afraid of you."

"Have come to you professionally. I am protected by the medical secret. As is sacred to you as the confessional is to the priest. Your mouth will stay shut. Suppose I went to Bidwell, and he also told me not to marry, do you think he would interfere if I didn't follow his advice? Certainly not."

"But, Kent—" Latham cried.

"We'll stop right here," said Kent. "I came to you for professional advice. You've given it."

He jerked his head in a curt bow and left the room.

By all the vows that bound him to his professional ideals, Latham was pledged to silence. However, in the moments that followed Kent's departure, he let himself look at the case humanly, emotionally; and his soul cried out in utter revolt.

Should he work out a scheme by which Mr. Stone would of himself discover what was wrong with Kent? Should he bring about a disclosure that would appear to be accidental? Impatiently he dismissed the thought. He would not evade the issue.

"As sacred as the confessional!"

His own words. He remembered how strongly he had insisted that in every case the physician must keep the patient's confidence. Without that assurance, how would it be possible to establish the rapport essential in diagnosis?

"As sacred as the confessional!"

The physician of men's bodies must be as single purposed as the physician of men's souls.

But Marjorie—bound to a man who had no right to marry! How could he permit it?

"The good of the greater number," he muttered.

Was it sound reason? If the patient were afraid or ashamed to tell the truth, should not the physician's failure to treat the case successfully be charged against the patient? To inspire full knowledge should the physician condemn a moral wrong and say, "This is beyond my province?"

He could not answer. The traditions to which he had been tutored struggled against his human impulses, and accused him of warping his views to fit his emotions. And so, racked by his problem, he paced the room until the red dawn streaked the sky.

"The good of the greater number."

But was the good of the greater number always the greater good?

It came to him in a flash at last. Whatever the result to Latham, whatever the ethics to which he had been bound, Marjorie should not suffer. Even if he had to give up his profession, Marjorie should not suffer.

His portfolio lay on the table. Within it were the typewritten sheets of his lecture on the medical secret. He took the manuscript and tore it in two.

"This is most distressing, Phil," said Mr. Stone. "Are you sure there can be no mistake."

"I am sure," replied Latham.

"And he had an attack last night?"

"How terrible! Poor Marjorie!"

Latham was silent. Mr. Stone considered before speaking again.

"You say he came to you professionally?"

"Yes," Latham spoke shortly.

"We'll, it put you in an awkward place, Phil. But it was important for me to know. The match seemed suitable, but—Marjorie will get over it. His face brightened. "Who knows, Phil? Perhaps, after a time, she and you—"

"Stop!" said Latham painfully. "I go back to town at once. There is a train in half an hour. I am more than half-minded to give up practice and go abroad for a year or two."

"Mr. Stone smiled.

"Foolish!" he said. "This is awkward, Phil, but it is not so tragic as you think. From my standpoint, you have acted sensibly—yes, sensibly. In time Marjorie will feel the same way."

"Don't," Latham pleaded. "Good-bye, Mr. Stone."

"And Marjorie?"

"But Latham was gone. Mr. Stone smiled a quiet, worldly smile.

Latham had already made his excuses to Fanny Coldwell, and the motor would soon be at the door; but a duty remained. Kent had not yet come downstairs, and Latham went up to his room and knocked.

At the dull invitation to enter he opened the door. Kent, still in his gray dressing gown, was sitting before the empty fireplace. His brow was furrowed; his eyes were sombre.

"Well?" he queried, not rising.

"I have told Mr. Stone," said Latham.

Kent slowly nodded.

"I thought you would," he said. "In the hours I have been sitting here I have come to see that you would. It is a violation of your duty to do so."

"I've been growing older these hours," he added.

Latham stepped toward him impulsively. Kent raised his head and nodded toward the window.

"I've been trying not to look out there," he said.

Latham looked. In the garden, Marjorie, all in white, was helping the gardener to cull the morning flowers.

"I suppose she'll be yours some time, Latham." The words were spoken wearily.

"Not after what has happened," Latham replied.

"What has happened will become a dream to you and to her," said Kent. "There will be the greater reality to make you forget it."

"I am going away," said Latham chokingly.

Kent smiled.

"And every road will lead you back to her. Good-bye, Latham. The fight has gone out of me."

"I am sorry," said Latham, "sorry that—"

"Don't!"

Latham respected the plea. His heart was wrenched by unforeseen sympathy. As he was about to go, Marjorie's laugh floated in to them through the window. The two men exchanged a last look.

Canadian Banks in Better Position To Serve Public

One of the most complete and authoritative statements ever submitted regarding the Canadian banking system and the present banking situation was made by C. E. Neill, General Manager of The Royal Bank of Canada, at the annual meeting. Mr. Neill said in part:

"Through amalgamation, the number of banks in Canada has been slowly reduced until the present situation is analogous to the condition existing in Great Britain, where the great bulk of the banking assets of the country is in the hands of five large banks. There have been, it is estimated, that the concentration of banking power in the hands of comparatively few institutions may lead to bad results, such as slackening of competition or neglect of local interests. The feeling in regard to competition seems to have had its inception in the fear of what may happen in the future, rather than as a result of developments to date, for no one can say that the competition between banks has been less severe than it has been in the past. We believe that the contrary is the case, and that a large proportion of the savings affected through amalgamations have been passed on to the public in the form of increased service and relatively lower charges.

"The merits of branch banking as compared with a system of unit banks are a subject of debate in the United States to-day, and opponents of branch banking have stressed the advantage to local interests of having their banking business in the hands of local institutions, which are claimed to be more intimately in touch with conditions at the points concerned. For Canada, however, the arguments in favor of branch banking are, in my opinion, immeasurably stronger than anything which can be said on the other side. In the development of new districts in this country the necessary funds have been supplied from older districts, and at much lower average rates than those current in the United States at the same relative stage of development. The banking history of the United States, moreover, contains a long list of banks which have failed, either through lack of proper perspective during boom periods, or because in districts where everything depends on the success of one crop or one industry, the local banks had all their eggs in one basket. I have no hesitation in saying that had Western Canada been served by unit banks the situation in 1921-22 would have been nothing short of calamitous.

"A great financial institution such as The Royal Bank of Canada, covering the whole country, must have intimate persistent and active interest in every part of Canada. We have responsibilities not only to our shareholders, but, to a degree which I hope we fully realize, to the public of Canada; in fact, there is no conflict of interest, because it is only to the extent that we contribute to the sound economic development of the country that we shall deserve or receive the confidence of the public. Self-interest will prompt us to secure a diversity of risk through the encouragement of the industries indigenous to the various parts of our country, and to keep always before us the fact that we can achieve the greatest measure of success only if our actions and policies promote and foster the best interests of every part of Canada.

Then Latham went down to the waiting motor.
(The End.)

In Silence.

In silence are the mountains clad;
In robes of silver silence,
Faintly shimmering;
In mantles softer-hued
Than moonlit night,
Yet like the night adorned
With stary patterns of embroidery,
With far, faint constellations
Of twinkling sounds—
Clear notes of a canon wren,
A cow-bell far away,
Glad calls of chickadee,
A hound's deep-throated bay,
And over these float sheerest veils
Of aspen-looking winds,
Of murmuring streams
And whispering waterfalls.
—Frances Higgins.

Sentence Sermons.

Teach Your Daughter—To hold herself in high respect, and she will compel others to do so also.
To depend upon her womanliness for her charm, and she will never lack admirers.
The advantage of economy, and she will not need to marry a rich man.
To respect the rights of others, and you will insure her friends in abundance.
To love the beautiful and true, and she will be her own board of censors.
To do something useful, and the world will come offering her rights.
To pity herself, and she will get no pity from any one else thereafter.

Minard's Liniment relieves headache.



THE OVERSKIRT FIGURES IN AFTERNOON MODES.

A note of chic simplicity is a feature of this satin frock, which has its graceful overskirt curved to form a deep V in the front and back. Long full sleeves of contrasting color satin are trimmed with bands of embroidery, and gathered into tight little bands at the wrists. The diagram shows just how the dress is put together, and pattern No. 1268 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years (or 34, 36 and 38 inches bust only). Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 5 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 3 yards 54-inch material, with 1 1/2 yards trimming-braid for the sleeves. Price 20 cents.

Every woman's desire is to achieve that smart different appearance which draws favorable comment from the observing public. The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are originated in the heart of the style centres and will help you to acquire that much desired air of individuality. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

Zinc pills can be cleaned by scrubbing with warm soapy water to which a little paraffin has been added.

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