

Impartial Experts Say "SALADA" TEA

is the finest 'Orange Pekoe' sold.

OUR LOWLY MATCH HAS ROUNDED OUT A CENTURY

It is Only in the Last 100 Years That It Has Taken the Place of the Cumbersome Tinder Box—Growth of the Industry is Traced From Its Origin

A hundred years ago in the peaceful little town of Stockton-on-Tees, England, a druggist whose hobby was chemistry began to dabble in a strange mixture. He had the idea that a better means for obtaining a light than the clumsy old-fashioned tinder box could be discovered. The result was a preparation of chlorate of potash and a sulphide of antimony which he named "percussion powder" and placed on sale in his shop. It took fire readily but still not exactly the thing he had in mind. Then he conceived the notion of attaching the mixture to the end of a tiny stick, and the match was born. Within a century that match grew into a gigantic industry with factories the world over.

How could John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees have imagined that by the time the centennial of his discovery arrived more than 6,000,000 matches would light every minute throughout the world? How could he have guessed that a single machine of American make would turn out 177,926,400 matches in a day, not loose and ragged sticks but smoothly finished, boxed and labeled for shipment during its comparatively short life to a position of probably the most used convenience in the civilized world is one of compelling interest, a tale of a growth that turned whole forests into tiny white splinters so that man might have the gift of fire at his instant command.

The world's consumption of matches has been placed roughly at \$222,420,000 a year, with five a day a reasonable estimate per capita of population. A billion a day, it is said, are used in the United States alone. In England the annual consumption of matches is set at two hundred billion a year. If the matches made each year were laid end to end they would reach a distance of 95,538,145 miles or almost 4,000 times around the circumference of the globe.

The match, which one lights and throws away without a thought, has penetrated the deepest jungles known to man in the pockets of the explorer, and savage tribes have bowed down in veneration at the miracle-object from which flame shoots by a single motion of the hand. Fire had in ancient times a host of worshippers. The followers of Zoroaster in the East regarded fire as a deity and the vestal virgins of Rome had their sacred flame in the shrine of the goddess who gave her name to a type of match which once was highly popular—the wax vestal. Only for the last hundred years, strange as it may seem, have we had at hand in the match the means of producing fire conveniently.

When Walker's "friction matches" went on the market as the crude ancestor of to-day's article, a rough piece of paper was provided with each box. This paper was folded and the match was pulled through it sharply, igniting its head. The price of the first matches was a shilling a box, but within seven years a London dealer was advertising "friction matches" at sixpence for a hundred.

In the shabby rooms of the poor folk of the neighborhood the first matches were made for Walker. He fired men and women to cut the splints, or sticks, by hand from blocks of wood and by hand they were dipped in molten sulphur and then tipped. Match making was a trade that could be practiced by any one with the result that score of private manufacturers went into the business in the tenement districts of London, operating in ramshackle buildings on dark streets with the menace of fire ever present. Many were the tragedies in those early days.

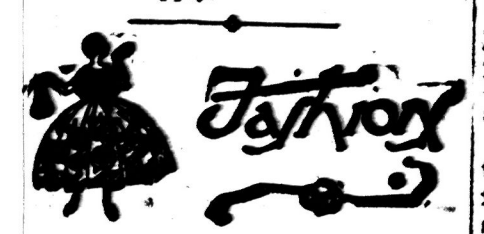
But a deadlier peril than that of fire was to arise to take its toll of workers. Not until 1898 was the terrible menace of phosphorus necrosis banished from the factories. When yellow phosphorus came in as the ignition material, Walker's mixture disappeared from the scene. Although several European countries have claimed the first use of phosphorus, it was Dr. Charles Sauria of St. Leger, France, who produced the new instant ignition in 1831. The "strike anywhere" match came into being, bringing with it a horrible industrial disease.

The fumes of the yellow phosphorus entered the jawbone of the worker through defective teeth and brought about decay of the bone.

Governments enlisted the best talent of their countries in the battle to eliminate the necrosis peril and chemists experimented with substitutes for the yellow phosphorus. In 1864 G. Lemoine prepared a new substance—sesqui-sulphid of phosphorus—which contained none of the deadly properties of the yellow variety. But for thirty-four years the solution was overlooked and it was not until 1898 that two French chemists, Sevens and Cahen, took out a patent on the Lemoine mixture, which ended abruptly the high death rate.

White Matches Preferred
During this century another sweeping change has taken place in the introduction of the safety match. It may seem peculiar that the safety match, which was first made by Lundstrom in Sweden in 1855, should have had a hard fight to attain a real popularity. The public ignored it on the premise that when the sandpaper was lost the safety match would be useless. Lundstrom had to think out some way of overcoming this apathy. That simple little object—the slide box—with the sandpaper on its side—was invented and the safety match bonomed.

Nobody wants a match with a red, green, brown or black wooden stick, in fact, of any other hue than white. The matchmakers found this out when they experimented with brown cedar and a variety of tropical colored woods in an effort to conserve their wood supply.



A MODISH PROCK.
Decidedly smart is this chic frock of unusual design. Contrasting material is used for the deep pointed yoke, skirt panel and insets on the long gathered sleeves. The V neck is bound and the wide belt is crushed into a buckle at the front. No. 1686 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards—39-inch material for the dress, sleeves and belt, and 1 1/4 yards 39-inch contrasting for the yoke, panel and sleeve insets. Price 20c the pattern.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
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.

During the course of a colored festival in a Southern town, Miss Maudy Johnson, a guest from a rural community near by, to whom such a function was a novelty, was approached by a Mr. Spencer, who inquired with great suavity: "Miss Johnson, am yo' program full?" "Lordy, no, Mr. Spencer," said the lady, "it takes mo'dan a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah program!"

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

The LAND OF FROGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., who engages Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, in a quarrel during a motorboat ride, threatens to throw Ivan overboard. Ishmin's secretary, overboarded for interfering. He awakens from a drunken stupor to be told by Ishmin he threw Sarichef overboard during the night. Ishmin urges him to flee to South America, but unbeknownst to his wife, Dorothy, he flees to Alaska, where he is known as the Remittance Man.

He joins Big Chris Larson, cannery web foreman, in response to a distress signal at sea and forces his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits the rocks. Dorothy Newhall receives a telegram that her husband's body, identified by his sea jacket, has been buried near Frigate Cove, Alaska. She permits Ishmin to call, feeling she can now release his attention.

But Peter Newhall had not drowned. As sole survivor he was rescued by another ship answering the same call. However, his appearance is completely changed by injuries received in the wreck.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

Two days' sail from Unalaska a broken part forced the Dolly Belle into a little settlement in the Shumagin Islands; and when the ship had fastened to the dock for repairs Peter found, to his consternation, that he was in Squaw Harbor, instantly remembered as the home port of the Juppiter. For the moment he was shaken with fear. Although his old stamping ground was on the other side of the Peninsula, the fame of the Remittance Man had carried down this far; and likely there were men here who would recognize him as Peter Neville. His first instinct was to duck below and remain in hiding.

But already that chance was gone. As he turned, he ran squarely upon two men who had just encircled the pilot house; one of them was his captain, and the other Aleck Bradford, the superintendent of the cannery, and the last man on earth whom he wanted to see now. Bradford had once offered him the hospitality of the little bachelor lodge he had built at the edge of the sea. It seemed inconceivable that the latter should pass him without recognition. Peter's heart leaped as the man walked by without a glance.

But he was not safe yet. The captain was immediately behind Bradford, and he stopped Peter with an outstretched hand.

There had been few more terrifying seconds in Peter's life.

He halted, breathless and deathly pale under his brown wind-tan and sunburn. The officer's eyes were friendly; indeed he seemed less aloof, more companionable than ever before. "Come here, Aleck," he said easily to the man in front. Bradford turned with no look other than friendly interest. "Meet Peter—Limejuice Peter to his friends. Peter, this is Mr. Bradford, of the cannery." Bradford's smile and handclasp were cordial. "Peter, Mr. Bradford has the biggest run of Reds he ever had in his life in a new trap he was crafty enough to find, and he's in need of some good labor. You were going to get off up here a ways anyhow—why don't you ask for a job here with Mr. Bradford?"

Until this moment Peter had never realized how completely his appearance had been changed. Now, as Bradford gazed straight at him without even a hint of recognition, with no sign that this bearded sailor even recalled any one he had met, the fugitive's self-confidence mounted like a flame. "I'd be mighty glad to work here," he said quietly. "If Mr. Bradford can use me."

"I can use you all right. I'll put you on the web-crew at the usual wages. I've never quite caught up with myself since I lost so many of my best men in the Juppiter disaster. By the way, Cap'n, you were standing by when that happened?"

"Yes. We'd gone to help the Vigten—same as your boat, I guess. Peter, here, was on the Vigten—the single survivor. Of course, we put out a boat and cruised around until there was no hope of finding any one else alive—then went on without waiting for the dead to drift ashore. We picked up Peter more or less alive on the shore, and how he got through those reefs was a miracle. We saw just dimly in the dawn, the Jupiter break up, but she was too far away for us to help. How many men did you lose on the Jupiter when she went down?"

"All aboard, as you know—six of my men, a stranger from Nushagak whose body was never recovered—his name turned out to be Larson—and that chap that used to go as Peter Neville—we called him the Remittance Man, and he lived in a native village on the other side."

It seemed beyond belief to Peter that these men would not hear the wild, drumlike beat of his heart. "Did you find most of the bodies?" he asked, when at last he could trust himself to speak.

"About half of both crews. The Remittance Man, by the way, turned out to be quite a fellow down south—"

I had always guessed. His real name was Newhall—something like that—and he'd got in a drunken brawl and killed a man—was up here hiding. He was almost cut to pieces by the crew, and they identified him by some papers found in his coat. The poor devil's lying buried over on the Bering Sea side, just about where they found the body."

Peter's face was white, but he held himself in an iron grip. The truth was plain enough now. He had given his coat, that night to the big Norwegian—Big Chris Larson, the men had called him—and it was Larson's body that lay buried on the mainland opposite; it was Larson's name instead of his own that should be inscribed on the rude headstone.

He could go to work here, unchallenged and unsuspected. It was as if he had died and grown up again; that with his new appearance he must also gain a new personality—not that of the weakly son of chivalry, Peter Newhall, but that of simple Pete, a plebeian and a son of toil, a man of the North.

CHAPTER V.
DOROTHY'S DECISION.

In the months since she had heard the first news of her husband's death she had moved gracefully in Dorothy's home in the south. Ivan had tried hard to make her forget her loss, ignoring the clamoring public to be with her, heedful of her every wish, showing her with princely attentions. Meanwhile he wooed her with that incomparable finesse that is the peculiar gift of the eastern peoples.



"I know I can't wear mourning forever."

He never let her forget his suit, one moment in an hour. He played to her, he brought her gifts, priceless but always in perfect taste; curious out of the east, rare works of art from his own ancestral castle in the Urals. In her warmer moods he urged immediate marriage, and when she was cool and unresponsive he begged for her promise of future surrender to him, when time had healed the wound of Peter's loss.

One night in the second year he had brought her a marvelous blue diamond—a priceless thing with a sinister history—and he had wanted her to take it as a symbol of engagement; and that night she had been strangely, deeply afraid of him. She had let the stone gather fire to her hand, and when she had taken it off and put it in his palm it was as if its cruel, hard, malevolently beautiful light had passed to his thin face. "Keep it a while, Ivan," she told him. "Sometime I would be proud to wear it—but not yet."

She had drawn back from him, appalled in spite of herself at what she could so dimly read in his striking, dark face. He was always like a splendid tiger to her; to-night he suggested the same jungle monarch cheated of its prey.

She had gone into subdued mourning, but still saw a few friends and visited a few of the neighboring homes; and now, as another Georgia

summer was at its height, he pleaded with her to go back to the gay colors that he loved. He seemed to feel that when her old gaily returned to her, when she again took her place in the smart southern society, his long courtship would be crowned with success. But he did not at once win this point; and because she did not fully understand it herself, she was scarcely able to explain to him the curious way she felt about it. "I can't be the girl I was, Ivan," she explained. "If that girl was the girl you loved, and you don't want her changed, you'd better go away—and not come back. Some way, I don't feel that I could begin exactly where I left off. I don't feel and think exactly like I did—maybe I'm more like the girl that Peter originally married—like a schoolgirl instead of a woman. I feel bewildered—not knowing where to turn or how to go. I know I can't wear mourning forever."

"Then put it off. It's been a year and a half. Take up the old happy life again."

"There's the trouble. I don't feel I can go back to exactly the kind of happiness that you mean; of course I'll come round to it in time. Just don't hurry me, Ivan. Something is working in me, and I don't know what it is; but in the end I think it will be all right. You know there is no other man. But when I try to think of you, so many times I find myself thinking of Peter—lying on that storm-tossed seascape. Just don't hurry me, and I feel—I almost know—that everything will come out right for you in time."

She had received, long since, her husband's few belongings, gathered by the patient effort of Captain Johansen; and she could not go near them now without tears. With them she had received a letter—one that no human eyes save her own had seen—and some way it had revealed their marriage relation in a new light. It had not only shown Peter from a different angle, but had also illumined her point of view in regard to herself. Her thought had taken a new course since reading that letter. Up until then she had always thought upon her husband's disgrace and death as the consummation of his own deed; heroic punishment, surely, but for which he could blame no one but himself. Now she began to wonder if some little jot of the blame could not be laid on her.

Ivan's attentions, after those first, blissful months of her marriage, had been fatigues of the most engaging kind. To receive it, to waken other women's jealousy, she had given him more dances than were his right, had devoted too much of her time and attention to him. It had all been like a mad dream—going from morning till night, sacrificing her home hours.

(To be continued.)

**Ontario Militia
Win "Wet" Victory**

Kingston Forces Granted Permit Enabling Consumption of Liquor

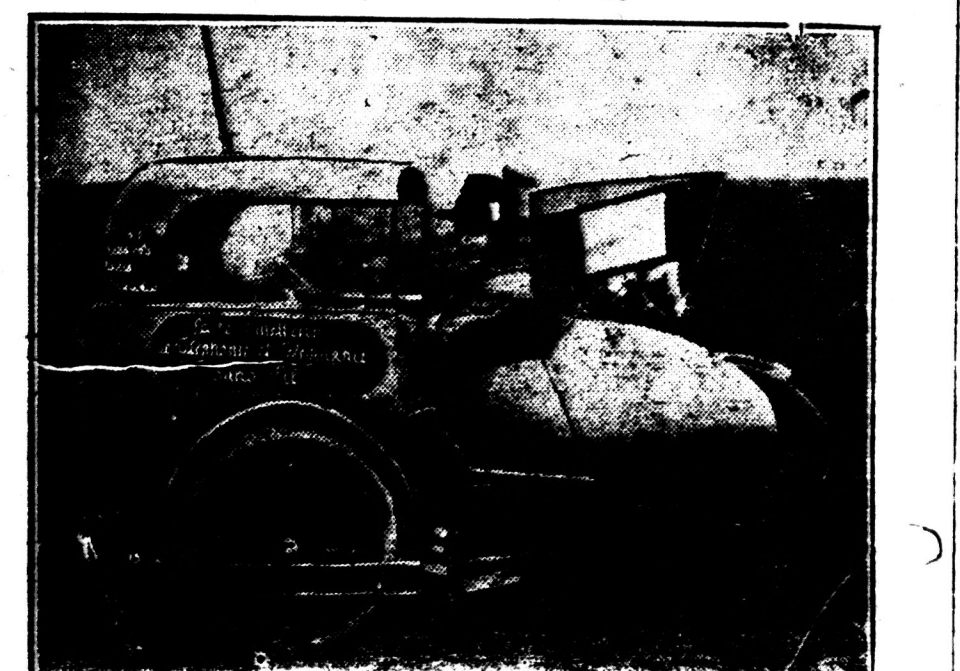
Toronto—The Canadian Militia forces in Ontario have won a victory without bloodshed and even before hostilities commenced.

D. B. Hanna, chairman of the Ontario Liquor Control Board announced recently that a special permit has been granted the military forces at Kingston enabling the consumption of spirits, wines and beers in the messes and canteens. This in accordance with the regulations of the King's Army, which provide hard liquor, wines and beer for the sergeants, and mere beer for the men. These distinctions are made by regulations and not by the liquor board.

Mr. Hanna stated that application had been made for permission to carry this out, by way of the department of national defense and the permit was granted. "As a matter of fact," Mr. Hanna said, "the king's regulations are supreme and override any provincial law, and the military authorities could have forced the acknowledgment of their right to have such liquors for the permanent forces."

A good bank account may always be purchased on the installment plan. Not only is the truth often stranger than fiction, it is always stronger.

Very Portable Radio



THE RADIO STATION OF THE NEXT WAR
A motorcycle sending station demonstrated by the French army at Satory, where experiments with the motorcycle for army use were made.



BRINGING OUT THE NEW PORK MODELS

Farmers and packers, discovering that the national craze for a youthful figure is interfering seriously with the sale of pork products, have announced a change in "hog styles."

They are trying to develop a lead pig!

In the past pigs have been pigs. From now on they may be grey-hounds.

It has been found by the packers and butchers that the modern woman can't even look at a good old-fashioned ham, shoulder of pork or cut of o-pare-ribs without shuddering. Anything that suggests promiscuous fat ruins her day.

The prewar era, when the red-faced butcher could yank a lardaceous sector of hog off the meat hook and make a quick sale with a snappy "Very choice cut, lady," is gone forever. The modern marketman may know his pork products, but the modern housekeeper knows her calories.

If you want to make the little and limber Lorelei Lees in 1927 run like anything just suggest a breakfast of sausages and a dinner of pork chops.

The consumers of pork in the last few years have been very largely old-timers, whose shapes had gone too far for correction. And the hog raisers have begun to realize it.

Their only hope now is to breed a type of hog that will have snappier, racier lines.

A pig that looks like a pig means strictly no sale. It has got to look more like a gazelle.

1928 will see the farmers actually starving their hogs for market!

Another year may witness the packers advertising pigs as an obesity cure.

Signs like these may blaze on the billboards:

TRY OUR ATHLETIC BACON
—IT GIVES YOU THAT YOUTHFUL LOOK.

TAKE OFF THAT SUPERFLUOUS FLESH WITH ARMOUR'S PORKLESS RACKERS.

EAT NO-FAT HAM AND KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL FIGURE. PORK FROM DEFLATED HOGS.

Whither are we going? The next move may be to cross the potato with something that will make it more like an olive, and develop a chocolate éclair that will have the general appearance of an artichoke.



THERE AIN'T NO MORE
"Say Jimmy, what are the studies you hate most in school?"
"Reading, writin', 'rithmetic and 'gography."

Nobel Prizes and Winners

According to a report of the Nobel Foundation its total funds now amount to nearly 31,000,000 crowns, or more than \$8,000,000. Beginning in 1901, Nobel prizes amounting to a total value of between thirteen and fourteen million crowns have been awarded. Of these, 23 prizes went to medical men, 23 were awarded in chemistry, 32 in physics, 25 in literature and 28 for the promotion of peace. The recipients of prizes included 30 Germans, 24 Frenchmen, 20 Englishmen, 8 Swedes, 8 Americans, 7 Swiss; Hollanders and Danes, 6 each; Belgians, Norwegians, Italians and Austrians, 4 each; Spaniards, 3; Canadians, Poles and Russians, 2 each; Irish and Bengaleses, 1 each. Of the peace prizes 6 went to France, 4 to Switzerland and 4 to America.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

ISSUE No. 50 '27

SEVEN
Thrilling Tale
A romance of salty tang of Joseph Courad brought to light the Volendam, of Line, carrying on a holiday just dangerous water open boat contact and a Jamaica shipwrecked sea almost spent wind and wave, worse, their power came to an end, told it, when was the hospitable the race of men sea in ships," as waters that had shell of a boat weary hours. In told a thousand story, but the th new as the new something about eternal struggle, ous forces to h power to stir us a call of the pr answer in every tale of these nins as recorded for the New York W "It wasn't no Mate Gene Brag "Next time I'll less beef," said W thirty-year-old cap ed schooner, with "Fadder God did Jamaica negro, w Notice is his nam the lost schooner Why, they didn't ed him Bill, and s "When Bill shi young captain, h lines of weariness asked for was a s "Bible." It happened that Bible on the Horad of a four-masted s lies somewhere in of Atlantic. They Yesterday "Bill" s book, and he had more during those open boat, betwee and pulling at an prayer-books ever their whole existenc Bill had almost eight men in the open boat into c Potter wouldn't tall "I like Bill," he s the story had gone Volendam of how, Bill's incessant eja the rest of the cr throw him overboa prevailed against d. Capt. Jacobus de ndam was almost as the nine men for "I hauled to and off the reef at Berm then we let down stern to them. The ed the plug and san A red flare flam darkening waters ha we are told, from Volendam as she h Bermuda for New was the last desper exhausted men in t to get once more in that was so rapid Says the World stor Potter and Bill a pulled and sailed miles, just up to the Then slowly the y back. Their blanke red up on oars and g calls slipped fatho They whipped back within a mile of th than eleven of w Bermuda. Then, driven bac just as it seemed to ing hands, they sa putting out of Berm light. They watch ward them, then she lightning a wet mat spluttered in the fa purple dimness. A Volendam sheered of stopped and then bac gathering speed. And a little later, light, the excited down over the high the small boat slide allack which the line hull broadside to the They saw the cran dead than alive, cre ladder slowly and d exhausted, their bodi bolts from the stat water for seven day stant the comforta glimpsed the sea. "We left Philadelph said Potter, his face who strain. "We were with a cargo of coal We had 1,100 tons and Everything seemed stood out of the Dela two days later we stream, with wind pi The Horatio Foss, years old, had four str ght-five and aft, alon