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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Ontario Forestry Policy Outlined

Move to Do Away With Destructive Agencies Now Existing

North Bay, Ont.—The forestry policy of the Ontario Government was outlined by Hon. William Finlayson, Minister of Lands and Forests, to the Rotarians here recently. Members of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission, with whom the Minister toured the northern section, were present, as well as Hector Chabot, journalist, another member of the party.

Mr. Finlayson made a strong appeal for support of the policy which the government will introduce at the next session. The aim was to develop Northern Ontario and at the same time conserve for posterity the most important of its basic industries, lumbering, Mr. Finlayson said.

He forewarned a possibility that the policy would be opposed by citizens of southern Ontario, but he felt that they would sooner or later see the necessity for such drastic and revolutionary change.

"You in Northern Ontario can readily see the benefit that will accrue with the successful operation of such a scheme and we of the government appeal for your wholehearted co-operation in the practical application of the policy," said the minister.

It was pointed out that lumbering and kindred occupations formed the second most important industry of the province and operations in recent years on a large scale were confined to northern districts. A survey of existing conditions showed that this industry was fast waning owing to destructive agencies of various sorts which commenced an "eating in" program within the last half century.

Reconstruct Industry.

The policy to be inaugurated by the Government at the next session will aim at correcting this "ruinous condition" and reconstructing industry on a basis which is hoped will result in its being preserved for all time.

It is proposed to apply three remedies, reforestation throughout southern Ontario in sections where land will not permit of any other use; in central Ontario a program of rehabilitation and replanting and conservation of existing timber in northern Ontario by safeguarding areas from destructive fires. It was shown that a total of 2,123,000 acres of virgin forests were destroyed by fire in 1922, but this loss had been cut to 60,000 acres last year. Expectations are that less this year will not exceed 35,000 acres.

The Minister stated that the department was at present engaged in improving the highway between Severn and Huntsville with a view to starting on construction of one of the main highways of the province.

The Ferguson highway will begin at Severn and extend to Cochrane, a distance of approximately 500 miles. The entire route will be set out in mile posts. The Minister predicted that the influx of tourists to Northern Ontario this year would be double that of last year.

France Heavy Buyer Of Australian Wool

Sydney, N.S.W.—The wool sales at the various Australian capitals, according to reports extending from July to November, have been on a satisfactory level as compared with last year, and at the moment of writing this the tendency of the market continues to be satisfactory to growers. This state is the principal wool state of the Commonwealth, and it has shipped so far this season 23,500,000 worth as compared with 23,400,000 worth during the corresponding period of last year.

The biggest buyers of the season in the order of their buying are, to date, France, Germany, England, Japan. They all purchased between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000 worth. France's total being \$1,946,000, and Japan's \$1,554,000. America's buying is light. The total Australian wool sales, so far as they have progressed to date, represent a value of \$16,109,000 for 675,676 bales.

Magistrate—"The police say that you and your wife had some words." Prisoner—"I had some, sir, but I didn't get a chance to use them!"

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?" asked the traveller of the man he had got into conversation with in a railway carriage. "I don't believe in the survival of any body," was the reply. "I'm an undertaker."

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.



THE ONE-PIECE FROCK IS SMART FOR DAYTIME WEAR.

The smart one-piece frock shown here is a style the home modiste will find quite simple to fashion. The opening is at the centre-front and there is an inverted plait at each side seam, a notched collar, set-in pockets and cuffs on the long dart-fitted sleeves. No. 1697 is in sizes 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 40 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch, or 3 1/2 yards 54-inch material. Price 20c the pattern.

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Radio Experts Get New Data

Inventor Explains Circuit Permitting Sideband Reception in Full

New York.—A new radio circuit permitting reception of the full sidebands of a radiocast signal without loss of selectivity was explained to the Institute of Radio Engineers Convention here by its inventor, Dr. Frederick K. Vreeland, radio and electrical engineer.

In telling of his research work on the receiver, Dr. Vreeland, who has contributed numerous inventions to the radio field, said that his development was made possible by means of a hitherto undiscovered system of balanced reactances which is called a band selector inserted into the radio-frequency amplifier.

Dr. Vreeland stated that the circuit did not infringe on any existing patents pertaining to radio frequency amplification. Many of his patent claims have been allowed, indicating, he said, that the circuit is fundamentally new.

"The band selector is a very simple circuit," he explained, "which has the remarkable property of balanced reactances at all frequencies within a band of 30 kilocycles. An ordinary tuned circuit has its reactances balanced at only one frequency. The balanced reactances are variable and are adjusted by means of an ordinary dial."

For freethite use Minard's Liniment.

"I know I told you it was a sin to be wasteful but what has that got to do with your wearing a short dress like that?" "Well, if I wear a long frock like you want me to, I'll be wasteful about ten shillings' worth of silk stockings."

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flew to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef. Ishmin's secretary, following a quarrel, Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks.

Dorothy receives word that her husband's body, identified by his sea jacket, has been buried in Alaska. She feels free to receive Ishmin's attentions. But Peter had been rescued by another ship. His appearance is completely changed and he is known as Limejuice Pete. He finds his identity completely covered and takes a job in a cannery. Larson's body occupies his grave.

Ishmin and Dorothy go to Alaska to return Peter's body to Georgia. They do not recognize Peter, who is chosen head guide. A storm carries their ship to sea, stranding them at the grave. Peter and Dorothy hunt. He carries her across a stream.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

It was only an incident of the trail, and it disturbed her that, as she walked on toward camp, she could not get it out of her mind. It did not please her that she could be moved, even vaguely and faintly, by this crude, rough man of the barrens. Yet, somehow, she had been caused to think of the lover of her girlhood. Memories, tender and dear, had been quickened to life.

To Pete the moment had been of nothing less than glory. He, too, knew it was only an adventure of the trail, that it was but the image of a hopeless dream that must never—could never—come true; yet for an instant it had lifted him, as with wings, out of the valley of the shadow.

CHAPTER X.

PETE SAVES ISHMIN.

Dorothy found, to her great surprise, that the days of waiting passed rather swiftly. She slept long in the mornings on the comfortable, rudely contrived grass mattress that Pete had made for her; she played cards with Ivan, and made many little adventures into the wild with one or both of the two white men. Ivan was considerably stiff, always willing to beguile her with his marvelous music, wooing her with his flumes of order, fascinating her in hours of talk with the intricacies of his brilliant intellect and of his complex, marvelously attractive personality.

Yet she owed a great deal to the watch guide, too. In particular he had looked out for her material comfort, superintending the preparation of her meals so that every cup of coffee, every succulent breast of pheasant, was exactly to her taste, keeping her ever warm and dry, refilling her mattress every day with freshly cut grass and keeping the fire bright every morning in the camp stove for her to dress by.

It was not so easy to explain the instinctive comradeship she felt for him. Of course he was the one man of her own race in the entire company and here—far from the cities of men—bonds of race were revealed as of surprising strength.

From Pete's point of view the days went by in a single flash between the curtains of night; and he dreaded to come when the Warrior would roll in on the waves and carry Dorothy out of his life.

His attitude toward Ivan was too complex ever to be completely straightened out in his mind. In the first place he had deep admiration and unfaltering respect for this genius from the East. He was pleased and gratified by the man's attitude toward Dorothy; his own most chivalrous instincts seemed reflected in the Russian. Yet sometimes a sudden, white flame, strange to his sight and pulsing in his heart, mounted and pulsed in the thin, almost beautiful face; sometimes he was appalled and estranged by a spark in the almond eyes, a gesture of the white hands; and sometimes he caught a fleeting expression on the classic countenance that awakened, in his own heart, a sudden, almost a murderous rage. Once, on bringing fresh fuel to the little camp stove in Dorothy's tent, he found the girl in the Russian's arms.

She had just yielded to his lips, and she was convinced—at the instant that Pete appeared at the threshold—that in Ivan her destiny of happiness was secure. But she was instantly cold, inexplicably appalled, as she looked into Pete's face.

She could not have explained why. The man looked drawn, as in the last

stages of fatigue; but there was no conceivable excuse for her sense of shame, her strange drawing-in to herself and inability to emerge again into Ivan's warmth.

On leaving the tent Pete walked straight past the camp fire on to the hills. He was profoundly shaken and unsteady, not from amusements at what he had seen—he had realized that Ivan and Dorothy were virtually engaged—but at the narrow margin by which the girl had missed irreparable disaster. It had not been too wide a margin that he had restrained a mad, tragic impulse to leap into the tent and shatter the man's life.

He spent a restless night after the incident, and his peace of mind had departed from him. For all that this was his last dream on earth—the only shadow of happiness that he dared to hope for he felt that by all conscience he must cut it short. His trust in himself was shattered, and there was nothing for him now but to turn away from the camp where his love was and vanish among the desolate hills. His star would soon set, the tower of his only strength was tottering. Yet the house passed, and he lay in his bunk, unable to reach up to this sacrifice of self. But if he had lost faith in himself, a higher, better faith had come to him in these years in the wild, and the basic prayer, the first and last cry of all mankind, came easily to his lips: "Oh, Lord, abandon me not in temptation, and deliver me from evil!" Yet it was a higher wisdom that temptation should come to him, in an



He found the girl in the Russian's arms.

unexpected form, before the day that he saw break over the eastern hills, sloped down again to darkness.

The party of five had made serious inroads in the small caribou he had brought to camp, and partly with the idea of procuring fresh meat, and partly because he wanted to be alone with his bitter thoughts, Pete announced his intention of penetrating the interior on a hunting expedition. Dorothy was lame from a stiff climb of the evening previous, so she declined his invitation to go. Ivan, however, looked up from his book with heightened interest.

"I'm getting soft as mud from too much ease," he said. "I believe I'll go with you this morning. I believe I can crack down one of those caribou with my pistol."

Pete stiffened slightly. "I don't see how both of us can go, unless Mrs. Newhall wants to go, too," he said quietly, so not to be overheard by the two natives.

"True enough. It had slipped my mind for a minute. We'll take the natives with us—I think it would be a good plan to kill several caribou, if

we run into them, and try to cure them—in preparation for emergencies—and these men can help you carry the meat into camp. She's safe enough by herself, isn't she?"

"As safe as she could be anywhere in the world. None of the wild beasts of the region will come within miles of her, and there are no other humans."

"I'll stay and struggle with your book then, Ivan," Dorothy said. Soon they fled away into the hills. Ivan leading with his pistol, then Pete, carrying his rifle, and the two hunting knives, bringing up the rear.

They deployed like a squad of advancing infantrymen as they neared the first alder thicket; the two Indians followed a deeply worn bear trail, like the ruts of an old road, that conducted them easily through the heavy barrier of brush; and Pete and Ivan seeking separate trails to the left. They were in file again when they reached the more or less open hillside, but because of greater skill at choosing the trail, the two natives were more than a hundred yards ahead of Ivan, and Pete was thirty yards farther in the rear.

At that instant Peter caught the unmistakable thumping sound of running caribou, and turning, he had a brief glimpse of a barren doe in the brush thickets behind. The animal was better than two hundred yards distant when Pete glimpsed her again, running in a great arc up the hill. She made the poorest kind of a target as she leaped through the scattered clumps of brush, but eager to procure meat as near camp as possible and not to miss any chances, and perhaps slightly startled and out of hand by the animal's sudden appearance, Pete fired vainly at every opportunity. Whether or not he hit the animal at all he could not tell, for at the fourth shot she disappeared in the thicket almost opposite Ivan.

The echo of the rifle report rolled, dimmed, and was still, and the men stood in those queer, fixed attitudes that almost invariably follow any excitement. Presently Ivan beckoned and pointed into the brush thickets beside him.

"She is right here," he called. "You must have got her that last shot. I hear her thrashing around."

It seemed entirely probable that the deer had swept through the brush unseen and had fallen wounded but a few yards from Ivan. Pete started by grope for further shells; Ivan peered into the brush.

It seemed to the head guide that, as he paused, he could hear faintly the rustle and stir in the brush that came so distinct to Ivan; and he was not greatly surprised to see the latter draw his pistol and begin to fire in evident excitement. He supposed, of course, that the man was putting the finishing touches to the fallen caribou. No blame could be laid on Pete that he did not call a warning; he did not distinguish the real identity of the creature in the thickets until it was too late.

The animal that suddenly bounded out of the thickets was a bear cub of that season, and it was squealing in mortal agony from the pistol lead. There was no danger in him; he was less than knee height and was desperately seeking flight. But Pete knew, and the Indians, appalled on the hill above, knew, too, that a squealing cub means an enraged mother not far off.

And in the wink of an eye the great, shaggy dam came roaring out of the thickets like an avalanche—straight

toward the hapless Russian. Fear-ridden though she was, the she-bear could not seek flight when her dying cub cried for help. She charged with unspeakable ferocity.

(To be continued.)

Use The Choke

Don't be afraid to use your choke—but know how to use it. To start a cold engine use full choke for a short period rather than partial choke for a longer period—it saves your battery and permits a quicker start.

Use just enough choke to keep the engine firing evenly while warming up—too little causes uneven running, fouled spark plugs and crankcase dilution. Too much will flood your engine and make it stop. Don't fail to keep the choke closed after the engine is running smoothly.

In extremely cold weather, back out of the garage into the open air, let the motor idle for a few minutes, or run for a block or so in second gear before shifting to high. If you start to stall, shift back to second, put on full choke for an instant until the engine picks up, then only enough choke to keep it running. A motor operates at maximum efficiency when its temperature is around 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

Another essential rule to observe in starting, is to disengage your clutch, and be sure no lights are on. By disengaging the clutch the strain on the battery is reduced at least 25 per cent.

Don't race a cold engine and don't start it until the garage doors are wide open, because of the danger of carbon monoxide.



"You say you and Tom have had a quarrel—and just before Christmas?"

"Yes. He thinks he'll get out of giving a present, but I'll make up with him just about a week before Christmas and get a present twice as expensive as I otherwise would."

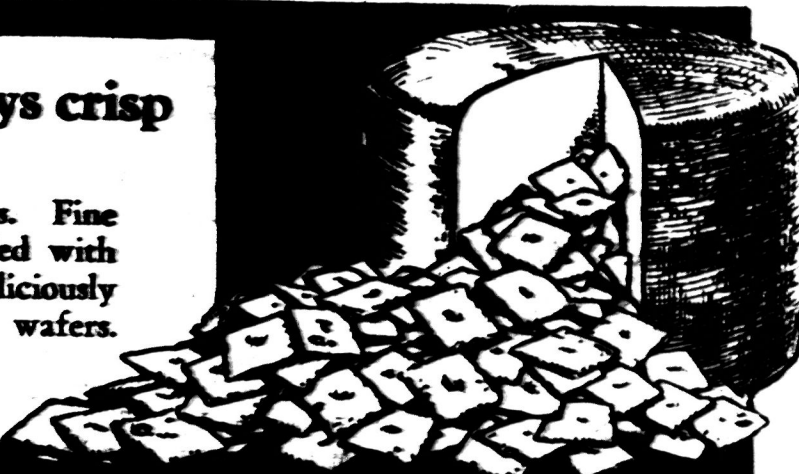
The man who frequents the blind, pig never brings home the bacon.—Detroit News.

The angry grocer ran swiftly toward the counter and seized his fast customer by her arm. "Do you know, madam," he blurted, "that your dog has eaten a pound of my best fresh country butter? I saw him eat a second ago!" The fair customer, relieved the grocer of her arm and regarded him coldly. "I did not know it," she replied icily. "But if you are quite sure it was your best butter, that it is fresh, and that it really did come from the country, I don't think there is much reason to suppose it will do him any harm." With these words she left the shop.

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