

**ROYAL MAIL**  
"The Comfort Route"  
TO EUROPE

Regular sailings of the famous "O" steamers FROM HALIFAX, N.S. TO CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON S. S. "ORDUNA" February 8th.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY HALIFAX, N.S.

## A DISTANCE CONTEST TO BE HELD SOON

Washington, Feb. 4—How many miles is it possible to cover with a radio set during an evening or during an entire month?

To settle these questions, Stevenson's Bulletin of Radio Broadcasting Stations will hold a distance contest to begin on March 1 and last for thirty days. Cash prizes will be given to fans who cover the greatest total distance during the thirty day period and to those who cover the greatest total distance during any one evening of the thirty-day period. All fans are eligible to enter the contest.

Judges for the contest will be Senator C. C. Dill, of Washington, author of the Dill radio bill; Dr. F. H. Dellinger, Chief of the Radio Laboratory of the Bureau of

## RADIO FANS WERE HOAXED

New York, Feb. 4—Fully one fourth of the fans who announced happily that they "got Europe" during the international tests, were the innocent victims of radio fakirs in the opinion of officials. L. A. Nixon, of the Radio Week Committee, says the fraud is easy to engineer simply by inserting a microphone between the aerial and ground leads of a receiving set.

"Read the directions on the bottle, Mary."  
"Is says: For adults, one teaspoon—"  
"Gosh! That ain't what ails me—what else does it say?"

Standards, and W. D. Terrell, Chief Radio Supervisor of the United States. To enter the contest, write STEVENSON'S, 1222 H. Street Northwest, Washington, D. C.

**Anything Wrong With Your Skin?**  
**Zam-Buk**  
WILL SOON PUT IT RIGHT  
Wash with Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap.

## Where An American Hangs His Hat

Once a hat was not just a hat; it was also a badge of sectionalism. That was when the broad-brimmed Stetson and the nobby derby seldom met. When South, East, North, West lived differently, dressed differently, and thought differently. When a traveling American could feel like a stranger in his own land.

Before advertising—

But now Mrs. Green of Boston and Mrs. Brown of El Paso use the same vacuum cleaner, face powder, soap; Adams of Boston and Sims of Seattle are alike in the cut of their clothes. And where an American hangs his hat, within the borders of these United States, he feels at home. Advertising did that.

Advertising is still at work helping to make these states united. Here is a better bed, a handsomer shoe, a more delicious food. Let it be known from Maine to California, from Washington State to Florida! Here's a healthier way to live, another safeguard for your family, a new service of self-improvement. Spread the news everywhere!

Advertisements.

Read them. They are Couriers of Progress and Unity. Without them you'd lack half the comforts you now have. Ignore them and you'll miss many a good thing to come.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES, READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY

## BELL WETHERS HAD MORE THAN NECKS, OLD TIMER ASSERTS

(By Tom Williams in Toledo Blade.)  
"No bell wether ever had a bell hung on it simply because it had a neck. Anyway, it didn't stay there unless there was something above that neck."

And the Old Timer kept on whetting his jackknife on the point of his shoe as he sat crosslegged on the railroad shanty bench.

"I hope you're not asking me what a bell wether is. Gosh ding it, if it ain't terrible how ill-informed this modern civilization is making folks. Well, a bell wether is a sheep—a sort of a sheep anyway—that's got sense in spite of what you might call a handicap.

"It knows the way, has a sense of direction and the homing instinct. Having this he—it—becomes naturally a leader of the flock. It smells danger from varmints. It gets on a knoll or a high stump, looks about and senses the coming storm. Or perhaps it's better knowing it visions. It bleats, starts off and the flock follows to safety, to shelter or to better pasture, as the case might be.

Wether is Leader.

"The farmer or rancher ain't long notice this and hangs a bell on the neck of the wether, stamping it with the authority of a leader. By the jingling of that bell the stockman can always tell where the flock is, no matter how thick the brush or how wild the country. You can understand it wouldn't do to hang that bell on any fool sheep. It might result in leadin' the whole flock astray."

And the Old Timer took a rag and polished over that section of the shoe point that had been used as a stop. "allowing" it wasn't very good practice to use a shoe that way, as he put the old Barlow knife in his pocket.

"The same way with cattle," he continued, "the bell is never put on a critter that has to be led to water, that hasn't sense enough to go home to be milked, or not to stand around under trees with dead and rotten limbs when there's a storm a-howlin'. 'Course there is not so much need of the bell in these days of farm agents and highly concentrated farming up holstered machinery and everything."

"But in my young days fences wasn't so many and the stock had to go out and rustle mostly in the woods and brush. So you had to pick your bell stock carefully.

"And you had to select your men bell wethers with more caution, too, them days, 'cause things weren't so much finished as now, and there were a lot of county bridges and court-houses to build.

Don't Need it.

"In these days of set form, card indexes, state examiners, an army of white collar helpers on every job, nobody knows who's the boss, anyway, excepting the contractors. And he don't need no bell on for them to find him."

And the Old Timer unwound his lower limbs, yawned, stretched and arose to open the door "to let John Wind in," he put it.

"Folks now-days have lost even the art of yawning and stretchin'," he said. "That cause they have got so far away from nature. If they'd watch the animals it might occur to them that it's mighty good exercise."

And the old crossing watchman kicked strenuously at emptiness in the doorway, first with one foot and then the other.

"There ain't enough excitement of the right sort left in the world to keep a fellow in good trim," he vowed. "There's no exercise in riding around in automobiles unless you happened to get stalled, and then it wouldn't be more'n 10 minutes until some fellow came along and insisted on selling you 'a good one,' and took you on a demonstration spin just as you had decided to take the long walk of about 200 yards to the next gas station."

"Walking will be a lost art in another 25 years unless the cost of a gallon of gas is more'n a day's pay."

And the Old Timer sniffed the air much as would a keen hound scenting down the wind.

Off Winter.

"It's an off winter. We had our January thaw to airly to allow anything like safe betting on what kind of weather we are going to have in February. These kind of winters is foolers, they are. I wouldn't bet 10 grains of seed corn against a last year's settin' of eggs that we wouldn't pay for this next month with maybe some interest due in March."

"A lot of these old fogies make me weary. You'd think, to listen to them, that the young folks these days are going to hell in a speed car. To me the world is traveling so fast that the youngsters seem standin' still. I tell you, the kids ain't half as devilish as they were in my day. But I ain't so keen in' of criminality so, you know."

"I tell you, I traveled with a pretty fast gang when I was a youngster. I hope the Lord has forgiven me for all my crimes. If he hasn't I'll have to serve a long apprenticeship as sinner."

"Take, for instance, when me and Newt Fulton spent our last cent for a settin' of glass eggs and put them under Old Man Jones' hen that he had entrusted with boughten eggs of a fancy breed. But we took th' eggs home and put them under another s'ettin' hen, and when they hatched we sent the checks back to the old man by a strange kid who said his mother had sent 'em and then ran away without further explanation."

Jones Was Wise.

"But we hadn't slipped anything over on Old Jones, wise as we thought we were. The next Sunday at Sunday school he thanked us for returnin' the chicks and said we could have the glass eggs is we came for 'em."

"And there was the time when we took the bell off'n Jerome Perkins' cow. Every evening a little before sundown he'd go out on the knoll back of his barn and holler 'so-boss, so-boss' for his cows and listen to the tingling of the cow bell."

"He could hear the bell, all right, but no cows came. He started bee-line for the sound. Me'n Jack Hartman had the bell and we were jingling it up a tree. When Jerry, as we called him, got too close we'd change quarters and we had him cussin' and roaming

## GARGLE ASPIRIN FOR TONSILLITIS OR SORE THROAT

A harmless and effective gargle is to dissolve two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in four tablespoonfuls of water, and gargle throat thoroughly. Repeat in two hours if necessary.

Be sure you use only the genuine Bayer Aspirin, marked with the Bayer Cross, which can be had in tin boxes of twelve tablets for few cents.

## THRILLED FIFTH AVENUE



This huge totem pole in the window of the Canadian National Railway office, Fifth Avenue, New York City, has been an object of much interest since its erection, and it has received considerable prominence in the columns of the New York newspapers. Interested groups of people are always gathered in front of this little bit of Canada in the heart of New York, reading the legend at the foot of the pole and endeavoring to translate for themselves the story which the curiously carved figures have to tell. It is an authentic replica of one of the Totem Poles of the Haida Indians of Northern British Columbia who are noted for their work in this respect.

## Does That Cough Stick On Your Lungs?

Mr. Islay MacNab, Bognor, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with a terrible cough that I could not get rid of, and my doctor told me that I had a slight touch of bronchitis. Nothing I took seemed to give me any relief until I got a bottle of

**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup**



I got such relief by using it that I would advise all those who are subject to bad colds or coughs to keep a bottle of this remedy in their homes all the time."

You don't experiment when you buy "Dr. Wood's" as it has been a household remedy for the past 37 years.

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## THRIFT OF SCOTCH SHOWN IN TWO WAYS

London, Feb. 4—Aberdonians' proverbial thrift has been demonstrated through the transactions of the Aberdeen Savings Bank.

The record sum of £2,114,528 has been deposited during the year and the total assets now exceed £5,600,000.

On the other hand, Aberdeen has been black-listed by the postoffice for the number of wireless "pirates" that exist in the city.

Six hundred have been detected—north, so h, east and west—and include people of all classes. Police court proceedings are about to be taken for the prosecution of the offenders.

## LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue  
Once honked his horn  
At a flapper's gate  
In the early morn.

Her father landed  
With an old shoe  
And that's the reason  
Little Boy "Blew."

**Why PURITY FLOUR Makes Better Cakes**

Because of their fine texture, cakes made with Purity Flour win prize contests. Texture is mostly a matter of the efficient blending of materials used. Purity Flour, made of the finest hard wheat, silk sifted, safeguards the texture of the finished cake because it blends perfectly with the other ingredients used. Your dealer will tell you Purity Flour never disappoints.

**PURITY FLOUR For all your baking**

Get the PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK Send 30c in stamps for the 100-page Purity Flour Cook Book. Sent Postpaid

**WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED**  
Head Office: TORONTO Branches from coast to coast