

# RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"

Red Rose Orange Pekoe is extra good. Won't you try it this time?



## Delicious Dumplings Made with PURITY FLOUR

Purity Flour makes better dumplings because it blends perfectly with the other ingredients.

Next time you make dumplings use Purity Flour and you'll have the lightest, fluffiest, most tasteful dumplings you ever made.

## PURITY FLOUR For all your baking

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

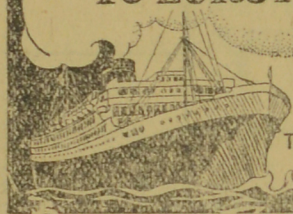
Here's the Recipe  
2 Cups Sifted Purity Flour  
1/2 Teaspoon Salt  
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder  
1 Cup Milk  
Mix and sift the dry ingredients; mix with the milk and drop by spoonfuls into the boiling water. Cover tight. Cook 10 minutes. As an alternative, these dumplings may be dropped on a buttered plate and cooked in a steamer over fast boiling water.

Get the PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK

Send 30c in stamps for the 180-page Purity Flour Cook Book. Sent Postpaid.

## 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"

March 8th.

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

## RADIO FANS AT SAINT JOHN WERE FINED

Saint John, March 4—George MacKie, A. A. McIntyre, J. King Kelley, Jr., Archibald McAlister, H. G. McCready, Joseph Corkery, Tyrill W. Masters, Ralph Miller, L. B. Crosby and R. B. Emerson were fined \$5 yesterday afternoon, when they appeared in the police court to answer a charge laid by Radio Inspector Horan, of operating a radio set without a private receiving station license as required by the Radio Telegraphy Act.

The fine was allowed to stand on condition that the defendants obtained licenses at once.

One of the defendants caused some amusement when he stated that he thought the inspectors had come to help him get something on his radio. He declared that he was willing to pay a higher license fee if they would help him get something.

He also said that he had bought the set from a dealer and had been under the impression that the dealer had supplied him with a license on his making the purchase.

## FAIRY TALES.

We hear a lot of fairy tales wherever we may go. Here's one: "I really wouldn't care to have a lot of dough."

Another, nervous people call. And hurry on their way. By saying: "Had the finest time; I wish that I could stay."

The man who builds a bunga'ow will very often hear: "This is the cutest place in town. So full of cozy cheer!"

But all the others fade away. Like tiny grains of sand. Beside the blurb so often heard: "Say, isn't winter grand?" JAMES A. SANAKER

"I wish to complain," said the bride "about that flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" cried the grocer. "Yes, tough! I made a pie with it and my husband could hardly cut it."

## TWO BREWERS INN

(Toronto Globe.)

News comes from London, England, that the Two Brewers Inn, made famous by the highwayman, Dick Turpin, is to be demolished. The inn is reputed to be 500 years old, and has been for 130 years in the hands of the Sykes family, its history reaching back to the time of Chaucer.

The Two Brewers lay outside of London when Turpin flourished, in the first third of the eighteenth century. It is at Catford, five or six miles southeast of St. Paul's. For Turpin it was a vantage point in such celebrated exploits as his robbery of the Dover coach. And until Turpin was hanged at York, May 7, 1739, the traveller of the time who had not had a glimpse of the famous mare, Black Bess, was considered no seasoned traveller at all.

Turpin's name gave distinction to the misadventures of the road. The unfortunate who lost his valuables to an ordinary highwayman was simply not in the swim. Perhaps that accounted for Turpin being reported in many places at once.

When he stopped the coach of Mistress Bellenden one night on Hounslow Heath, that fair lady shook her finger at him and twitted him for having missed his trick in a hold-up not long before. That affair had taken place in a suburban field. Turpin, not knowing his victim, had stopped Alexander Pope, who tossed some papers in a hedge. The robber sorted them over, and, finding nothing but words, gave them back. Pope, in gratitude for thus saving the manuscript of his "Essay on Man," gave Turpin a gold chain he had overlooked, though it is said the chain wasn't really gold. At least so Mistress Bellenden told Turpin when she met him.

The Dover Road, with the Two Brewers on it, was one of his favorite fields of operation. One Old North Road, however, has been kindest to laughter last.

## IS TO BE DEMOLISHED

his fame, for one of its legends, has attached itself to him. Dick Turpin is the hero of the ride from London to York, a feat that perpetuates the name of Black Bess, too. It is only fiction, however, which Harrison Ainsworth fastened on Turpin in his novel "Rookwood," after Turpin had been dead a century.

The same story was told in the time of Charles I., the hero then being John Nevison, known as Nick, a highwayman, who rode the 192 miles from Gad's Hill to York in fifteen hours to establish an alibi. At least, the tradition says so; but probably the original incident lies still further back in the history of the North Road.

Turpin took many a bit of gold in Epping Forest, and knew every twist and turn for prowlers in the purlieus of London as well. He and Tom King worked together, so that what one missed the other got. At times they went into London for a splurge at Vauxhall Gardens or elsewhere, eavesdropping to tales of their own prowess, and putting in a word that would make them more feared than their recent predecessors, Dick Sheppard and Jonathan Wild.

They were together when their luck broke. A trap was sprung, and King fell, shot by a ball from Turpin's own pistol. Turpin got away. He disguised himself as a gentleman, which he did well because he had had professional acquaintance with so many. Before long however he was captured with stolen horses and, after a time in chains in York Castle, he was hanged.

Although not the generous fellow the romancers painted, he had a way with him, which he kept up even to the gallows. When he walked up the steps of the gibbet he wore his laced coat and polished jackboots, and he wore a flower like any dandy. When they bound him, he looked around at the crowd and gave him a pleasant smile of a laugh. But the hangman's face, however, has been kindest to laughter last.

## JIMMIE GOODE, COMEDIAN, WITH THE ORIGINALS

Blackface comedy has almost become a lost art on the professional stage today. Jimmie Goode, who is back with the 'Originals' company again after a years absence, is to Canadian theatregoers what Al Jolson is to our cousins across the line, and his delineation of darkey characteristics compares very favorably with all the leading blackface comedians of the day. From the moment of his first appearance with his "One man Land" a ridiculous get-up, and that some old care-free gay and unusually droll manner, Jimmie is a riot. He starts his mirthmaking with a wholly new line of blackface comedy that goes over the footlights for sure-fire laughs every minute—the style of darkey humor that no one else can imitate.

In Jimmie's dance characterizations and his comedy numbers in the second part of the revue "Thumbs Up," he again piles up the "scream stuff" in a manner that proves he is a topnotcher in his particular line. Old Doc Jimmie Goode supplies a tonic that is guaranteed to chase away the blues when Canada's own 'Originals' present their latest mirth maker "THUMBS UP" at the Capitol theatre next Tuesday & Wednesday evening, March 9-10 when the entire company will be accorded their usual "Home-coming-welcome" extended to them on their annual visits here.

## HORSES AND HOUSES

(Chicago News.)

"No, I didn't really give up my old line of business of my own accord," said the retired horse trader. "It just dropped out from under me. It's a good thing 'David Harum' had his day before the advent of the automobile. If people of the present generation tried to read that book they wouldn't know half the time what the horse-swapping talk was all about."

"Yes, I suppose that if old Dave were on earth today he'd be dickering for second-hand flivvers instead of broken-down nags," suggested the auto salesman.

"Maybe so," admitted the r. h. t., "but personally I didn't take to that line. I'm in the real-estate business myself."

"I suppose you feel quite at home there," countered the motor marketer. "If you're selling Florida land at any rate you ought to be able to give full swing to all the descriptive talents you ever used in extolling the merits of a model of equine excellence."

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say that," replied the recent realtor, "but in the short time I've been buying and selling houses I've found that they have a good many points in common with horses."

"Of course, I can't look at their teeth to see how old they are, but I have discovered already that there are signs that I can depend on just as well as I ever could on a horse's teeth. No matter how well a house has been kept up there are nearly certain to be some little features of construction that will date it almost as certainly as though the year was shown on the cornice."

"For instance, in one Chicago suburb where I've been handling quite a number of places lately, you'll find that a very considerable number of the houses have a little round tower of almost uniform design, on one corner. It's very evident that just at that particular time such a tower was indispensable to a really classy house."

"Where I used to test out a horse for its wind I make particularly careful inquiry in case of a house as to its heating system, which is lungs, liver and gizzard all put together in a case of that sort."

"Then, too, one of the important things in the old days was to find out whether a horse would work well in double harness. That's pretty nearly what I have to do with the duplex or two-family type that is becoming so numerous in some sections. We had to be sure of the case of the team that they would pull so that the load would be evenly distributed. In the case of the duplex it's the advantage that have to be evenly distributed."

"Speaking of heating systems," said the automobile salesman, "reminds me that ignition system on our—"

But his audience was already gone. Mother—I suppose you'll say the cat stole those cookies? Tommy—No, ma, I took them for the cat.

## 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

## THE PLANT LOUSE HAS BEEN TRACED TO ITS LAIR BY SCIENCE

Oreno, Me., March 4—The plant louse has been traced to its lair. Among the many varieties of aphid which prey upon growing plants by sucking their juice this particular species is noted for its partiality for cotton, cucumbers, melons and squashes. It gets its scientific name, Aphis gossypii, from the botanical term for the cotton plant, Gossypium.

### Hard to Fight.

Long familiar to the farmer, this pest has been hard to fight because its source could not be found. It does not lay its eggs on the plants which it attacks, and until recently nobody knew where it did hide them. It remained for Dr. Edith M. Patch to discover that the eggs are deposited on the stem of the common garden orpine or live-forever.

Dr. Patch a member of the entomological department of the Maine agricultural experiment station, has

studied aphids for more than 25 years. Her long experience with similar mysteries led her to suspect a case of dual personality.

She knew that aphids sometimes hid in disguise. Noting a collection of small glossy black eggs on the stem of the orpine she felt that this might provide a clue. A series of experimental rearings in the laboratory established the fact that the orpine aphid found during the fall and spring and the cucumber aphid found in the summer are one and the same species.

"The application of this bit of detective work," said Dr. Patch, "is not far to seek. The destruction of orpine in the vicinity of valuable melon and cucumber crops gives a heretofore unknown method of attacking the insect. Or where that is not desirable, cutting and destroying the orpine stems in the fall, after the eggs have been deposited, will serve successfully to combat the pest."

The orpine, known botanically as Sedum telephium is a species of stonecrop with fleshy leaves and pink or purple flowers. It is a native of Europe, but is widely cultivated and occasionally naturalized in this country. In older times it was considered valuable in helping to heal wounds.

### ON HEARING AN ITALIAN NIGHTINGALE BY RADIO.

(When to Boston Symphony Orchestra broadcast Respighi's tone poem "The Pines of Rome.")

At last! At last I hear, who never heard

A nightingale. I know, who had not known

Those moonlit forest glades where one brown bird May make song's immortality its own.

Now the winged peris of the air have brought

Out of the winter sky this lyric spring;

And love, long quieted, and grief, new taught,

Quiver beneath such poignant caroling.

Wild bird, adored of beauty's worshippers,

Filling the desert night to overflowing

With limpid melody, what music stirs

The soul with power like yours that all unknowing,

Threading the stars and spanning alien seas,

Has found my heart and brought me to my knees?

GRACE CLEMENTINE HOWES —In New York Sun.



Apply the Liniment every few hours to throat and chest. Gargle with Minard's in warm water.

Splendid for Bronchitis and Asthma.

