

## When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

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TEA

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### Friendly Stiles of England.

The stiles begin to exercise their old charm when the time for country wandering arrives. They appeal to you now. They are irresistibly friendly. They would not try to make it easy for you to pass to the other side of the hedge did you need to go further, like a trespasser, looking this way and that, writes P. W. D. L. in "The London Daily Mail."

Wherever there are stiles they are friendly. They differ much in form, from the rude steps on the fern and foxglove walls of Cornwall to the torn ship's timbers taken from the shore and fashioned into stepping ways amid the briars and brambles of Norfolk hedges.

They mark the short cuts to rest as well as work. They are crossed for dalliance no less than dispatch. It is the loiterers' season that is starting now. The lure of the field paths is strong. There will be wanderers alone and wanderers in threes and fours; but perhaps as often as all others there will be wanderers in twos, tramping from stile to stile till they find one more friendly than the rest—a lovers' seat.

Summer comes, with billows of leaves and surge of flowers, with unceasing drone of insects in the sunny air. The quiet woodside that the little path hugs is grown bosky; the beck in the hollow tinkles over its pebbles beneath the plank bridge and then is lost in a forest of willow herb; the corn is grown so high that children crossing the fields are seen only as they top the stiles; and every stile is deeper set, so have the lusty brambles pread their long arms around and all the hedge-row plants given themselves to abandon. The lovers must sit closer.

And then will the small meadow-brown butterflies disport around these spots from morn to eve. We call them gatekeepers, because they haunt the field gateways with wink of eyed wings and airy dancing. They keep a stile as gleefully.

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### A Few Chucides from Ireland.

Many good things have come from Ireland, not the least of which are its characteristic mirth-provoking jokes and anecdotes. Of recent years, alas! the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

"Well, boys," he said, "this is what we always see in Ireland! One man working, and two more looking on!"

There's three of them now, sir!" said one of the lookers-on politely.

And the old people can still laugh at themselves,—which is perhaps the touchstone of humor,—especially the old women, who regard the world and its needs and follies as from another plane, having never had time or follies and having outlived all needs except a pinch of tea and a pair of boots. I cannot forget little old Mrs. Leary, who, dying, said gayly:

"Sure, three inches of a coffin'll do me! 'Look, I says to them, 'make the coffin a small sign too big, the way the people'll think the womanen inside in it wasn't all out so little as what she was!'"

And consider the two old "nurses" at Ross, one of whom was acting as butler and housemaid, and the other as cook and yard boy; each, conscious of her own absurdity, would describe herself and her companion as, "Me an' the other owld hair!"



### Could She Answer That?

Farmer—"Mother, that boy of ours ain't doin' nothin' at college but foolin' round with the girls."

Wife—"Oh, I think not, Hiram—he's a-workin' hard."

Farmer—"A-workin' hard, eh? Then what you make of this here Alma Mater he's allus writin' 'bout he loves so much?"

### Nature's Night-Lights.

What is the most efficient light in the world?

Some people might vote at once for the "last word" of science in artificial illumination, but they would be wrong. The most efficient light known to us was known in the days of pine torches and rushlights. It is that with which Nature has endowed the glow-worm and the firefly.

Science has so far failed to solve the problem of the production of light without heat—a problem which seems to have given Dame Nature no difficulty. In all artificial light production an enormous amount of energy is lost in the form of heat rays and chemical rays.

Thus a four-watt carbon glow lamp has a luminous efficiency of less than a half per cent., and the most perfect artificial illuminant has an efficiency of only four per cent.

Science here compares badly with Nature, for the luminous efficiency of the firefly is no less than 99.5 per cent., whilst the glow-worm's light is eighty times more efficient than a tungsten lamp.

Mighty is the force of motherhood! It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtless ness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love.—George Elliot.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,  
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Alice, not being entirely a fool, caught glimpses of what lay behind the tattered curtain which had been drawn for her deception. Here and there she saw a fragment of something which was very ugly. The horror of it made her weak with fear and shame.

Hugo—that had been her father's name, but her father was supposed to have died—how long ago? As many years or thereabout as Uncle John had possessed his old hat. His rambling talk of the early morning began to have some meaning for her. Was this strange old man her father? And, if so, where had he been this long time? In That Place? Had he been in prison by any chance?

And it seemed to her that Philip knew perhaps even more than she herself feared to guess.

Her mother, she could see, was half wild with apprehension.

"... Oh, yes—a very good idea to lunch quietly—yes, a very good idea indeed," the distressed little woman kept repeating. "Then afterwards we could go at once to look at this place I've found. It's called the Villa Charmil. Isn't that a pretty name? Mr. Gaunt says he will get me a servant. Wouldn't it be jolly if we could move in this very day, Alice? Do you think we could? What do you think, Philip?"

"I should advise it—by all means," Ardeyne replied.

There was a professional note in his voice that made Alice wince, but Jean was too upset to notice anything.

An hour later, lunch being over, they went to inspect the Villa Charmil, and found Hector Gaunt there house-cleaning with the aid of his faithful Maria and an Italian girl he had discovered somewhere. The latter's name, he informed Jean, was Louise, and she was a good cook and laundress.

Gaunt, with shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows, and his grey flannel shirt tucked negligently into belted trousers, had started to wash the windows. His mule was tethered in the tiny strip of terraced garden, and in the glass-covered corridor he had unloaded a choice supply of provisions—a couple of chickens, vegetables, flowers, butter, eggs, a flagon of olive oil, and a small cask of wine—all the produce of his own farm. He had taken it for granted that Jean would settle at once into the Villa Charmil, and had made all the necessary arrangements for her.

She, poor woman, almost wept in her gratitude. It was such a novelty to have things done for her that she could scarcely believe in this good fortune.

Maria had built fires and was very busy airing the beds and linen. Gaunt had already made out a list of what he considered necessary in the way of groceries and other things and had despatched his boy, Carlo, into the village for them.

It suddenly occurred to Mrs. Carnay that for fifteen years she had never enjoyed what might be called a home of her own. True, the Villa Charmil was only a rented home, sparsely filled with the rather poor sticks of furniture deemed sufficient by a parsimonious landlord, but in her eyes it was beautiful. And she could see how, with a touch here and there, with flowers and cushions and furniture covers, it could be made a very haven of joy.

Gaunt had come out to the gate to greet them and explain his own presence on the premises, and it was thus that Hugo Smarle and he met for the first time since Jean's curious marriage. The last occasion has been here in this very town in the old Villa Tatina, something more than a good stone's throw distant.

Poor Hugo looked an awe-stricken, shriveled little creature surrendering his hand to the big paw of Hector Augustus Gaunt. It seemed as though the sheer bulk of Gaunt gave him moral ascendancy over Jean's husband. There were no protests from Hugo that he didn't want to be cut off from the pleasures of hotel life and immured behind the pink walls of this little tucked-away house.

Gaunt, behaving rather as though it were his own place, showed them around. The long windows of the salon opened upon the balconies overlooking the sea, but directly overhanging the railway lines, although these were invisible by reason of the thick growth of palms and olives which covered the steeply terraced slopes. The Villa Charmil seemed somehow to hang mysteriously between sky and sea, upheld only by the feathery tops of the palms.

Hugo, promised his meals in the arbor, took heart of grace and recovered from his fit of overawed dependency. Almost immediately he attached himself to Hector Gaunt and begged to be allowed to wash windows. The favor being granted he was left to wash them alone—which wasn't quite what he wanted—while Gaunt discussed the various household arrangements with Jean. Alice

and Ardeyne went back to the hotel to pack up the Carnays' and Hugo's clothes, and also give this rather sudden notice that the suite would no longer be required.

Hector Gaunt and Jean sat in the arbor with the stone table between them, Jean, with her bag tumbling out a heterogeneous mass of soiled Italian notes, and a stub of pencil jabbing memoranda on the various expenditures.

There was the month's rent, for which Gaunt had settled in advance, and the money he had given Carlo for the groceries, and what Jean felt he ought to give Maria for her share in the labor and—oh, any amount of other items. Their voices rose in altercation and reached Hugo.

In imitation of Gaunt, Hugo had stripped off his own coat and rolled up his sleeves, but he still stuck to his new hat. He peered out furtively, pretending to be wringing the water from the grey strip of towelling he had been washing the windows with, and then bobbed back again when he thought himself in danger of being discovered.

Gaunt saw him and called out:

"Tell Maria to bring us some beer."

Hugo disappeared like a Jack-in-the-box and a few minutes later came back with a tray.

"I brought it myself," he said.

He set it down, looked at them a little wistfully, and was edging off again, when Gaunt—still quarrelling with Jean about money—interrupted himself to invite Hugo to join them.

"But fetch another glass for yourself," he said. "You've only brought two."

Hugo bounded off like a happy puppy, and the extra glass was duly procured. Gaunt poured out the beer, foaming, light stuff, deliciously cold, and Hugo settled himself as near as he could get to the big man. There was something pathetic in the pale, near-sighted eyes that dwelt upon the careless Gaunt. One understood then, how in his day of great adventures—and very likely still—Hector Augustus Gaunt had been a master of men, a leader whose lightest desire was as a law to his adoring followers. Hugo Smarle had once followed this big fellow through the trackless waste of uncharted seas; that pale, persistent gaze went back to the day when there had been no Jean Carnay, no tame Italian Riviera on their maps; a time when life's course was marked by the stars and life itself was full to the very zenith with romance which included not the name of woman.

Mad Hugo's gallantry in marriage may have been actuated by a double motive, the second—though perhaps not the lesser—his great admiration for Hector Augustus Gaunt. Such a motive might be difficult to account for and trace from its obscure beginnings to its even more obscure fulfillment, but undoubtedly it could exist in the complex psychology of a Hugo Smarle. Yet adoration may be a little mixed with jealousy. Hugo sat half-enuviously at the feet of his idol, and Hugo's psychology included many things besides self-abnegation. It included, for one item, a desire to be great himself.

He now interfered in the financial discussion, at first timidly, then—being tolerated—with some decisiveness, taking Jean's part.

"No, Hector, we can't—my wife and I—accept charity from you. It's very kind of you. We do appreciate it. Don't we, Jean? We're frightfully grateful for all you've done, but we can't accept charity. And there's no need for us to do so. Did I tell you about meeting Carrie Egan? She owes me pots of money, and she promised to pay it. In a few days we'll be rolling in wealth."

Jean turned upon Hugo, puzzled and annoyed.

"Hugo, what can you mean about Mrs. Egan owing you money? And how could you speak to her? In front of Alice and Dr. Ardeyne, too. You gave me your solemn word of honor."

"My dear Jean, you can trust me," Hugo was a little pompous. "I'm no fool. I spoke to her merely as one does speak to a lady of one's acquaintance. Dr. Ardeyne suspects nothing—nor Alice, either. Mrs. Egan owes me twenty thousand pounds, not to mention the interest."

"How do you make that out?" Gaunt asked, frowning so heavily upon him that he quailed and drew back into something faintly resembling a shell of reserve.

"She promised it to me," he said sulkily.

"But Hugo, for what?" Jean demanded. "Tony Egan left no money, as you know. Your financial venture had failed. Don't you remember, Hugo?" She averted her eyes, shivering a little. "It was over that . . . you quarrelled. Tony's having done something queer with your share of the money."

(To be continued.)

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