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Warned by a Star.

It is a little known fact that the earth receives heat from the stars. So small, however, is the amount of warmth imparted to our world from the nearest star that it would take 1,000,000,000,000 years for it to boil a pint of water.

The heat felt is about equal to that of a candle burning fifty-three miles away. The heat of the stars is measured with an instrument called a thermocouple, which consists of two pieces of wire soldered together to make a circle. These pieces of wire are of different metals, one piece being of bismuth and the other a mixture of bismuth and another metal.

The light coming from the star is allowed to fall, through the lens of a large telescope, on to one of the joints of the thermocouple, and the heat is just sufficient to set up a current which can be detected by a very delicate galvanometer.

There Was Once a Road Through the Woods.

They shut the road through the woods Seventy years ago. Weather and rain have undone it again And now you would never know. There was once a road through the woods

Before they planted the trees. It is underneath the coppice and heath, And the thin anemones, Only the keeper sees. That, where the ring-dove broods, And the badgers roll at ease, There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods Of a summer evening late, When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools Where the otter whistles his mate.

You will hear the beat of a horse's feet And the swish of a skirt in the dew, Steadily cantering through The misty solitudes, As though they perfectly knew The old lost road through the woods— But there is no road through the woods. —Rudyard Kipling.



Absolutely Untrue.
Acquaintance—"The paper charges that you college boys put in almost all your time at gambling."
Student—"That's absolutely untrue! I don't know a boy that doesn't spend a great part of his time at the shows."

Triangular Wheels.

The carts that travel the "rocky road to Dublin" would have a much rougher time of it if their wheels were like those that the Mongolian peasant uses on his ox cart. The two wheels, says Mr. A. S. Kent in *Old Tartar Trails*, are unprotected by iron tires, and therefore with constant use over stony roads they soon lose their roundness and become first octagonal, then hexagonal and then pentagonal. At that point the Mongolian begins to think that he ought to have new wheels; but before his caravan has reached a place where he can find a Chinese to do the work the wheels have passed the rectangular stage and have become triangular, and the vehicle will go no farther.

Making Use of Monkeys.

The Malays for centuries have domesticated monkeys and have trained them to climb coconut trees and pick the nuts.

Slaughter by U.S. Railways.

In the last fifteen years there have been 26,297 railway collisions in the United States. Deaths, 4,326; injured, 60,882.

There is but one way to prevent these collisions, and that is to stop the trains before they collide.

"The Street O' Dreams."

I know a little Cornish street That winds down to the sea; A street of crazy cobbles, neat As cobble-stones can be. It simply teems with life by day And yet, at night, it seems Throughout its narrow, moonlit way, A fairyland of dreams.

The little houses seem, in pairs, To lean across the stones. Discussing all the day's affairs In whispered undertones. Quaint shadows in the moonlight dance To music of the breeze, (And if to see them you should chance, Do not disturb them, please).

I call my street the Street o' Dreams— The name appeals to me, Because its every cobble seems To breathe of phantasy; The Cornish air, the Cornish skies, Explain in part—and then My street is like the dream-blue eyes Of Cornish fishermen.

I love my little Cornish street That winds down to the sea; I love its roughness 'gainst my feet— Its quaint antiquity. The timbered cottages, rose-clad, The crystal road-side streams; All those dear memories make me glad Of you—dear Street o' Dreams. —Leslie M. Hurd.

The Things I Miss.

An easy thing, O Power Divine, To thank Thee for these gifts of thine! For summer's sunshine, winter's snow, For hearts that kindly, thoughts that glow, But when shall I attain to this— To thank Thee for the things I miss.

For all young Fancy's early gleams The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams, Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known Through others' fortunes, not my own, And blessings seen that are not given, And ne'er will be, this side of heaven.

Had I too, shared the joys I see, Would there have been a heaven for me? Could I have felt thy presence near, Had I possessed what I held dear? My deepest fortune, highest bliss, Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm; Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm; A power that works above my will Still leads me onward, upward still; And then my heart attains to this— To thank Thee for the things I miss. —Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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Consolation.
We are consoled for the loss of those confiding persons who doffed the heavy undies two weeks too soon, by the comfortable reflection that they'd have only lived to rock the boat—or, still later in the season, carry the old fowling piece at full cock.

Mammoth Bone From Sea.
The shoulder blade of a mammoth was recently dredged from the sea by a trawler and landed at Douglas in the Isle of Man.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)
Ardeyne felt as though somebody had clubbed him half insensible. He stood there dazed, yet thoroughly comprehending. This man was Alice's father, this "Uncle John" whom Mrs. Carnay had kept so carefully from his sight. Less than a month ago John Ballias was Hugo Smarle, the criminal lunatic being adjudged a sane and therefore soon-to-be-free man. The medical board had "sat upon" his case for the fourth and last time, and against his better judgment Philip Ardeyne had been forced to yield to the consensus of opinion. Alice's father!

And then—as poor Jean had anticipated might happen—Philip Ardeyne's anger rose hot against Alice's mother. It was she, poor, pitiful, silly woman, who had tried to engineer this clumsy deception. She had brought Smarle here, or he had been forced upon her, and she thought to pass him off as another man altogether. Alice must have been in the plot. Ardeyne shuddered. Then he thought of Carrie Egan, the widow of the man Hugo Smarle had slain. She was here, too—under the same roof. No wonder Mrs. Carnay had kept Smarle a prisoner.

During the strained silence Hugo's uncanny brain leapt to a conclusion. "Ardeyne, are you the doctor Alice is engaged to?" he asked. Ardeyne nodded without speaking. Hugo groaned and slapped his knee. "That's done it!" he exclaimed, ruefully. "My wife—my sister, I mean—didn't want you to know. Well, as a matter of fact, she didn't want anybody to know. Doubtless you're prejudiced. You think because I was in that place I must have been like all the rest of 'em. Jean is going to be dreadfully cross with me. What shall I do?"

"Nothing," Ardeyne said, finding his voice at last. "You needn't let Mrs. Carnay know that—that we've ever met before. Do you think you can keep it to yourself?" Hugo looked crafty. "Trust me. It was only that you took me by surprise. I'm not likely to fall into that pit again."

CHAPTER XIII.

Philip Ardeyne went downstairs and out into the air. For the moment he was utterly confused. As he crossed the terrace one of the lift boys ran after him and gave him a note from Alice which should have been delivered before. Had he received it half an hour earlier he wouldn't have gone up to the Carnay's sitting-room in the hope of finding her; he wouldn't have made that unpleasant discovery. For a whole week Hugo Smarle had been in the hotel, and so had Carrie Egan. And the woman who called herself Jean Carnay? Hadn't she known Mrs. Egan was here? It was possible that she hadn't.

The doctor tore open Alice's note: Dearest, I've coaxed poor Mumsey out for a breath of air. She's nearly made herself ill looking after Uncle John, as you know. We have a little shopping to do and will be at the English tea-gardens about four o'clock. Please forgive me for not showing up for tennis. Your own, Alice.

Ardeyne realized that he had his tennis racket under his arm and had expected to spend a pleasant afternoon on the courts. He had gone to the club and, when he did not find Alice there, had resigned their place to another couple. Then he had gone back to the hotel and discovered Uncle John. He handed the racket to the lift boy and walked straight down, through the terraced gardens to the Strada Romana. His feet were taking him in the direction of the English tea-gardens. He walked along slowly, and presently there he came, a little coming towards him, a curious little procession. At its head walked—or strode magnificently—the farmer, Hector Augustus Gaunt, in tweed knickerbockers with a grey flannel shirt open at the neck, and an old, discolored panama on his head. Then came two mules heavily laden with sacks of provisions, and last plodded the old, old woman of the farm, barefooted, carrying her shoes, and with an immense burden of empty flower baskets on her head. Undoubtedly they had been to Ventimiglia for the market and were returning with the week's supplies.

With a wave of his hand Gaunt halted the procession and spoke to Philip Ardeyne. "Did Mrs. Carnay's brother arrive safely?" he asked, without the formality of a greeting. "Yes," he replied, a little abruptly. So Hector Gaunt was in the plot to deceive him also. "Give Mrs. Carnay my kindest regards," said Gaunt. "Tell her . . ." he hesitated for a second. "Tell her to bring her brother up to the farm when she feels like it."

"The little cavalcade made a forward movement as though to go on, but Ardeyne checked it.

"You know Mr. Ballias?" the doctor asked. "I haven't seen him for a good many years," Gaunt replied. "I hope he's well." Ardeyne spoke of the "flu" and Hugo's mild attack of it. "Oh—then as soon as he's better, tell Mrs. Carnay to bring him up to the farm. Good-day to you, sir." Off they went, the tall, lonely-looking man striding ahead, the barefooted old woman bringing up the rear. It had all been most casual—too casual. Hector Gaunt knew—must have been a party to the attempted deception; and for some reason unknown to himself the doctor was allowing Gaunt to think it was successful.

He walked on, his feet continuing to take him in the direction of the tea-gardens. Alice was waiting for him there—waiting with that crafty, scheming little mother of her. But at the thought of Alice Ardeyne's heart softened and trembled. He was up against the terrible fact that he loved Alice. This, if you like, was a form of insanity. To love a girl with the blood of a Hugo Smarle in her veins was bad enough, but to argue in a sneaking way to oneself that one could risk it and marry her was downright madness.

Ardeyne halted for a moment at the head of the narrow muddy lane which led down from the Strada Romana to the tennis club and the tea-gardens. Should he go on? Should he, too, be a party to this thing and pretend that he was fooled? It seemed necessary just for the time being. He continued down the lane. The magic call of tea was clearing the courts, and the white-clad players were streaming across to the little wistaria-embowered chalet where two enterprising English girls had established their tea house.

Alice and her mother sat apart at the back of the garden under a lemon tree. An extra chair tipped against the table awaited Philip Ardeyne. Mrs. Carnay's hands moved feverishly over a jumper she was knitting. There were scarlet spots on her cheeks. She looked breathless, and Alice looked vaguely unhappy.

Ardeyne had no more than seen them, no more than nodded, when Mrs. Egan rose up and confronted him, a startling and beautiful apparition in her short and sleeveless tennis frock, her fluffy hair repressed in a net of scarlet ribbon. "Oh, Phil—what a miracle to catch you alone!" she cried, her voice in no wise modified. "Sit down with me. I'm alone, too. . . ."

Then she turned her head and followed his glance, shrugging her shoulders and making a little mouth. "Sorry! That's your girl over there—isn't it? And the woman? Is that her mother?" Ardeyne held his breath as Mrs. Egan scrutinized Jean Carnay, whom apparently she had only just this moment noticed. Jean's cheeks were hectic now, and her hands flew rapidly but in a futile fashion. She was not counting the stitches. Hemmed in, she could not make an excuse to Alice and walk out of the place without passing close to Ardeyne and Mrs. Egan. No one but herself knew actually what she suffered, but the doctor guessed.

Mrs. Egan was staring at her in a quiet, puzzled fashion, but most intent. The shapely brown arms hung inert; the woman's head was hung a little, her nostrils slightly distended. Her attitude was that of some magnificent jungle animal surprised, scenting possible danger.

"Phil, I should like to meet Miss Carnay's mother," she said, after this momentary pause. "Shall we all have tea together?"

What could he do or say? There seemed no way of evading it. But the mischief—if any—was already done, and one could only go on with the elaborate pretence which Mrs. Carnay had set up.

Ardeyne heard himself assuring Carrie Egan that, for his part, he would be delighted. He lingered to get the attention of one of the fluttering young waitresses and Mrs. Egan went on ahead of him. After he had settled the matter of cakes and scones, he joined them.

Everything seemed all right. Ardeyne felt that his delay might be called cowardly, but for the life of him he had been unable to force himself to be present at the meeting between those two women. He wondered if they had known each other well, or perhaps not at all in the long ago. He, himself, was abroad at the time of Hugo Smarle's trial, a student at Bonn, scarcely more than a boy. His friend, Tony Egan, was considerably older; Smarle, he had not known, except by hearsay. But those two women, Jean Carnay—as she called herself now—and Carrie Egan, would both have attended the trial. The terrible circumstances were such that they could not help remembering each other. . . . Oh, yes, we like it here very much indeed, but shortly we must be

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moving on. I don't know that the climate absolutely agrees with me. It isn't everybody's climate, I find." Mrs. Carnay was speaking. Her nervous smile included Ardeyne. She looked as though in a high fever, with flushed face and brilliant, terrified eyes. Their tea arrived and was disposed of very hurriedly. Mrs. Egan, too, fell upon the climate of the Italian Riviera. Never had it received such a blasting. Treacherous, fit only for old women of both sexes who knew enough to creep indoors before sunset and always kept a bottle of quinine tablets in their pockets, said Mrs. Egan. Then she got up with an ungainly movement which endangered the equilibrium of the tea-table, and hurried off with an informal leave-taking. "Perhaps I'll see you all later. We have a set to finish, and it's getting late." (To be continued.)

The Spider Monkey.
The spider monkey is so called on account of its extremely long slender limbs and long tail.

Clock as Savings Bank.
To save money, an inventor has made a clock that has to have small change dropped in it before winding.

A Epidemic.
The teacher explained to the class that an epidemic was "something that spreads."
Teacher—"Now, Tommy, give me an example of an epidemic."
Tommy—"Jam, miss."

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