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and possibly you will not detect this imitation until the tea-pot reveals it. Demand always the genuine "Salada" in the sealed aluminum packet, and see that you get it, if you want that unique flavour of fresh, clean leaves properly prepared and packed.

ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

"Once, thousands and thousands of years ago, there lived in the Northland a famous hunter who had ten beautiful daughters. The youngest, Oweenee, was different from the others. She was dreamy and silent and wilful and wayward, but she was the prettiest of them all. Her sisters all married young men that were brave and handsome and proud. Oweenee had plenty of suitors of the same kind, but she scorned them all and married an ugly old man named Osseo. The reason she did this was that Osseo had a very good and beautiful character, and it was his spirit that she loved. He was the son of the sacred Star of Evening, and all its mystery and beauty and fire and tenderness and love were in his heart.

"Oweenee's rejected lovers and her sisters laughed at her and made fun of the old man, but she didn't mind a bit. She told them she didn't care for their paint and feathers and fine clothes; she was happy with Osseo.

"Once they were all invited to a great feast. While they were walking

to the place through the twilight woods the nine sisters, with their husbands, laughed and chatted gaily; but Oweenee and Osseo walked silently behind. Every now and then Osseo would look up earnestly at the Evening Star that was shining in the sky and whisper softly, "Pity me, pity me, my father." The others laughed at him and said it was a pity he wouldn't fall over a log and break his neck.

"They came after a while to a big, hollow oak tree lying across the path. When Osseo saw it he gave a great cry and went in at one end. Then a wonderful thing happened. In a minute he came out at the other end, quite young and handsome. If that were all, it would have been all right, but at the same time Oweenee was changed to an ugly, wrinkled old woman, leaning on a stick. Of course, the others laughed all the harder at that, but Osseo took her hand and helped her along. He called her 'Sweetheart,' and soothed her with soft and tender words till they arrived at the place of the feast.

"Amid all the merriment and feasting Osseo sat quiet and sad, looking at Oweenee and the Evening Star. Then from the starry distance he heard a voice, low and musical and tender, saying that the wicked magic spells that had bound him were

broken, and he was to rise and go home, only first he must eat the food before him, for it had magic virtues.

"The others did not understand anything of this; they heard only a sweet, far-off music like the singing of birds.

"Osseo did as he was told, and suddenly the lodge began to shake and tremble, and they felt it rising slowly above the tree-tops through the dewy, starlit air. At the same time everything was changed. The roof-poles of the wigwam turned to glittering silver rods, and the bark roof was like the shining wings of beetles. The dishes and kettles were changed to scarlet and silver bowls.

"The most wonderful thing of all was that Oweenee's sisters and their husbands were changed to birds—bluejays, magpies, thrushes, black-birds, and other kinds. They hopped around and sang like any ordinary birds. As Oweenee watched them she felt very sad, for she was still feeble and old and ugly; but Osseo looked starward and uttered another great cry. Then Oweenee's youth and beauty returned. Her rags were changed to a beautiful white dress and her staff to a silver feather. Then the wigwam rushed swiftly upward through the transparent clouds and mists, and softly as the fall of a snowflake, alighted on the beautiful Evening Star.

"Osseo's silver-haired father, the spirit of the star, came to meet him and bid him welcome. 'Hang the cage of birds you have brought in the doorway of my wigwam,' he said, for that is what the lodge had turned into. Then he told Osseo that he had changed the sisters and their husbands to birds because they had mocked him. Because Oweenee had looked into his heart and loved him for what he really was, she had not been changed like the rest.

"They lived there a long time in peace and happiness. By-and-by Oweenee had a beautiful little son. When he grew big enough Osseo made him a little bow and arrows, and let loose the birds so that the boy could shoot at them.

"One day he killed a bird. When its blood fell on the star the magic spell was broken. The bird turned to a beautiful young woman with an arrow in her breast, and the boy felt himself falling, falling, falling to earth, and soon he lit on an island in the Big Sea Water. All the birds, too, came fluttering down like gay autumn leaves. Osseo and Oweenee followed in the beautiful little wigwam with silver rods.

"When the birds touched the earth they took their human form again, but did not grow any larger. They were known as the Little People. On pleasant summer nights, when the Evening Star was shining, their happy voices might be heard along the crags and glittering beaches as, hand in hand, they danced together in the starlight.

"That is the end of the story, and now let us go home."

"That's a lovely story, June," Brownie sighed, contentedly.

"June," said Robin, withdrawing his dreamy gaze from the far-off hills to his cousin's animated face, "I used to think that books were no good and poetry only nonsense, but I'll never think that again."

June smiled and quoted:—

"He who looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And thus the heavens espy."

"You are beginning to espy the heavens, aren't you, Robin?"

Robin smiled an assent, and, filled with happy dreamings, led the way home, where a spirit of peace and sweet content brooded over their own "enchanted isle."

(To be continued).

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

It is late again as I am writing you, and so I fear there will be no long letter, but it was such a beautiful afternoon that I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't mind if I went out and enjoyed the sunshine. So forth I went, and we drove and drove off out into the country, where the roads were muddy, but the sky was glorious. We kept our eyes fixed on the trees and the clouds, so the mud didn't matter, really—except to the man at the wheel, who began to wonder at times if the car wasn't going to be stalled! We counted six breakdowns all together, more than I ever have seen in one afternoon, but, fortunately, we didn't join the number. We watched aeroplanes again, doing all sorts of wonderful performances—looping the loop, coming round in big spirals, dancing on one wing and flying on their tails—you never saw such wonderful things in your life! But it *must* have been cold; we were cold enough in the car, and a cousin told me that a friend of his had been flying one day last week, when his thermometer went below zero! That wouldn't suit me, so please don't any of you send me an invitation to go flying with you till next spring. I shall only disappoint you if you do! And after all that chilly business, I went away and began to hear tales of another grown-up cousin who is fighting in Palestine, where they are pretty warm, and glad enough to fly to get cool; I almost felt warm hearing about it.

Farewell now, for another week. Dear me! I no sooner seem to have fixed up one competition before it's time for another. You make me think so hard that I'll be bald before long! I'd like some of you to suggest competitions. Will you?

Your affectionate Cousin,
Mike.

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