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ployed earlier. "She deserved to die—she had to die! After being in the pay of Germany, she threatened to turn upon it, to make disclosures, to reveal secrets; it was impossible to allow her to do so. She had sworn on her life to be true to Germany, and her life was forfeit! It was not murder, it was an execution! I killed her, and she knew why I killed her."

There were murmurs among the judges, but they were stilled by a wave of the President's hand, as Hollander continued in the same voice.

"For her death, too, there is a justification."

"You know what this confession must mean?" asked the President.

"That I shall be hanged for murder!" cried Hollander. "Personally I care no longer what happens to me. I have blundered somewhere and somehow, and can be of no further service to the Fatherland. My race is run! But I have no fear of the future. I see my country at the head of the world—the head of the world. I am the least of her sons, and I have failed! I have foreseen that this, or something like this, might occur—that I might fail, and I have provided for it. I defy and curse you all!"

"Is the man a maniac?" several members of the court martial were asking themselves, as they listened to these words.

But if he was mad, there was method in his madness.

Before anyone could prevent him, Hollander had drawn from his coat a long thin narrow instrument of steel, resembling in shape a stiletto but smaller, and had driven it into his

heart with firm, unerring hand—dying instantly, even as his victim Sylvia Chase had perished, and by the same weapon.

As he fell in a heap on the floor, men rushed forward.

"He is dead," they said, after one glance at the body.

"Perhaps," said the President, dwelling significantly on his words, "it is best so!"

"Indeed, it is," said another officer who sat beside him.

It was announced in the Press that Captain Hollander had committed suicide; there was much speculation as to what had led him to act in this manner, but the facts were suppressed, and the subject soon dropped—in a world that is ever busy with itself about the "newest thing."

The Minister of War, who of course was told everything that had occurred at the court martial, thought Max Hamilton ought to know how Hollander had died, and he told Max, to whom also he gave permission to tell the truth to Beaumont, the editor of "The Day," and to one other—the lady who used to be known as Peggy Willoughby but is now spoken of as "the fascinating Mrs. Max Hamilton."

Superintendent Johnson, however, is under the impression that the murder in the train is still an unfathomable mystery, and will always remain unfathomable. He saw in the papers that Villiers Chase had been allowed to resign, but attached no special significance to the statement.

[The End.]

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Decorative.—The head of a big London business concern is exceptionally tall, and his height is further accentuated by his exceeding slinness. The other day a visitor from the country called to see him, and was duly asked to sit down.

After they had concluded their business the visitor rose to go, and his host rose also, and seemed to rise and rise. The visitor, letting his glance travel upward, as though inspecting a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of awed admiration, ejaculated:

"Great Scott, old man, your parents must have trained you on a trellis!"—Tit-Bits.

Which Would Be the Goat?—"It is true," severely said the lady of the high ideals to the successful writer, "that you have gained much prosperity by your writings, but you have written nothing that will live."

"Perhaps not," returned the author; "but when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I never hesitate to sacrifice my writings."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Used to It.—The man had been haled before the magistrate on some trivial charge.

"Let me see," said the judge. "I know you. Are not you the man who was married in a cage of man-eating lions?"

"Yes, your honour," replied the culprit. "I'm the man."

"Exciting, wasn't it?" continued the justice.

"Well," said the man, judicially, "it was then; it wouldn't be now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

French Politeness.—As a truly polite nation the French undoubtedly lead the world, thinks a contributor to a British weekly. The other day a Paris dentist's servant opened the door to a woebegone patient.

"And who, monsieur," he queried in a tender tone, "shall I have the misery of announcing?"—Youth's Companion.

In the International League.—Japan—Can play any position and makes all the managers nervous.

Russia—A big fellow, but so slow he has to make a homer in order to get to first.

Belgium—The innocent spectator who was hit with a foul ball.

Turkey—A pitcher who looked easy, but who is making a lot of trouble.

Uncle Sam—The man who owns the pop, peanut, and refreshment privilege.

War-Correspondents—The men who

can't get into the press-stand because the managers have given all the seats to their friends.

Czar—The manager with loads of substitutes, but too few regular players.—Walter Camp in Collier's Weekly.

The Angels of Mons.

It may be just that folks have flocked
To glorify a pretty tale;
It may be truth that Something blocked
That desperate battle trail,
And, anyhow, the story's growing stale.

But, true or not, there's this is right,
Sure as man lives and murder's done,
Fate never mixed another fight
Since wars were first begun
With so much Freedom to be lost or won.

And swearing Tommies, beaten back,
But rallying still their broken line
Against the howling Prussian pack,
May not have seemed divine,
But still did heroes' work and did it fine.

Whether they saw the shining crew,
St. George and all the rest of it,
Or only found a job to do
And meant to stand their bit,
Something or Someone gave them grip
and grit.

Too Evident.—Nervous Old Lady (on small English railway)—"Oh, dear! how we're rocking! I'm sure an accident will happen to this train!"

Elderly Aboriginal—"It's along o' their bein' short-handed wi' skilled men, mum, so my son 'e offered to drive her just to oblige, and" (confidentially) "I don't think 'e knows much about it."—Passing Show.

Willing to Learn.—"Well, Dinah, how are you and your new husband getting along?"

"Firs' rate, Miss Betty. I been 'greetably 'sprized in dat man."

"Does he treat you all right?"

"Yessum. He sho do, and I ain't had ter hit 'im but one time. I never seed er nigger learn as quick as he do."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Family Pride.—Hoping to be the first to relate some unwelcome news, the youth rushed into the house and said:

"Father, I had a fight with Percy Raymond to-day."

"I know you did," replied the father soberly. "Mr. Raymond came to see me about it."

"Well," said the son "I hope you came out as well as I did."—Ladies' Home Journal.