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agreed to leave that subject."

"I agreed to draw no further conclusions—aloud; but not to be silent as to facts. Surely you would wish to have those communicated to you."

The young man sighed impatiently.

"Go on, then," he said, "if you must."

"In your evidence at the inquest you stated that your father did not, to your knowledge, wear false teeth. Not being satisfied on that point, I have since made further inquiries—I will not go into details, but give you at once the result of my investigations. I am now in a position to bring forward a dentist at Oxford who has Mr. Emberson's name on his books; and can prove by them that the last work done by him for that gentleman was the repairing of a gold plate which had been slightly damaged. I think that is conclusive."

Dick bent his head silently.

"I will content myself for the present by adding that the most exhaustive research carried out under my personal supervision had failed to bring to light any trace, however small, of the dentist's handiwork, and pass on to the next point in which I need your help. It is absolutely necessary to trace out the two men who called here on the afternoon of that day." Dick stirred uneasily in his chair. "Can you throw any light upon their movements or identity?"

"None whatever!" was the emphatic reply—to which was added, as an afterthought, "beyond the fact mentioned by my father that they had come from London. They probably returned by the seven o'clock train that evening."

"As it happens, they did not!" replied the detective; "they had abundance of time to catch the train, the last, as you know, in the day; but they sauntered into the station just after it had started, and finally decided to put up at the inn for the night and take the first train in the morning."

Again, Dick endeavoured to close the interview.

"I think it is time that our interview came to an end. I see no possible use in prolonging it."

"Just one moment more, Mr. Emberson," said the other, with a gesture of entreaty. "It has occurred to me that amongst your father's papers we might find some clue to the identity of these men; would you?"—he hesitated—then continued with a rush—"would you object to going through them with me?"

He fully expected an indignant refusal: he was prepared for an attempt to force him from the room. What he was not prepared for was Dick's drawing a key from his pocket and politely handing it to him, saying—

"If you like to come up to my room, you are at liberty to examine my father's papers to your heart's content; but I don't fancy you will derive much information from them."

"You have already gone through them?"

"Should I have waited your permission to do so?"

The first question was put in a tone of challenge; the return query in one of sarcastic defiance. The eyes of the two men met with a steely flash like the crossing of blades. There was a moment of tense silence; it was broken by Mr. Screed—who, with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders, remarked dryly—

"Since you have taken that precaution, it would be little use my going over the same ground."

"I think so," rejoined Dick. "To be quite frank with you, Mr. Screed, my opinion is that there is literally no opening for your talents in this case."

Mr. Screed bowed politely, and, as if accepting the repulse and acknowledging defeat, moved towards the door. His fingers had already closed round the handle and a long breath of relief was hovering on his antagonist's lips, when he suddenly turned and retraced his steps.

"By the bye," he said, "it occurs to me that I have omitted to mention an important fact. Our search amongst the ruins, although fruitless in one respect, has yet brought to light a startling piece of evidence." He paused for a question which did not come. Dick waited in stony silence for him to proceed. Mr. Screed came a step closer, and, fixing him with his penetrating eyes, said—

"It was by your orders, I believe, Mr. Emberson, that some cans of petrol were stored in the coach-house?"

The angry flush which had gathered on Dick's brow faded into a ghastly pallor. It was with perceptible effort that he answered—

"Certainly, I have several times had the loan of a friend's motor car; and it was convenient to have the petrol at hand."

"Quite so. Would you be surprised to hear that several of those cans of petrol have disappeared from the place in which they were stored, and that the remains of two of them have been found among the debris?"

(To be continued.)

On-gwa-nada

PATRIOTISM which nowadays is so complicated a thing in Canada was comparatively simple to the Indians who owned the country a few hundred years ago. Canadian history is full of stories of red men who, after the land had passed to the white man, became allies of either English or French in the struggle against a common enemy. Brant and Tecumseh are as familiar heroes as Wolfe and Montcalm and Danlac, and more familiar than Poundmaker and Big Bear—who in their own way were expressing a sort of patriotism in rebellion.

The literature of the red man has always been more or less patriotic, because in a crude way it was poetic. Descendants of the old chiefs have left on record verses which indicate an attempt to interpret modern Canada in a modern way. Among the most recent is J. Ojiatekha Brant-Sero, who in an Ontario Government report of fourteen years ago was said to be "the brightest Indian ever born on a reserve."

Brant-Sero was born on the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, a descendant of Joseph Brant, and son of a Bay of Quinte Mohawk named "Sero." He is a self-taught red man. In 1896 he married Mrs. Kirby, an English lady. He is by profession a judicial interpreter, a poet and something of a dramatist. He is the author of several works, and volunteered for service in the Boer war. His letterheads bear the names Brantford, New York, London, South Africa, Berlin, Paris and Switzerland. He is a cosmopolitan and a nomad. A short while ago he wrote a poem on Canada which he sent in manuscript to Mr. A. T. Cringan, a friend of his, teacher of singing at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and a well-known authority on Indian melodies, many of which through his efforts have been published in the Ontario Government archaeological report. In a letter to Mr. Cringan the author—somewhat apologizing for the rather crude form of what he calls "the enclosed hybrid," says:

"The Mohawk stanza should, if ever this piece of joyous patriotism sees print, set at rest any dispute as to the origin of the word 'Canada.' A literal translation of it could be better supplied on the spot by one thoroughly acquainted with the 'Long House Festivals.'"

The poem is entitled:

ON-GWA-NADA. OUR HOME.

"Ka-non-s'hon-ni," yoh son, Kanada.
H'ow nyoh, H'ow nyoh, H'ow nyoh;
Tsits dods tse ri ne kea, wa hon ron.
Ne, T'ha kah sah he re,—
Tsi—On-gwa-nada,
Tsi—On-gwa-nada.

Imperial Canada the free,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice;
Hear, each warbling grey bird so happy,
Cooling his mate for choice?
The Maple Leaf a Home,
Where'er we may roam.

Our Beaver motto of old gave life—
Each treasured bow'r a care;
And Axemen's pioneer deeds foretold
strife
What Canada may dare.
The Maple Leaf a Home,
Where'er we may roam.

Hail, songs of our queenly mother love,
Behold, our kingly choice;
Nation's virgin birth, sturdy and rough
Breathing stillness rejoice!
The Maple Leaf a Home,
Where'er we may roam.