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TEA

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"Down a Peg."
The expression "taken down a peg," is explained by a tankard which appeared at a recent sale. It was very ancient, was made not of metal but of wood, and on its inside were eight projecting pegs or pins.

There are various explanations of the peg's presence, one being that St. Dunstan introduced them among the hard-drinking Saxons to encourage moderation, but the likeliest and simplest explanation is that at a time when one drinking vessel served for the whole company, it was necessary to have a marked vessel lest a greedy man should take more than his fair share.

Of course, these greedy persons would become marked men, and it would be everyone's duty to see that they were "taken down a peg"—that is to say, that as many as possible got their drink before it came to the greedy one, so that he might have the last peg, which contained all the dregs.

It is possible, too, that the expression, "I don't care a pin," comes from the pin or peg-tankard, as from one pin to the next was but a gill, the fourth part of a pint, and was thus to most drinkers a negligible quantity.

Flower Gems in Glass.
Marvellous artificial blooms that resemble Nature's finest specimens in every respect, except scent, are being made by expert glass-blowers.

Every part of a flower or plant is faithfully reproduced, from the long, delicate stems and colored petals to the almost invisible pollen.

The first thing which the maker of these wonderful blooms does is to blow the petals from glass as thin and fragile as tissue paper. The glass petals are then shaped and colored exactly like the natural ones.

Some of the rarer plants cannot be easily reproduced, and often several experiments have to be carried out with different colors before a really good imitation is obtained.

These glass flowers are used extensively in museums, both to show details of plant or flower formation and as backgrounds for displaying specimens of birds and insects. So far has this branch of scientific glass-blowing been developed that it is practically impossible to distinguish the artificial blossoms from the real.

Island Bought With Tobacco.
Ten Stick Island, mentioned recently in a despatch from the New Hebrides, got its name in a queer way.

Of considerable height, though only a few hundred yards in circumference, it used to be a favorite mark for men-of-war engaged in target practice while stationed in the group, so that it seemed in danger of being gradually shot away.

The chief who owned it protested, and claimed compensation. The captain of the patrol ship to whom the claim was presented promptly bought the island for the British Crown, paying ten sticks of tobacco for it, and then the chief went on his way rejoicing.

Some Interesting Facts.
On July 4, 1894, there was but one practical automobile in the world. The following year the first automobile race was run near Chicago. In 1896 England limited road motor vehicles to four miles an hour. In 1903 the first motor vehicle crossed the American continent.

"Let there be a purpose in all your legislation to recognize the right of man to be well born, well nurtured, well educated, well employed, and well paid. This is no gospel of ease and selfishness, or class distinction, but a gospel of effort and service, of universal application." Calvin Coolidge.

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The Salvation Army
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Sleep.
Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The balmy-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so,
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and weary head;
And if these things, as being thine, by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Liveller than elsewhere, Stella's image see.
—Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86).

People Who Live on Stilts.
In his story of "The Martians," Mr. H. G. Wells makes the visitors from another planet machine-like beings which walk on a sort of tripod, taking immense strides with these stick-like legs, against which the fastest runner is unable to compete.

A visitor to the Landes, that strange country which lies between the Garonne River and the Pyrenees, might almost imagine the romance had come true, should he espy a shepherd or two striding across the country mounted on a pair of long stilts, and carrying a walking-stick in the shape of a scaffold pole.

Not many years ago almost the whole of the population of the Landes went on stilts, because the terrific tempests blowing from the Bay of Biscay smothered the land with fine sand, and stilts became an absolute necessity of locomotion.

To-day the district is greatly improved by reason of the planting of broom and pines, which has resulted in the growth of a forest, the cessation of dust-storms, and such an improvement in the soil that the peasants have turned to agriculture, formerly impossible.

Nevertheless, wide areas are still very sandy, and the shepherd still goes around on stilts, blowing a shepherds' horn, and, when inclined to "sit down," leaning back on the scaffold-pole, and knitting a stocking, or carving a toy with his clasp-knife.

Mistook His Occupation.
An elderly Scot was standing in a railway station when a traveler trod heavily on his foot.

"Hoot, mon!" groaned the Scot.

"Canna ye take care? Ye've nearly killed me. Hoot, mon! Hoot, hoot!"

The traveler looked the suffering Scot up and down.

"Hoot yourself," he said. "I'm a drummer, not an auto."

The Good Old Days.
"I fancy one reason for my unpopularity with my acquaintances," admitted J. Fuller Gloom, "is due to the fact that although I recollect as well as any of them when a square meal for a hungry man could be obtained for twenty-five cents, I insist that it wasn't any better than the meal we get nowadays for a dollar and a quarter."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



He—"Do you object to smoking?"
She—"I should say not. I was wondering why you were so stingy with 'em."

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Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"My dear Jean," said Hector Gaunt, "don't exasperate me. Look here, I was a boy of twenty when I married that woman. She was nearly forty—old enough to be my mother. I married her in Australia, and she left me a few months afterwards. Years later I met you and we fell deeply in love with each other. Why shouldn't I marry you? If Nancy wasn't dead by that time, she ought to have been. You should have stuck to me, Jean. What did it matter?"

Jean could not look at things in his large and loose fashion, but she realized that perhaps he was not to be judged as other men, that he was one whose head would always be in the clouds.

In her opinion, if obliged to make such a terrible decision, it were better the world should believe that Alice was the daughter of Hugo Smarle, the criminal lunatic, rather than the child of such an irregular union as had taken place between herself and Hector Augustus Gaunt.

"Forgive me," Jean said timidly. "I need you—I need a friend, Hector."

At once he was contrite. He flung himself on his knees beside her.

"Jean, it's you who must forgive me. You were such a child, and I was old enough to know better. But I wanted you so—I loved you so—I couldn't bear the loneliness of my life any longer. Or at least, I thought I could. And you were alone in the world, too—no parents or close relations, only old Madame Douette to look after you, and she wasn't a very dependable person. It seemed as though we were made for each other. Do you remember how happy we were? Our stolen meetings? Do you remember the time we went to Nice to meet some friends—after we'd been secretly married—and how you came up here and we spent two wonderful days together? Do you remember—"

"Don't—don't! I haven't wanted to remember," Jean said sharply. "Hector, we mustn't talk like this. It's—it's unnerveing. My nose is quite red, I'm sure. What will Alice think when she sees me? Oh, I know I look a fright . . . Now be sensible, Hector, and help me about Hugo." She took a puff and mirror out of her bag and trembled; her teeth chattered a little.

Hector Gaunt poked up the fire, then blew it with the bellows. She was right. Why couldn't he be sensible? Too much of a visionary. Suppose he were to tell her that he had not really been alone all these twenty years? Would she understand? He had her photographs and his memories. No, he had not really been alone.

"What can I do to help you about Hugo?" he asked. "Do you want me to go with you to meet him?"

Jean shook her head.

"No, I don't think that would be wise. I'd better see him alone, first. But if I send for you—"

"I'll come," he replied.

"Do you—do you think he is really cured?" Jean asked timidly.

"I hope so. Certainly the doctors wouldn't let him out if he weren't."

But Gaunt was only trying to reassure an unhappy woman. He remembered that Hugo Smarle had been convicted of manslaughter, not murdered, and had been in what was practically prison for fifteen years. No doubt he had shown himself to be quite tractable, and they were more or less obliged to let him out. It was the wear and tear of ordinary life which Hugo Smarle had never been able to meet. He had always taken life as a series of crises; excitement was as the very breath in his nostrils, with which he drew in a poison to fume his lightly-balanced brain.

CHAPTER IX.

Alice had almost forgotten that a woman named Carrie Egan had breezed into the Minosa Palace that morning and brought with her a disturbing change of atmosphere, but it was remembered when the little cavalcade trailed back at sunset.

The big silver car stood solitary on the terrace, and Mrs. Carnay, who in her weariness had ridden Tomaso to the very steps of the hotel, speculated upon its ownership.

"A new arrival?" she wondered.

The car had been there that morning, but in her hurry she hadn't noticed it.

Alice waited for Philip to give an explanation, and it seemed just a little significant to her that he did not offer any.

The girl experienced an emotion which was worse than simple jealousy—jealousy coupled with dismay. Why didn't Philip say that the car belonged to Mrs. Egan, an old friend of his?

The two women went up to their rooms, and Dr. Ardeyne, after presumably making for the smoking-room, came back into the hall and spoke to the concierge, who in answer to a question replied that Mrs. Egan was in, he thought. Yes, she had a sitting-room.

Ardeyne looked at the clock. He had an hour before it was necessary to dress for dinner. The concierge obligingly gave him the number of Mrs. Egan's rooms; they were on the ground floor, and he could if he chose stroll down the corridor and call upon her. He could call now and get it over—the bone she had to pick with him, and perhaps another one which she hadn't mentioned.

But he was scarcely in the mood for controversy, particularly with a woman.

It had been such a happy day, the very happiest day of his life, he told himself. It seemed a great pity that Carrie Egan should choose this moment to come here. He hadn't even known that she was in Monte Carlo. It was over a year since he had so much as set eyes upon her. They had parted in anger after a violent quarrel, and the doctor did not wish to be reminded of that quarrel or the cause of it. It seemed unreasonable that he had ever made such a fool of himself.

Having determined to postpone an interview which was bound to be disagreeable, Ardeyne went straight to his own room and dressed, but all the time the thought of Mrs. Egan hung over his head. Perhaps it would be much wiser to see her before the inevitable after-dinner rendezvous in the big lounge.

So he strolled down the corridor, now quite deserted in that hush before the dinner hour, and knocked at her sitting-room door.

The Italian maid opened it a crack. Yes, the Signora was in; she would inquire. In a moment she came back and admitted him.

Mrs. Egan had taken unto herself the royal suite, originally decorated for the entertainment of Queen Marguerita while her Majesty was superintending the arrangement of her delightful villa next door. It was, indeed, a regal suite, stiff with gold brocade and much formal furniture. The windows opened upon a wide verandah overlooking the terrace where Mrs. Egan had parked her car. The big sitting-room, or more appropriately salon, was littered with dressmakers' and milliners' boxes, some of them half unpacked, some not yet opened. Several huge bunches of carnations thrown down carelessly suggested that a visit had been paid to the flower market in Ventimiglia that afternoon. The Italian maid evidently was not very orderly in her methods. She flew about in a distracted fashion, gathering up the various boxes, until her mistress appeared and dismissed her.

Mrs. Egan was half-dressed. Her short mop of dark hair was beautifully done, although to the unsophisticated eye it looked as though she had merely run a comb through it. An airy peignoir floated from her bare shoulders, and against her curiously brown neck gleamed a big emerald, like a winking green eye. She was smoking a cigarette, and offered one to Philip Ardeyne. As she passed the box to him he noted—as he had done on former occasions—the bluish tint of her exquisitely formed finger-nails. Always it had caused him a slight thrill for the mystery of her ancestry. There was strange blood in her veins, that he knew. Was Malay or Africa responsible for those finger-nails, for the crinkly hair and the smooth skin which wore a perpetual tan? Somewhere in the dim past that mystery lay hidden. Perhaps even the woman herself did not know.

He took the cigarette, although it was so near dinner time, but declined a rather rich-looking liqueur she offered as an aperitif.

"What's the quarrel you have with me?" he asked, trying to speak as though he did not know, or could not guess. "It's been hanging over me all day."

"Has it? And where have you been all day?" demanded the woman.

Ardeyne flushed very slightly.

"Visiting a friend of Mrs. Carnay," he replied.

"Mrs. Carnay? I thought it was Miss Carnay?"

"Alice's mother," Ardeyne said.

"Oh, her mother is here, too? She looks like a girl who'd have a mother hanging about. And are you really engaged to her, Phil? Engaged to that pretty little piece of porcelain?"

"I'm glad you think she's pretty," the doctor said dryly.

"I was under the impression," Mrs. Egan went on, "that you were engaged to me, but—"

Ardeyne pitched his cigarette into the empty grate. He looked angry, but had himself fairly well in hand.

WRIGLEYS

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a i-n-s-t-i-t-u-t-i-o-n-benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.



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"We were never engaged," he said. "And there was Burnside—you always preferred him to me. After what happened—"

"Really, Phil?"

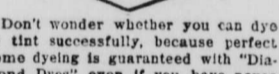
"Oh, I'm not being monstrous, and I'm not a fool. Let's be honest about it, Carrie. You certainly left nothing to my imagination that night—"

"You were a beast," Mrs. Egan said quietly. "You accused me of things that—well, no matter. Jack Burnside is married, by the way. However, that has nothing to do with you and me. That isn't really what I'm wild about. Look here, Phil, is it true that you and your precious medical board have let out that lunatic, Hugo Smarle?"

(To be continued.)

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Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.

Its Handicap.
The mistress of the house gazed fixedly at her servant, taking in her appearance from head to toe. "Mandy," she finally remarked, in a tone of kindly criticism, "your dress looks rather shabby. Hadn't you better have it turned?"

"Land's sake, ma'am," the girl exclaimed, "does you-all think dis head dress has three sides."

Going Down.
"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly. "We can trace our ancestors back to—well, I don't know exactly who but we've been descending for centuries."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an 'honest man'."—George Washington.



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