

You Can Buy "SATADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

Why be content with inferior tea.

The Bluest Lake.

In front of us was that rise of gray ash like a sand-bar, cutting between us and the sky. We dashed up this slope—and stopped abruptly. Directly under our feet the earth fell away in a vast slide of rock and volcanic ash, at an angle of at least fifty degrees. It fell away for eleven hundred feet, and if you once started down that incline, you would keep on to the bottom. It fell away into a huge hole, and as we looked to right and left, and then across, we saw this hole as an almost perfect circle six miles in diameter. At the bottom of the hole lay Crater Lake, with the evening stillness coming on so that it held in reflection all the slides and snowdrifts and white-capped lava pinacles that ring it round, held them reflected in a mirror of inconceivable depth. You have seen water as blue as sapphire, but that is not sky-blue. It is deeper and richer. It is not a clear nor Caribbean blue. It is a pale, opalescent indigo, with a green around the margin that grows shallower. It is opalescent and yet that does not detract from it is capable of many and mystic changes, dusky Prussian grayness, richer under a wild sunset, purple; yet always, somehow, its own incomparable and indescribable color.

It means little when you stand on the rim of Crater Lake, to be told that the water is eleven hundred feet beneath you, because it does not look that far, in the clear mountain atmosphere, and even the two-thousand-foot cliff of Lao Rock does not impress you at a glance. But once you have descended those eleven hundred feet, even once you have walked down and up the mile of steep trail, you have a new conception of the depth. Still more do you have it when in a boat at last you float on the bottomless blue water, suspended in some strange blue medium between an inverted world and an upright, and see the naked sweeps of pumice lava rock, and pink and brown cliffs of two thousand feet right above your head, to meet the sky. It is then, at last, that you realize the majesty as well as the beauty of Crater Lake.

What gave this water its magic blue I cannot say. I am content to accept the fact, and let who will theorize. At any rate, it is the blue jewel of the world's lakes.—Walter Prichard Eaton, in "Skyline Camps."

Love Song for Lucinda.

Love is a ripe plum
Growing on a purple tree.
Taste it once
And the spell of its enchantment
Will never let you be.

Love is a bright star
Glowing in far Southern skies.
Look too hard
And its burning flame
Will always hurt your eyes.

Love is a high mountain
Stark in a windy sky.
If you
Would never lose your breath,
Do not climb too high.
Langton Hughes.

To Entertain the Prince.

The Prince of Wales, who has promised to visit Portsmouth shortly, is to offer the first freedom of the new-created city.



Carry it always with you!

WRIGLEY'S

Keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen and digestion good.

Great after smoking

After Every Meal

ESCAPE

BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD.

The room was full of an intangible, steamy vapor. Many odors had their part in this vapor. Steam itself; the rancid smell of gasoline; soiled clothes from too intimate a contact with toil-worn humanity; stale cooking; unsavory dampness of tweeds and serge; garbage from the back area of the restaurant; and the pungent, clean scent of soap and dishwater; drains; hot irons; clean linen struggling vainly to hold its own.

Myra kept on ironing, with a swift dexterity to keep pace with her thoughts—with the racing of her pulse. What a sticky, suffocating night it was! Mr. Schoes would be in any minute now. Harry poked his head in again on his way with Mr. Smith to say so. Emmy how Harry didn't like her to be alone when the shop was open! That slip wouldn't stand more than one washing; easy with the iron there! And then he left her with Mr. Schoes. How hot it was in here! Was it better to have the window closed or up, opening out to the foul courtyard? Harry should certainly complain about the garbage.

The street door flew open, its bell jangling. Young Schoes called briskly: "Hullo, in here!" His head appeared in the doorway between the outer shop and the work-shop behind. He was a good-looking youth about Myra's own age, ten years younger than Harry, as one counted years, and more than that in looks.

"May I come in? Well—what are you up to? Pressing the bags out of somebody's second best? Oh, domestic matters, instead, eh? Go right ahead, don't mind me."

Her cheeks burned a little, but she tossed her head, a coquettish movement from out of the past, a ghost from the dead days of girlhood. She jumbled her own unfinished laundry into a rough, dry pile, and snatched up an article for the household—a worn, initial piece that once friends, in pre-nuptial inspection, had come in to see and admire.

She stuck valiantly to her ironing. He said at last: "Gosh, it's hot in here!" "Kind of!" That stench must get right upstairs, doesn't it?"

"A bit!" "I don't know how you stick it, kid!"

His voice was very gentle—a dangerous voice when one was sorry for oneself. She bent over a checked dish towel.

"There's some one come in." Young Schoes went out, whistling. There were voices in the outer shop; again, an interchange of thanks. A two-minute respite.

He returned, whistling. "The leather's had enough next door," he said, taking up the conversation. "It's been dropped. You taste it even in the grub. Well, I'll be taste of it day after to-morrow, if in the mails don't fail me."

"You're not going away?" Her heart beat furiously. She did not try to explain it to herself. "That's what!" She felt his eyes upon her keenly, and fought for composure. "Sorry, kid?"

"Sure, I am," she laughed it off, adjusting a roller towel on the board. "Say, you suppose it ain't nice to have some one fresh to talk to now and then?"

He whistled again. Then he pulled some papers from his pocket, colored things, attractive to the eye. "I must show you," he said, "where our little Ronnie's trekking for, just as soon as that money he's been painting for comes in. Look!"

He stretched a colored folder out on the ironing board. There was a map, a plan, a sketch, a drawing of water; pictures in color—cool green forest glades; waterfalls; lush meadows, bungalows, red-roofed and diamond-paned, with towers and trees and grass; lakes from which, by day and night, fishermen lured the fish that one could see, separately photographed on a string, overpage; lakes upon whose golden bosom canoes floated under the sunset summer sky. She caught her breath at the beauty of it.

The rancid smell of gasoline was transformed; she was in one of those motors circling the lake; on the wide, white road.

"It's a place!" he sighed, shaking his head. "Was only there for a week once, but I've never seen anything better, and I've moved about a bit. There's a bungalow up there on a tiny bit of a farm—chickens, and things, you know—waiting for me. Only the little Ronnie. A maiden aunt—God bless her for leaving it to an impecunious nephew! Nobody knows me up there for a roving spirit, so I may achieve a reputation for industry after all. It's the one place in the world I'd care to settle down. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's too lovely!" she breathed. She suddenly found herself weeping crazily over the beauty of it. The rancid smell of gasoline was transformed; she was in one of those motors circling the lake; on the wide, white road.

"It's a place!" he sighed, shaking his head. "Was only there for a week once, but I've never seen anything better, and I've moved about a bit. There's a bungalow up there on a tiny bit of a farm—chickens, and things, you know—waiting for me. Only the little Ronnie. A maiden aunt—God bless her for leaving it to an impecunious nephew! Nobody knows me up there for a roving spirit, so I may achieve a reputation for industry after all. It's the one place in the world I'd care to settle down. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's too lovely!" she breathed. She suddenly found herself weeping crazily over the beauty of it. The rancid smell of gasoline was transformed; she was in one of those motors circling the lake; on the wide, white road.

She turned away, taking up the towel and examining it. He came behind her, and peered over her shoulder.

"You're not crying over that, kid. What's the trouble?" His voice was full of a compassion that was irrefragable. He set aside the bright-colored folder as if it were a secondary thing now. Why didn't Harry do like things, little understanding things like that? Why did he not at least admit frankly the awful drabness of life, the sickening,

She always thought of him as Mr. Schoes—not as Ronnie, in spite of his half-playful insistence. There was something about him that she had not, that Harry had not, nor Mr. Smith, nor any one of this district. He didn't really belong east of Centre and south of Main.

Myra kept on ironing, with a swift dexterity to keep pace with her thoughts—with the racing of her pulse. What a sticky, suffocating night it was! Mr. Schoes would be in any minute now. Harry poked his head in again on his way with Mr. Smith to say so. Emmy how Harry didn't like her to be alone when the shop was open! That slip wouldn't stand more than one washing; easy with the iron there! And then he left her with Mr. Schoes. How hot it was in here! Was it better to have the window closed or up, opening out to the foul courtyard? Harry should certainly complain about the garbage.

The street door flew open, its bell jangling. Young Schoes called briskly: "Hullo, in here!" His head appeared in the doorway between the outer shop and the work-shop behind. He was a good-looking youth about Myra's own age, ten years younger than Harry, as one counted years, and more than that in looks.

"May I come in? Well—what are you up to? Pressing the bags out of somebody's second best? Oh, domestic matters, instead, eh? Go right ahead, don't mind me."

Her cheeks burned a little, but she tossed her head, a coquettish movement from out of the past, a ghost from the dead days of girlhood. She jumbled her own unfinished laundry into a rough, dry pile, and snatched up an article for the household—a worn, initial piece that once friends, in pre-nuptial inspection, had come in to see and admire.

She stuck valiantly to her ironing. He said at last: "Gosh, it's hot in here!" "Kind of!" That stench must get right upstairs, doesn't it?"

"A bit!" "I don't know how you stick it, kid!"

His voice was very gentle—a dangerous voice when one was sorry for oneself. She bent over a checked dish towel.

"There's some one come in." Young Schoes went out, whistling. There were voices in the outer shop; again, an interchange of thanks. A two-minute respite.

He returned, whistling. "The leather's had enough next door," he said, taking up the conversation. "It's been dropped. You taste it even in the grub. Well, I'll be taste of it day after to-morrow, if in the mails don't fail me."

"You're not going away?" Her heart beat furiously. She did not try to explain it to herself. "That's what!" She felt his eyes upon her keenly, and fought for composure. "Sorry, kid?"

"Sure, I am," she laughed it off, adjusting a roller towel on the board. "Say, you suppose it ain't nice to have some one fresh to talk to now and then?"

He whistled again. Then he pulled some papers from his pocket, colored things, attractive to the eye. "I must show you," he said, "where our little Ronnie's trekking for, just as soon as that money he's been painting for comes in. Look!"

He stretched a colored folder out on the ironing board. There was a map, a plan, a sketch, a drawing of water; pictures in color—cool green forest glades; waterfalls; lush meadows, bungalows, red-roofed and diamond-paned, with towers and trees and grass; lakes from which, by day and night, fishermen lured the fish that one could see, separately photographed on a string, overpage; lakes upon whose golden bosom canoes floated under the sunset summer sky. She caught her breath at the beauty of it.

The rancid smell of gasoline was transformed; she was in one of those motors circling the lake; on the wide, white road.

"It's a place!" he sighed, shaking his head. "Was only there for a week once, but I've never seen anything better, and I've moved about a bit. There's a bungalow up there on a tiny bit of a farm—chickens, and things, you know—waiting for me. Only the little Ronnie. A maiden aunt—God bless her for leaving it to an impecunious nephew! Nobody knows me up there for a roving spirit, so I may achieve a reputation for industry after all. It's the one place in the world I'd care to settle down. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's too lovely!" she breathed. She suddenly found herself weeping crazily over the beauty of it. The rancid smell of gasoline was transformed; she was in one of those motors circling the lake; on the wide, white road.

She turned away, taking up the towel and examining it. He came behind her, and peered over her shoulder.

"You're not crying over that, kid. What's the trouble?" His voice was full of a compassion that was irrefragable. He set aside the bright-colored folder as if it were a secondary thing now. Why didn't Harry do like things, little understanding things like that? Why did he not at least admit frankly the awful drabness of life, the sickening,

sickening sights and smells, day in day out? Why, when he did take a night off from the drudgery of things, did he go with old Mr. Smith instead of taking her somewhere—a cheap movie, like he used to—for a time anywhere to forget, even for an hour or two, instead of leaving her?

"Poor little kid!" said the voice at her ear, gently. "I think I can guess how it is. Life hasn't given you much of a deal, has it? I wonder how you've stuck it so long. It isn't fair! I want to tell you life owes you something, and you and I are going to make it pay up—see?" Her heart was caught in a vise; every word of his tightened the pressure. "You're coming away with me, little woman—coming where we can both start again—where nobody knows us—where the air isn't foul, and men don't live like beasts!" She could breathe again; his words were soft, flowing, soothing, as he went on: "Fresh air and flowers and trees and all sorts of green things, youth here; it's age, a dragged-out age!"

"Look at Mrs. Smith—she's been waiting all these years—hoping, hoping. You know that. And her youth's long gone. Yours hasn't—yet!" The vice caught her heart in a new way. Youth was going fast. She knew it. She'd not dared face it. Her mirror.

Her head.

"Just two nights' journey. Look, kid, there we are!" He pushed an open railroad folder before her, with its picture of a man and a girl, hovered over by an attentive waiter, against a background of dining-car windows, and scenery beyond.

"I don't! I've got to stay. It's not right!" She hardly recognized her voice.

What was he saying? Something about life owing her things again. The room seemed a dizzy, spinning place, nauseating with its stale clinging odors—suffocating. What was that picture on the other page. A smiling Negro, white coat, mahogany car, berth just ready, clean linen, clean, cool linen.

Travel, scenery, new sights, other places—romance—escape!

With a quick inhalation, she buried her face in the pile of clean linen at her side.

The city endured two days of oppressive heat. The sky held a leaden haze—an unfulfilled promise of rain. Occasionally there came a little gust of wind, but never the welcome patter of raindrops to follow. It simply rained, holding, eye-smarting, swirling, of dust, and then dropped them as suddenly in another part of the gutter.

The heat formed a medium in which Myra Smail went her mechanical way. It seemed that, in this time being, all her movements were automatic, her household duties, her aid in the sweating, steaming atmosphere of the shop. More than once that second day Harry asked her solicitously enough what she had.

"The heat!" she would say, dully. "It's fierce—ain't it?" he sympathized, and then the belt of existence caught them again, and whirled them apart on the coggs of work and routine.

Several times confession was on her lips, but always something happened to prevent it. Once it was a breezy stranger who ran in from a motorcar, with a gray Fedora in his hand. A gust of hot wind had lifted it from his head and played with it in the dust. He was motoring through, he said, and would be glad to get quit of the city. And would Harry brush his hat up as best he could, quickly.

Harry took it into the workshop. Myra was by the counter still. The man eyed her, not disrespectfully at all. She was conscious of her hair straggling moistly over her hot face. Her hand was on the door handle.

He said: "What keeps people like you in the city? Say, it looked to me like the smoke and heat had been folded in on your town so it wouldn't soil the country round about! We could see it hanging like a fog as we drove along in the sunlight outside. It beats me what keeps people here!"

A single word quivered, bitterly, on her lip: "Poverty!" Harry appeared with the hat, and a smiling answer: "Circumstances! Maybe some of these days we'll be able to get away."

(To be concluded.)

A Resemblance.

A teacher was trying to give her small pupils a mental picture of a barrel, without disclosing the name of the article.

"The object I have in mind," she explained, "is large and round, being nearly as big one way as the other, and it laid on its side and started at the top of a hill, it would roll to the bottom. Now, who can tell me what it is?"

A little hand went up, and the teacher said: "All right, Marjorie; what do you think I was describing?"

"My daddy!" came the reply.

Minard's Liniment for burns.

Burns.

Oh, but the mountain breeze must have been pleasant upon the sunburnt brow of that poetic and triumphant peasant. Driving his laureled plow!

—William Alexander.

Some spider webs are so strong that birds can be caught in them.

Walter Andrews, Ltd.

348 Yonge St. Toronto

100 Miles Per gallon of Gas on the New Single Harley-Davidson Motor Cycle. Less than one cent per mile to operate. Write for catalogue and prices.

Walter Andrews, Ltd.

348 Yonge St. Toronto

THE OLD RELIABLE

Use Gillette's Lye to MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP and for cleaning and DISINFECTING

Gillette's Lye Protects Your Health and Saves Your Money

Making Dripped Candles.

A tearoom manager had a telephone call that a group of old college friends wanted a table for luncheon. Her policy had always been to have something different for special luncheons and she wanted to decorate that table with the college colors, blue and white. There were no blue candles on hand, only one or two stub ends of the shade of blue needed; there wasn't time to purchase more candles, so in desperation she lighted the stub end of a blue candle and let the colored wax drip over a fresh white candle until it was covered. She turned and twisted the white candle as she worked, letting the warm wax drip where it was most effective. The result was surprisingly pretty, and the candles made the luncheon.

Delighted with the success of her first venture, she soon began to try out dripped candles in all colors. As her skill increased she found it well to scrape the white candle with a coarse grater to roughen the surface before beginning to decorate it, and to chill it frequently in a jar of cold water to set the colored wax drips quickly and keep them round. Care was taken not to wet the wick.

To give a better finish to the candle she made a varnish by dissolving in alcohol amber sealing wax and painting with a brush a thin coating over the completed candle. Crystalline finished over the candle before the varnish had hardened was sometimes used to give another variety to the surface.

As many color combinations can be tried as there are candles in solid colors. Among those that were particularly effective were rose and green; green and blue; rose, blue and pink; green, tan and orange.

The Lilac Tree.

A dreaming stillness pure as light! A want intangible as air. About the blossoming Lilac flows. A lambent veil, a scented spell. Such as in Eden groves befell. When first a lilac bloomed, new lent. For earth a fleeting ravishment. The Cherry in her April white. The early Apple and the Pear. The greenly kirted Cinamon Rose. Are sweet as nectar from neck to hem. But no whist wonder alters them. Only the listening Lilac Tree Is dimly sphered in glimour.

—Alice Brown.

The Egyptians had zoological gardens, containing large collections of wild animals.



Features that mean less work for you.

- 1 The Thumb Rest which relieves all strain from the hand and wrist.
- 2 The Heel Stand which makes it unnecessary to lift the iron.
- 3 The Hinged Plug, which prevents wear and disconnection of the cord.
- 4 The Hot Point, which makes ironing quicker and easier.

Hotpoint is the only electric iron in the world to give you all these advantages. And the price is remarkably low.

Hotpoint Standard Iron \$5.50. Special Iron \$1 extra.

THE Hotpoint IRON

A Canadian General Electric Product

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in addition with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of nursing education, and a diploma in nursing. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive a board of the hospital, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Comes Peace at Last.

Comes peace at last! The drums have been disarray. No armistice of hours, but ever and ever. The slow dispersing legions of decay. Under the muffled skies, tell all is over.

Returns the husbandman, returns the lover. To reap the quiet harvest of alway; The bright plumed stars whose wide fields may not cover. Though wings beat on forever and a day.

Move thus the unquickenng, the marshaled powers. Far swifter from the gathering than they came. Through doubtful wars, for an uncertain fame. Forgotten now the toil of thundering hours.

What plotting thrones have given their faithful this. The poor reward that was already his. —Gerald Chapman.

His instrument. Uncle George was asking his nephews and nieces about their music. "What instrument do you play, Mary?" "The piano, Uncle." "And you, Jack?" "I'm learning the violin." "And what about you, Henry? Can you play anything?" Henry thought hard for a minute and then said: "Oh, yes, Uncle, I play the phonograph."

Minard's Liniment for Backache.