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### An Eternal Gift.

Here is a little passage which contains a lesson for us in Canada, so wasteful have we been of our forests and so neglectful of restoring them.

The thirty-mile boulevard that leads from the imperial summer palace at Nikko, Japan, to a nearby village, with stately Japanese cedar trees planted on both sides, towering two hundred feet or more into the air, makes a deep impression on the visitor. The legend connected with the trees is extremely interesting. Several hundred years ago the Emperor of Japan summoned all the noblemen of the country to his summer palace and told each to bring a gift. An impoverished nobleman, realizing that he could not make an offering in gold or silver, carried with him a sack of seeds and, planting them on both sides of the highway, made the remark that his gift would be the greatest blessing of them all, and that his name would be remembered long after the gold and silver offerings of his colleagues had vanished.

To-day, many hundred years after the seeds were planted, thousands of persons enjoy the beauty and the grateful shade of the trees, and the seeds from them have caused other cedars to grow up in the neighborhood—trees that have provided many generations with the wood for the construction of their houses.

### Blind Musicians Have Wonderful Memories.

Blind musicians have so long accustomed us to their remarkable powers of quick memorization, that the following feats, which are vouched for by the National Institute for the Blind, will be the more readily accredited.

Fred Turner, one of the most accomplished blind musicians in Scotland, recently memorized the whole of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," and in four months trained his choir and himself accompanied the entire work on the organ. Sinclair Logan, the blind composer and organist, memorized Somervell's "The Passion of Christ"—a fairly complicated cantata occupying 75 minutes in performance—trained his choir and accompanied a successful rendering all inside the period of less than two months, during which he was working under the stress of other heavy memorization work for an important recital in Liverpool for the National Institute for the Blind, in addition to his normal professional duties.

To carry in the memory Beethoven's thirty-two pianoforte sonatas as William Wolstenholme does, and the entire forty-eight preludes and fugues of Bach, as in the case of H. V. Spanner—two blind musicians resident in London—would seem no light achievement, and yet these form but a small portion of the range of works pigeon-holed in the mental storehouse of these gifted men.

Girls, what are you planning to do with life?—develop it, make the most of the talents God has given you, and accomplish something for the world, or sit calmly down and wait for the impossible to happen, or dream idly of what you would like to be if your surroundings were only different?

Men who work in high temperatures often lose considerable weight from unusual respiration and perspiration. They also lose much salt. In England a series of experiments on workers in hot mines seems to show that a small quantity of salt taken daily relieves the men of much of their exhaustion. A drink based on a solution of about one-third of an ounce of salt to a gallon of water was most effective in warding off fatigue.

### A Spare Time Money Maker.

Someone required in every Town in Canada to sell a necessary product, which is universally used. You can add to your present income by securing the exclusive rights to sell this new product in your home Town. Students or anyone wishing to earn money for themselves can offer this product during their leisure time. Only a very small capital is required, as the profits are large and a start can be made by purchasing a small quantity. Write Solar Products Company, 26 Toronto, Street, Toronto.



The Wife's Christmas Present.  
"Say, Bill! If you take out any more life insurance the rates is gonna be awful high."  
"How so? I'm engaged in no hard-ardous tasks."  
"You are, if you keep smoking those cigars."

Content to Remain Patients, No

### Haunted by Pontius Pilate!

A mountain named after Pontius Pilate and believed by country folk to be haunted by his ghost is one of the curiosities of Switzerland. Its interesting legend, which provides a sequel to the Gospel story, is related in "The Outline of the World To-day."

It appears that after the Crucifixion Pontius Pilate fell from imperial favor and killed himself in prison, whereupon his body was cast into the Tiber, which rose in protest and almost burst its banks. Ultimately the body was taken to a lonely pool at the top of the mountain, which now bears its name, near Lucerne.

According to another version, Pilate retired here during his lifetime and was thrown into the pool by the Wandering Jew. In any case, his presence caused terrible trouble, avalanches and inundations devastating the district amid a fiendish din in the recesses of the mountains.

A Spanish scholar volunteered to exorcise the troubled spirit, and all the way up he was beset by torrents as wide as rivers, abysses of infinite depth, all of which instantly bridged themselves at the sign of the cross. At the pool, however, Pilate appeared as tall as a tower, brandishing a pine trunk. A terrific combat ensued, lasting all day and night, while the whole mountain rocked. Pilate was at last reduced to terms, swearing to remain quiet in his pool except on Fridays, when he might roam about the mountain.

A law was passed that none should dare to climb the peak on Fridays, and such as did so met Pilate in red judicial robes, and returned blinded or maimed for life.

In the sixteenth century, however, the ghost was finally laid, and a procession went up every year, headed by the vicar of Lucerne, to cast stones into the pool.



He—"Do you know all the new dances?"  
She—"All of them up to four o'clock this afternoon."

Fortunately, the law of reaction, the boomerang principle, does not hold alone with evil acts. The good deeds are just as sure to come back, and they bring with them all the blessed good intentions with which they were thrown out.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

### CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

Perhaps even more than Alice she revelled in this temporary taste of luxury. Alice had the compensation of youth, and her future was not yet decided. For Jean Carnay the future was already here, however much she might try to cheat herself. By years of stupid, soul-starving penury one could purchase two months of life as it ought to be lived. That was all.

As she did her hair at the white-floored dressing table she played at being young again—and also wondered what there would be for dinner. For one thing, a half bottle of champagne and a Benedictine with the coffee. Lunch had been so late, she wouldn't bother with tea. Thank goodness she had got those cigarettes through safely. It would have been such a disgrace, to say nothing of expense, had they caught her. She lit one now and stepped out on to the balcony.

How nice and high up the rooms were. What a comfortable lounge chair in which to sit and dream. She fetched a cushion, a rug, and a book and settled herself. But the book was merely for appearance sake.

Nearly twenty years ago since she had been here last, and Bordighera was changed. So many new hotels and villas had sprung up and the surrounding country was being ruined by those barren-looking, though doubtless most productive terraces. But the old town would be the same and the old Villa Tatina. Could she bring herself to take a surreptitious peep through the gates of the Villa Tatina? Almost she wished she hadn't come here. Memories are queer things. One imagines the past to be quite dead and done for, yet—well, she had come on Alice's account, not for herself. The child must have her chance of happiness.

"Mother!"  
Mrs. Carnay gave a start. She had actually fallen asleep for a few moments and somehow that made her feel a little guilty.

"Oh, is that you, darling?"  
"Mumsey, you oughtn't to sit out there. The sun's going down."  
"Of course not." Mrs. Carnay came in from the balcony dragging the rug and cushion with her. "Well?"  
"I've got everything," Alice said.

"Isn't the basket sweet?"  
Her mother thought that the girl herself was about the sweetest thing she had ever seen. They resembled each other only in height and figure. Both were small, slender women, beautifully formed. Jean was fair, her daughter dark. Alice's coloring was a little unusual, a golden cream complexion warping to pink on the cheek-bones, eyes like brown velvet pansies, and hair like brown velvet for lights in it. So like her father, thought Jean.

Jean Carnay, with a quick intake of breath. That straight, finely modelled nose of hers was like his, and the slightly full, pouting lower lip. The resemblance struck her more forcibly this evening than it had ever done before, and she was suddenly afraid of it. There were reasons why Mrs. Carnay did not want the girl to look like her father. Resemblances may go too deep.

Alice went into her own bedroom, then came back and stood in the doorway. Mrs. Carnay was busy undoing the parcel from the chemists.

"Mother, didn't you wonder why I was so long?"  
Mrs. Carnay looked self-conscious, and became very preoccupied with a refractory knot.

"I did, rather. Perhaps you—"  
"You'll never guess who's stopping here!" The girl tried to make her voice casual, but there was a delicious little thrill in it which betrayed her.

"Somebody we know?"  
"Possibly you don't remember him. That nice doctor man we met at the Archers' two summers ago. Fancy his being here, mumsey!"

Mrs. Carnay wrinkled her thoughtful brow.

"Let me see, Doctor—, what was his name?"  
"Philip Ardeyne. Don't you remember, mumsey? Everybody was so taken with him, and he liked us so much, only he had to go back to London almost at once."

Mrs. Carnay dimpled. "He liked you, very much. Oh, yes—of course I remember Dr. Ardeyne. The Archers talked of nothing else. Frightfully rich, isn't he?"

"I don't know about that," Alice replied, "but they did say he was so clever and has the most wonderful future ahead of him. Why, mumsey, already he's 'Alienist in Ordinary to his Majesty the King,' whatever that may mean."

Mrs. Carnay burst into a peal of laughter.

"I suppose it means he's a clever brain specialist," she said. "But you certainly have got it off 'pat,' my child. And so you ran into Dr. Ardeyne and that's why you were so late."

"Yes, I met him in the Rue Vittorio Emanuele, and he remembered me at once. He's staying in this very hotel. We had tea in the loveliest place with a garden, and there's going to be a dance in the hotel to-night,

and to-morrow night Dr. Ardeyne wonders if you'd care to go down to the Casino."

"We'll see about that," Mrs. Carnay replied. "Even if I don't feel up to it, there's nothing to prevent your going. You came here to have a good time, and you're to enjoy every blessed minute of it. I'm glad there's someone here we know. That will make it so pleasant for you from the very start."

"Mother, dear, you're so good to me! When I think how you've stinted and saved, and how I wasn't always too nice about having to go without—"

"Well, you see now, don't you? It will be worth it if we have to go without things for the rest of our lives. Run along and dress, my pet. What will you wear? I think the white tulle with the pale pink girdle. You must look very nice to-night. First impressions in a place like this are so important."

Mrs. Carnay also dressed. The little slip of a sitting-room separated the two bedrooms but they left all the doors open so that they could talk across.

As Mrs. Carnay was changing some of the contents of her travelling hand-bag to a brocaded silk one she had made for evening wear a little piece of paper fell out and fluttered to the floor. It was a newspaper clipping, and she pounced upon it quickly, looking to see if by any chance Alice had observed the action through the line of the open doors. Alice, as it happened, did see, but it would scarcely have occurred to her to show curiosity. The incident was too commonplace, too trivial to call for comment. Yet that newspaper clipping would have interested Alice, would have told the daughter why her mother had selected this particular spot for their hard-earned outing. It was, in fact, nothing less than an announcement of the recent arrivals at the Mimosa Palace Hotel, among whom figured Dr. Philip Ardeyne, celebrated Harley Street specialist, of London, England.

This man, then—the opportune reference to him—had drawn Jean Carnay to Bordighera in spite of the fact that the neighborhood had special memories for her which, if revived, might be a little painful. In short, she was on a match-making errand. During their very brief association with Dr. Ardeyne in Rome nearly two years ago she had decided that he was the one man in the world for Alice. He had been immensely attracted, she knew, although Alice at that time was merely a school girl. But now one might say that Alice, though not yet nineteen, was grown up, and Jean Carnay—for reasons of her own—wanted her daughter to marry young, and naturally she wanted the marriage to be a suitable one in every way.

Mrs. Carnay nodded, smiling serenely as she fastened a little bunch of violets in her belt.

"Ready?" she called out.  
Alice showed herself in her white tulle frock with the pink girdle, and they admired each other with little naive cries and loving pats.

"Mumsey, I never knew before that your eyes were the color of violets."  
"Don't be silly! Look at yourself. Wait a minute; let me pull out that skirt. It's got a little crushed. Turn around."

"Oh, mother, if only this could go on for ever! We're just a pair of Cinderellas, you and I."  
"Never mind. Something may turn up. Perhaps a miracle may happen," said Mrs. Carnay.

But, after all—would it have to be a miracle? Was it too much to expect that Philip Ardeyne would fall in love with Alice and ask her to be his wife?

### CHAPTER III.

Two weeks later they were planning what promised to be a most interesting excursion, just the three of them—Mrs. Carnay, her daughter, and Philip Ardeyne. Two weeks of the expensive holiday already gone—like a flash, it seemed—but, oh, how delightful it had been.

Mrs. Carnay had spent most of that time in gentle occupations. She sat on her own balcony a great deal and read, or on the big hotel veranda with the knitting brigade. Everybody liked her, and the young girls could not very well be jealous of Alice when it was explained that Dr. Ardeyne was an old friend. Ardeyne himself fostered this illusion. Indeed, it seemed to him that they were old friends.

Now and again Mrs. Carnay went down into the town for a little shopping, and on those occasions it might have been noticed that she cast shy, quick glances right and left, paying particular attention to such members of the English villa colony as she chanced to meet. It did not matter at all if she were recognized, but no doubt she had changed considerably in twenty years. One or two middle-aged women she remembered as girls when she herself was Mme. Douste's companion at the Villa Tatina. She was much shocked to observe how unkindly time had dealt with them.

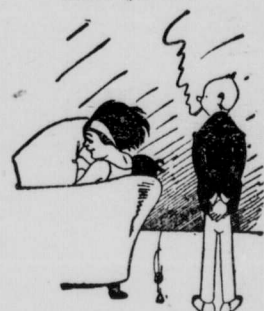
(To be continued.)

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

### Measuring Between Tides.

Everyone who has given any attention to the matter of geodetic surveying knows the necessity for an accurately measured "base line" on which all subsequent measurements are based. The ideal site is a fairly level stretch of open ground, three to ten miles in length, along which the base line may be measured. Finding this the surveyor must clear away obstructing trees, bridge over ravines, and resort to other expedients. Recently the Geodetic Survey of Canada adopted a novel method in running a base line along the seashore in such a position that half the line is under water at high tide. The location is Oyster Bay, British Columbia, and the rough nature of the land formation left no option as to the place for the line. In spite of the fact that part of the line was under water or several hours every day, the marking posts driven into the sand held well and the measurements made while the tide was out proved entirely satisfactory.



She—"Before we were married, you used to rave about the color of my eyes and my hair."

He—"That's before I found out that all you were interested in was the color of my money."

When the flour sifter has become too shabby for work as a sieve it makes an excellent egg boiler. It can be placed inside the saucepan and the eggs can be placed in the water at once and all can be removed together when done.

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