

When You Can Buy "SATADA" TEA

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 it 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 blue. You have seen water as blue as the sky, but that is not sky-blue. It is much deeper and richer. It is not Mediterranean nor Caribbean blue. It is a strange, opalescent indigo, with a penumbra of green around the margin where there are shallows. It is opalescent indigo—and yet that does not describe it, for it is capable of many variations and mystic changes, dusky moods of Prussian grayness, richer moments, under a wild sunset, of solemn purple; yet always, somehow, itself, 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 Lino 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 still have a new conception of the depth. Still more do you have it when in a boat at last you float out on the water, suspended in an inverted world and an upright, and see the naked sweeps of pumice, the gray and pink and brown cliffs of lava rock, shoot one thousand, two thousand feet right above your head, to meet the snow. 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.

To Entertain the Prince.

The Prince of Wales, who has promised to visit Portsmouth shortly, is to be offered the first freedom of the newly created city.

Carry it
always
with
you!



WRIGLEYS
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 toilet humanity; stale cooking; unsavory dampness of tweeds and sergees; garbage from the back area with its disregard of bylaws and ordinances; perspiration—and cheap scents; soap suds and dishwater; drains; hot irons; clean linen struggling vainly to hold its own.

Myra Small raised an impatient hand from her iron, and brushed back a rebellious wisp of dark hair that clung like an ink mark to her smooth, white cheek. She quelled the rebellion roughly, then glanced involuntarily at a steam-moistened mirror hanging on the wall, taking in at the same time the glimpse obtainable of the little outer store with its counter and its boxes and bundles on taffy-colored shelves.

Harry was tying up old Mr. Steinwits' bundle, and arguing the point of price for pressing a two-piece instead of a three-piece suit. They were vests were not of his suit. They were white until the world of eating and drinking and sleeping and smoking had stamped its mark upon them thoroughly; then, perhaps, they were white again.

No one ought to wear white unless it was fresh. No one ought to wear white who lived east of Centre street and south of Main.

Myra adjusted her hair with her thoughts. Why? Harry was too busy to notice her hair. Harry was too much immersed in this wretched business of pressing pants and suits at a quarter a suit to see anything.

Her cheek burned. She nestled its fire against the cool, clean smoothness of her own worn and patched linen. She loved the smell of clean linen. By this degree of closeness to it she could shut out the horrible, unending, almost unendurable clinging of the odorous vapors of "Small's Wardrobe Repair Shop."

Clean linen always made her think of the same thing. Once only—on her honeymoon with Harry—she had traveled in a Pullman sleeper. Her pillow was a pillow of romance, and fresh linen spread by a deft Negro hand the covering for a queen. Travel—scenery—new sights—other places—romance—escape!

Old Mr. Steinwits had gone. The cracking of wrapping paper ceased. Harry came in from the shop.

"I've got to go out, Myra. Young Scholes next door said he'd help out again. Guess we'll have to remember him with something one of these days. It's decent of him."

"Very!" she assented. "What's the matter? Do you mind?"

"No."

"Then—"

"Oh, it's me, I guess. It's not you. It's the heat, and the smell and the places and the people. They've got me something fierce, that's all!"

Her voice broke a little. She resumed her ironing swiftly. He went to her, and touched her shoulder gently. She saw in him a little threadbare man, collarless, unshaven, sallow. Only the eyes remained, in undimmed moments, to remind her of the man she had married in high hopes.

They were to have expended his capital so well, the money he had saved in youth. The crash of the Central Bank had taken it. They were to have a home of modest comfort, a little place of dreams. And they had a frowzy two rooms over a store of unmitigated stench. They were to have lived where she could grow a few flowers, and have a stretch of grass to call their own. She had three discouraged geraniums upstairs in a window box made of a soda-biscuit container.

Children were to have played on the grass. Sometimes, she told herself fiercely, God had been good to let her have none to suffer in this drabness of destitution, and to run wild in the streets and alleyways until the Juvenile Court interfered.

She felt for Harry! Oh, yes, she felt for him—if only he wouldn't—there he was again, the same old story.

"Patience, old girl," he smiled, patting her shoulder reassuringly. "She drew away."

"Patience? My God—"

She wanted to shriek aloud. Instead she ironed, fiercely. A rip in a piece of linen caught the iron. The worn material tore hopelessly. She rent it in two savagely, and flung it from her. He shrugged his shoulders, and went slowly up the dingy stairs to shave and dress.

Harry had gone. She wondered vaguely where. Somewhere with old Mr. Smith from next door. Where was it they always went together?

Mr. Smith cobbled and repaired shoes, straining his nearsighted eyes under an antiquated gas jet downwards, while his wife kept boards above—when she could get them. It was a comparative oasis in this drab desert. Even Mr. Scholes, the little boarder at present, admitted it was nice, and Mr. Scholes was used to nice things.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for incurable, in affiliation with the University of Toronto, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education and other necessary qualifications. This Hospital has adopted the latest system. The pupils receive instruction in the theory and practice of nursing, and are given the opportunity to work under the supervision of the nursing staff. For further information write the Superintendent.

She always thought of him as Mr. Scholes—not as Ronald, 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. Scholes would be in any minute now. Harry poked his head in again on his way with Mr. Smith to say so. Funny 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. Scholes. How hot it was in here! Was it better to have the window closed or open, opening on that foul courtyard? Harry should certainly complain about the garbage.

The street door flew open, its bell jangling. Young Scholes called briskly: "Hello, in there!"

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 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, initialed piece that once friends, in pre-nuptial inspection, had come in to see and admire.

He watched her closely for a time. She stuck valiantly to her ironing. He said at last: "Gosh, it's hot in here!"

"And close! 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 Scholes went out, whistling. There were voices in the outer shop; the cracking of wrapping paper 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 where it had been dropped. "You taste it even in the grub. Well, I'll be quit of it day after to-morrow, if the mails don't fail me."

"You're not—going away?"

He beat back 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, do 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 pining for comes in. Look!"

He stretched a colored folder out on the ironing board. There was a map, 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 rubber-bottomed 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 relative left in a true world for our little Ronnie. A maiden aunt. God bless her for leaving it to an impetuous 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 fresh linen. An acrid smell of burning cut through the other odors. She snatched the iron up, almost burning her hand. An angry patch of brown showed in the white roller towel. It brought her to herself. She drew the plug from the base of the iron.

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 irresistible. He set aside the bright-colored folder as if it were a secondary thing now. Why didn't Harry do little 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, and water—and youth. There's no 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—see! She knew it. She'd not dared face it. Her mirror. Her health.

"Just two nights' journey. Look, kiddo, 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.

"No, 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 raised choking, eye-smarting swirls of dust, and then dropped them as suddenly in another part of the gutter.

The heat formed a medium in which Myra Small went her mechanical way. It seemed that, in this time between, all her movements were automatic, all 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 ailed her.

"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 cogs 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 worked at it nervously.

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 pall 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 if 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.



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.
346 Yonge St. Toronto



Making Dipped 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 dipped 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 seedling wax and painting with a brush a thin coating over the completed candle. Crystalline silted 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.

—Alice Brown.

The Lilac Tree.

A dreaming stillness pure as light, A wait intangible as air, About the blossoming Lilac flows. A lambent veil, a scented spell, Such as in Eden groves befall.

When first a lilac bloomed, now lent, For earth a fleeting ravishment, The Cherry in her April white, The early Apple and the Pear, The greenly kirtled Cinnamon Rose, Are sweet as maidens from neck to hem, Not those of men, but of their own, Their possible wearers their owners.

It is time to put literature of despatch the vogue in some people that it is fit to be great, a nation to seek to hold no such view promise every man great, but it says they are, and that worth one's very not all it says. It has large resources those who make their opportunities.

The lives of the many ways, one of most any of them missed being great take advantage of opportunity such as Some men may in turn and never does not prove the best opportunity those who have higher and better of those who have slip into disservice and larger service and

What we are to to what we are the sons of God, responsible for us per to expect the for this life, and heaven?

Marble is not slow heavy press stiff tar or wax.

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