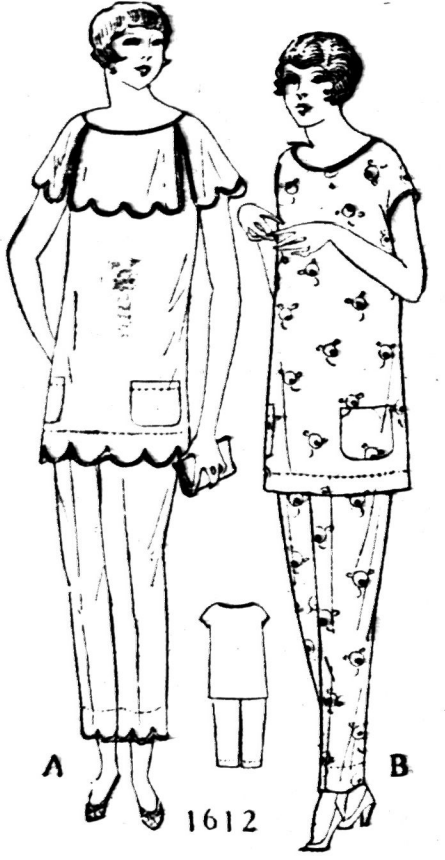
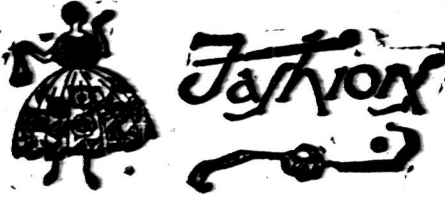


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The Colonial Empire

The Colonial Empire has an area of two million square miles, with a population of fifty millions. Though we have, in Lord Milner's measured words, "neglected and starved" them, the trade between the United Kingdom and this great section of the Empire has trebled in the past twenty years. If the whole force of finance and science at our command could be organized to bear upon that connection, the trading figures could be trebled again. The modern colonial system has stood the political test. Britain has to justify it henceforth by the economic test. Her own interests require it; the world, with its growing interest in markets and raw materials, expects it; and the advancement of the people under her rule is a mere aspiration without it.

Thompson—"Suppose a man should call you a fool, what would you do?"
Smithson (hesitating)—"What sized man?"

is a profitable companion.
It removes the odors of dining or smoking from the breath, soothes the mouth and tongue, allays thirst and aids appetite and digestion.

After Every Meal

Triumphs of M. Jonquille

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST
THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE.

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.
M. Jonquille, greatest of French detectives, tells this story of the great criminal at bay—brought within grasp of the law by an illness which paralyzed the lower part of his body and finally seized by M. Jonquille when a mysterious telephone message from a woman disclosed the criminal's hiding place in a luxurious English country house.

But the criminal laughed cynically when Jonquille arrived. The woman had telephoned at his direction. He knew who was about to die and he wanted to tell his story. He had met this girl in America, at Bar Harbor, and saw that the dissipated Englishman, Westridge, was trying to marry her for her money. The criminal's sense of decency was outraged.

GO ON WITH THE STORY. CHAPTER II.

The invalid criminal lifted himself on his great hands and turned the whole of his body toward me.

"I tell you," he shook the arms of the chair in his great hands, "the thing began to get my goat. Her father, a lawyer in the South, was dead. She had only the old Boston grandmother (I heard the talk among the women) and the coin was getting scarce. Your little Englishman played in form, every point correct, and he was going to get her.

"His voice became cold, level, even like a metallic click.

"Now, my little gentleman, I said to myself, 'we'll just see if you do! Right here is where "Alibi Al" sets in with a stack of blues."

"I got up, folded my newspaper, and took a turn up and down the verandah, as though I was trying out my game leg, and then I limped down to the fashionable church just across from the library.

"I stepped up inside the door."

He paused, and his voice changed to its former note.

"You see I had to have a little help on this job. It had a big, loose end.

"I went in and sat down in a pew. It was dim and quiet and I got right down to business. I didn't run in any of the prayer-book curtain-raisers. I put the thing right up to the boss.

"Now, look here, Governor, I said, 'has a helpless little girl got a pull with you, or is it bunk? Because I'm going to call you, and if the line your bankers are putting out is on the level, you've got to come across with the goods. If there's nothing to it, the Government ought to shut 'em up on a fraud order—I'm going to carry one end of this thing; get busy at the other end!'

"Then I went out.

"That night I went over to see little Westridge.

"He was surprised to see me—didn't understand it; he'd never met me in the social line.

"He was mighty formal, as you'd say, but he didn't throw any stuttering into Alibi Al. I set down, just as if the place belonged to me, and I waved a hand at him. I said to myself, 'You're a little piker; line up and take what's coming to you.'

"But what I said out loud was like this:

"Carrots has got a little bunch of stuff that's goin' to be wiped out if it ain't covered."

"That was her nickname among the youngsters because her blue-black hair in the sun had a heavenly copper tint."

He looked mixed-up. "What, precisely, do you mean?" he says.

"I didn't pay any attention to him. I went on just as if he hadn't said a word.

"Women's got no sense about business—she's agoin' to lose it."

"Lose what?" he says.

"Rotten the way they bring girls up," I says, he same as if he hadn't spoke. "Here's this steel bunch beating the stuff down; her broker wires for something to cover it, and she sticks the telegram up against the lookin'-glass so she'll remember to write to him next week—can you beat it?"

"I saw everything that was goin' through him, same as if you'd rolled it out on the picture-reel.

"The 'old friend, no manners, darn the difference' stuff, had hooked him. And there were two other hooks: this girl had some property that he didn't know of, and the friends of the family, like me, was a-coming to him about it.

"He set up now pleasant as you please.

"Ah—er, yes," he says; he hadn't got the name I was playing under.

"I bellowed at him, and he mighty near jumped.

"Johnson!" I said. "Alonso Johnson, Kansas City!"

"Quite so, Mr. Johnson," he says, quick, same as you'd apologize, 'there's some business affair to discuss, I fancy.'

"He fell right in with the line of dope mighty easy and comfortable. You see it was something like the way they do things up in his country. The old uncle or the family lawyer calls on you, when ma thinks that things are pretty well understood

with the young people, and gets down to figgerin'.

"It was near enough to my line to go across with him. He knew that the girl hadn't got any menfolk, so an old friend of the family would fit the form as a sort of next-of-kin, as the law-books say."

The big man linked his fingers together on the chair-arm.

"As I was sayin', he walked right in and made himself at home with the notion. He called her 'Carrots' straight back at me; it was, 'Kiss her pap; she's our'n now,' and he begun to grin.

"He bounced up and got a box of cigars and a little dish full of matches and shoved them across the table. I took one, bit the end off, scratched the match on my foot, lighted it, and went ahead.

"It's the butt end of what she's got," I says, 'an' it's in the door.'

"He knew all about business, and he picked the things right out.

"You mean," he says, 'that her solicitor has invested her fortune in a stock on margin and the market is declinin'?"

"You got it," I says, 'only she done it herself, on some tip from her swell friends.'

"How extraordinary!" he piped; his voice got thin when it hit money.

"Is it a legitimate stock?"

The Business of Being a Dog

The life of a dog, even the most fortunate, is not all downy pillows and juicy bones. The life of every dog is filled with responsibilities which he realizes to the utmost, but never shirks, even though the path of duty leads to the grave. And when a dog dies, he takes with him that which humans seldom bear away—his best.

Nevertheless, life holds for him many compensations, chief of these being the affection and companionship of his human friends, his moments of frolic. Every dog has a sense of humor, frequently developed to a remarkable degree. He likes a joke as well as any one, and how well he knows when the joke is on himself, and how good humoredly he accepts it!

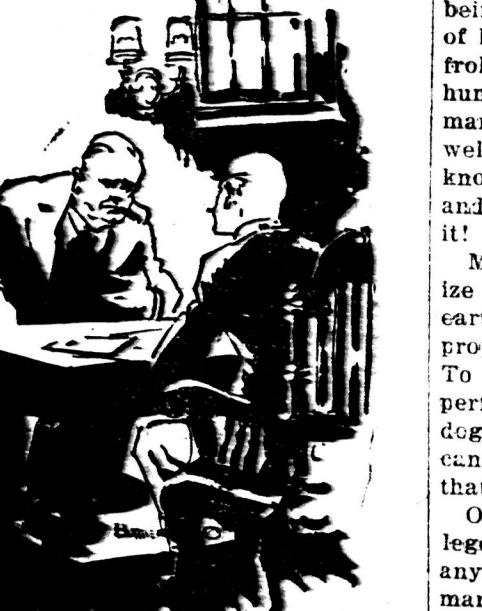
Many persons seem unable to realize that a dog has any business on earth except as guardian of life and property, and playmate for children. To be sure, he fulfills these duties perfectly, but the role in which the dog shines with a lustre which time cannot tarnish, nor custom dim, is that of friend, prince of comrades!

Of a dog's many duties and privileges, not the least important, by any means, is that of confidant. No man bares his soul to a human as to his dog. It is the dog who hears the cry of the broken heart. It is the dog who crouches in mute sympathy as one pours out the bitterness of his soul in prayer to his Maker. It is the dog who sees the tear-stained face with stitask of pride and indifference cast aside. It is the dog who sees the pockets turned outward. It is the dog who truly keeps the vow, albeit unspoken, to "Love, honor and obey, and forsaking all others, cleave to one, and one only, until death."

When a man calls to remembrance the loves of his life, there is one face seen through a mist of tears. With friends it is the same, there is one friendship more perfect, more enduring. And so with our canine friends, owned and loved, there is one whose memory is greener, thoughts of whom bring always a smile and a sigh.

Countless lives have been saved by the intelligent and courageous St. Bernard. In short, every day, every hour, the dog carries on tirelessly, uncomplainingly, without hope or thought of reward. Man's indebtedness to the dog is too overwhelming to be summed up in dollars and cents. Yet how little it costs to repay him. Food, shelter, kindness, these simple things, constitute his heart's desire. So easy to give, yet so rarely bestowed.

But, after all, the chief business of a dog consists in being just what the Almighty made him—a dog! He would not be less if he could. He could not be more if he would. Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep, and but for your dog you weep alone.—David Lee Wharton in "Our Dumb Animals."



"BIG MONEY!" I GURGLD IT, LIKE A MAN CHOKING ON A LAUGH.

"Sure," I answered, 'one of the six good ones.' I didn't know how many good ones there were.

"Why does it decline?" His voice went up like a singing-school.

"The steel bunch are clubbin' it!" I says.

"He understood that, and began to finger around his little wax mustache.

"Quite so," he heaped, 'quite so.' Then he squared toward me.

"Ah—er, Mr. Johnson," he says, 'I fancy you came with some plan about it.'

"Plan nothin', I says; 'the stuff's got to be covered—they'll get it beat under her figger in another day's poundin'."

"Ah—er—quite so," he was cool as a julep; 'you are intending, I fancy, to cover the margin?'

"I leaned over the table and blew a mouthful of smoke on him.

"Sure!" I roared in his face, 'if I can get fifty thousand dollars quick.'"

"He ducked out of the smoke.

"That's a very large sum of money," he says.

"I lollied over the table and smoked on him like a Dutch uncle.

"Big money!" I gurgled it, like a man choking on a laugh. "Do you know how much Carrots has got hanging on it?"

"He didn't answer that; I knew he wouldn't."

"Where, precisely, do you expect to get this money?" he says.

"I set up more calm-like at that.

"Well," I says, 'I thought maybe we could raise it together.'

"He wanted that fake fortune saved for him, so it would come along with the girl, but he wanted somebody else to carry the chance.

"I knew it, and I smoked on him. I hung over the table and puffed it in his face. He tried to duck out of it, and I followed him around. It done me good—I couldn't spit on the little tightwad.

"Now, look here, Mr. Westridge," I says, 'don't you git a wrong notion in your head; I'm not agoin' to let you take any risk on this. I'm agoin' to take the risk; there ain't none, in fact; the stuff's got to bounce back. It'll go to the sky when the steel bunch get all they can grab of it. But whatever risk there may be, I sputtered it out on him, 'is mine. I'll put up the backing and you git me the money by to-morrow at noon.' I was nearly across the table, and I didn't wait for him to cut in with a question. I took a big envelope out of my pocket and flashed the stuff on him. He came up with a chirp.

"My word!" he says, 'where did you get this?'

"Well," I answered, 'London's a big sellin'-point with us—you can't trade with the English and not take their stuff, can you. The Johnny

whose name's on that stuff put it up with me—same as I'm putting it up with you. There's fourteen of them. Ain't they good for fifty thousand?"

"He spread the certificates out on the table and run his fingers over them. It was old-fashioned love-touchin'."

"Oh!" his voice flickered up, 'be yond question.'

"Done!" I says. 'Keep it until I come back with your money—an' get me the cash before noon to-morrow.'

"Don't you want a memorandum?" he says.

"I waved my hand, careless, like it was nothin'."

"That's all right," I says; 'I don't want any promises about that, that there is a thing that I do want a promise about.'

"I threw my cigar in the fireplace and set down.

"I want you to promise me that you won't ever say anything to Carrots about this, nor to anybody; it's between us—she's a high-strung youngster, I added; 'this thing's got to be buried with us, no matter what happens. Is it a trade?'

"We shook hands on it and I got out."

"Before twelve the next day he sent me a draft on New York for the money—an' I'd won a lap."

(To be concluded.)

A Sunset of Silence

Some sunsets are tempestuous. They are full of sound and fury. They flare up and out into the heavens with a bang. It is as though a molten planet, red-hot with fire, had fallen from its orbit in the heavens to splash into the ocean. . . . But to night's sunset is a whisper. It is a murmur of far-off waters. . . . It is a subdued as the whisper of a mother awakening her child; it is as quiet as is the tender whisper of love at evening.

There are four long streaks of white clouds along the western horizon just above the parallel with the sea. They are turning a faint salmon-pink as the sun sinks, but the background is a deep azure blue. I have watched these faintly salmon-pink strips of color turn from pure white under the magic wand of evening and it has been beautiful to see.

They are changing again—those four streaks of clouds. This time it is a change to what I can best describe as a mango color. The mango is a fruit of these Philippine Islands, its heart is the color of our American pawpaw. With a background of azure blue these mango-colored clouds, which are mere streaks, make up a picture that subdues one to silence and reverence and prayer.

I have seen people like unto this sunset. In their very presence I have wanted merely to look at them or to listen to them if they should chance to speak. . . . They have lifted me up. They have brought out of me the best that lay hidden in me. They have led me "beside still waters."—William L. Stidger in "A Book of Sunsets."

Trade "Supremacy"

London Round Table: It is a strange freak of national sentiment that takes the form of what may be called statistical pride. People seize upon the numerical measure of one of their country's activities, and compare it jealously with those of other countries. Those with the biggest numbers, or the biggest numbers per head, have won. "Supremacy" in some economic field often means no more than this. American "supremacy" in the world's investment markets is not a thing to be hated or feared. If Europe can supply the same resources for the development of the world as before the war, the resources received from the United States will hasten that development and raise the standard of living everywhere.

Pride of Possession

"Cook tells me you want to go out to-night, Mary. Is it urgent?"

"No, mum; it's mine."—Tid-Bits.

If You'll Believe It

High above are stones and clay heaped and stacked in incredulous forms and shapes.—Boston Herald.

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Dogs and Cats.

Pike—"You say you have moved into a quieter place?"

Sunfish—"Yes, where there are no dogfish or catfish!"

Broken China.

"The two Chinese armies have just fought another battle."

"Was anybody hurt?"—Judge.

Moat Men!

Harry Lauder has immortalized the blue of Irish eyes and the rolling brogue of the Emerald Island people.

—Falm Beach paper.

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JOHN C. KENT
Director