

# Full of Flavour "SALADA" TEA

So why accept exhausted bulk tea.

## Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

### THE WOMAN ON THE TERRACE.

Monsieur Jonquelle, the Prefect of Police of Paris, was a moment late. An angry voice reached him at the turn of the path. It was a tense, low, menacing voice. The words were not clear, but the intent in the voice was unmistakable. For a mere fraction of time he remained motionless as in some indecision; then he went forward swiftly.

It was evening. The soft colors of a sort of twilight day were on the Mediterranean. The many-colored city of Nice was lying below the mountain of olive trees and the tropical gardens of the Villa of Cimiez. The whole scene was from a country of the fairy; the romantic frontier of some kingdom of wonder legend.

There were two persons on the long terrace of the villa when Monsieur Jonquelle approached. The villa was small and exquisite—a sort of jewel-box hidden in a garden of tropical luxuriance, inclosed by a high wall surmounted by a tile border.

The villa was rose-colored. The tiles of the terrace and the border of the high wall were also rose-colored. It was a faint and sensuous bit of the world, as though raised by some enchantment out of the baked earth of Arabia.

Monsieur Jonquelle interrupted a tragic moment. A woman sat in a chair midway of this terrace. It was one of those beautiful invalid-chairs made for the out-of-doors by that Italian genius which seeks always to add beauty to the decorative aspect of a garden.

The chair was white. The gown of the woman in it was blue. It looked black in the soft evening light and against the rose-colored villa and the white chair.

The woman did not move. Her small, shapely head, as from fatigue, rested against the high back of the chair. It was crowned with a great weight of hair, as yellow and as heavy as gold, built up into a wonderful coil that resembled in its vague outlines the helmet of Minerva. Her hands and her elbows lay on the arms of the chair.

Beside her, a step beyond, the man who had arrived a moment before Monsieur Jonquelle stood in an attitude of menace. The visible personality of the man was puzzling. That he was an American one could not so easily determine his status or his habits of life.

He had some of the physical characteristics, some of the tricks of dress of one engaged in an artistic vocation; some of the swift, accurate, precise gestures of one skilled in the plastic arts. But there was a vigor and determination about the man that one is not accustomed to find in a mere artist—an element of ruthless decision and of swift acts as of one accustomed to peril in his trade.

The attitude of the man and the voice that had reached Monsieur Jonquelle at the turn of the path were unmistakable in their menace. But the woman did not move. Neither the sudden appearance of the man, nor his words, nor his menacing gesture

precisely the reason for my fight here, and your cause of anger against me."

She turned again toward the Frenchman. "Is it not so, Monsieur?" The American had a strange, sultry, puzzled expression. But Monsieur Jonquelle laughed.

"Alas!" he said, "it is the disasters of my acquaintances with which I seem always to be concerned, and unhappily, their affairs are usually known to me."

He bowed slightly to the American. "If Monsieur will permit," he said, "I shall be charmed to verify madame's prediction. Monsieur has followed to inquire why the house in the old quarter of Paris, happened to burn down."

The American moved, as in anger, abruptly in his chair. "Yes," he said, "that is just precisely what I wanted to know."

Monsieur Jonquelle rose. He took



Beside her, the man stood in an attitude of menace.

precisely the reason for my fight here, and your cause of anger against me."

She turned again toward the Frenchman. "Is it not so, Monsieur?" The American had a strange, sultry, puzzled expression. But Monsieur Jonquelle laughed.

"Alas!" he said, "it is the disasters of my acquaintances with which I seem always to be concerned, and unhappily, their affairs are usually known to me."

He bowed slightly to the American. "If Monsieur will permit," he said, "I shall be charmed to verify madame's prediction. Monsieur has followed to inquire why the house in the old quarter of Paris, happened to burn down."

a cigaret-case from his pocket. It was of platinum capably turned with a complicated arabesque. He opened it and presented it to the woman in the chair. She declined. "It is denied me," she said, "as all things are now denied me."

The American also refused, and Monsieur Jonquelle returned with his cigaret to the chair on the border of the terrace.

"I, also," he said, speaking as he went about the lighting of the cigaret, "as what madame has so courteously called 'an old acquaintance,' am interested to know why this house at the corner of the Rue de St. Pere on the Faubourg St. Germain has burned to the ground."

"It will be necessary to make some explanation to the authorities of Paris. They will be curious about it. And as this old acquaintance of madame, it has seemed to me that I ought to obtain and take some measure to present an explanation to the authorities in Paris."

He continued to speak in the slow business of lighting the cigaret. "There is no question of insurance, nor the right of any property-owner in the matter. Monsieur Martin Dillard owned this house by purchase some months ago. He carried no insurance on it. It was stored only with his own property and used only by himself with the charming assistance of madame."

"There was not even a servant about. The doors entering the house were all fitted with a special lock, a complicated American lock with two keys only, one for monsieur and the duplicate for madame. The windows were securely closed with heavy shutters."

"The house was wholly inaccessible to any but these two persons, and it was the exclusive property of monsieur. If it had not burned, we should not have been concerned about it. Mysterious romances of the heart do not provoke an inquiry in Paris."

"It is the only capital of pleasure where the heart is free; but the city authorities are concerned with fire. When the flame emerges from the heart, Paris is disturbed, and when it reduces to ashes an ancient house on the Faubourg St. Germain, some explanation must be given."

He paused again. He had now gotten the cigaret lighted. And he sat down.

"Madame has correctly expressed it. I am an old acquaintance, and I am more than that; I am an old acquaintance who is very much interested to get madame's explanation before the authorities in Paris as early as I can manage it. Her fight after the fire seemed to be unjust. Even I had very considerable difficulty to find her."

"The American spoke abruptly. 'You seem very much interested in 'Casseo d'Or'.' Jonquelle's voice was in a sort of drawl.

"Casseo d'Or," he said. "The expression is extremely happy. Madame's golden head used to be the wonder of Paris when she came up with it like a Minerva through the fluid floor of Paris. Ah! yes, I am very interested—I have been always interested, as an old, a very old acquaintance. And I am interested again, more, perhaps, than monsieur can imagine."

The American spoke again abruptly. "You seem to know all about 'Casseo d'Or'." Again Monsieur Jonquelle drawled his answer.

"Ah! yes," he said, "from her golden head to the blue pigeon delicately outlined on her hand between the thumb and the forefinger—every detail of madame has been of interest to me—has been, I may say, of anxiety to me. And now I am concerned about the explanation for this fire."

(To be continued.)

Italy Pleased with Steps Taken For Balkan Peace

### Banions

Quick relief from pain. Banions also prevent. Dr. Schell's Zinc-pads.

### STORIES FROM BUCVILLE

#### How Ants Talk

Jimmy and Jane were two little playmates and on this sunny afternoon they had been down in the back pasture lot with Cousin Ruth gathering black-eyed Susans. Just as they were climbing through the bars in the fence on their way back home, a swarm of bugs flew right over their head.

"Oh, look!" said Cousin Ruth. "They are ants."

"I didn't know that ants could fly," said Jimmy.

"Some can," answered Cousin Ruth. "But watch, these are lighting right over there on that pile of sand. Come closer! We'll see what they are going to do." Quietly the three tiptoed up to the pile of sand.

"My goodness," cried Jane, "that big ant is tearing off the wings of the others."

"That is the queen," said Cousin Ruth, "and she is tearing off the wings of the workers so that they can't fly away. These ants are part of another colony of ants. They have decided to make a colony of their own, and they have come to build a home in this sand pile."

For a few minutes after the queen had torn off their wings there was confusion in the new ant colony. But it wasn't long before there was an endless procession of the little black creatures moving up and down over the sand pile, each with a grain of sand in its mouth.

"Watch," said Jane, "every time an ant meets another ant they stop and touch each other with those things on their heads."

"Those little hair-like things are the antennae," said Cousin Ruth, "and that is the only way they have to talk to each other. I will show you that they really tell them something."

Cousin Ruth took a lump of sugar from her pocket. "The ants are just setting up housekeeping," remarked Cousin Ruth, "and we will give them their supper."

Then she dropped the sugar in the sand, quite a distance from where the ants were building their house. But one ant was close by and he hurried over to see what the white lump might be. He nibbled at it a few times then hurried back to where the other ants were working. But on his way back he touched his antennae with every one he met. Soon hundreds of the little ants were nibbling at the lump of sugar and carrying tiny grains of it back to their new house.

"News spreads that in Antville," remarked Jane.

"I never knew ants could do any thing but crawl on the ground and bite folks," said Jimmy, as they started for home. "May we come back tomorrow?" he begged.

Cousin Ruth agreed, but when they came back the sugar was all gone and the ants' house was nearly three inches tall. (Who has seen the ants building their house, and noticed how they talk to each other?)

### Away! Old Age.

#### Some Suggestions On How to Keep Young.

Old age is not a question of the number of years you have lived, but rather is determined by the state of your body and mind. Some people are old at thirty—the zest and glory of youth is dead. Lord Byron, through a life of reputed excess, lacking in all elements of self-control, was described as an old man at the age of thirty-six, with every indication of senility.

One cause of premature old age is the gathering of mineral sediment in the blood stream leading to the hardening of the arteries, a condition which is very prevalent among the aged and which invariably results in a condition of decrepitude, if not death. The gathering of this mineral sediment can be largely prevented by careful adherence to certain fundamental principles in bodily hygiene. Do not overeat, else you cram more food into the system than can possibly be used, overworking the organs of digestion, assimilation and elimination and resulting in an excess of unused mineral matter. Drink plenty of water—six or eight glasses a day should be a minimum. Fruit juices are exceedingly helpful and form a natural laxative and are rich in therapeutic value. Take wholesome exercise, walking two or three miles a day—occasionally running for a short distance. Learn to breathe, using the entire lungs. Proper breathing tends to keep the blood stream pure.

**Emotions Count.**

Hate and anger constantly create and pour poison into our bodies, while the opposite line of thought keeps it healthy and clean. It is impossible to dwell upon any given type of thought for any length of time, without producing within the person so thinking, a reaction corresponding either to good or bad from the physical standpoint alone. It can not help produce in such a person within a short time corresponding conditions of harmony or inharmony both as to functional and organic reaction.

How can we expect a person who hates, or is jealous or revengeful or subject to spells of anger, or subject to "brain storms" ever to enjoy the best of health or existence here. It simply is not possible for hate to control the mind, which in turn controls the chemical changes or secretions in the body that brings about the anatomical changes that are constantly going on, without poisoning the body the longer it continues. "All there is to health and disease is mind activity. If we can know how to regulate mind processes, then we can cure diseases—all diseases, and keep off old age."

The delegates will attend a number of official receptions and visit the chief schools and colleges in Great Britain. The social program includes entertainments by the Government, the Royal Colonial Institute, the League of Empire, the Victoria League, the League of Nations Union and by numerous official and private hosts. The main discussions are to be private.

**To Clean Blankets**

Only cool or tepid water should be used to wash either wool or fleecy cotton blankets, as hot water will leave either kind matted-looking and harsh to the touch. Shave a cake of white soap into a quart of water and add a tablespoonful of borax. Set this on the fire until the soap has entirely dissolved. Then empty it into a tub containing enough cool water to cover the blanket. Dip the blanket in this and stir it about, not rubbing hard, but squeezing gently with the hands until it looks clean. Rinse in several waters. Gently squeeze a little of the water out of the blanket, but don't wring it. Hang it on the line still dripping a little, and let it dry. If the day is bright and sunny, with just a little wind, it will dry quickly and be soft and fluffy when taken off the line. It will be a little more fluffy yet if before it is brought into the house it is beaten lightly with a wire carpet beater.

**Cleaver.**

There was great excitement at the little village school. The inspector had arrived there unexpectedly, and was putting the children through their paces. Miss Greene, the teacher, was very anxious to show off the pupil of her enthusiastic heart—one Willie Smith by name.

"Now," said the inspector to the bright little chap, "how much is four multiplied by three?"

The boy thought for a moment, and then answered "Twelve."

"Quite right," was the approving reply, "and now for answering correctly you can have these twelve chocolates."

"Hum," remarked Willie sorrowfully, "if I'd known you were going to do that I'd have said more."

**The Horrible Example**

Toronto Mail and Empire (Const.) The head of the English Federation of Merchant Tailors, who pretends that knickerbockers will be worn not only by golfers but also by motorists, hikers and devotees to outdoor sports, likes to see some of the motor tourists on this continent and take warning.

**HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.**

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Sometimes a man reaches the top so late in life that he is almost immediately slid off onto the shelf.

### NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in connection with the University of Toronto, has a special department of training in general nursing, health, physical education, and dietetics of incurable cases. This hospital has adopted the latest nursing system. The course includes instruction in the school, a monthly attendance and training in connection with the hospital. For further information write to the Superintendent.

### PRINCE OPENS CONFERENCE

#### Educational Delegates Are Gathered From All Parts of the British Commonwealth

London.—The Prince of Wales recently opened the British Commonwealth Education Conference, which will sit into July with an endeavor to co-ordinate and raise the standards of teaching throughout the Dominions, Crown Colonies, Mandated Territories and India. Seventy delegates representing these territories are in attendance with Secretary Duchess Atholl, Sir Aubrey Symonds, Sir Edmund Phipps, William G. A. Ormsby-Gore, Sir George Macdonald, and other home education authorities representing Great Britain.

The agenda covers not only administrative questions but also those of general instructional interest including tropical and sub-tropical problems, cinematograph possibilities, Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements and the development of primary and secondary vocational and higher teaching.

The conference is to consider the appointment of committees to study arrangements for the interchange of teachers and information between the educational departments.

There will also be an endeavor to reach an agreement as to teachers' qualifications and the scales of remuneration, since the divergence in the different parts of the Commonwealth in this, together with the absence of reciprocal arrangements, now hampers the teachers' movements from one territory to another, thus impeding the development of cultural unity.

The delegates will attend a number of official receptions and visit the chief schools and colleges in Great Britain. The social program includes entertainments by the Government, the Royal Colonial Institute, the League of Empire, the Victoria League, the League of Nations Union and by numerous official and private hosts. The main discussions are to be private.

**Red Rose**

in the bright num pack guaranteed without any package from you are not return it ar be made.

**Succo**

It depends you'll welcome Flour—m cooks say k

**PU**

Sand 30c Western Canada

**Canad**

Soldiers in Me

Please Send HO

**Kill**

Kills Roach

**Kills**

Roach

**Kills**

Roach

### WRIGLEYS

SPEARMINT has a tang and zest to brighten your whole day!

It keeps teeth white, soothes the throat, and aids digestion.

After Every Meal

ISSUE NO. 27-27.

### CANED

New Given

When a yo complains of exertion, has or stomach that these symptoms of that her blood such conditio get need promptly res to the b health and st there is no t Hams Pink P and ailing medicine. Mis ville, N.S., u ceastfully, and Dr. Williams for the good was in a c health, suffe aches and ne was poor, a would leave n use of a fru Williams' Pin I began to I improved, an less frequent, the pills until by which time and I gained pounds to 114 son I advise a medicine."

Try Dr. W anaemia, rheu viousness and them as a tou ance that w strong. You through any mail at 50c a Hams Medicin

To

"Yes, that b through. He plays a shee "What for?" "So they's b

Boy—"Have rough seas, ca Old Salt—"A gale I was out hold the skippe wind blew the

When zest of drudgery—Ow

**Red Rose**

in the bright num pack guaranteed without any package from you are not return it ar be made.

**Succo**

It depends you'll welcome Flour—m cooks say k

**PU**

Sand 30c Western Canada

**Canad**

Soldiers in Me

Please Send HO

**Kill**

Kills Roach

**Kills**

Roach

**Kills**

Roach

**Kills**

Roach

**Kills**

Roach