

# Fine Quality "SALADA" TEA

3 to 4 cups to each cent's worth of tea.

## Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

THE LAUGHTER OF ALLAH.

Monsieur Jonquelle, the Prefect of Police of Paris, told me this story. We were on the deck of his yacht in the Mediterranean: the coast of Africa was in the distance. We had been talking of that strange, famous Englishman whose tragic death in the North Sea had stirred the world. Why had he never married—the greatest Englishman of his time? We did not name him. Monsieur Jonquelle called him "Sir Henry" in the story.

The Prefect of Police of Paris presented the story as though it were a detached tale of an oriental bazaar of Cairo. And I listened with my eyes closed on the cool deck moved slowly by the long swells. . . . I listened to the tragic love story of this strange, reserved, famous Englishman who had lived in mystery and died in mystery.

The man who rode north from the citadel, along the Boulevard Mohammed Ali, was no longer young.

He sat firmly in the saddle, and to the distant eye, he was hard and lean like a hunter in condition, but his face discolored by wind and sun, in repose, was tired. It was an unusual face, seamed and crossed with lines, the mouth firm, almost harsh, with the muscles developed along the jaw. But it was not these features that impressed one.

It was the man's extraordinary eyes. They were large and set far apart. The color was immediately seen—a dark metallic blue—the blue of certain remote spaces in the tropic sky. The lids drooped, giving the man an expression at once of serenity and menace.

He rode a gray Arab, and his clothes were evidently the best product of a Bond Street tailor. He rode like a soldier—like one accustomed to live days and nights in the saddle.

The man felt old and tired. The vast, eternal unchanging aspect of Egypt oppressed him. Here all human effort seemed equally futile. Here, as in India, one grew only old and accomplished nothing. And, on this evening, he felt acutely the menace of Egypt.

England had only extended fingers on this great desert running south into impenetrable mystery. She had only the peace of the bayonet; and behind the indolence, the listless resignation of these desert peoples, there seemed to lie a vast, inherent hatred of the invader that never lessened, and that waited always with an unflinching patience. In India, this thing skulked in the distance, but here it seemed to approach—to be at hand.

Perhaps what the man knew staged this impression. The whole world of Islam was uneasy. She had been despoiled in Turkey and shamed. She felt that weak rulers, for gain or the love of life, had held her in leash when she ought to have been loosened with a great shout to a holy war. The heads of Islam were quiet, but the tribes were restless.

England, feeling always with her



**"We Couldn't Do Without It"**

—Say The Movie Stars  
—So say all whose work is hard after they try the delicious, invigorating refreshment of Wrigley's Double Mint.



ISSUE No. 25—27.

with their hands of mud, as though they rivalled the Arab and the Arab in doing honor to the holy relic, while, in fact, they held the fingers of England on the city lest they slip off in a sudden rising of these native hordes. Then his mind returned to its reflection, with an idle interest he watched the strange, half-naked, primeval creatures that appeared, issuing out of the vast limitless ocean of sand that lay endlessly to the south, from tribes, old and unchanged since the days of Abraham—natives from the uncharted depths of the Sahara, naked and subsisting like the Baptist.

What lay far off there in the dead cities of this sand-swept wilderness where came these mad men, grunting, covered with hair, and infinitely old, no human creature could say. Perhaps the magician and the wizard of old times lived on there. And there in ancient tombs, in honeycombed walls sifting full of sand, in strange wilderness eternally dead and silent, old wise men abode who knew the ancient formulas by which the inexorable course of nature could be turned aside.

Perhaps they maintained there to this day that mysterious power which the sacred books of all religions agree that certain dread members of the race possessed in the morning of the world.

And the streaming horde with its cries and colors, slashed and intersected by smart European regiments, piping the drum and the Highland pipe with the wailings of the desert, became a thing unreal—a fantastic



HE REALIZED THAT THE HORSE COULD NOT GO ON.

background for that other mystery that so profoundly disturbed the man. And while he sat in the saddle looking down at these wild people of the desert, another looked down at him.

A woman, accompanied by the resident doctor and a maid, entered the English hotel on the other side of the square, crossed the foyer and got into the lift. As she passed, a little, dapper man, bald, dressed like a tailor's print, and with the air of one who is a social register, spoke to his companions pouring a cup of tea at a table by the wall.

"That's Nelly Landsear—sued to be a famous Southern beauty in the States. Jove. She's gone to pieces! Had a devil of a life! Married Bristol Ames—dirty little beast! My word, she was a wonder once! Looks fifty to-day."

And he began to tell the dramatic story of this woman and the creature that she had married, the story of a tireless effort to keep a weakling on his feet, to make a man of him. The story over again of Daude's "Kings in Exile." A story that was a tragedy of failures.

(To be continued.)

### Timagami Nights. (Canada)

Written for The Christian Science Monitor.

Busy fretties are gleaming, Twinkling stars in hundreds beaming, High above, the moon floats, screening Misty fumes and clouds of white; Near at hand, in chorus croaking, Sound the frogs; a red fox moping, Joins a clumsy brown bear, loping, Through the moon's half hidden light.

Balsam tops reach to the sky, With the tamarack they vie; Here are spruce and poplars high, Each in straight-limbed glory; Swampy cedars, silver birch, (Can be found without a search) Resting, quiet as a church, Near the hemlocks hoary.

Misty shadows screen the river, As the midnight beacons shiver; Sleeping water-lilies quiver, Waking from their quiet dreams: There a shallow rapid sighing, In the wooded distance lying, Age-old melodies supplying— Miles and miles away it seems.

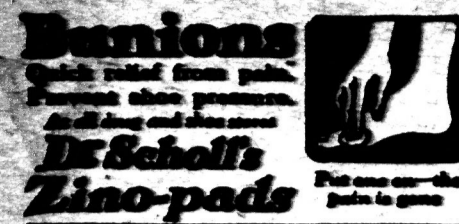
These my day-dreams seem to be, How I love you, Shining Tree, Gem of wild Timagami, With your skies of blue; I have seen your beauty fair, I have seen your Golden Stair, I have felt your charms so rare— I will come again to you!

—Arthur R. McClenaghan.

It was Sandy Herd who defined golf as "a game wherein the ball lies badly and the player well."

Esse sunburn with Minard's Lintment.

ISSUE No. 26—27.



### GOOD ADVICE.

#### Former Premiers Urge Men of City to Get Allotments to Cultivate.

London—Two former Prime Ministers who, speaking politically and figuratively, are expert "fence menders" and "tilers of the soil"—David Lloyd George and J. Ramsay MacDonald—have issued their opinions on gardening for the benefit of the National Union of Allotment Holders which is to open an exhibition here next September.

Mr. Lloyd George states that "backyards are a poor substitute for gardens. But every town can, by making proper provision for allotments, make good a fundamental defect in the organization of towns as we have allowed them to come into existence in the British Isles. No town can think that it has done its duty to its inhabitants until it has provided for all of its citizens who need plots of land, so that they can find both recreation and profit in digging the ground and gathering the fruits of the earth.

"The time has passed when so great a movement can be satisfied with existing on sufferance. Land for allotments should be permanently marked down for that use and no other. Our towns everywhere should take pride in providing security of tenure for allotments as in finding sites for houses and open spaces. I hope Parliament in the near future will take adequate measures to establish the allotment movement on a permanent basis."

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's statement is to the effect that: "Allotments are not only good for the production of food—a very necessary thing in itself—but they are the most delightful recreation and labor, and have a fine effect on the personal qualities and special characters of men. As a rival attraction to the flashy and degrading amusements of town life, they are incomparable.

"I wish every man had a bit of ground, loved to take a spade in his hand, and was privileged to see the fruit of his labor and his skill manifesting itself in the flowers and fruits of the earth."

#### "The Man of the Caverns."

There was a mysterious place in France which few people ever dared go near. This was a large cavern with great black depths. One day a man was lowered into that cavern and to everyone's astonishment he came up again to tell about it.

He said there were wonderful rocks there and colored icicles sparkling with beautiful colors, so that the cavern which people had supposed so ugly was discovered to be one of nature's pleasant surprises.

Prof. Edouard Martel is now an elderly man with white hair and a pleasant face. For 50 years he has been exploring the caves and caverns of the world, and studying the underground lakes in various countries. He was born in France and is known there as "The Man of Caverns."

Besides being an explorer Professor Martel is also an inventor. When he found a need for special equipment in his work, he was not satisfied until he had perfected the necessary articles. He has perfected a leather canoe, which is strong and waterproof and also light enough to be easily carried by one man. When he works in the caverns he wears a suit of clothes which he invented to protect him from sharp rocks and which will not tear on rough ledges. He wears a cap of padded leather which is a protection against falling rocks. This is also his own idea.

Before he descends into his chosen underground spot, he carefully studies all conditions of the cave and vicinity. He was only 10 years old when he mastered his geography and he now is thoroughly acquainted with the geology and topography of the land where he works.

When he is ready to descend he ceases himself on a piece of board tied at the end of a rope and several men hold the other end at the mouth of the cave and unwind the rope gradually until he reaches the bottom. He has a telephone strapped around his neck and on reaching the bottom he proceeds on foot, aided by a guide rope attached to his belt. The telephone wire runs through this rope.

His equipment consists among other things of rope ladders, gas mask, barometers, thermometers, a specially prepared chocolate, matches, candles, field telephones, jack-knives and rubber boots.

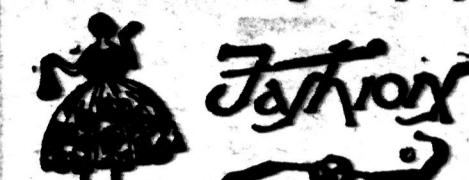
Professor Martel's unusual life work in being a cavern pioneer has aided other explorers and also given important discoveries and facts about the earth to those who are constantly studying along this line.

A debating star shines best when his points are clear.

Another good safety drive is the front-seat, instead of the back-seat, drive.

Those who are continually dodging responsibility seldom seem to make a hit.

Wilson Publishing Company



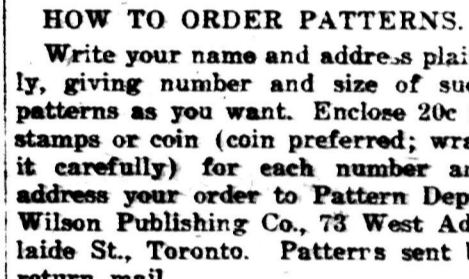
### BLOOMER FROCK FOR ANY HOUR OF THE DAY.



Adapted to the little girl of 2 to 8 years of age, and very easily laundered is this smart little frock for general wear, closing at centre front under its scalloped edge from collar to hemline. The short kimono sleeves are finished with little scalloped cuffs, and two patch pockets trim the front. The bloomers are gathered into bands at the knees and finished with elastic at the top. No. 1284 is in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 years requires 1 1/2 yards 39-inch material for the dress, and 1 yard additional for the bloomers. Price 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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.



Twinkle, Twinkle, 1st Fish—"What a nice clear night it is." 2nd Fish—"Yes, all the star-fish are out!" Campers—Take Minard's with you.

"Saxpense!" said Sandy to an Edinburgh chemist, who had charged him that amount for a packet of sulphur. "Why, man, I get it for fourpence in Glasgow!" "Aye," said the chemist, "an' for a' care ye can gang awa' tae anither place where ye can get as much sulphur as ye want for naething."

SHERIFF METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA  
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG  
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

**SMP Goods are Sold in the Best Stores EVERYWHERE.**

**Nicer Cakes!**  
Cakes baked with Purity Flour keep fresh for three or four days. Purity is a vigorous, "dry" flour that absorbs and holds more water or milk. Tasty cakes, rich pies, and large, light buns and bread are always yours when you use

## PURITY FLOUR

Sent 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book.  
Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.



It's wonderful what confidence a "shine" will give you—and how uncomfortable you feel without one! Moral—every morning use "Nugget".

## "NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

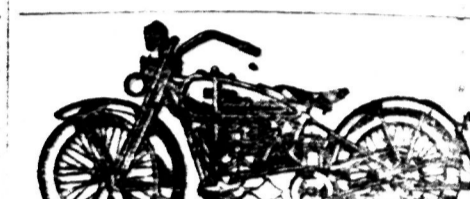
There's a "Nugget" for every shoe made.



### The Entente Cordiale.

London Daily Mail (Ind. Cons.): It was not caprice or accident that brought England and France together after a century of bickering. It was the sense of common danger, which might be averted by their united strength. It is even believed by most Continental authorities on the diplomacy of the weeks immediately preceding the war that had France and Britain been joined in a definite alliance Germany would never have launched the attack which brought on the world that immense catastrophe. To-day the two nations stand side by side, with a third comrade and ally in the great nation of Twentieth-century Italy. They must never again be divided.

A foreigner might find it hard to explain why commencement should mark the end of college days.



The Harley-Davidson Single Cylinder Motorcycle is the greatest little machine that has been made. Safe to ride, easy to control, and most economical. Stands without a kick, 100 miles to Gallon of Gasoline. Price \$300. Down Payment \$100. Balance \$22 per month. Walter Andrews, Limited, 346 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



## What's in a Name?

Would you buy canned goods that bore no label? Would you buy an automobile of unknown make, no matter how cheap? Nobody would be so foolish. You get to trust a name or a label just as you get to trust a man, through satisfactory and honest dealings. That is why kitchen and household utensils bearing the SMP label are bought without question by millions of Canadians. The shield-shaped green and red SMP trademark is a guarantee of full value and best quality. The firm behind SMP goods is

SHERIFF METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA  
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG  
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

**SMP Goods are Sold in the Best Stores EVERYWHERE.**

## NO MEDICINE FOR BABY'S COLIC

For Either the Colic or the Gas. There is no Baby's Own Tea. Whether it be the colic or the gas, the growing ways do good. Free from opium drugs and the safe in using. Concerning the Colic, R. R. Out, says: "Healthy children medicine is not Baby's Own Tea. The best medicine home where the Baby's Own Tea, thorough laxative stomach and bowels and simple to use. They are easy. They are easy or direct by from The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Ontario."

## The Protection of the Provinces

Stephen Gwynn, nighty Reviewer, Doctrine, America, extend a very full to the National, as the British, as others unduly, righteousness, unshelving, has transmitted. No nation was the Americans.

Darwinian (monkeys) "out after they



200 toward the

RISING from depths of misery. Carry tower 2000 feet. The world-famous climate of that THE SEA cruise fair like 1000 L. Lawrence Rapin and Old Qu

For booklet information CANADA LINE 48 Yonge or 9 Victoria

CAN STEAMS

Kill Kills Roach

For a "Nugget" NAV like a the m

700 streets