

When You Can Buy "SALADA" TEA



Why be content with inferior tea.

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle



BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

M. Jonquelle, greatest of French detectives, tells this story of a strange and famous Englishman and tells it without giving the man's name. But the conqueror of the Sudan, who later met his death so tragically in the North Sea, was known to all.

It was the love story of the man who lived and died in mystery. The great man was riding through Cairo, his thoughts on native troubles in Khartoum. Suddenly he noticed a white woman, accompanied by the resident doctor and her maid, enter a hotel.

He learned she was once a great beauty in the United States who had been un happily married. She looked exhausted and in her face one read the tragedy of failure.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile, the doctor after a word of direction, left the woman at the second floor, and she entered her apartment with the maid. She took off her hat, went over to the window and sat down. She leaned on her elbows, looking out, her face in her hands, her heavy hair falling over her thin blue-veined fingers.

The maid came with excited remonstrance. Madame must go at once to bed. The doctor had ordered it. Madame was taking a chance with her life. Her lungs would congest. She would die immediately! In spite of the dry atmosphere, there was a certain dampness from the Nile at evening.

But the woman gave no attention. She sat quite motionless, looking down at the man on the gray Arab, at the edge of the Place Esbekiya. She could only see the white helmet, the firm shoulders, the nervous horse, and the sun in the street beneath it. She could not see the man's face, but she knew the features of it.

For some days he had been a distinguished figure in the city. Under the visor of the helmet she could reconstruct the face, with those dominating eyes of sword-blade blue, and the features that in repose seemed modeled over iron.

And there arose in her an appalling sense of loss—a ghastly sense of having been trapped and cheated. Here was the destiny for which she was born into the world, and she had been turned another way into the pit.

Ah, God! If she had only had this bronze wall behind her, how far and how wonderfully she would have gone!

Meanwhile the riot of sound and color poured along the Street Kamel Pasha, drifted across the Place Esbekiya, and entered the Rue Muski on the way to the Tombs of the Caliphs. Now and then, one, exhausted, dropped out of the mad current and fell in the street, swathed in his burnoose like a corpse.

The whole square of the Place Esbekiya was sown with these motionless figures.

Suddenly, far off in the border of the garden of the Esbekiya a gaunt figure arose from among these ghostly groups, as in a garden of the dead—a creature infinitely old, matted with hair and naked under his burnoose. He extended his arm, and his voice drifted with the vague wind northward as from the desert. It



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE KILLED," SHE SAID.

to keep him from going into the crowd, the rider turned him into a side street.

But he could not master the maddened horse. The beast was wild; the iron bit clamped into its jaws as if cemented into a stone. As though infected by a virus, the horse was now as crazed as the drug-drunk dervish. Nevertheless, the horse did not get away.

He fought down the narrow street and out through the native quarter of the city, but the rider controlled him and, but for an accident, would have got him in hand. A waterskin had broken in the street, and when the plunging horse struck the wet earth he fell.

The thing all happened in a flash, and the man was thrown out of the saddle. As he arose a native servant in livery handed him his helmet which had rolled into a neighboring doorway. A motor-car had stopped and a woman was out in the street beside him.

"Oh," she cried, "are you hurt?" The voice had the soft liquid tones of some southern country.

He was not in the least hurt and he hastened to say it.

The car was new and smart—the sort of wonderful thing one sees at eleven in the Rue de la Paix. The woman was extremely young, a mere girl, he thought, for the lines of her slim figure were not yet rounded out.

It was amazingly good in a suit of white Chinese silk heavy as duck and cut, in a half sporting style, with a plaited coat, belt and patch pockets, by a first-class London tailor.

The girl was blushing slightly. Her eyes, colored like the velvet hull of an Italian chestnut, were wide under long lashes curling up.

"It was a nasty cropper," he said. "The horse went down like a shot. Fortunately, the helmet got the blow." And he pressed out the pieces of broken cork.

"I thought you were killed," she said. Then she turned toward the car. "Let me take you up."

He could not very well refuse and he got in. Besides, his horse was nowhere to be seen, and his ruined hel-

met would make his companions in the street.

It was precisely sunset and from a thousand gazards the woman was calling out: "The whole city was being pink as though covered with the wings of innumerable fireflies. The horse had fallen as it entered a great square before a mosque."

When they were seated they fell immediately into a pleasant talk. The charming thing about the girl was her perfect freedom. There was not a pretense in her. She gave a boundless confidence. She was wholly absorbed in the thing she talked about.

Almost at once they were on a friendly footing, and the man found himself speaking of things which he had never before discussed with anybody—trifling, intimate things which touch life here and there.

She loved a far-ry and a trumpet-vine, she said. If she could only see the trumpet-vine and hear the far-ry, she always became at once inexpressibly happy, no matter in what mood. She tried to imitate the sound, putting out her lips.

And he told her that a cock crowing in the afternoon strangely saddened him, like certain desolate landscapes that impressed the beholder with the end of all things. It made him unutterably lonely. He was not usually lonely, but that note, sounded in the sun, could change him like a witch word.

The motor-car which had endeavored to enter a great boulevard crowded with natives, made one or two turns and finally stopped before a narrow, iron gate in a high wall studded with spikes. The driver explained that he could not reach the main entrance. The crowd was strangely obstinate and would not make way for the car.

To go in with the girl seemed to the man inevitable. She offered a cup of tea and would send him on when the streets were opened. The crowds brought out by the sacred carpet would presently scatter.

Besides, in the fascination of her delightful chatter, he was seeing just then a slim little girl, mostly eyes, on the verandah of a big, old house in a southern state of America surrounded by magnolias through which you caught the glimpse of white-washed cabins.

She was lying down, with a foreign illustrated paper before her, writing a letter to a hero.

He could see every detail, so vivid was the narration. She kept putting back a vagrant lock of hair that constantly fell down. Her lips were stained with red paint from the penholder where she had chewed it over a difficult word, and her frock was daubed with ink where she had wiped her thumb.

He knew the worship of heroes at that age for he had a Latin grammar in which was pasted a picture of Nelson, finger-printed with halos. And he had a warm, bewildered feeling, as though the very day and hour of that fascinating time were restored.

The place they entered was enclosed by the great wall set with spikes. It was native in its architecture outside, with a flat roof, but inside it was a white man's house, with a drawing-room on the second floor.

They saw no servant as they went in, although the house was lighted. In the drawing-room no one answered the bell, and the girl went out to discover the reason.

(To be continued.)

Freshen Up
with
WATERBURY
Flavored
with the juice of
fresh mint leaves

After Every Meal

Callouses
Scholl's
Zino-pads

PRIZE WINNING ESSAY

Love of History and Composition Helps Ruth Gaw. of Palmerston, Win a Place.

Dear Sirs:—
I received your letter stating that I had won one of the \$5.00 prizes in the Essay Contest and was very pleased to hear it.

I am sorry to say that I have not a good photograph of myself, at present. I was born in Granby, Quebec, and received my public school education and also my first year of high school in Saskatchewan. The past two years have been spent here in Ontario. I am now in my fourth year of high school.

We attend the United Church and belong to the Wofalo C.G.I.T. group. As for sports, I am very fond of basketball but do not go in much for any other outdoor games.

Composition is one of my best subjects. Next to history I believe I enjoy it the most.

As yet I have not fully made up my mind what I will do when I finish school.

Yours sincerely,
RUTH GAW.

"CANADA"

We Canadians may well be proud of our country. Less than four hundred years ago Jacques Cartier raised the fleur-de-lis at Gaspé, thus claiming the land in the name of the King of France; but he little dreamed of the vast territory that stretched away to the Pacific. Until the coming of the English the St. Lawrence valley and the Maritimes were the only settled parts of Canada. To-day she occupies more than half a continent. It has been said that she covers so much surface that all the climates of Europe are found within her borders. True, only a narrow strip along the southern edge has been brought under cultivation but each year this strip grows wider and wider.

In Ontario and Quebec where the fertile soil ends the rich mineral lands begin. This source of wealth has been lying for centuries just beneath the barren surface yet its discovery is comparatively recent. Canada now supplies ninety per cent. of the nickel and cobalt used in the world, as well as eighty-five per cent. of the asbestos.

She has been known to Europeans for almost four hundred years yet during the last fifteen decades. With the coming of the United Empire Loyalists her era of progress dawned. These people, loyal to their king, left comfortable homes in the revolted colonies to come to Canada, then an almost unknown wilderness. Ontario owes its beginning to them. Under the early British rule the Government of Canada was quite as despotic as it was during the French regime. The "new subjects" as the French Canadians were called were well satisfied with this system, having known nothing better; but the "old subjects" complained continually, for they had absolutely no share in the government. However, with the Loyalists there came a change. Owing to their agitation the Constitutional Act, which gave a measure of self-government, was passed in 1791.

Grudgingly the unbroken forests gave way to tiny clearings. By slow degrees good wagon roads were built and schools and churches were opened up. These were few and far between and many people grew up with only the rudiments of education. Large numbers could not even read or write. To-day there are fine school systems in all the provinces and education is free to every one.

The Constitutional Act did not end the struggle for self-government. In 1837 a rebellion broke out in both Upper and Lower Canada. This was easily put down but it had the desired effect of arousing the British Government to the needs of Canada and, on the advice of Lord Durham the Union Act was passed in 1840. Still the struggle for really Democratic Government went on until a scheme evolved in the minds of far-seeing statesmen. The British North America Act was passed in 1867 and four provinces, Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united under the name of Canada. From that time on the growth of our country has been almost miraculous. At the time of Confederation the population was about three and a half millions. On this our Sixtieth Anniversary there are more than nine and a half million people. The population has been almost tripled in little more than half a century.

Canada has always had an abundance of raw materials but it is only during the last few years that her manufacturing industries have been developed. Since 1900 her industrial output has been increased six times.

Not so very many years ago all the vast Western wheat lands were inhabited only by wandering Indians and a few Hudson Bay traders. To-day Canada supplies ten per cent. of the wheat consumed in the whole world. Lumber is also one of her important products. She supplies twenty-two per cent. of the lumber used in the world. In the old days this was not

considered a valuable product. It was quite customary to clear a piece of land and then burn the timber taken from it.

The pulp and paper industry is also important, the largest paper mill in the world is at Three Rivers.

At the time of Confederation British Columbia was separated from the rest of Canada by mountain and plain and in this way her trade was hampered. She entered the Union in 1871 on condition that a railway should be built across the continent.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was the direct result of Confederation. No one province could have engineered such a gigantic scheme, alone. The railroad was finished in 1885 and Canada was linked from coast to coast with a line of steel. Almost immediately settlers began to flock from all over to the fertile farm lands of the Prairies.

In 1873 Prince Edward Island entered Confederation Manitoba had been admitted in 1870 but Alberta and Saskatchewan did not come in as full-fledged provinces until 1905.

The Grand Trunk was built parallel to the Canadian Pacific and in this way helped to open up still more new territory.

Canadian writers are steadily climbing nearer to the top in the world of literature.

Excellent motor highways are universal throughout the country. A trip across the continent which once took many weary months, is now made in a few weeks with an automobile or in a few days on one of the fast trans-continental trains.

Easy transportation, telegraph lines, telephones and radios are daily drawing Halifax and Vancouver closer and closer together.

To-day Montreal is one of Canada's greatest ports. Scarcely half a century ago it possessed only a crowded, dirty harbor which could only accommodate from two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons in weight.

The inland waterways are being developed and in the future we may witness the seeming impossible sight of European vessels loading grain from the elevators at Fort William.

Our country lies in the great pathway of commerce; her transcontinental lines furnish the shortest routes around the world. She has the greatest natural resources of any nation in the world and as these are developed she will take her place among the foremost nations of the earth.

In 1867 we first obtained truly Democratic Government, that is, Government by the people for the people. In this our Diamond Jubilee Year we have sent our first ambassador to a foreign country, the Honorable Vincent Massey, Canada's representative in Washington. Canada may well say "Daughter I am in my Mother's house but Mistress in my own."

She has no desire to break away from the great empire of which she forms such an important part. In the hour of danger she gave unstintingly of her men and money. Canadians have proved their loyalty to the Motherland, over and over, during the American Revolution, in the war of 1812-14, on the fields of South Africa and in the trenches in Flanders.

Our forefathers bequeathed us the fairest and most Democratic form of Government in the world and its up to us to preserve it for those who are to come after us.

"So in the long hereafter this Canada shall be the worthy heir of British power and British liberty."

Motorist, Take Heed

Philadelphia Record: "With the advent of the open season, warnings are being sent out from various directions cautioning motorists against giving rides to chance wayfarers on lonely roads. Through the great States of the Middle West, where transcontinental highways thread the country for unhabited miles, these warnings are perhaps of more moment than in the East. But even here the practice is to be discouraged, as the experience of various drivers has made plain. It is agreeable to be friendly and to offer the foot traveler a lift on his way; but remember that he has the upper hand of the driver when the latter's hands are occupied with control of the car, and sometimes he is not the harmless passenger that he seems. Tramps have not been slow to discover that the rods of a freight car are less comfortable than the back seat of an automobile, and they have left the railroads for the highways in large numbers. But many of them have not changed their natures, and one needs to take care that he is not inviting a hard-boiled, unscrupulous customer into his car when taking pity upon a weary traveler by the side of the road.

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DON'T WORRY, EVEN IF THE UMPIRE DOES SEE YOU STEAL A BASE.

Ease sunburn with Minard's Lintment.

Royal Yeast Cakes

STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD

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Fashion

A FROCK OF SMART SIMPLICITY.

Unusually smart is the attractive one-piece daytime frock pictured here, having set-in plaited side panels, short kimono or long sleeves gathered to wristbands, and a shaped collar finishing the V neck, while a belt fastens in the front with a bow or buckle. No. 1663 is for Misses and Small Women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3 yards 39-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents the pattern.

Every woman's desire is to achieve that smart different appearance which draws favorable comments from the observing public. The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are originated in the heart of the style centres and will help you to acquire that much desired air of individuality. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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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.

Camper—Take Minard's with you.

Enough Said
Brooklyn agitator: A perfect reproduction of President Doumergue of France is shown as a tailor's dummy in Paris. President Hindenburg of Germany is never so affronted. The older a public grows the more it scorns respect for those who are supposed to rule it. France is older than Germany. The United States is older than either, but we will not pursue the subject.

The Divorce Bill.
Visitor—"Is that the courthouse?"
Native—"No; there's no courting done there—it's the divorce-mill, I'd say."

Attention, Motorists
We find in The Goodyear News the following tips to auto drivers, said to be posted up here and there as roadside warnings:
Fifteen miles an hour may be a child, but fifty is a fever.
Accident insurance is a good thing to have without the accident.
Keep your hands on the wheel. Let your girl hug herself.
We have seven good hotels and one jail—take your pick.
Our roads are wide and smooth, but some drivers are narrow and rough.
(Near a railroad crossing)—You may save a minute, but suppose it's your last?
Act like a Pullman porter on curves. Give wide swingers a wide berth.
You are approaching our insane asylum. Be yourself!

Harley-Davidson

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

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Sund

June 26, Rev. of Peter, I...
Text—Follow you fishers of

JUN ON

Preparation—Text for each Make notes of read, writing, you wish to br

Aim—To res in such a way pulsive, low strength and scholars may tion for him.

Two plans p are suggested choose the one needs of the c

Plan I. A suggestion of Life of Peter, Sunday, has during the Quarter reviewed chapters another chapter Character of P reviewed, I what they learn of the thirteenth

If the book has not been made together to-day, possible for writers on a page, all are written read about in fastened together

Plan II. A from a piece of symbols, each connection with the Quarter, as follows: (1) a rock, (4) a (6) a tomb, (7) a crossway, (8) a gateway, (9) a wall, (10) a back of each w of the lesson with

Let the scholar hold a cross, the reds the least indicates and review. The hol on the table, such was as this

It represents a learner who has learned their first Gospel—their first

The teacher sh about the next lesson, before the down.

PRIMARY

Instead of rev ate lessons, gro Quarter somev Peter obeys Jes Peter learns to II and IV; Peter Lessons III, V, an on Jesus' work and X; God pro IX and XI, and follow Jesus. Les children themselves story in each g

What would ha had not obeyed shore when Jesu might never have and he might be splendid work of splendid work lea (Write Obedy on

Next Peter lea He learned to tr know that Jesus him, Jesus' follo (Write Trust in

Then Peter on his sins and to say, "I'm sorry," he had done so then go ahead an went ahead and Jesus that every was sorry. (Write

Then Peter wa afraid of the high him for not being knew that he wa was not afraid w put into prison would take care Brave.)

Peter knew that be a good work be a good citizen of his country. T ing to follow Jesu knew the law. (W

Now here are th did, and doing the make him a son Jesus. Then you can do today, on the list with who would like to rev

MAJETT

SAY, WH OF THE TELEGR BEEN A NEW Y MORGA