NO INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF SALADA TEA

DESPITE THE NEW DUTY and INCREASE IN SALES TAX

To the Public:

Canada's Largest Selling Tea Will Not Cost the Consumer More Despite the New Taxation.

Do Not Pay More Than the Price Shown on the Package.

WE PAY THE DUTY AND TAX

TO GROCERS: You Will Find No Sales Tax or Duty Item Added to Our Invoices. We Will Pay These Ourselves in Order That You May Serve the Public Without Extra Charge and Keep the Same Profit as Before.

Salada Tea Company of Canada, Limited

THE

TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

SYNOPSIS

Sheila O'Shay, formerly a popular actress, and now the wife of the young millionaire Don Ellsworth, disappears, leaving no trace behind her. Don visits Dr. Cavanaugh, the famous criminologist, and confesses that his married life has been very unhappy. Dr. Cavanaugh agrees to investigate the case. Peter Piper, enthusiastic young reporter of The Herald is ordered to cover the case.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

Peter Piper had emerged from the locker room with a soft gray hat, its brown shapeless and its brim a series of irregular ripples from exposure to many rains on his head, whistling under his breath. What time there was to this musical performance consisted of two phrases, endlessly reiterated, in a lugubrious, monotonous minor calculated to make the human listener long to lift his nose and howl.

"Put it out!" growled the waterfront man whose desk adjoined Peter's. Peter stopped whistling long enough to grin, then absent-mindedly resumed his wailing cadence at the precise note where he had left off. He tossed all the clippings but one into a drawer, which already contained carbon paper, cigarettes, a torn bag of peppermints, an assortment of very soft black "copy" pencils, and an upset box of paper-clips. The remaining clipping he thrust into his coat pocket, which already bulged with several sheets of folded copy paper.

"You'll emit that series of sounds once too often some day," the waterfront man said, "and there'll be another ax murder. 'Crazed reporter slays mate.' What's the good chase?"

"Oh, one of Jimmy's wild goose chases. Nothing to it. It's bound to be a flflop. If Jimmy got the idea that there was a cheesemongers' convention being held in the moon, he'd send some poor devil of a reporter out to cover it—and by heck, he'd get so firmly fixed in the idea that he mustn't come back without the story that the chances are, he'd get there!"

Nevertheless, Peter was cheerful.

"Hoo-oo-oo, hu-hu-hu-hoo." The wailing notes were cut short by his effort to dodge a wadded piece of copy paper hurled after him by the waterfront man. He ducked with exaggerated alacrity, and made a hasty exit into the library.

"Say, Ben, dig up what we've got on this bird." He thrust the clipping which he had brought from the local room into the hand of the library attendant. "The society department must have run a picture at some time or other. If not, of what earthly use are they, I ask it?"

A few minutes later he had recrossed the local room, still whistling, and slammed the door behind him. He angled his battered car out of the Herald's parking lot and favored the watchman with a hoarse honk of greeting. Peter called is car "Bossy" because, he explained, it had a crumpled horn like the cow in "The House that Jack Built." It also had four crumpled fenders whose waves and dents were only to be matched by the waves and dents in Peter's hat. It was painted bright green, and there were two bullet holes in the side curtains, relics of Peter's rather too prompt arrival on the scene of a shooting fray between the police and a fugitive holdup man. Peter would not have exchanged it in even trade for a next year's model Rolls-Royce.

Twenty minutes later he parked hastily, with a shriek of brakes, opposite the house of Dr. Cavanaugh. The haste was due to the fact that a small sport coupe, very shiny as to nickel trimmings, was at the moment drawing up at the Cavanaugh entrance. Peter's long legs swung over the door, whose catch had a habit of sticking, and by the time the girl in the sport coupe had alighted and clicked the door shut behind her, he was standing on the sidewalk beside her, hat in hand.

CHAPTER V.

Peter surveyed the girl with one rapid glance, and took a chance.

"I'm a poor man, your honor," he began.

The girl took one step backward and stopped. The backward step was the first reaction of one startled by an unexpected voice at her elbow. But Barbara Cavanaugh was a girl who usually stopped to look things over before running away from them.

She saw before her a tall young man in a baggy blue suit. His thick black hair sprang up recalcitrantly from a centre part. His long face was alit by a wide, intelligent mouth which divided a determined, outthrusting chin from bright and peering gray eyes.

Barbara hesitated for a moment, then grinned back.

"You're a very poor speaker," she capped. "And while you're undoubtedly mad enough, you'd never do for the Mad Hatter—with that hat."

"I knew it!" Peter crowed. "You look so exactly like Alice in Wonderland grown up that I had to risk it. I really am in a hell of a hole, but if you'd said 'Sir!' or 'Who are you?' I suppose I'd just have had to stay in it."

Peter forebore to tell her that he had diligently studied photographs of Barbara Cavanaugh in The Herald's morgue, and had already decided that she looked like Alice in Wonderland grown up. The clipping, at present crumpled in his coat pocket, had led him straight from the city editor's desk to the library's photograph files—but there was no use exposing the machinery behind an inspiration.

Barbara did indeed bear a resemblance to Tenniel's immortal child. She was very straight and slender, and so short that her face was habitually lifted a little. Her straight hair, yellow verging to soft brown, was combed smoothly back from her forehead and lifted behind ears that had nothing to fear from exposure. She achieved the difficult feat of appearing quaint, even with a shingled coiffure and attired, as now, in a white tennis dress rumpled from active play and a sweater of vivid rose. Perhaps the effect was unconsciously favored by the shy and dazzled look in her wide-set brown eyes. Barbara had lived in an orphan asylum until her fourteenth year, and she had never recovered from the wonder of life, which had begun as an inexorable mechanism and had miraculously taken on the aspects of a fairy tale.

She stood tapping the tip of her tennis racquet up and down on the sidewalk.

"But you couldn't have been after seeing me!" When agitated or puzzled, Barabra's voice—a low and somewhat breathy voice, like the beginnings of wind in leaves—relapsed into the diction of her orphan asylum years.

"I just was, though!" Peter asserted. "I'm a newspaper reporter, and I'm out on the Ellsworth case."

"I know nothing about it!" Barbara said sharply.

Peter's eyebrows lifted slightly. She'd been rather too quick about that. He swiftly reviewed in his mind the information contained in those clippings pasted to colored slips of paper, with the typed heading, "Cavanaugh, Barbara." It was a slim little file as compared with the bulging manila envelope devoted to the exploits of her father, as chronicled in the press. From it emerged a general conception of Barbara as a member of the younger "countryclub set," more addicted to athletics than to formal social functions. Barbara with a silver cup or two, Barbara as runner-up in the inter-club tennis tournament. Barbara arrested for speeding and naively telling the judge as she paid her fine that she'd "like to leave something extra for the cop—he was such a pleasant cop and absolutely in the right!" (A good little "freak" story, that had been). Barbara's name underlined in red pencil in the society chatter of "Suzanne." What did this engaging youngster have to do with Sheila O'Shay who must have crossed the "forty" line (though dates were very hard to find in all the stories about her), who boasted in Paris that two men had fought a duel over her and another had committed suicide in despair of winning her favor, all on the same day.

And yet—there was that bit about Ellsworth. It might mean nothing, of course; Ellsworth wrapped in the glamor of his fabulous wealth, was always copy. There was Ellsworth's sudden unheralded marriage to Sheila O'Shay a little less than a year ago, and the equally sudden omission of his name from the lists of parties where Barbara was to be found. Sheila, of course, in her own sphere, was glamorous enough for anybody. In these days only the most faded of dowagers would decline to meet the latest successor of Helen of Troy. Had Ellsworth purposely kept himself and his wife out of Barbara's way? All this was the vagrest speculation—but Barbara's quick and unnecessary disavowal had given his a "lead."

"Of course you couldn't possibly know anything about the Ellsworth case," he agreed. "Nevertheless, it's because of that case that I've looked you up. There's a point on which I think you might help me. If I may talk to you for just a few minutes?"

"And why should I?" Barbara said coldly.

Her face had shut down as if a blind had been drawn across a window. Barbara, who on ordinary occasions could easily have passed for sixteen suddenly looked all of her twenty-three years. Her lips tightened, losing their childish curve. Her eyes flitted from side to side, from the coupe at the curb to the doorway of the big house. Peter suddenly thought of a chipmunk which he had caught when he was a boy. It had lain quite still in his fingers, its eyes darting from side to side like hers.

"I think you should talk to me," he said, "because the Ellsworth affair may turn out to be very serious case."

She twisted the tennis racquet round and round in her hands. Then she turned without another word and opened the door of the coupe, slipping into the driver's seat and holding the door open for him to enter.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE VORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

3103

Wearable and chic is this smart French model. And believe me, you'll love it!

To be certain, it's fashioned of lovely white satin, so thoroughly modish, with self-fabric binding.

It's very simple to make it. The tiny kimono cap sleeves give it so much distinction. Then, too, it has the new peplum hipline, belted waistline and exceedingly flattering neckline.

Style No. 3103 is suited to miss or matron. It is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

The saving in cost over the original model is enormous. It is a blouse that will go beautifully with any color scheme. It may also be worn with a separate skirt.

Printed crepe silk, printed batiste, cotton lace, tucked net, linen, dimity, shanting and wool jersey make up smartly in this youthful type.

Size 36 requires 2 yards 35-inch or 1¾ ards 39-inch, with 4⅝ yards Lining.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before: After many adventures flying over China, Captain Jimmy and his friend Jed Stone seek to recover the plane which Captain Jimmy was forced to land in enemy territory. They plan a night raid on the army camp to secure food and gasoline.

Under the cover of darkness I made my way quietly toward the big tent. If our plan succeeded we would soon have enough gas and oil for our plane—if it failed, we wouldn't need any.

While I softly crept along, taking advantage of every shadow, Jed Stone was busy arriving at what he figured was the proper place to carry out his part of the plan. He dismounted, threw the bridle reins over the horse's head and probably hoped the animal would be there when he got back. Together, Scottie and he crawled close to where a lone soldier was walking his post.

Jed Stone and Scottie edged up, bit by bit, until they were right in back of a hummock and not over fifty feet from him. He was a nervous sort of soldier. Every now and then he'd turn quickly and peer out into the darkness; then he'd step along quickly as though he wanted to get away from there in a hurry. Many a good Chinese soldier is afraid of dragons in the dark. This China boy must have been sure there was a big, bad dragon on his trail for he was surely nervous.

At the end of his post he turned and started back. Scottie stood tensed, scarcely breathing. He sensed the excitement and he strained against his collar which Lieutenant Stone held tightly gripped.

The sentry was just in front of them when Jed Stone let go of Scottie's collar. "Go get him," he whispered, and Scottie was off like a rifle bullet. At the first jump, that sentry stopped dead in his tracks, the hair standing up on his head. He was frozen with fear tracks.

Somewhere out in front in darkness there was a sound of scurrying. Something was about to pounce on him, to grab him, that soldier couldn't move, he could be utter a sound. (I'll bet you, yourself, have been there just such a frightful nightmare.)

From out of the unknown blackness it came. Not till it sank his teeth into his leg did the soldier cry out. His conscious vocal cords were paralyzed.

But then he yelled sudden and pulled the trigger of his gun and bowled over, all in the same instant.

Sentries from all over came running—firing as they came. Between shots I gave a shrill whistle and Scottie came up, zigzagging his way pell mell for Sunday across camp, spreading destruction at every leap.

Excitement was working up to fever heat when out rode an under officer on horseback. He had jumped on a horse and with only a halter to guide him had ridden out into the melee with goodness knows what idea in his head.

An enthusiastic soldier fired a wild shot—luck then sent it away the officer's hat. Panicked, the horse broke loose. Then while it was tearing too hot around that corner Lieutenant Stone, he slipped off in the darkness to find his horse. The horse had deserted at the first shot, however, so he walked carefully avoiding soldiers, back to our plane.

(To be continued.)

Note:—Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy," Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive a signed photo free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. - Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

Trade-Wind

Breath of the seas, of the four-way sea
Balm of the tropic isles
Wafture of ease, of the month-long ease
Roll of the magic miles,—
The trade-wind blows from the end of days
Soft and silken and rare
Curling the crests of the blue-white sprays
Playing my sleeves and hair.

Blow, ye trade-winds, blow,
The ship is swinging low;
Blow, ye trade-winds blow,
Around the world we go.

Dreams of the mains, of the blue-thin mains
Sighted from tar-patched sails
Call of the lanes, of the long salt lanes
Flavor of old sea-tales,—
Down the tropic and far on the Line
Safe past the doldrum calms
The trades bring word of the rover brine
And reefs thin-ringed with palms.

Blow, ye trade-wind, blow,
With music soft and low;
Blow, ye trade-wind, blow,
Over the earth we go.

Athwart the lines the world-winds roam—
The freighted ships are sailing home.
—L. H. Bailey, in "Wind and Weather."

Opportunity

There are no men or women who owe more to themselves and their fellows than those to whom opportunities are constantly coming, before whom doors are constantly opened. Such a lot is the highest of all good fortunes, since it means not only success but growth, not only talent but the possibilities of character. Every new opportunity should send a man to his knees, instead of lifting him up in his own mind; should give him additional poise and balance, instead of excess of vanity. Nothing is more painful than the spectacle of one whom a little success makes self-conscious and infatuated; the larger the success which comes to such a man the plainer becomes his essential weakness. On the other hand, there is nothing which comforts those who are striving with adverse conditions so entirely as the untainted and the unspoiled spirit which receives success as a trust, not as a reward, and bears it as a possession, to be divided rather than hoarded.—Outlook.

Something Wrong

The shabby visitor placed his hat upon a chair, and, drawing a book from his pocket, approached the business man.

"I can tell you," he said, "how to become a great success—how to be independence for life."

"Three seconds gone from the minute I'm giving you," said the business man.

"I have here," the visitor went on, "an infallible memory system. Master it, and you will master the world. You will not forget to post the letter your wife gave you this morning, you can do without that wound your finger."

"My trouble," said the business man, "is that I can't find a reliable system for forgetting things I want to remember."

Sadly the visitor departed, half a minutes later he returned to the office breathless and excited.

"I forgot my hat!" he said.

Silkworm Imported For California Industry

Lindsay, Calif.—Mattea Brunetti, fruit grower, has started what he hopes will become the silk industry in California.

Bruno sent to Italy and obtained eggs of the silkworm which he hatched and since has attended diligently to the nurture of a part of Italy where silkworms have been grown for centuries. Bruno is familiar with the work and has been successful with his small crop of cocoons.

He says weather in the San Joaquin Valley is very similar to that of the native country' where the silkworms are cultivated, and points out that mulberry trees, the leaves of which form the food for the silk worm, are now grown here.

HEADACHE

Why suffer when relief is prompt and harmless

Millions of people have learned to depend on Aspirin tablets to relieve sudden headache. They know it eases the pain so quickly. And that it is harmless. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not harm the heart. Read directions on package for headache, neuralgia, neuritis, colds, pain of all kinds.

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

Made in Canada

ISSUE No. 25—'31

So economical...

KRAFT Salad Dressing offers everything anyone could ask for in exquisite, refreshing flavor, yet it's sold at a price so low it's within the reach of everyone.

A large 12 ounce jar costs only 25 cents, one-half the cost you're used to paying. Get some to-day. Try it and you'll instantly know why it's the favorite everywhere in Canada.

KRAFT Salad Dressing

Made in Canada by the Makers of Kraft Cheese and Velveeta

Home Chats

By MARIE ANN BEST

No. 28

"Do not hang all your mattoes on the wall. Hang some of them in your heart and in your life."

How Would You Like Dessert For Your First Course?

Many families in England have their dessert first. In fact, "Those people who eat Yorkshire pudding with meat and potatoes are all wrong. We eat it always at the beginning of our meal," said the Yorkshire lady from England with nature's real complexion of peaches and cream.

Then by a strange coincidence advice comes from Baltimore with the same instructions. "How would you like your apple pie smothered in ice cream first and then finish with beef-steak smothered in onions?"

Mr. Chinn, too, the people start a meal with dessert. Then after the meat have taken the edge off the apetite as much meat and vegetables may be eaten as desired.

The Rev. W. A. Crawford of Frostburg, Md., Rector of St. Mary's Church, says:

"I am persuaded that this Chinese notion was adopted centuries ago as a good conservation measure, for famines are common and people run into illness in small areas. These Chinese notions are more rational and less formal than ours, and it is also more healthful, for when one ends a meal with sweets and acid reaction occurs in the mouth which is bad for the health and system generally."

Twilight Hour Story Chicks and Other Little Friends

Fluffy was a funny puss that day up in the attic, wasn't she? She just sat on the floor and wouldn't do anything at all and pretend she was sleeping. "Can you guess, Billy boy, what that little scratching noise was?"

"No, I can't guess. Do you know?" said Billy, giving up guessing.

"Yes, I know," said Mamma Lady. "Fluffy had her kittens and has hidden them away. I fixed up a nice box for her to have them in, but, as I told you, she was afraid Rover would come and poke his nose in the box some day when you were not around and she just wouldn't have that, so quiet she'd hide them where Rover didn't come."

This was wonderful news to Billy know Fluffy had kittens, and he laughed and laughed. "Oh, Mamma, won't they be cute? Do you think their fur will be long like hers? Oh, I can hardly wait till we find them." Then he got quite excited, and getting down on the floor close to puss, he coaxed, "Fluffy, where are they? Oh, do tell us, please, Fluffy."

But Fluffy just sat there and purred and put her paws under her body more comfortably and wouldn't tell a thing. They hunted and hunted but couldn't find them. If they went down stairs and listened sometimes they heard a little scratching noise. Oh, a very little noise, but that was all.

"Well Billy, I believe Fluffy has her kittens away underneath the floor. However did she get there? She must have gone away back in the attic where there is no floor and then walked along underneath between the floor and the downstairs ceiling until she got to the chimney. She chose a nice warm spot, didn't she? But how are we going to get them out is the question," said Mamma Lady, thoughtfully and quite puzzled. "If Daddy were here he'd soon get them out by taking up the floor, but he won't be back for three weeks. If we should leave them there all that time they would be so shy we couldn't get near them. We want them tame and cute, don't we?"

"I should say we do," he sighed. "What can we do, Mamma? We must think up a way." Billy was feeling pretty disappointed. "Why did she go and put them away in there?"

"Well, you see, Rover is pretty big looking to Fluffy, and sometimes a little rough. I guess she remembered how he used to run after her when she was just little. So now she thought he might hurt her babies."

They walked slowly back to the attic door loading downstairs and when they looked for Fluffy she wasn't there.

Mamma Lady laughed. You see, dear, Fluffy went to her kittens when we weren't looking. She seems to want to tease us, doesn't she? Now that she is with them, peaceful as can be, back we can hear them when she starts washing them all over like Topsy used to do with hers out in the barn. They are always so glad to see us when we come back around. Puss, I'm glad you are back."

So back they hurried for the spot where they though the kittens might be, and put their ears to the floor and listened.

A World Language

Cairo Sphinx: One of the anomalies of Egypt is the fact that Egypt can take more time and trouble to teach English than any other foreign language, and yet fail to insist its full use as a secondary language.

English is the administrative language of five hundred millions—behind the world's population. It is the language of the sea and of commerce, is taught in practically all secondary schools in most civilized countries, and is the language in which 65 per cent. of foreign business are conducted. Nearly the whole world's literature is in English, as some amazing statistics are recently shown. English is spoken all over the world except in the Eastern Europe, Asia Minor South America, but even there it is gaining ground. It is the second language of the Mohammedan world.

Advantage of Co-education

Fred Lytton in the New Era (London): I am a firm believer in the general principle that boys and girls should be educated together as far as possible. Family life is the natural environment for the child till adolescence.

School life is an inevitable departure from this natural, but this departure should be made as little as possible. The segregation of boys and girls in separate boarding-schools produces conditions which make the widest possible divergence from those of family. The size of the whole community, the existence of large numbers of approximately the same age, the reality the presence of only one sex produce an environment which is so unnatural and artificial. If even must be boarded together it is best to be taught, the schools should be as small as possible, and include children of different ages and both sexes.

World Radio Parley Will Be Held in 1932

Kopenhagen, Den.—At the International Radio Conference, at which 40 nations were represented, a number of proposals were drafted for submission to the world congress, which is scheduled to be held in March 1932.

The question of the distribution of wavelengths, which occupied much of the time of the congress, was referred to a committee which will collaborate with representatives from the United States for further discussion of the matter.

Britain's Export Trade

London Times Trade Supplement: Too many firms have been content to await orders from merchant houses and to make no efforts to keep in touch with changing conditions in the countries where their goods are consumed. The latest and most authoritative warning of the inevitable result of neglecting to make personal visits to foreign markets has come from the Prince of Wales, and in confirmation of what he has said is the fact that during the prolonged depression of recent years nothing has been more remarkable than that certain businesses which have made a practice of keeping in touch with their foreign markets by frequent visits, paid by important and responsible members of the firm, have suffered less actually than others.

British Goods Are Best

Truth (London): The Prince of Wales, whose energy and willingness to pull his weight entitles him to our warm gratitude, and whose common sense is quite uncommon, has been telling Manchester that British goods are too good for the modern world, and advising Lancashire to turn out more shoddy. When we remember Carlyle and Plubson of Undershot, we were at first inclined to shudder at this advice. But the Prince of Wales "a bien etudie sa leton." He has travelled and studied business in all countries. He is perfectly right. This is an age of artificial silk and sham jewellery. British goods are too solid and wear too well. They must be made more cheaply.

Amusement Taxes Raised in Russia

Moscow.—The cost of entertainment has gone up in Russia. The Central Executive Committee of the Republic of Russia issued a decree recently raising all taxes on amusements from 10 to 80 per cent.

No reason was given for the increases, but they followed the boosting of the prices of basic commodities on an average of 50 per cent.

Building Growth in Calgary

Calgary, Alberta.—Building permits issued by the City of Calgary for the first two weeks in May called for sixty-one new homes each costing $4,000 and more, twelve of which are to have garages. In addition, permits have been taken out for fifteen other garages. Which is taken to indicate progress and stability of growth.

Tests "Death Ray"

B. Johnson, inventor of radio "Z" ray, called "death ray," demonstrating its power. He is melting bar of steel with this new current, ray passing through his body. Johnson demonstrated this to show that deadly ray has no effect on human body when the current passes directly through it.

Explorer Finds Vast Field Of Ice in British Columbia

Montreal—Discovery of an immense and accessible ice field of about 350 square miles in the Bridge River district of British Columbia is reported by Major F. V. Longstaff, of Victoria, B.C., who, with two Swiss guides, explored the region. He believes it will become an important scenic attraction. In his opinion it surpasses the famed Columbia ice field.

It provides the source of several large rivers, among them the Squamish, Bridge, Whitewater, Lillooet, Tobamand and Southgate. On or near the ice field the explorers noticed a dozen mountain peaks about 10,000 feet high.

The distance from the nearest point of the motor road in the Bridge River valley to the gravel flat of the main glacier is forty-five miles by the river trail, the explorer said.

A Valuable Wood

In the sitka spruce Canada possesses one of the most valuable woods used in aeroplane construction. There are few woods of its great lightness to equal it in strength, toughness and resiliency and there is no other wood with these combined qualities which is available in large sizes and quantities, comparatively free of knots and other defects.

The real progress of humanity probably depends far more on the conception of rights.—Lord Hewart.

The Green Bank of England

Have you seen the gold in the Green Bank of England?
Wonderful, beautiful, lovely to behold—
Aconite and coltsfoot, buttercup and daffodil,
Crocus and celandine, and dandelion bold!

Have you found the gold in the Green Bank of England?
You may go and take it—none of it is sold.
Gorse, broom, and ragwort, bedstraw and cowslip,
Kingcup and pansy, and silverweed gold.

Yours is the gold in the Green Bank of England,
Yours for the asking—treasury untold;
Potentilla, primrose, yellow vetch, and trefoil,
Pimpernel and hawkweed, and pussywillow gold.

—Florence Hoatson, in "The Little White Gate."

A Windy-Day Task

It is well to select a warm day for washing quilts, and a bit of wind is helpful in hurrying the drying process. A generous suds is made in soft water, or water softened with borax, using a mild soap or soap flakes. The quilt is immersed in this soapy bath and allowed to soak for 30 minutes before the washing proper begins.

Dip the quilt up and down in the soapy water to force out the loosened dirt, but do not rub, because that loosens the cotton filling and forms lumps in it. The washing machine may be used for the heavy work, and if there are still badly soiled places, they can be removed with a brush dipped in soapy water.

Rinsing is done in two waters, both of the same temperature as the wash water. Then the dripping quilt is hung outdoors between two lines. Wringing is also to be avoided, since it forms lumps in the cotton filling. Careful squeezing is allowed if there is no twisting.

When the quilt is partly dry, beat it lightly with a rattan carpet beater, or a small branch stripped of its leaves. This gentle beating helps to make the cotton filling fluffy. The quilt, when dry, may be pressed with a warm iron. It will then be just as attractive as a new one.

A Case in Camera

The police officer was put in the witness box.

"Well, constable," said the magistrate, "what is the accused charged with?"

"He's a camera fiend of the worst type, sir," said the constable, "and

"But surely," interrupted the magistrate in surprise—"surely you didn't arrest this man simply because he had a mania for taking pictures?"

"Oh, no, sir!" explained the witness. "It isn't pictures that he takes—it's cameras!"

Farm Hand: "Artist gentleman, sir, wants permission to sit in first meadow and paint." Farmer: "No, let'm sit in the field we've just sown—I'm'll keep crows off fine!"—Passing Show.

Argentine's Hope

Jose Jurado, Argentine golf champion, equalled course record with a 71 in second round of British open golf championship at Carnoustie, Scotland. Nevertheless he bowed in the final to Tommy Armour, Canadian open championship.

June

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten.

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or bud too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little birds sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

—James Russell Lowell.

Uses Stage Magic To Reclaim Boys

Columbus, Ohio.—Stage magic is being used to control and help wayward boys and make them useful members of society. J. Harry Messersmith of Harrisburg, Pa., attending the International Brotherhood of Magicians' convention, disclosed how he utilizes his tricks to arouse the interest of wayward youths and direct them to the straight path.

He has 200 boys under his charge in Pennsylvania. Fifteen minutes of magic and sleight-of-hand tricks bring better results with a wayward boy than could otherwise be accomplished in a month," he says.

He shows them tricks, and they want to know just how they are done. Some of the lads have decided to devote their lives to studying stage magic, and are recognized by the profession as" magicians of unusual ability."

Messersmith takes the boys camping for weeks at a time, teaches them his art and in some cases gives them money to get a start in life.

Water Sterilized by Beads; Harmful Germs Electrocuted

Harmful germs in water are electrocuted by a sterilizing process developed in England that uses neither chemicals nor filters. Instead the water is purified by simply immersing specially treated silver beads in it, explains "Popular Mechanics Magazine." It has long been known that certain metals, including silver, gold and palladium, have the property of destroying bacteria, when brought in contact with them, and the sterilizer accelerates what is called the "oligo-dynamical" action so that water is made germfree in one or two hours. Water so treated has powerful sterilization properties of its own and may be used for washing nursing bottles, cooking utensils and surgical instruments. The life of the device is virtually unlimited, one set of beads being capable of dealing with 250,000 gallons of water before deteriorating.

Mummy's Name for Him

A four-year-old boy was asked by an elderly visitor what his name was.

"Jinky," replied the boy.

"But have you no other name?" asked the visitor.

"No," replied the boy.

"But what is your father's name?" she persisted.

"Daddy," came the reply.

"No, no," she went on; "hasn't he another name? What does your mummy call him?"

"Fathead," the boy replied.

High Noon in Camp

Boy scout rings eight bells—the noon hour—in the scout camp at Gilwell Park, near London, England. Sea time has been used in the scout camp since 1859.

Sunday School Lesson

July 5. Lesson—The Gift of the Holy Spirit—Acts 1: 6-9; 2: 1-3. Golden Text—Ye shall receive power, after the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts 1: 8.

ANALYSIS

I. THE PROMISE, Acts 1: 6-12.
II. THE PREPARATION, Acts 1: 13, 14.
III. THE FULFILMENT, Acts 2: 1-13.

INTRODUCTION—This week we begin a study of early Christianity and its spread into the Gentile world. The movement was definitely launched in that glowing experience on the day of Pentecost. On several previous occasions the disciples had assurance that their crucified Lord was alive. But these moments of illumination were not long continued, and eventually they ceased altogether. "Jesus was parted from them" at the Ascension. Then, ten days later, came this new experience—"The Gift of the Holy Spirit."

I. THE PROMISE, Acts 1: 6-12.

The disciples were met together for what turned out to be the Risen Lord's last appearance. Their minds were occupied, not with dreams of the promised Spirit (v.), but with dreams of a restored national independence. The kingdom of God which they had in mind was material, national, and to be won by force. Their Master brushed aside their questioning about this kingdom. The kingdom he was going to establish would not be a Jewish State, but a spiritual kingdom, not national, but universal. They looked for political power; he promised them, instead, a Power different from, and greater than, that of which they were dreaming.

That power would come when the Holy Spirit came upon them. That is, when the Holy Spirit, which is the Spirit of God, which is the Spirit that was in Jesus of Nazareth, would be in them also—when their ideas and attitudes and purposes would be in harmony with his ideas, attitudes, and purposes. Then they would possess, not the political power which they had in mind, but a moral, personal, spiritual power. With their new vision and driving power they would witness for him in Jerusalem—and far beyond the boundaries of Palestine. But they still held inadequate ideas of God and his purposes. They still lacked the courage necessary for witnessing. Therefore, until the illumination came which would revolutionize him and his plans more truly, until they could speak with boldness, they were to wait in Jerusalem.

II. THE PREPARATION, Acts 1: 13, 14.

The disciples where were in Jerusalem kept together. They knew that the time must be close at hand when they must face the world as witnesses for their Lord and his kingdom.

They realized now that their old idea of that kingdom was wrong, but they felt themselves inadequate to the proclaiming of the new. So, with one accord they gave themselves to prayer and supplication. "With one accord" —they were agreed among themselves. Prayer-meetings to be effective must be made up of people who are on good terms with each other. An atmosphere of sympathy, unity of mind and purpose is essential. Thus agreed they continued in prayer. They placed themselves, mind and heart, unreservedly at God's disposal. They had one overwhelming desire; to come to fuller knowledge and be the channels through which God's grace and power could flow. In this mood of expectancy and consecration they waited for the fulfilment of the promise.

III. THE FULFILMENT, Acts 2: 1-13.

God does not fail lives so consecrated and expectant. While the believers were met for prayer, they experienced a vision—a sound like a mighty rushing wind, tongues, not of fire, but like fire, lighting upon each one present. To the waiting believers there were impressive and significant symbols. They were an assurance that the beliefs to which they had been growing concerning their Lord and his kingdom were true. God was indeed speaking to them, commanding them to go forth with his message, assuming them of his sustaining power. The signal to launch the evangelistic movement had been given.

The believers' joy expressed itself, first, in that exuberant emotional demonstration—"speaking with tongues." This was the confused exclamation of hearts overflowing with sudden joy and thankfulness and praise, and which, as yet, had no "language but a cry." See Acts 10: 44-46; 19: 6; 1 Cor. chap. 14. At first these ecstatic utterances and exclamations were so unrestrained that they attracted the attention of passers-by. Soon a crowd gathered—citizens of Jerusalem and pilgrims from all parts of the Empire who had come to the Holy City for the Feast of Pentecost. "Pentecost means the feast on the fiftieth day after the offering of the first sheaf of the first grain crop, barley. At the end of that harvest came the Jewish thanksgiving of Pentecost." Some of them thought they were witnessing a drunken orgy.

These strange occurrences, however, were but the "externals" of the Pentecostal experience. The essential importance of Pentecost lay in the fact that these men and women became vividly conscious of God. The Master was no longer the absent Jesus of Nazareth. He and God were now, as Stanley Jones says, merged in one. That One was universal, spiritual, ever-present. They knew now that they were in harmony with him. They had one passion—to share him with others.