Your Grocer Sells

"SALADA"

H673

GREEN TEA

Have you tried it? The tiny rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

The Phantom of the Opera

BY GASTON LEROUX

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

There was only one possible outlet that opening into the Louis-Philipe room in which Erik and Christine Daae were. But, although this outlet looked like an ordinary door on Christine's side, it was absolutely invisible to us. We must therefore try to open it without even knowing where it was.

But I had first to calm M. de Chagny, who was already walking about like a madman, uttering incoherent cries. The snatches of conversation which he had caught between Christine and the monster had contributed not a little to drive him beside himself: add to that the shock of the magic forest and the scorching heat which was beginning to make the perspiration stream down his temples and you will have no difficulty in understanding his state of mind. He shouted Christine's name, brandished his pistol, knocked his forehead against the glass in his endeavors to run down the glades of the illusive forest. In short, the torture was beginning to work its spell upon a brain unprepared for it.

I did my best to induce the poor viscount to listen to reason. I made him touch the mirrors and the iron tree and the branches and explained to him, by optical laws, all the luminous imagery by which we were surrounded and of which we need not allow ourselves to be the victims, like ordinary, ignorant people.

"We are in a room, a little room; that is what you must keep saying to yourself. And we shall leave the room as soon as we have found the door."

And I promised him that, if he let me act, without disturbing me by shouting and walking up and down, I would discover the trick of the door in less than an hour's time.

Then he lay flat, as one does in a wood, and declared that he would wait until I found the door of the forest, as there was nothing better to do! And he added that, from where he was, "the view was splendid!" The torture was working, in spite of all that I had said.

Myself, forgetting the forest, I tackled a glass panel and began to finger it in every direction, hunting for the weak point on which to press in order to turn the door in accordance with Erik's system of pivots. This weak point might be a mere speck on the glass, no larger than a pea, under which the spring lay hidden. I hunted and hunted. I felt as high as my hands could reach. Erik was about the same height as myself and I thought that he would not have placed the spring higher than suited his stature.

While groping over the successive panels with the greatest care, I endeavored not to lose a minute, for I was feeling more and more overcome with the heat and we were literally roasting in that blazing forest.

I had been working like this for half an hour and had finished three panels, when as ill-luck would have it, I turned round on hearing a muttered exclamation from the viscount.

"I am stifling," he said. "All those mirrors are sending out an infernal heat! Do you think you will find that spring soon? If you are much longer about it, we shall be roasted alive!"

I was not sorry to hear him talk like this. He had not said a word of the forest and I hoped that my companion's reason would hold out some time longer against the torture. But he added:

"What consoles me is that the monster has given Christine until eleven to-morrow evening. If we can't get out of here and go to her assistance, at least we shall be dead before her! Then Erik's mass can serve for all of us!"

And he gulped down a breath of hot air that nearly made him faint.

As I had not the same desperate reasons as M. de Vicomte for accepting death, I returned, after giving him a word of encouragement, to my panel, but I had made the mistake of taking a few steps while speaking and, in the tangle of the illusive forest, I was no longer able to find my panel for certain! I had to begin all over again, at random, feeling, fumbling, groping.

Now the fever laid hold of me in turn . . . for I found nothing, absolutely nothing. In the next room, all was silence. We were quite lost in the forest, without an outlet, a compass, a guide or anything. Oh, I know what awaited us if nobody came to our aid . . . or if I did not find the spring! But, look as I might, I found nothing but branches, beautiful branches that stood straight up before me, or spread gracefully over my head. But they gave no shade.

M. de Chagny and I had repeatedly taken off our coats and put them on again, finding at one time that they made us feel still hotter and at another time that they protected us against the heat. I was still making a moral resistance, but M. de Chagny seemed to me quite "gone." He pretended that he had been walking in that forest for three days and nights, without stopping, looking for Christine Daae! From time to time, he thought he saw her behind the trunk of a tree, or gliding between the branches; and he called to her with words of supplication that brought the tears to my eyes. And then, at last:

"Oh, how thirsty I am!" he cried, in delirious accents.

I too was thirsty. My throat was on fire. And, yet, squatting on the floor, I went on hunting, hunting, hunting for the spring of the invisible door . . . especially as it was dangerous to remain in the forest as evening drew nigh. Already the shades of night were beginning to surround us. It had happened very quickly; night falls quickly in tropical countries . . . suddenly, with hardly any twilight.

Now night, in the forests of the equator, is always dangerous, particularly when, like ourselves, one has not the materials for a fire to keep off the beasts of prey. I did intend trying for a moment to break off the branches, which I would have lit with my dark lantern, but I knocked myself also against the mirrors and remembered, in time, that we had only images of branches to do with.

The heat did not go with the daylight; on the contrary, it was now still hotter under the blue rays of the moon. I urged the viscount to hold our weapons ready to fire and not to stray from camp, while I went on looking for my spring.

Suddenly, we heard a lion roaring a few yards away.

"Oh, whispered the viscount, "he is quite close! . . . Don't you see him? . . . There, . . . through the trees . . in that thicket! . . . if he roars again I will fire! . . ."

And the roaring began again, louder than before. And the viscount fired, but I do not think he hit the lion; only, he smashed a mirror, as I perceived the next morning, at daybreak. We must have covered a good distance during the night, for we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of the desert, an immense desert of sand, stones and rocks. It was really not worth while leaving the forest to come upon the desert. Tired out, I flung myself down beside the viscount, for I had had enough of looking for springs which I could not find.

I was quite surprised—and I said so to the viscount—that we had encountered no other dangerous animals during the night. Usually, after the lion came the leopard and sometimes the buzz of the tsetse fly. These were easily obtained effects; and I explained to M. de Chagny that Erik imitated the roar of a lion on a long tabour or timbrel, with an ass's skin at one end. Over this skin he tied a string of iatgut which was fastened at the middle to another smilar string passing through the whole length of the tabour. Erik had only to rub this string with a glove smeared with resin and, according to the manner in which he rubbed it, he imitated to perfection the voice of the lion or the leopard, or even the buzzing of the tsetse fly.

The idea that Erik was probably in the room beside us, working his trick, made me suddenly resolve to enter into a parley with him, for we must obviously give up all thought of taking him by surprise. And by this time he must be quite aware who were the occupants of his torture-chamber. I called him: "Erik! Erik!"

I shouted as loudly as I could across the desert, but there was no answer to my voice. All around us lay the silence and the bare immensity of that stony desert. What was to become of us in the midst of that awful solitude?

We were beginning literally to die of heat, hunger and thirst . . . of thirst especially. At last, I saw M. de Chagny raise himself on his elbow and point to a spot on the horizon. He had discovered an oasis!

Yes, far in the distance was an oasis . . . an oasis with limpid water, which reflected the iron trees! . . . Tush, it was the scene of the mirage . . . I recognized it at once . . . the worst of the three! . . . No one had been able to fight against it . . . no one. . . . I did my utmost to keep my head and not to hope for water, the water that reflected the iron tree, and if, after hoping for water, he struck against the mirror, then there was only one thing for him to do: to hang himself on the iron tree!

So I cried to M. de Chagny:

"It's the mirage! . . . It's the mirage! . . . Don't believe in the water! . . . It's another trick of the mirrors! . . ."

Then he flatly told me to shut up, with my tricks of the mirrors, my springs, my revolving doors and my palaces of illusions! He angrily declared that I must be either blind or mad to imagine that all that water flowing over there, among those splendid, numberless trees, was not real water! . . . And the desert was real! . . . And so was the forest! . . . And it was no use trying to take him in . . . he was an old, experienced traveler . . . he had been all over the place!

And he dragged himself along, saying: "Water! Water!"

And his mouth was open, as though he were drinking.

And my mouth was open too, as though I were drinking.

For we not only saw the water, but heard it! . . . We heard it flow, we heard it ripple! . . . Do you understand that word "ripple?" . . . It is a sound which you hear with your tongue! . . . You put your tongue out of your mouth to listen to it better!

Lastly—and this was the most pitiless torture of all—we heard the rain and it was not raining! This was an infernal invention. . . . Oh, I knew well enough how Erik obtained it! He filled with little stones a very long and narrow box, broken up inside with wooden and metal projections. The stone, in falling, struck against these projections and rebounded from one to another; and the result was a series of pattering sounds that exactly imitated a rainstorm.

Ah, you should have seen us putting out our tongues and dragging ourselves toward the rippling river-bank! Our eyes and ears were full of water, but our tongues were hard and dry as horn!

When we reached the mirror, M. de Chagny licked it . . . and I also licked the glass.

It was burning hot!

Then we rolled on the floor with a hoarse cry of despair. M. de Chagny put the one pistol that was still loaded to his temple; and I stared at the Punjab lasso at the foot of the iron tree. I knew why the iron tree had returned, in this third change of scene! . . . The iron tree was waiting for me! . . .

But, as I stared at the Punjab lasso, in a groove in the floor, a black-headed nail of which I knew the use. At last I had discovered the spring! I felt the nail. . . . I lifted a radiant face to M. de Chagny. . . . The black-headed nail yielded to my pressure. . . .

And then. . . .

And then we saw not a door opened in the wall, but a cellar-flap released in the floor. Cool air came up to us from the black hole below. We stooped over that square of darkness as though over a limpid well. With our chins in the cool shade, we drank it in.

And we bent lower and lower over the trap-door. What could there be in that cellar which opened before us? Water? Water to drink?

I thrust my arm into the darkness and came upon a stone and another stone . . . a staircase . . . a dark staircase leading into the cellar. The viscount wanted to fling himself down the hole; but I, fearing a new trick of the monster's, stopped him, turned on my dark lantern and went down first.

The staircase was a winding one and led down into pitchy darkness. But oh, how deliciously cool were the darkness and the stairs? The lake could not be far away.

We soon reached the bottom. Our eyes were beginning to accustom themselves to the dark, to distinguish shapes around us . . . circular shapes . . . on which I turned the light of my lantern.

Barrels!

We were in Erik's cellar: it was here that he must keep his wine and perhaps his drinking-water. I knew that Erik was a great lover of good wine. Ah, there was plenty to drink here!

(To be continued.)

"DIAMOND DYE" ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

ISSUE No. 9—'26.

A Case in Point.

"It cost me a pretty penny for my hospital bill, when I was injured by a falling brick."

"These overhead expenses are surely heavy."

Gave Him Away.

A husband telephoned to say that he could not get home to dinner. Late as it was it would be much later before he had finished his business.

"You poor dear," answered his wife, sympathetically. "I wonder you can get anything done at all with that jazz band playing in your office."

Minard's Liniment for dandruff.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns

THE NEW SHADOW-PROOF BLOOMERS.

In this day and age of elimination to acquire a sylph-like figure, this latest innovation is a boon. When worn with brassiere or vest, this clever garment is all that is needed under a frock of silk. You may do away with a petticoat, or even the familiar costume slip, for a loose panel both back and front achieves the necessary shadow-proof effect. The bloomers themselves are especially attractive with scalloped ruffle at the knee, and if desired both panels may be omitted. No. 1283 is in sizes 28, 32, 36 and 40 inches waist. Size 32 waist requires 3 yards 32-inch, or 2⅝ yards 39-inch material for bloomers with panels; or 1⅞ yards 32-inch, or 1¾ yards 39-inch for plain bloomers. Price 20c.

Every woman's desire is to achieve that smart, different appearance which draws favorable comment 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 10c 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.

Hush—The Sun!

The false dawn flushes, and the woods
Tremble with expectancy in their moods,
Waiting for that far, dim, blue line
Across the salt marshes to give some sign
And to slant its first earth-pointed beam
To catch them and to gleam
On their sedges jeweled by the night,
Waiting to tell their beauty to the light.

Their joy is secure—for here
Bursting a crimsoned galleon's sail of sheer
Magnificence, comes a spear of gold,
And caressing the fringes with still cold
Fingers, leaps on and on and speeds
With its day's greeting to the fringe of trees.

Then with more reseate approach
The high herald and his cohorts now encroach
Upon bronzing water crests, and laving all
Shores in gold, flooding the meadows to fall
In scintillant glory on the wood
And awaken her ecstatic quietude.

Shrill rise the calls of all the birds,
Songs of delight, prayers without words.
And in this templed phalanx glory
Of the oak and pine, I construct this story.

—F. A. Dewson, in The Monitor.

"Jolly Good Fellow."

The oldest tune in the world is that to which has been set the popular toast-ditty, "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

The melody is without an exception in all the quaint folk-songs of the Western races.

Pioneers in North America found that the Red Indians knew it, and that it was one of the cradle lullabies of the squaws.

The native tribes of South America know it to this day, as also do the aborigines of Australia, the Maoris, and the Arabs.

African explorers have heard it chanted to the beating of tom-toms, while visitors to Lapland have stated that the mothers in that country also use it.

The author of the tune is unknown; efforts to trace its origin have been unsuccessful.

Researches, however, have brought to light that it was well known to the ancient Egyptians, and that they probably got it from Babylon. But beyond that, th trail is lost.

It came to Europe through the returning crusaders, who, as a matter of fact, used it as a sort of war-song when they were besieging Jerusalem.

OWL-LAFFS

BY O. W. L.

(On With Laughter)

If jazz music isn't dying it ought to hush.

Cynicism—An exploring fore finger questioning the veracity of a fresh-paint sign.

Absolutely.

As a restraining force conscience gets a lot of credit that really belongs to cold feet.

It is so easy to find fault, yet everyone keeps on looking for it.

The real difference between a man and a woman is this: The woman will talk about another woman any time, but a man will only talk about another woman in his sleep.

A plumber's pipe dream is a dream of a broken pipe.

Happily Married.

Of all the wimmin doubly blest
The sailor's wife's the happiest,
For all she does is stay at home
And knit and darn and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth,
The sailor has the finest berth;
For in his cabin he can sit
And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

Many a woman's lips have been sealed with a sealskin coat!

We noticed the following on a poster advertising a dance: "Girls may attend this dance, but no dresses are to be worn above the knees." We tried to get tickets, but none were to be had.

The world owes you a living but pays on the installment plan.

Funerals are the last things on earth we want to think about.

"Some folks," said Uncle Mose, "is so vindictive dey wouldn't appreciate goin' to heaven unless dey thought dey could look out a window an' see certain people not bein' able to get in."

"I hear your brother is out of college. Is he doing any work?"

"Is he! Why, he worked for three hours this morning trying to get a dollar out of father."

Will He, Willie?

It looks most awful sweet:
Those lips, those eyes,
Like pumpkin pies,
Are good enough to eat.

Don't shy away from a hard-boiled customer. The hard-boiled eggs shell the easiest.

Real Estate Agent—"Well, what do you think of our little city?"

Prospective Buyer—"I'll tell you, brother—this is the first cemetery I ever saw with street lights and paving."

Short dresses are disclosing a good many family skeletons these days.

When it comes to making a fool of a man a woman lays nature in the shade.

Marriage is the splice of life.

The First Sewing-Machine.

Just 100 years ago, so it is said in France, a poor French tailor, Barthlemy Thimonnier, invented the first sewing machine. Certainly he did not profit by his discovery. It was a long time before his idea was taken up. Other inventors, Walter Hunt in New York and Elias Howe in London, made more or less successful experiments, and finally the sewing machine was popularised toward the middle of last century by Isaac Merritt Singer. But it was long before 1851 that Thimonnier worked at the construction of a sewing machine—it was in 1826. Very little is known of the French tailor; no portrait of him exists. His machine was not essentially different from the machine that is used to-day. It was, however, smashed by an angry crowd of tailors, who regarded it as something which would "deprive them of work and of bread."

Reverence.

A little girl returned home to her parents after taking her school musical examination. They asked her how she had got on.

"Very well, I think," she answered.

"What was the examiner like?"

"Quite a nice man—and so religious."

"Religious! How could you tell?"

"In the middle of one of my pieces he put his head in his hands and said, 'Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens!' very reverently."

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

Ruskin's Letters.

"I do not look to my correspondence as a duty to be performed, but as the very best mode of entering society. Surely time is generally ten thousand times more wasted in the commonplace of the tongue, than in selecting such pieces of our mind as would be glad of sympathy, and folding them in the sheet of paper for our friend. If I like a friend at all I like him on paper."

Thus, writing to a college friend at the age of twenty-one, did Ruskin formulate a theory of epistolary friendship which he was to carry through with untiring enthusiasm for over fifty years. Endowed with a nature overflowing with affection and with eagerness to express itself, he had many friends and he "liked them all on paper." Once he told Norton that he was writing fifteen to twenty-five letters a day—a slight matter for the modern business man surrounded with stenographers and dictaphones, but a creative achievement of some magnitude whe one has, like Ruskin, something significant to say. The result was a correspondence which in extent, as well as in abiding worth, can hardly be equalled in the nineteenth century. His letters to Charles Eliot Norton rank, together with those of Carlyle and Emerson, as the most memorable transatlantic correspondence; and more of his letters, I believe, have been printed than in the case of any other English (or American) writer. To such publication he was the last to object, for he once declared: 'I never wrote a private letter to any human being which I would not let a bill-sticker chalk up six feet high on Hyde Park wall, and stand myself in Piccadilly and say 'I did it!' "—Paul Kaufman, in The North American Review.

Newly Weds.

"I wish we had been married years ago."

"Me, too: we would have been divorced by this time."

On the Contrary.

"Father!"

"Yes, my boy?"

"Are politics plural?"

"No, my boy. There's nothing in the world more singular."

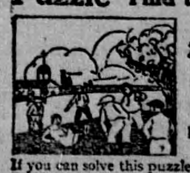
Which?

Battered Motorist (waking up)—"Where am I? Where am I?"

Nurse—"This is number 116."

"Room or cell?"

Puzzle Find the Principal



PRIZE LIST
25 Wrist Watches
25 Cameras
25 Clocks
HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES

If you can solve this puzzle and will sell 24 Frozen Perfumes at 10c each you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do this? It is very easy. If so, just mark the PRINCIPAL with an X and send it to us at once, and if it is correct we will send you the Perfume to sell right away.

Selfast Specialty Co, X Waterford, Ont.

Cabin Liners to EUROPE

FAMOUS "O" steamers are favorites among thousands of discriminating travelers—luxurious accommodations, excellent cuisine, attentive service.

Frequent sailings between Halifax Cherbourg and Southampton

"The Comfort Route"

ROYAL MAIL

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

Sanderson & Son, Inc., Agents
26 Broadway, N.Y. Or Local Agents