"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

295

No one dreamed 50 years ago that such a fragrant beverage as "SALADA" Orange Pekoe could be produced—pure as science can make it—fresh, superb in flavour—43c per half-pound—and all black tea. A treat indeed for tea lovers.

CHAPTER I.

Hope Ranger walked down the hall to her mother's sitting-room.

The moment she had passed inside and closed the door behind her, a man servant stepped out of the automatic lift a little further along the corridor and followed her noiselessly. He had some letters on a tray, but it apparently was not his intention to deliver them at once. Instead, he paused close to the sitting-room door, his head inclined, listening.

As Hope entered, her mother looked up with a smile from some notes she was writing.

"Going out, darling?" she asked.

"I'm to meet Lucia at the Plaza," Hope explained. "Her mother will be there with some people, but we shan't bother with them. After luncheon they are going on to a matinee—that is, Lucia and her mother are—but it's 'Philander,' and I've seen it three times, you know, so I begged off. I'll pick up some veils and a few things I need, and then home."

The man outside had his ear against the door now, unwilling to miss a word of the conversation; but at the same time his eyes were watching alertly along the hall and down the stairs-case.

"I don't know, though," Hope reconsidered, "but that I'd better drop into Silcott's and hurry him up with those fittings. If by any miracle he is ready, I could telephone you to come down. Or, beter still, come to luncheon with us, and then go there with me. Do, mother," she urged.

"No-o; I'll not tag. You and Lucia will enjoy yourselves more alone. Besides, I've no end of things to look after. Are you driving down, dear?"

"I need the walk," Hope shrugged lightly. "My skin is crying for air and exercise." She scrutinized her reflection in a dim mirror with a quaint, tarnished gilt frame.

Everything in this intimate room of Mrs. Ranger's was old and faintly tarnished. In her day she had been a beauty, Southern as her name, Mary Louise Beauchamp Carter—poor as poverty with generations of wealth behind her—born to a leaking family roof-tree, old family silver, old family pictures, old family servants, the latter dwindled in number until none remained.

Her mother had pinned her last hope to Mary Lou; but before the rash girl was 20 she had lost her head over a rising young nobody at all, Loring Ranger, with less background than a chipmunk and no particularly substantial foreground, and had recklessly married him. Mrs. Carter shed tears steadily, and only abandoned them for equally steady smiles when she realized the genius of her son-in-law for making money hand over hand—lucky hands that turned everything they touched into gold. Then, completely reconciled, she gave them her blessing, bestowed upon them the family heirlooms and departed this life in peace.

Hope turned now from the inspection of herself in the glass.

Mischievously she ruffled her mother's sleek head, cuffing her affectionately first on one ear and then on the other, and, bending down, kissed her cheek.

"Goodbye"

"Oh, wait a moment!" Mrs. Ranger caught her hand. "I forgot to tell you, your father won't be home this evening. He's having some out-of-town men at the club. Why shouldn't you and I do a play?"

"No reason on earth." Hope nodded. "Choose something neither of us has seen. A slushy, weepy one—the kind you like."

She had reached the door when her mother stopped her again.

"You'll telephone from Silcott's, you say, if he's ready for your fittings? That will be about three o'clock, I suppose?"

"Or even earlier."

The man servant was at the head of the stairs with his tray of letters as Hope came out.

"Anything for me, Fitch?"

"No, Miss Ranger; they're all for Mrs. Ranger."

Hope ran down the stairs. A moment later she was walking through the cross street on which they lived, and at the corner she turned down Fifth Avenue.

She walked on down the Avenue, and crossing over at Fifty-ninth street, arrived at the Plaza just as her friend, Lucia Thorpe, and the latter's mother alighted from a limousine which had drawn up before the entrance.

Meanwhile, the man who had been listening at the keyhole stole furtively out of the house by an area door and made his way to a telephone station in the back of a nearby store.

CHAPTER II.

A Western manufacturer, one of Loring Ranger's two guests at dinner that evening, was just reaching the point of a story which had been interrupted by frequent bursts of laughter when the club hallboy approached the table and informed Mr. Ranger that

Hope turned from the inspection of herself in the glass.

he was wanted on the telephone. Ranger laid down the cigar he had lighted.

He made his way through the dining-room, a big, good-looking, dominant man, and into a telephone-booth.

"Loring!" His wife's voice came quaveringly over the wire. "Oh, I am so glad to get you. I'm terribly worried. Hope went out this morning and hasn't come back yet. And it is nine o'clock."

"Where did she go?" he asked.

"To have luncheon with Lucia Thorne. Then she expected to do an errand or two and come home."

Ranger laughed easily.

"She's gone to some party with Lucia. Probably she telephoned, and they've neglected to give you the message."

"No," Mrs. Ranger's tone was positive. "I've questioned all of the servants. Then I called up the Thornes. Mrs. Thorne says that Hope left them a few minutes after two, telling them just what she told me, about attending to her errands and then coming home. She and I were going to a play this evening."

"Now, now, Mary Lou," he spoke soothingly, "there's no reason to get excited. You know as well as I do that Hope's perfectly able to look out for herself—no one better."

But he was frowning as he uttered the reassuring words; the incident disturbed him more than he cared to have his wife know.

"You're all in," he said, pretending to be concerned only on her account; "so I'm coming home at once. If she isn't there before I am, I'll trace her for you in no time."

He glanced at his watch as he hung up the receiver. Twenty minutes after nine.

He lost no time in excusing himself to his guests, and, hurrying out to a taxi, told the chauffeur to take him home, and "step on it."

Making a brave effort to control her agitation, Mrs. Ranger recounted as faithfully as she could the conversation between Hope and herself that morning and the program the girl had outlined for her movements.

Ranger, who had listened intently to her report, gave a puzzled shake of the head, and, stepping into the hall spoke to the butler.

"I've sent for Higby," he said, returning. "He'll probably laugh at us as a couple of fools. But I don't care. We need the cool advice of an outsider."

Eustace Higby was Ranger's attorney and a warm friend of the family, with an apartment only half a block away.

"The trouble is, we've given her too free a hand, Mary Lou," Ranger grumbled. "Ah!" starting up as he heard the hall door close. "There she is now!"

But it was Higby, the lawyer, not Hope, who in response to the butler's direction turned into the library.

"Something wrong?" he asked sharply.

But as the explanation proceeded, the lines about his eyes began to crinkle, and at the finish as Ranger had predicted, he gave a mirthful chuckle.

"I'm satisfied you two are making a mountain out of a very insignificant molehill," he insisted optimistically. "Still, to relieve all of our minds, I'll make sure."

He busied himself at the telephone, his investigations lasting some time, owing to the extreme care he took to avoid any opportunity for publicity; but in the end he was able to announce that no young woman answering to the description of Hope Ranger had been reported at any of the hospitals or station houses of the city as the victim of an accident or sudden illness.

The lawyer sat thinking, pulling at his chin. Then he got up with an air of decision and reached for his hat.

"I'm going down to talk to Lucia Thorne," he said. "She was the last person we know of that Hope saw, and her most intimate friend, wasn't she? Well—" in answer to Mrs. Ranger's eager nod—"that young woman is in for the stiffest kind of a cross-examination. If she knows anything she isn't telling, trust me to frighten it out of her before I get through. If she's a blank—" he paused and pursed his lips—"then I guess there's nothing to do, Loring, but go to the commissioner of police."

"The commissioner of police?" Ranger drew his brows together, wincing at the thought of the attendant notoriety.

"If it comes to that—yes. There's no use fooling away time in half-measures or with private detectives. To get the best results, though, I'll have to offer a reward, I suppose. How high would you be willing to go?"

"Anything." Ranger gave an indifferent wave of the hand. 'Whatever is customary."

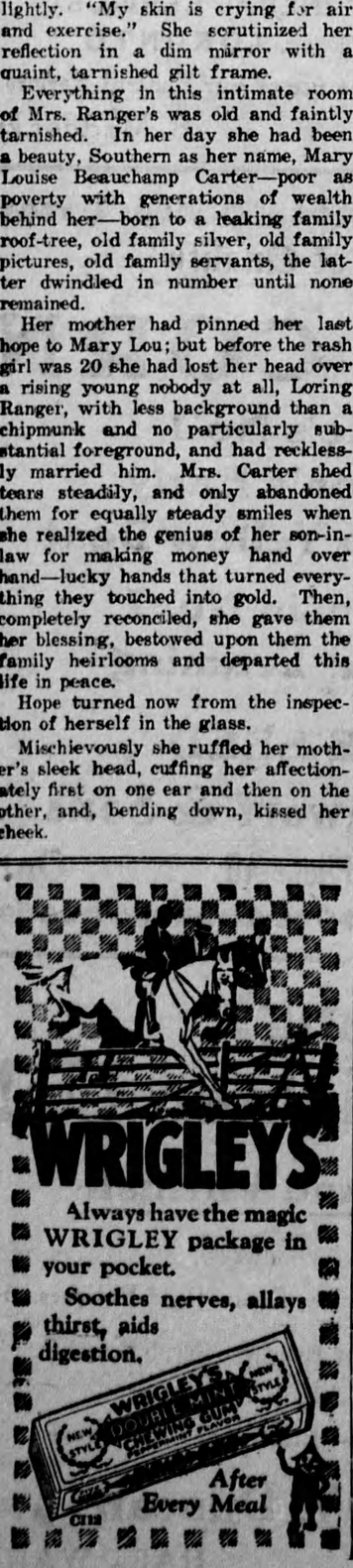
Higby considered the matter. "I'll tell you," he decided, "we'll make it five thousand to start with. Then we can increase it to ten if necessary. I'm right on the job every minute, and there won't be a stone left unturned. I'll keep in touch with you, too, so that we can advise each other immediately of any developments."

"Thanks, old man," Ranger's voice was husky as he followed him to the door. "I don't know what we should have done without you."

CHAPTER III.

Outside, Higby caught a passing taricab and giving the number of the Thorne residence, slammed the door and sank back wearily.

(To be continued.)



Lily of the Valley

Here in this quiet place
Where white snows drift
Over dried leaves and brown,
Spring will lift
Sharp spears of tender green,
And folded safe between
Two leaves so closely furled,
Bring beauty to the world.

Small bells that never ring!
Is there some finer ear
That, if it came tihs way,
Would understand and hear
Exquisite melody,
Scented and white, set free;
Too fine for our sense,
Asking no audience?

So still this winter place!
Yet I am confident
Safe in the frozen earth
Lie color and the scent.
God's gift I cannot see
Is safely kept for me,
Joy—green and white and gold—
More than my heart can hold!

Louise Driscoll.

Girl's Mother: "If you married my daughter, it would kill me." Suitor: "Could I count on that?"

Borrower (loftily): "I hope you got my cheque?" His Creditor (bitterly): "Yes, twice—once from you and once from the bank.

Minard's Liniment for falling hair.

PARTICULARLY SMART.

Novelty woolen is used a great deal in daytime models, and it is particularly smart in combination with canton faille crepe or plain woolen in harmonizing tone. Style No. 901 features soft shirring to mold the hipline. Shirring is repeated at shoulders in front to provide fulness to bodice. The French V.front adds length to silhouette. Crepe satin, sheer crepe, flat silk crepe and wool crepe are fashionable. Pattern in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Price 20c the pattern.

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 Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

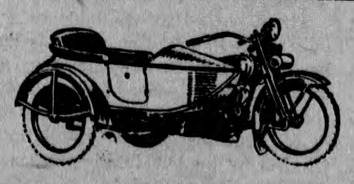
Bring Summer Inside

Too many housekeepers think that when the lawn is nicely cropped, the garden planted, the trees sprayed, the porch fixed up and perhaps the house painted everything is all ready for the summer, points out a writer in "Your Home Magazine". But they have forgotten the most important thing of all, he says, the interior of their houses.

"Shabbiness that has a certain charm by firelight," he writes in "Your Home", "is hopeless when the sun shines brightly, so if we are to hold our own with Nature we too must take heed and wipe away all dullness and dreariness and make every nook and corner of our own little kingdom as bright and cheerful as possible. There is not a room in the house that cannot be made beautiful and summery. Here is a partial list of materials that may be used. Glazed chintz, chintz, cretonne, heavy dimities, flowered French ticking, cotton damask, French percale, sateen, gingham and unbleached muslin.

"In decorating a room it seems to be the main thing to have a clear picture in your own mind of just how you want it to appear when finished. After you have formed this mental picture, make a rough sketch of the details and if you possibly can, color this, even if you do it crudely. Right here you can catch any unharmonious details. You may find your wall paper will not harmonize with the chosen materials—the furniture that is not to be covered may not be set off advantageously by the pieces that are to be glorified with slip covers. Look well to the lamp shades, ornaments and pictures; that they harmonize with the lighter touch of the summer furnishings. The few hours' time you spend on planning the whole will be well spent."

Applicant (to magistrate): "I want some advice about my husband, sir. He left me twenty-five years ago and I ain't seen him since." Magistrate: "Well?" "What about me 'aving a separation?"



Bid goodbye to every day scenes. Forget the crowded streets and city din; see the things you've longed to see; visit the places you've read about; hit the open road that beckons to fun and adventure, for a week, a month or a year. **WALTER ANDREWS LIMITED, 346 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.**

Artificial Hatching Eggs by Egyptians Old as Pyramids

Hen Has Given Over Hope of Being Clucking Mother, Is Old Saying of Country

Cairo.—Egg-hatching has been accomplished by artificial means in Egypt since the days of the Pyramids.

Egypt's egg-hatchers' union is one of the oldest trade organizations in the world. There are but few apprentices, and these come from families which have been in the business from time immemorial.

An old saying in Egypt is that artificial incubation has been practiced so long that the Egyptian hen has about given up all hopes of ever becoming a clucking mother.

The incubator used here is practically the same as that used thousands of years ago. It is a dome-shaped affair, about five yards in diameter, built of mud brick. There is a hole at the top, the hut being divided into six compartments, with a small passage in the centre. Each compartment has two platforms which hold about 500 eggs. In all the incubator has space for approximately 6,000 eggs.

The fire for heating is in a trough which encircles the hut, chaff being used for fuel. With the top closed, the fires are allowed to smoulder five days. The top is then opened, and the fires damped down to smouldering until the fourteenth day. From that time on the heat from the incubating eggs is sufficient to keep the eggs at the right temperature, and on the twenty-first day the little animated balls of fluff begin popping out and start looking for something to eat.

The egg-hatchers all come from the village of Birma in the Delta.

Strawberry Shortcake Can Be Varied Too

Strawberries take the cake literally as well as figuratively as a June dessert. But even strawberry shortcake, as every housewife knows, no matter how delicious, can pall if it is always the same. The only remedy, in order to make the most of the berry season, is to vary the recipe. Here are three new ones:

First: Select a few of the finest berries and set aside for garnishing the finished cake. Mash the rest, using a wire masher. Crush the berries gently and only enough to start the juice. A half dozen motions with the masher will be plenty. Sprinkle ½ cupful of sugar over the berries. Toss through with a fork, then put in a cold place till ready to serve the shortcake. Sift together twice into a mixing bowl 2 cupfuls of flour, 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt, and ¼ cupful of sugar. With the fingers work in ¼ cupful of butter. The butter must be very cold at the beginning. Make a hollow in the centre of this mixture and pour in ¼ cupful of milk. With a fork, toss till blended. Work quickly and with few motions, as this dough must be handled as little as possible. Divide into two portions. Drop each onto a floured cake pan. Pat out till the pan is covered and the cake well shaped. Bake 13 to 15 minutes in a quick oven. The cakes should be nicely browned. Put one layer on a dessert plate and butter generously. Spread on one half the berries. Put the second layer on top and cover with the rest of the berries. Add the whole berries you saved for garnishing and serve at once. A bit of powdered sugar shaken over the finished cake just before it goes to the table is a pretty addition. The cake may be eaten with or without cream, as preferred.

"For the second: Do everything exactly as before, except while the cake is baking, whip ½ pint of cream till stiff. Fix the cake and mashed berries as before. Cover the shortcake with the whipped cream and then add the whole berries for garnishing.

For the third: Before you make the dough, beat the two egg whites till stiff and put them in the ice-box. Then mash the berries, make the cake—all as before. While the cake is baking, drain the juice from the mashed berries (there should be one-third cupful at least). Add ¾ cupful of sugar and dissolve well. Boil for four minutes, stand in a warm place while you take up the cake and fix the berries on it as in the other methods. Boil sauce for two minutes, pour over the beaten whites and beat for three minutes. Pour into sauce bowl and serve at the table."

The Beauty of Red Pine

The red pine is one of the most beautiful trees in Canada for ornamental planting. Its great masses of long dark-green, closely bunched needles contrast strikingly with the reddish color of the bark on its straight ragged trunk. It is a splendid tree for drives, borders, and lawns of large grounds.

Adventures

(Eleanor Hammond in Child Life Magazine)

Where are you off to, little Road,
Running away from me?
Down to the ocean, over a hill
Where winds blow clean and free?
Let me take your hand, little Road,
Let me go with you and see!

One swallow doesn't make a spring, but several of them are sometimes good for a fall.

Why Not Plant a Wild Garden

There is usually a spot on every country place, large or small, waiting to be developed with native plants into a wild garden. Few people know how to utilize these spots and also what constitutes a wild garden.

The terms, properly signifies the reproduction of any native plants in a habitat that is as near like the ones from which they were taken, at any artificial home can imitate the original. It means really the use of not only native material but its use with the flowers and shrubs which grow habitually together, which like a similar exposure and temperature, and which lend themselves to this sort of treatment. The native garden, while its inhabitants are gathered from meadows and brooks and hillsides, requires as much skilful thought in the assortment and arrangement of its plants as the rock garden. In fact on the selection and position of material depends its success or failure, after, of cousse, one has determined upon the proper site for this refreshing garden group. And this site must be a natural one.

Thus, for instance, an arrangement on the edge of a wood calls for a background of such trees as Red Maple, Birch and Cedar with perhaps some of the flowering Dogwoods or Red Buds; against these should be set such shrubs as Wild Rosemary, Pinkster and Mountain Laurel with a foreground planting of Canada Violets.

Byrd and Bull

The curious fact that two of the greatest English musicians were respectively a bird (Byrd) and a bull has been noticed and the name of William Byrd and of Dr. John Bull have given risen to a number of punning verses and skits. "When England was a nest of singing birds" bears direct reference to Byrd's period, while in his lifetime Dr. Bull was the subject of laudatory couplets, of which the best known runs:—

The bull by force in field doth raigne:
But Bull by skill good will doth gayne.

Some people have even got the idea that the name John Bull for the inhabitants of these islands was taken from the musician.

A reliable antiseptic—Minard's.

Dr. Donaldson of Wistar says the brains of dead men reveal nothing. Which is also true of the brains of quite a few who live and breathe.

MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word *genuine* printed in red? It isn't the genuine Aspirin without it! A drug-store always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box:

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.