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POETRY OF DAWN AND DUSK

Whenever, of late I have happened upon a jeweled phrase or poem descriptive of the glory of dawn or the benison of evening, I have, in the manner of our old friend, Cap'n Cuttle, made "a note on't." So keen become the delight with which I found myself hailing each new acquisition that yesterday I turned avocation to vocation and resolved to have at one gathering a whole bouquet. Sunrise and sunset have ever been the uplifting frame of man's deepest moods. From the early days of remembered time, man has felt the beauty of dawn and dusk. "The evening and the morning" were to the ancient Hebrew the part that was equal to the whole.

For myself I confess that for sheer literary beauty and felicity of expression I have found none who has caught more of the loveliness of dawn and dusk than has Dhan Gopal Mukerji. For example, in "Hari, the Jungle Lad": "Imagine to yourself the sunset in the jungle. The red-gold light vibrates over green walls of stillness; upon whose walls the many colored birds sing and croon. Suddenly the stillness from the trees rises like incense to the sky and hushes the bird voices. Down below in the grass for miles and miles, the insect voices like tongues of flame, color the space. The booming insect utterance . . . stops—the stillness has fallen from the green walls and dripped through the roots of the trees into the very heart of the earth. Nothing moves . . . The darkness descends rapidly. Everything in the tree-tops has fallen asleep. . . . The moon appears, silver and soft like the very face of wonder."

Next I must add to the bouquet the phrase of an American poet, "When morn comes singing o'er the sea," and Wordsworth's "In the meadows sweet

and the lower ground was all the sweetness of common dawn."

For Wordsworth sunset and dawn are more than color. They are architectural. He says: "The lights of morning, even as her shadows, are architectural." He paints occasional but beautiful sunrises and sunsets in his long poem, "The Excursion." But his inspiration comes to quintessence in his sonnets. "The Excursion." But his inspiration comes to quintessence in his sonnets. "The Excursion." But his inspiration comes to quintessence in his sonnets.

"a sense sublime . . . Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

But I must not allow Wordsworth to intrude me into filling out my bouquet, for there are others who write of the magic of dawn and dusk. Unexpectedly I found a flower among the poems of Thomas Hardy:

"Earth is a cerule mystery,
As if not far from Paradise,
At four o'clock."

There are countless blossoms, of course, among the poems of Shelley—Shelley described by Francis Thompson as "dabbling his fingers in the day-fall," and by Alfred Noyes, called "the Poet of Light." Then Noyes himself has written into poetry the benediction of twilight in his poem, "In the Cool of the Evening."

Let my bouquet become too large for handling, however, I must leave many flowers unpicked. Therefore I would add only one more, the lines from a poem of Edward Arlington Robinson:

"Dark evening in the West
Where sunset hovers like a sound of golden horns."

Day Unsoiled.

The copple at our back is full of birds, for it is far from the road and they nest there undisturbed year after year. Through the still night I heard the nightingales calling, calling, until I could bear it no longer and went softly out into the luminous dark.

The little wood was manifold with sound, I heard my little brothers who move by night rustling in grass and tree. A hedgehog crossed my path with a dull squeak, the bats shrilled high to the stars, a white owl swept past me crying his hunting note, a beetle boomed suddenly in my face; and above all and through it all the nightingales sang—and sang!

At last there was a silence. . . . The grey dawn awoke and stole with trailing robes across earth's floor. At her footsteps the birds roused from sleep and cried a greeting; the sky flushed and paled conscious of coming splendor; and overhead a file of swans passed with broad strong flight to the reeded waters of the sequestered pool.

Another hour of silence while the light throbbed and flamed in the east; then the larks rose harmonious from a neighboring field, the rabbits scurried with ears alert to their morning meal, the day had begun.

I passed through the copple and out into the fields beyond. The dew lay heavy on leaf and blade and gossamer, a cool fresh wind swept clear over dale and down from the sea, and the clover field rippled like a silvery lake in the breeze.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the unused day, something untouched, unsoiled; and town and

country share alike in this loveliness. At half-past three on a June morning even London has not assumed her responsibilities, but smiles and glows lighthearted and smokeless under the caresses of the morning sun. . . . It is time for my water drawing; and gathering a pile of mushrooms, children of the night, I hurry home—Michael Fairless, in "The Roadmender."



Mutton Preferred.

He (abruptly) — "I love you, my lamb!"
She — "Let's return to our mutton. What were you saying just before that silly remark?"

Evening.

The deepening shadows steal across the moor,
The sun is low; and from yon distant brake
A blackbird sings its parting note:
while o'er
The stillness of the mist-enchanted lake

Come beatings from the folds. The rooks about
The tree-tops fly, and up the darkening hill
The ploughman plods for home. The stars come out
One after one—and everything is still.

When day and night, and heaven and earth, are one,
And all is hushed into tranquillity—
The thoughts that come are thoughts of things undone;

For twilight is a deepening mystery
Which brings to us when nature's rest is won
A sense of God and immortality.

Smell Least Developed Sense.

Of the five senses possessed by man that of smell is the least developed. Many objects give out odors that can be detected by animals and insects, but which cannot be smelt by human beings.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

For the Boys and Girls

THE SHIP RACE.

By GEORGE H. COOMER.

I have never seen anchored together two more beautiful ships than the Gray Eagle and the White Rose, as they rode side-by-side in Valparaiso Bay.

The first-named was painted jet black, with a broad white streak about the bows, while the other was white, with a delicate line of blue running from stem to stern. Both were heavily sparred, sharp in the bows, and clean-cut under the counters.

A spirit of rivalry animated the two crews in regard to the respective sailing qualities of the vessels, and I—belonging as I did to the Gray Eagle—could not help entertaining something of the common feeling.

It is a clipper's business to sail—not to go moping along like a Nova Scotia lumberman—and when she is beaten, everybody on board of her feels injured and oppressed. It is perfectly right that we should beat others; but when beaten ourselves, there is something out of joint and we have been taken an unwarrantable advantage of.

"Got some news for you, boys," said Mr. Laythan, the third mate, as he came from the cabin one evening to where we lay lounging on the forecastle. "The old man has made a five-hundred-dollar bet with Captain Brierly that we'll beat the White Rose on the run to Europe. You won't see a dry deck-plank once a fortnight, and the chap that can live longest under water 'll be the best feller!"

This announcement was received with great enthusiasm by the old canvas-backs of the Gray Eagle. All they professed to fear was that our commander—Captain Everett—a whole-souled but never reckless skipper, would not carry sail through thick and thin, like Captain Brierly, who, on every passage, required half a deck-load of spare topgallantmasts, to make up for those that he lost.

"Oh, you trust the old man for that!" exclaimed Bill Jinkings, in answer to the doubts of his shipmates. "He knows what he's about! The White Rose will lose three spars to our one; and a man on a race can't afford to make his ship all over again a great many times. I don't believe we shall carry sail much harder than we did coming out. The ship will get all the canvas she can bear, and no more. I bet on the old man!"

The two ships hoist their anchors to the bows at the same moment, and fled away for sea.

It was a fine sight, no doubt, to those who were looking on; and, as we passed the Chilean fleet of ironclads and transports that lay in readiness to go up to Iquique against the Peruvians, the black-eyed soldiers and sailors were all watching us.

We passed the point where the frigate Essex, sixty-six years before, had carried away her mainmast, when chased by the Phoebe and Cherub, and then, with the Pacific tumbling about us, hauled close on the wind to the southward.

In their qualities of speed the two vessels appeared exactly alike, and although the run of some fourteen hundred nautical miles down the coast was performed in thick, stormy weather, we every day saw the White Rose.

Any advantage on either side was brief, and the merest trifle of difference in wind or tide, in favor of the one ship or the other, must make her the first to round the cape.

A little more than a week out, however, the race came near being concluded in a very abrupt manner.

It was night, and we were running down for Cape Horn, to the southeast of us, when the cry of "Breakers ahead!" came, starting from the lookout.

The helm was put a-lee, and as the ship was going in stays we saw the breakers not only ahead to the southeast, but extending away to the southwest of us.

We had run into a bight of the land, northwest of what is called the false Cape Horn, and narrowly escaped being pined up on the rocks.

The mistake was a provoking one. But, as some of our old sea-awyers were overhauling the matter after the fashion of growling sailors, there came another cry from the lookout:

"Sail, ho! off the lee-ho!"

It was a ship, standing on the same tack with our own, and we at once recognized the true position of affairs. Captain Everett was greatly relieved.

"It's Brierly!" he said. "I'm not the only blockhead this side of Cape Horn! He has made the same blunder, and he's to leeward of us, though

IDEAL Fashions

by Jeanette Hamilton



1098

PARIS PRINTS A GUIDE TO CHIC.

Since fashion decrees simplicity of line, she is especially careful of detail; and since the jabot is most enthusiastically approved of by the mode, this frock of polka-dotted voile uses one effectively, fashioning it of plain contrasting color to harmonize with the semi-mannish collar. The diagram, in lower right-hand corner, pictures the simple design of this little frock, which has each side of the front slashed and gathered over the bust, creating a yoke effect, while the back is quite straight and in one piece. The jabot is made from a straight strip of material six inches wide, having the outer edges bound or picoté, and is tacked to the underneath side of the flat plait which covers the front opening. The pattern provides long sleeves gathered into narrow wrist-bands. No. 1098 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 3 3/4 yards figured material; 3/4 yard plain contrasting for trimming. Price 20 cents.

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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.



Volstead's Young Veterans.
"Gladly, I've got good news for you."
"Why what's that?"
"I'm on the water wagon again."

Panama Scents.

It is said that all the odors, scents and smells rising from a crowded Far East port cannot match those at Panama. There you find tankers with blood from South America, camphor from Japan, algarobilla from Andes forests, garlic, hair, cassia and whale oils from the Far East, iodine from Chile, perfume from France, onions from California, peanuts and tea from China, rubber from Singapore, copra from the South Seas, and pungent ammonia from Baltimore. All mix at Panama.

If a good piece of furniture becomes scratched it may be restored by painting the mark with iodine, applied with a camel-hair brush. Then polish with a good furniture polish.

Picnic Sandwiches

Sandwiches without mustard are insipid. Open them and spread Keen's Mustard on the filling and—what a difference!

Mustard is always at its best when freshly mixed with cold water.

Keen's Mustard

aids digestion

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desiring of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

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Watch Your Muscles.

Everyone has experienced the feeling that prompts the spectator of a football match to raise his foot when a forward is about to shoot, or a boxing enthusiast to unknowingly strike his neighbor in the excitement of watching a contest. This is due to unconscious obedience of muscular groups to commands issued by the brain.

To those who have studied the subject it is easy to tell much of a patient's thoughts by such apparently trivial things as a furrow in his brow, or a sudden droop of the mouth.

One specialist was able to find while blindfolded any object hidden in any part of his town so long as he was allowed to hold the arm of a man who knew its whereabouts and undertook to think of it the whole time.

This was not a case of mental telepathy, but of interpreting sudden contractions, however slight, of his guide's muscles when the spot was reached in which the object was hidden. The guide was totally unaware that his muscles had betrayed his thoughts.

If you doubt this, try the following experiment: Suspend a pencil from a cord attached to a lamp bracket so that its point rests lightly on a sheet of paper. Hold the pencil in the right hand, and then, forgetting its presence, recite aloud, say, the route you took that morning to reach your place of business. You will be surprised to find that the pencil has traced a wavy line which will approximate to the twists and turns in your journey.

Doctors are well aware of this muscular phenomenon. By drawing a finger-tip across the abdomen of a patient suspected to be suffering from kidney trouble, they can diagnose his complaint by the white line that follows their finger.

"Neuralgia" comes from two Greek words meaning "nerve pain."

In two Irish counties, Fermanagh and Tyrone, the men outnumber the women by 6,000.

Sheets to the number of over 300 can be dealt with at one time by a new washing machine recently exhibited in London.



The Waist that wouldn't wear out

It was an extra fine piece of crepe—

It was never laundered with anything but Lux and lukewarm water—

It wore and wore until it went out of style—

To keep the wardrobe Fresh and Beautiful nothing so good as

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It doesn't take much to keep you in trim. Nature only asks a little help.

Wrigley's, after every meal, benefits teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

A Flavor for Every Taste