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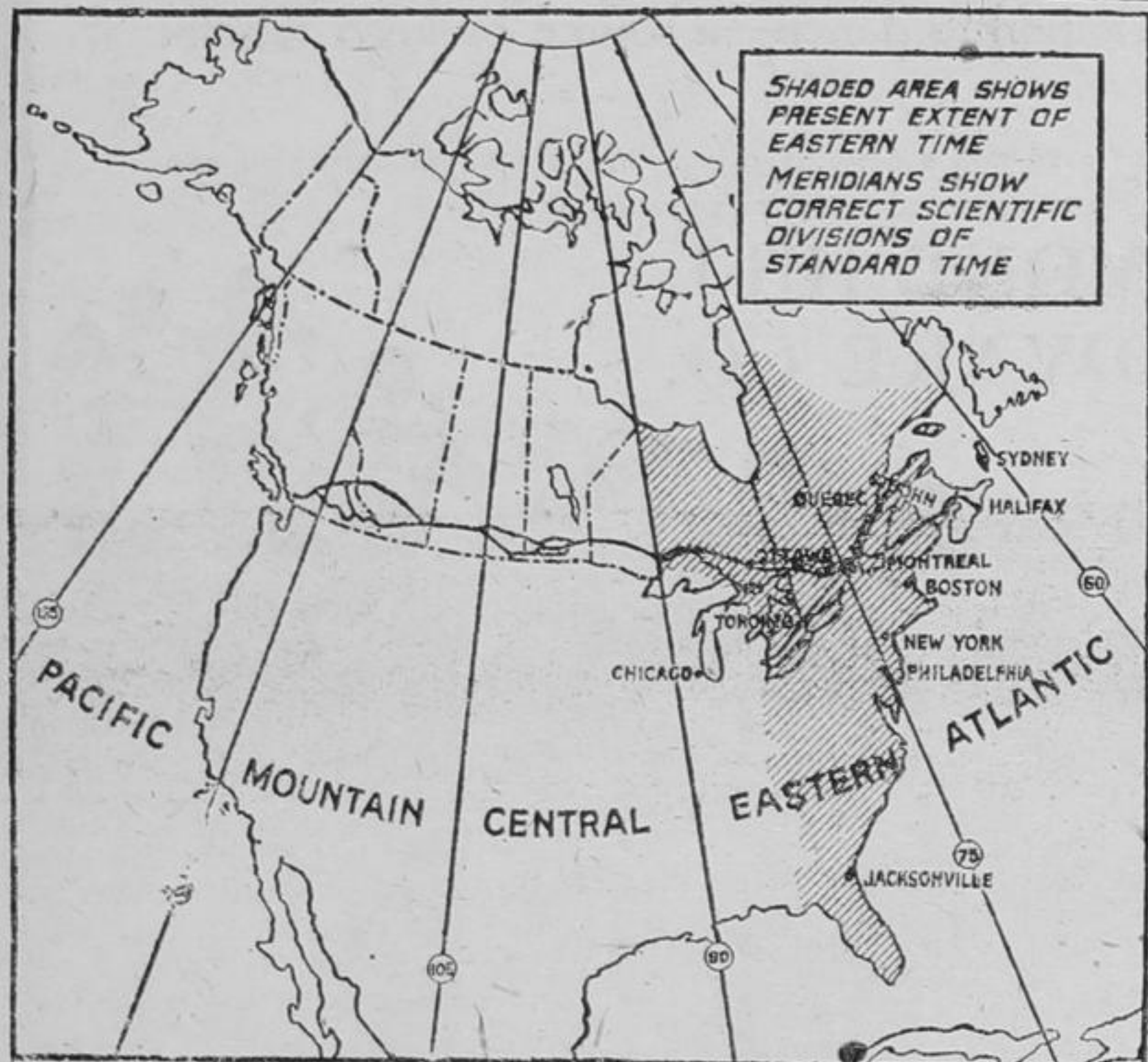
## Why the East Wants Daylight Saving

Within a few weeks, the question of daylight saving will probably once more become the subject of more or less heated debate in which business men, city fathers, farmers with cows to milk, mothers with children of school age to look after, and last but not least, railroads with time tables to print and trains to run if possible to the minute, will demand to have their say. The advocates for daylight saving will point out that in England the economy in coal consumption effected by daylight saving during the summer months amounted to \$2,500,000, whereas, the dairy farmers of the middle west protest that the morning dews and the natural milking time for cows cannot be regulated by clock, while in the North-West, where the summer sun shines eighteen or twenty hours a day the mother of seven children wishes to goodness that the darkness and the hour for bed time came twice as soon and lasted twice as long—what she wants is a darkness-saving law.

The demand for daylight saving, however, is most insistent in Eastern

into another, thus introducing a time at variance with the theoretical time of that zone. The contention of the railroads is that time should be changed only at the points at the terminal of train dispatching districts when train crews are relieved. They claim it is hazardous to require train crews to change from one standard operating time to another during a trick of duty, and impracticable to have train dispatchers operate trains under two standards of time.

Now it is noticeable that the demand for adoption of daylight saving time by the larger towns and cities is almost exclusively confined to Eastern Canada, New England States and the City of New York. On examination, this appears to be due to the fact that Eastern Standard time which theoretically extends only between the 75th and 90 meridians, has been carried in actual practice a very considerable distance east of the 75th degree. According to this meridian places all of the Province of Quebec, and all of New England, New York City and part of New York State in the Atlan-



Canada and the Eastern States and for every insistent demand there is usually a real reason. The reason apparently is that the so-called standard time in force in the area in question varies considerably from the mean sun time upon which the actual length and intensity of daylight is based. Standard time is a convenient artifice established in order to secure uniform time for neighboring communities or places. The sun is travelling from East to West and the noon hour originally travelled with it, but it was found advisable to fix definite areas in which the noon hour and other hours should remain the same for the convenience of the operation of railroads and telegraphs and the transaction of business wherein contracts involved definite time limits.

The situation was complicated, particularly in the Eastern States and Canada, by the railroads themselves, where in actual practice it was found necessary to mix the time-breaking zones at terminals or division points. As branch lines have been constructed, the carriers have extended on these the standard time observed at the junction point or upon the main line. There are instances where the branch lines radiate out of one zone

tic should belong to the Atlantic Time Zone, and if this time were reinstated there would be little or no call for daylight saving now. The railroads have carried Eastern time too far east, and the States and Provinces and Municipalities which have adopted the same time for the sake of uniformity are realizing that this does not correspond with natural time. On the railroads, Eastern standard time is carried from Gaspé, in Eastern Quebec, to Fort William, in Ontario, a distance of 25 degrees, or 1,200 miles, instead of the 711.74 miles of 15 degrees.

On eastern standard time as at present maintained in New England and Quebec the sun rises from May to September two or three hours before the average person is about in the morning, and sets at an equally unserviceable hour. Hence the natural demand for daylight saving legislation in these parts. If New England, Quebec and the Maritime Province were to adopt Atlantic standard time, which is their natural specific time, they would save hundreds of thousands of dollars all the year round for fuel and light, and incidentally the agitation for daylight saving would be buried in oblivion.

### A Cosmopolitan Churchyard.

Perhaps one of the strangest war legacies left us is that of the tiny God's Acre at Kirk Patrick, Isle of Man. Here tombstone inscriptions in German, Turkish, Manx, Latin, and Hebrew mingle with the more usual English tongue.

This queer record is due to the vast internment camp which existed close by the small town during the war. All kinds and classes were confined there, and, unhappily, some never saw the peace flags fly.

One alien epitaph runs: "I have caused thee to rest from all thine enemies."

And another: "Let every man return to his own house in peace."

Seven subjects of Turkey, whose

resting-places are side by side, are grouped together under their national emblem, the crescent and star, and the inscriptions were carved by an English mason.

A lighter touch is provided by the following, adorning the grave of an infant child:

"When the archangel's trump shall sound,

And souls to bodies join,

There's millions then will wish their lives

Had been as short as mine."

Some of the finest lace in the world is made by the women of the Philippine Islands from a strong, silky fibre obtained from pineapple leaves.

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## The White Hat

By  
Sax  
Rohmer

### PART I.

"Hullo, Brace," said Paul Harley as his secretary entered. "Some one is making a devil of a row outside."

"This is the offender, Mr. Harley," said Brace, and handed my friend a visiting card.

Glancing at the card, Harley read aloud: "Major J. E. P. Ragstaff, Cavalry Club, London."

Meanwhile a loud, harsh voice which would have been audible in a full gale was roaring in the lobby. "Nonsense!" I could hear the major shouting. "Balderdash! There's more fuss than if I had asked for an interview with the Prime Minister."

Brace's smile developed into a laugh, in which Harley joined. "Admit the major," he said.

Into the study where Harley and I had been seated quietly smoking there presently strode a very choleric gentleman. He wore a horsey check suit and white spats, and his tie closely resembled a stock. In his hand he carried a heavy malacca cane, gloves, and one of those tall, light gray hats commonly termed white. He was below medium height, slim and wiry; his gait and the shape of his legs, his build, all proclaimed the dragon. His complexion was purple, and the large white teeth visible beneath a bristling gray moustache added to the staring ferocity of his appearance. Standing just within the doorway, "Mr. Paul Harley?" he shouted. It was apparently an inquiry, but it sounded like a reprimand.

My friend, standing before the fireplace, his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, nodded brusquely. "I am Paul Harley," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

Major Ragstaff glared angrily at Brace as the latter left the study, tossed his stick and gloves on a settee and, drawing up a chair, seated himself stiffly upon it as though he were in a saddle. He stared straight at Harley. "You are not the sort of person I expected, sir," he declared. "May I ask if it is your custom to keep clients dancin' outside on the mat and all that—on the blasted mat, sir!"

Harley suppressed a smile, and I hastily reached for my cigarette case, which I had placed upon the mantelshelf.

"I am always naturally pleased to see clients, Major Ragstaff," said Harley, "but a certain amount of routine is necessary even in civilian life. You had not advised me of your visit and it is contrary to my custom to discuss business after 5 o'clock."

As Harley spoke, the major glared at him continuously. "I've seen you in India!" he roared; "damme! I've seen you in India—and, yes! in Turkey! Ha! I've got you now, sir!" He sprang to his feet. "You're the Harley who was in Constantinople in 1912."

"Quite true."

"Then I've come to the wrong shop."

"That was told to be seen, major."

"But I was told you were a private detective, and all that."

"So I am," said Harley quietly. "In 1912 the Foreign Office was my client. I am now at the service of any one who cares to employ me."

The major seemed to be temporarily stricken speechless by the discovery that a man who had acted for the British government should be capable of stooping to the work of a private inquiry agent. Staring all about the room with a sort of naive wonderment, he drew out a big silk handkerchief and loudly blew his nose, all the time eyeing Harley questioningly. Replacing his handkerchief, he directed his regard upon me.

"This is my friend, Mr. Knox," said Harley; "you may state your case before him without hesitation, unless—"

I rose to depart.

"Sit down, Mr. Knox! Sit down, sir!" shouted the major. "I have no skeletons in the cupboard. I simply want something explained which I am too thick-headed—to explain myself."

He resumed his seat and, taking out his wallet, extracted from it a small newspaper cutting which he offered to Harley.

"Read that, Mr. Harley," he directed. "Read it aloud."

Harley obeyed and read as follows: "Before Mr. Smith at Marlborough Street Police Court John Edward Bampton was charged with assaulting a well known clubman in Bond Street on Wednesday evening. It was proved that the constable who made the arrest that robbery had not been the motive of the assault and Bampton confessed that he bore no grudge against the assailed man; indeed, that he had never seen him before. He pleaded intoxication, and the police surgeon testified that, although not actually intoxicated, his breath had smelled strongly of liquor at the time of his arrest. Bampton's employers testified to a hitherto blameless character, and as the charge was not pressed, the man was dismissed with a caution."

Having read the paragraph, Harley glanced at the major with a puzzled expression.

"The point of this quite escapes me," he confessed.

"Is that so?" said Major Ragstaff. "Is that so, sir? Perhaps you will be good enough to read this."

From his wallet he took a second newspaper cutting, smaller than the first and gummed to a sheet of club newspaper. Harley took it and read as follows:

"Mr. De Lana, a well known member of the Stock Exchange, who met with a serious accident recently, is still in a precarious condition."

The puzzled look on Harley's face grew more acute, and the major watched him with an expression which I can only describe as one of fierce enjoyment. "You're thinking I'm a damned old fool ain't you?" he shouted suddenly.

"Scarcely that," said Harley, smiling slightly, "but the significance of these paragraphs is not apparent, I must confess. The man Bampton would not appear to be an interesting character, and since no great damage has been done, his drunken frolic hardly comes within my sphere. Of Mr. De Lana of the Stock Exchange I never heard, unless he happens to be a member of the firm of De Lana & Day?"

"He's not a member of that firm, sir," shouted the major. "He was, up to 6 o'clock this evening."

"What do you mean exactly?" inquired Harley, and the tone of his voice suggested that he was beginning to entertain doubts of the major's sanity or sobriety.

"He's dead!" declared the major. "Dead as the Begum of Bangalore! He died at 6 o'clock. I've just spoken to his widow on the telephone."

I suppose I must have been staring very hard at the speaker, and certainly Harley was doing so, for he suddenly directed his fierce gaze toward me. "You're completely stumped, sir, and so's your friend!" shouted Major Ragstaff.

"I confess it," replied Harley quietly; "and since my time is of some little value I would suggest, without disrespect, that you explain the connection, if any, between yourself, the drunken Bampton, and Mr. De Lana, of the Stock Exchange, who died, you inform us, at 6 o'clock this evening as the result, presumably, of injuries received in an accident."

"That's what I'm here for!" cried Major Ragstaff. "In the first place, then, I am the party, although I saw to it that my name was kept out of print, whom the drunken lunatic assaulted."

Harley, pipe in hand, stared at the speaker perplexedly.

"Understand me," continued the major, "I am the person—I, Jack Ragstaff—he assaulted. I was walking down from my quarters in Maddox Street, on my way to dine at the club, same as I do every night of my life, when this flamin' idiot sprang upon me, grabbed my hat—he took up his white hat to illustrate what had occurred—not this one, but one like it—pitched it on the ground and jumped on it!"

(Continued in next issue.)

### Shooting Fish.

There is said to be a shooting fish with a hollow, cylindrical beak. When it sees a fly on plants that grow in shallow streams it ejects a single drop of water, that knocks the fly into the tide.

It's an indication of old age when you call a heavy fall of snow "horrid" instead of "beautiful."

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### Mines Lit by Candles.

The gold, diamond and other mines of South Africa are enormous consumers of candles. According to the commercial year book for 1920 of the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce, these mines in the preceding twelve months used 9,917,716 pounds of paraffin ten-ounce candles. The bulk of these, 8,218,367 pounds, was consumed in the gold mines of the Rand.

In the coal mines of the United States, no candles are used, for fear of dust explosions, but a great many of them are burned in our metal mines. Even in the latter carbide lamps are preferred, and these have been replaced to some extent by electric lamps fed from small storage batteries. The battery is attached to the miner's back at the waist, the cord passing behind and over his head to the lamp fixed above his forehead.

### Oil of Apples.

Chemists have newly succeeded in extracting from apple parings, by means of ether, an essential oil, yellowish and of a somewhat gummy consistency, which possesses in high degree the characteristic and delicious odor of fresh apples.

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### Baby Bombs.

"Baby" incendiary bombs, which British aircraft used during the war, were so small that a Handley-Page aeroplane could carry 4,000 of them. In six weeks 85,000 of these bombs were dropped on German industrial towns.

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