

Quality and Charm

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"The most Delicious Tea you can buy"

Mountains Under the Sea.

Largely owing to the operations of cable-laying and cable-repairing ships, our knowledge of the geography of the ocean bed increases every year.

Not many people know, however, that just as there are mountains on dry land, so there are mountains beneath the sea, some of them as high as the peaks in the Alps and the Andes.

One of the biggest of these submarine mountains is Laura Ethel, situated in mid-Atlantic. It is over 12,000 feet high, its summit being less than 200 feet below the surface.

So often has this mountain been explored by oceanographers, with the aid of sounding apparatus, that its characteristics are as well known as those of Ben Nevis or Snowdon, although it has never been seen.

In the same locality is another great sea mountain, Mount Chaucer, first discovered seventy years ago. Its summit is only just over 100 feet below the surface, while its height is 10,000 feet. The summit of another peak, Mount Placentia, is only 30 feet below the surface.

A mountain range whose peaks are named after members of the Royal Family is another little-known feature of the Atlantic bottom. Every one of its ten peaks is higher than Snowdon.

The real "Davy Jones's locker" is to be found at the foot of the Faraday Hills, in the South Atlantic. It is estimated that at the base of the highest peak in the range, Sainthill, there lie no fewer than five thousand wrecks.

The Interpreter.

Andrew McAndrew and his daughter Janet came on a visit to relatives in London recently. Day after day Janet and her father went sightseeing—always together.

Janet's aunt noticing this, suggested that she should let her father go out alone occasionally, saying jokingly: "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Ay Ahntie, but he wahn't me," explained Janet, earnestly. "He canna thole to stir out o' the hoose his lane. We wadna believe hoo fast he is onywhere w'ott me. Ye see, faither taaks sic braid Scotch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's a'about, an' I hae tae gang w' him tae dae the conversing."

Hoped It Wouldn't.

Long—"You look worried, Jim, and terribly pale. What's the matter?"

Short—"The dealer who sold me a second-hand car the other day said it would last me a lifetime."

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.

Embalmed beef, 3,500 years old, has been found in old King Tutankhamen's tomb. Now, if they find a pair of military boots with cardboard soles we'll realize that in those far off times war was just as much hell as it is now.



Lifebuoy is the real way to a healthy skin. It cleans not only the surface but the pores. It softens with its pure palm and vegetable oils. It is delightful to use.

Lb59

Martha Jennie's N'Egg Did It

BY MINERVA L. GUTHAPPEL.

PART II.

The last day arrived. The old farm wagon was ready in the barnyard to take the fresh-air folk to the station. On the front porch were stacks of daisies, buttercups, sweet peas, geraniums and late roses. Each child's bouquet was marked with its owner's name and beside it was a big bag of cookies, all to take home to the city. The children were watching their playfellow, Rover, at his loved pastime of chasing stray hens back to the barnyard. One hen, with a frightened squawk, landed directly in front of Martha Jennie, who, unable to run because Jimmy held one hand and Alice Gordon the other, screamed as the hen flew toward her, but her cry was lost in amazement as the creature stopped, squatted, cocked her head on one side as if to say, "are you watching?" then turned and marched proudly away, telling the universe that she had deposited directly in front of our little skeptic, a beautiful, warm white egg. The miracle had happened! Jimmy was right!

Martha Jennie dropped to her knees, crying in ecstasy, "It's a n'egg! My n'egg! The chicken gived it to me!" She lifted it in her small hand and kissed it again and again, while the delighted children somewhat enviously clustered around her crying, "Now! Eggs don't grow in boxes. The hen showed ye, didn't she?" Martha Jennie scorned to answer, clasping her egg tighter. Her whole little world of joy and knowledge was contained in one beautiful white egg. All the way to the station, as well as after they were comfortably seated in the train, she held her treasure tightly in a very moist little hand. To none of the group had so great a gift been given.

Edward Le Ferver sat in sullen silence in the second chair of a local train's parlor car. He had missed the express train in which his reserved drawing room was gaily riding without him. The drawing room on this train was taken, as he supposed, by some blissful newly-weds. To have to travel in a chair on a slow train for five or six hours was an outrage for a person of his importance.

The day was hot and the car was dusty. From time to time he eyed the door of the coveted room resentfully. If he had that and could sleep through this heat, it would not be so bad. He was accustomed to having his way. Not to have it, hurt him sorely.

As the train stopped, he idly looked from the window. A troop of children, one lame, all of them buried under masses of daisies, buttercups and paper bags, were shouting goodbye to a farmer and his dog, who were waving to them, one his hat and the other his tail. With a shrug our uncomfortable gentleman muttered thanks to someone or something as the children's voices receded into the crowded day coach in front but the thanks turned into something less pleasant when the conductor ushered into the parlor car a red-faced, perspiring, much-worried woman, who held by one hand a small boy and by the other a very small girl. At the conductor's suggestion she deposited the two children in the two vacant front chairs. Then she heaped upon each child its own particular bag of cookies and its own precious bouquet of buttercups and daisies. It was noticeable to a close observer that in the left hand of the little girl there was tightly clasped a large white egg.

"Stay there!" said the worried woman firmly, "and don't ye be running around the car and annoying people. I've got to get into the other car. Alice Gordon always gets so sick on the train and there's so many of them sure I can't leave them alone. You two can take care of yourselves, I hope. Here ye are. Now be good, Jimmy, and take care of Martha Jennie."

With the last word, she bounced through the door. Jimmy cautiously unwrapped himself from his flowers and bag, gathered up Martha Jennie's flowers and bag, deposited them in the chair he had vacated and sat down beside the big-eyed owner of the egg, who with her free hand clutched him for security in this new strange world. Silently they ate their cookies and gazed from the window.

Far down in the car a man snored. Half way up the car a fidgety maiden lady rattled a newspaper. The only other visible passenger switched his chair with its back to the children.

"It's been a deuce of a day for me," this passenger was soliloquizing, "ever since the telegram came to go up to the capital on the next train for examination by the Federal high-cost-of-living commission." He chuckled. "They had nothing on me. I had the law on my side. My hundred million eggs in cold storage will stay there until next winter. I'll unload at my own price. Fools!" he went on, "did they think I'd risk everything without law on my side?"

While he was still enjoying his

mental chuckle the drawing room door opened and a lady, not a young couple, came out and turned the corner of the observation platform. She looked familiar. Was it?—it was!—Gertrude Vale. In a flash he was out of his seat and following her to the platform.

"Gertrude!" he said breathlessly, "Are you coming or going? Are you alone? Why didn't you let me know you were up this way? Why—"

Itily the handsome girl answered him, looking straight into his eyes, "Edward, I've come from Ottawa. I was there when you were examined. I went purposely."

"You! There! Is not that strange business for you to be in? Following me around as if I were a—"

"I am not sure you are not. And—since we have met here, I will return the ring," and she slipped the shining jewels from her left hand. "A man who can keep eggs from thousands of hungry children and sick mothers, who can gamble with a necessity of life just to make money, can never spend that money on me. You told me your business was 'important' and 'secret.' Now I understand. Your business is 'secret' and—criminal. And so are you. This ends our friendship—my respect, even."

"But Gertrude! You don't understand business! All men are doing it. I was called here to-day only because I'm successful. My jealous competitors got me into this trouble. Let me explain."

He was as pale as death. This girl was all the world to him.

Steadily she answered: "The explanation was made to-day. I understand business principles, sir—the fundamental principles which honorable business understands and follows. . . . I wish you good day!"

"Good heavens! she is in earnest!" said the dismissed one, under his breath. Her diamond ring dropped to the floor, an alert porter picked it up and gave it to him while he dazedly watched her glide down the aisle back to the drawing room. He took the ring, gave the porter a dollar and sank wearily into a chair, his jaw set. Gertrude or eggs! Well, he would make it Gertrude and eggs or nothing! No woman should rule him if he knew it!

(To be concluded.)



A Famous Woman Preacher.

Miss Maude Royden, of England, one of the foremost preachers of the present day. She would have the marriage service reformed. The phrase, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," she declares to be farcial while the law allows a man to will away every cent he possesses, from his wife.

Streamlining Cuts Down Head Resistance.

Concentrating their attention on scientific streamlining, Franco-British engineers have designed a most unusually shaped automobile which they believe will prove very speedy, since head resistance to the wind has been cut down considerably. The body is built of duraluminum, a new light alloy, and aluminum on a system like that used in making airplane fuselages. The under part of the car is incased in sheet aluminum, only the brake drums and axles projecting. Entrance is gained to the car by a side panel, and by a part of the roof and a section of the fender being hinged and, so, easily raised.

No Nickel Mines in United States.

It appears that there are no nickel mines in the United States and that the output of nickel from domestic ores is merely a by-product from electrolytes of the copper refineries. Salts and metal equivalent to 325 short tons of metallic nickel were saved in domestic refineries in one year from both foreign and domestic ores. Nickel ore "imported for consumption" is mostly from the Canadian deposits.



Dr. McMurchy Honored.

Dr. Helen McMurchy was the only woman included in the group to be honored by the University of Toronto with honorary degrees this year. She received the only honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine which was bestowed.

Fisherman Who Caught Himself.

A certain doctor who had had nervous prostration was heard to remark that the breakdown was of inestimable value to him; it gave him an insight which he had never before possessed. He was not inclined thereafter to scorn the whims and follies of over-wrought patients. A New England man, with a fondness for fishing, had a somewhat similar experience, which perhaps did wonders in developin' his sympathies. He was angling for grayling.

He cast his red spinner over a big fish that had just risen in midstream, but the fish declined the offer. Again it came up, and again the fisherman dropped the spinner on the point of its nose, but still he declined.

The man was perhaps a little flustered at this contempt. He drew up hastily, and as he did so his foot slipped in a hole. The consequences was that a gust of wind blew line and all in a confused bang into his face. He threw it out again, with the impression delicately conveyed to the ears by the swish of the line, that the fly was off. "Lost your fly?" cried a fellow fisherman, looking curiously into the other's face. "Why, it's sticking in your nose!" and he burst into a roar of laughter.

Then the other, wondering, put his finger to the tip of his nose, and there, to his astonishment, his horror and, it may be added, his terror, he found the hook firmly imbedded in cartilage. When he made the next cast he must have driven the hook deeply into the nose and far below the barb. Yet he had never felt the slightest pang or twitch.

Of course the two knocked off fishing at once and solemnly and slowly marched home, the wounded fisherman covering his face with a handkerchief whenever he met any one upon the road. When he reached his house he examined his nose in a mirror and he confesses to having felt woefully discouraged. The barbed betrayer was there, firmly fixed, and he saw there was nothing for it but to send for the doctor.

The latter came in due course with his lancet and the hook was removed, but the fisherman would be a sorry man if he thought that, he should ever angle for himself with such good result.

Bore on Too Heavily.

The village postmaster handed back to Mr. Jones a bulky and much-sealed missive, with the statement that it would not "go for only one stamp."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Too heavy," said the postmaster, balancing it up his hand.

"Huh. I told that boy so when he was writing it. I told him he was writing to heavy a hand, but he kept on bearing down and bearing down on the pen, like a load of hay. I'll take it back, and make him write it with a pencil. I ain't going to spend no more money just for his pigheadedness."

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After Every Meal

WRIGLEYS

Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEY'S.

It satisfies the sweet tooth and aids digestion.

Pleasure and benefit combined.



English Mud Flats Found Aid to Beauty.

One of England's popular if not fashionable seaside resorts is on the high road to become a mecca for women in quest of health and beauty. For years its one drawback has been the proximity of extensive mud flats. Now chemical analysis has revealed that this unsightly mud over which thousands have trooped barefooted every summer since the days of King Alfred has wonderful qualities.

Samples were sent to Paris and Rome for analysis and it was found that this mud contains highly curative radio-active substances and that not only have the barefooted ones gained beauty and health unawares while traversing the mud flats, but others not so heroically inclined have been benefited by the ozone thrown off by the mud.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Excessively Honest.

The newly wedded young woman had an interview with her milkman concerning the quality of his wares.

"Mrs. Jones," she remarked, "tells me that there's lots of cream in her milk bottles every morning. Why is there never any in yours?"

"Well, lady," explained the milkman, "I'm honest—that's why. I fills my bottles so full there ain't no room left for cream."

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