

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

For that reason is never sold in bulk.

Friendly Stiles of England.

The stiles begin to exercise their old charm when the time for country wandering arrives. They appeal to you now. They are irresistibly friendly. They would not try to make it easy for you to pass to the other side of the hedge did you need to go further, like a trespasser, looking this way and that, writes P. W. D. L. in "The London Daily Mail."

Wherever there are stiles they are friendly. They differ much in form, from the rude steps on the fern and foxglove walls of Cornwall to the torn ship's timbers taken from the shore and fashioned into stepping ways amid the briars and brambles of Norfolk hedges.

They mark the short cuts to rest as well as work. They are crossed for dalliance no less than dispatch. It is the loiterers' season that is starting now. The lure of the field paths is strong. There will be wanderers alone and wanderers in threes and fours; but perhaps as often as all others there will be wanderers in twos, tramping from stile to stile till they find one more friendly than the rest—a lovers' seat.

Summer comes, with billows of leaves and surge of flowers, with unceasing drone of insects in the sunny air. The quiet woodside that the little path hugs is grown bosky; the beck in the hollow tinkles over its pebbles beneath the plank bridge and then is lost in a forest of willow herb; the corn is grown so high that children crossing the fields are seen only as they top the stiles; and every stile is deeper set, so have the lusty brambles pread their long arms around and all the hedge-row plants given themselves to abandon. The lovers must sit closer.

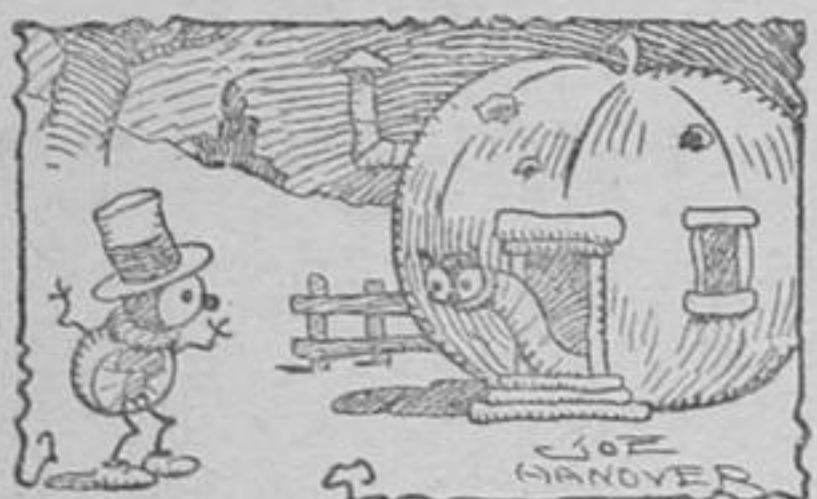
And then will the small meadow-brown butterflies disport around these spots from morn to eve. We call them gatekeepers, because they haunt the field gateways with wink of eyed wings and airy dancing. They keep a stile as gleefully.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.

Diamond Dyes

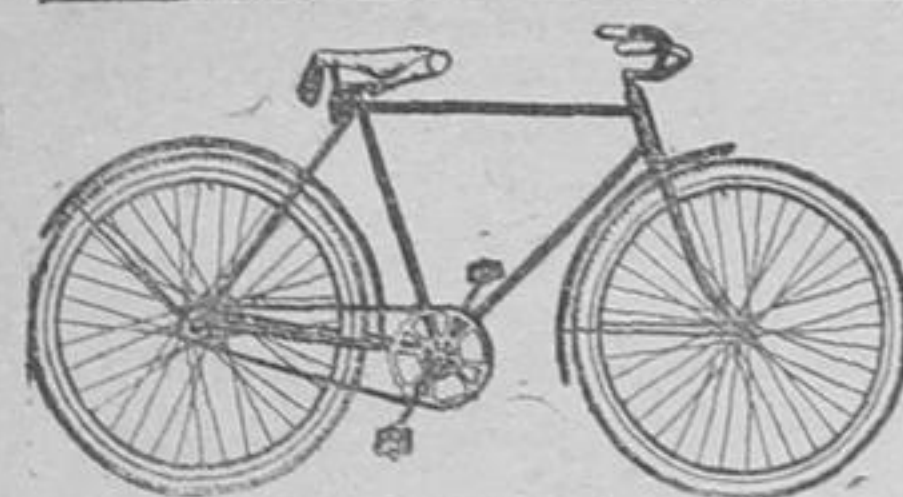
Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.



We Know.

Bug—"How are things going?"
Appleworm—"Not so good. The landlord has just raised our rent to forty apple seeds a month!"

Love is the only fire that is enough to melt the iron obstinacy of a creature's will.



NEW BICYCLES FROM \$30 TO \$50

Write for description and our special cash prices. It means buying a Bicycle for at least \$5 less than you will pay elsewhere, and all our Bicycles are thoroughly guaranteed. Just address letter—

PERCY A. McBRIDE
406 YONGE ST., TORONTO

If interested in Sporting and Athletic Supplies, or in Motorcycles, advise us, when Catalogue and Prices on these goods will be mailed.

A Few Chuckles from Ireland.

Many good things have come from Ireland, not the least of which are its characteristic mirth-provoking jokes and anecdotes. Of recent years, alas! the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

"Well, boys," he said, "this is what we always see in Ireland! One man working, and two more looking on!"

There's three of them now, sir!" said one of the lookers-on politely. And the old people can still laugh at themselves,—which is perhaps the touchstone of humor,—especially the old women, who regard the world and its needs and follies as from another plane, having never had time or follies and having outlived all needs except a pinch of tea and a pair of boots. I cannot forget little old Mrs. Leary, who, dying, said gayly:

"Sure, three inches of a coffin'll do me! 'Look, I says to them, 'make the coffin a small sign too big, the way the people'll think the woman inside in it wasn't all out so little as what she was!"

And consider the two old "nurses" at Ross, one of whom was acting as butler and housemaid, and the other as cook and yard boy; each, conscious of her own absurdity, would describe herself and her companion as, "Me an' the other owd hair!"



Could She Answer That?

Farmer—"Mother, that boy of ours ain't doin' nothin' at college but foolin' round with the girls."

Wife—"Oh, I think not, Hiram—he's a-workin' hard."

Farmer—"A-workin' hard, eh? Then what you make of this here Alma Mater he's allus writin' 'bout he loves so much?"

Nature's Night-Lights.

What is the most efficient light in the world?

Some people might vote at once for the "last word" of science in artificial illumination, but they would be wrong. The most efficient light known to us was known in the days of pine torches and rushlights. It is that with which Nature has endowed the glow-worm and the firefly.

Science has so far failed to solve the problem of the production of light without heat—a problem which seems to have given Dame Nature no difficulty. In all artificial light production an enormous amount of energy is lost in the form of heat rays and chemical rays.

Thus a four-watt carbon glow lamp has a luminous efficiency of less than a half per cent., and the most perfect artificial illuminant has an efficiency of only four per cent.

Science here compares badly with Nature, for the luminous efficiency of the firefly is no less than 99.5 per cent., whilst the glow-worm's light is eighty times more efficient than a tungsten lamp.

Mighty is the force of motherhood! It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadful defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtless ness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love.—George Elliot.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAIN

(Copyright Thomas Allen.)

CHAPTER XL.—(Cont'd.)

"X is the ten minutes of uncle's time I can't account for. Some of us were with him practically every other minute. X is the whole unknown quantity. It is the time in which he was prob'ly actually killed. It is the man who may, by some thousandth chance, have stepped into the room an' killed him while none of us were present," explained Kirby.

"If there is such an unknown man you can cut the time down to five minutes instead of ten, providing your schedule is correct," James cut in. "For according to it I was there part of the time and Mrs. Hull part of the rest of it."

"Yes," agreed his cousin. "But you may have decided that Mrs. Hull is X or that I am," jeered James. "If so, of course that ends it. No need for a judge or jury."

Kirby turned to the man by the door. "Chief, one of the queer things about this mystery is that all the witnesses had somethin' to conceal. Go right through the list, an' it's true of every one of us. I'm talkin' about the important witnesses, of course. Well, Cole an' I found a paper in the living-room of the apartment where Horikawa was killed. It was in Japanese. I ought to have turned it over to you, but I didn't. I was kinda playin' a lone hand. At that time I didn't suspect my cousin James at all. We were workin' together on this thing. At least I thought so. I found out better later. I took the paper to him to get it translated, thinkin' maybe Horikawa might have written some kind of a confession. James lost that paper. Anyhow, he claimed he did. My theory is that Horikawa had some evidence against him. He was afraid of what that paper would tell."

"Unfortunately for your theory it was a clerk of mine who lost the paper. I had nothing to do with it," James retorted coldly. "No doubt the paper has been destroyed, but not by me. Quite by accident, I judge."

His cousin let off a bomb beneath the broker's feet. "You'll be glad to know that the paper wasn't destroyed," he said. "I have it, with a translation, in my pocket at the present moment."

James clutched the arms of his chair. His knuckles grew white with the strain. "Where—where did you find it?" he managed to say.

"In the most private drawer of your safe, where you hid it," Kirby replied quietly.

Cunningham visibly fought for his composure. He did not speak until he had perfect self-control. Then it was with a sneer. "And this paper which you allege you found in my safe—after a burglary which, no doubt, you know is very much against the law—does it convict me of the murder of my uncle?"

The tension in the room was nerve-shattering. Men and women suspended breathing while they waited for an answer.

"On the contrary, it acquits you of any guilt whatever in the matter."

Phyllis Cunningham gave a broken little sob and collapsed into her husband's arms. Jack rose, his face working, and caught his brother by the shoulder. These two had suffered greatly, not only because of their fear for him, but because of the fear of his guilt that had poisoned their peace.

James too, was moved, as much by their love for him as by the sudden relief that had lifted from his heart. But his pride held him outwardly cold. "Since you've decided I didn't do it, Mr. Lane, perhaps you'll tell us then who did," he suggested presently.

There came a knock at the door. A whimsical smile twitched at the corners of Kirby's mouth. He did not often have a chance for dramatics like this.

"Why, yes, that seems fair enough," he answered. "He's knockin' at the door now. Enter X."

CHAPTER XLI. ENTER X.

Shibo stood on the threshold and sent a swift glance around the room. He had expected to meet James alone. That first slant look of the long eyes forewarned him that Nemesis was at hand. But he faced without a flicker of the lids the destiny he had prepared for himself.

"You write me note come see you now," he said to Cunningham. James showed surprise. "No, I think not."

"You no want me?" The Chief's hand fell on the shoulder of the janitor. "I want you, Shibo."

"You write me note come here now?"

"No, I reckon Mr. Lane wrote that."

"I plenty busy. What you want me for?"

"For the murders of James Cunningham and Horikawa." Before the words were out of his mouth the Chief had his prisoner handcuffed.

Shibo turned to Kirby. "You tellum police I killum Mr. Cunin'lam and Horikawa?"

"Yes."

"I plenty sorry I no kill you."

"You did your best, Shibo. Took three shots at ten feet. Rotten shootin'."

"Do you mean that he actually tried to kill you?" James asked in surprise. "In the Denmark Building, the other night, at eleven o'clock. And I'll say he made a bad mistake when he tried an' didn't get away with it. For I knew that the man who was aimin' to gun me was the same one that had killed Uncle James. He'd got to worryin' for fear I was followin' too hot a trail."

"Did you recognize him?" Jack said. "Not right then. I was too busy duckin' for cover. Safety first was my motto right then. No, when I first had time to figure on who could be the gentleman that was so eager to make me among those absent, I rather laid it to Cousin James, with Mr. Cass Hull second on my list of suspects. The fellow had a searchlight an' he flashed it on me. I could see above it a bandanna handkerchief over the face. I'd seen a bandanna like in Hull's hands. But I had to eliminate Hull. The gunman on the stairs had small, neat feet, no larger than a woman's. Hull's feet are—well, sizable."

They were. Huge was not too much to call them. As a dozen eyes focused on his boots the fat man drew them back of the rungs of his chair. This attention to personal details of his conformation was embarrassing.

"Those small feet stuck in my mind," Kirby went on. "Couldn't seem to get rid of the idea. They put James out of consideration, unless, of course, he had hired a killer, an' that didn't look reasonable to me. I'll tell the truth. I thought of Mrs. Hull dressed as a man—an' then I thought of Shibo."

"Had you suspected him before?" This from Olson.

"Not of the murders. I had learned that he had seen the Hulls come from my uncle's rooms an' had kept quiet. Hull admitted that he had been forced to bribe him. I tackled Shibo with it an' threatened to tell the police. Evidently he became frightened and tried to murder me. I got a note makin' an appointment at the Denmark Building at eleven in the night. The writer promised to tell me who killed my uncle. I took a chance an' went." The cattleman turned to Mrs. Hull. "Will you explain about the note, please?"

The gaunt, tight-lipped woman rose, as though she had been called on at school to recite. "I wrote the note," she said. "Shibo made me. I didn't know he meant to kill Mr. Lane. He said he'd tell everything if I didn't."

She sat down. She had finished her little piece. "So I began to focus on Shibo. He might be playin' a lone hand, or he might be a tool of my cousin James. A detective hired by me saw him leave James's office. That didn't absolutely settle the point. He might have seen somethin' an' be blackmailin' him too. That was the way of it, wasn't it?" He turned point-blank to Cunningham.

"Yes," the broker said. "He had us right—not only me, but Jack and Phyllis, too. I couldn't let him drag her into it. The day you saw me with the strained tendon I had been with him and Horikawa in the apartment next to the one Uncle James rented. We quarrelled. I got furious and caught Shibo by the throat to shake the little scoundrel. He gave my arm some kind of a jiu-jitsu twist. He was at me every day. He never let up. He meant to bleed me heavily. We couldn't come to terms. I hated to yield to him."

"And did you?"

"I promised him an answer soon."

"No doubt he came to-day thinkin' he was goin' to get it." Kirby went back to the previous question. "Next time I saw Shibo I took a look at his feet. He was wearin' a pair o' shoes that looked to me mighty like those worn by the man that ambushed me. They didn't have any cap pieces across the toes. I'd noticed that even while he was shootin' at me. It struck me that it would be a good idea to look over his quarters in the basement. Shibo had one human weakness. He's a devotee of the moving pictures. Nearly every night he takes in a show on Curtis Street. The Chief lent me a man, an' last night we went through his room at the Paradox. We found there a flashlight, a bandanna handkerchief with holes cut in it for the eyes, an' in the mattress two thousand dollars in big bills. We left them where we found them, for we didn't want to alarm Shibo."

The janitor looked at him without emotion. "You plenty devil man," he said.

(To be concluded.)

OUR SALT SHAKERS.

A piece of gummed paper over the hole in the bottom of your salt shaker does the work as effectually as a cork, and it does away with the necessity of searching for one of the right size. If no gummed paper is at hand use the flap of an envelope and a bit of mucilage.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.



Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! They are the three steps of the supreme ladder. Liberty is right; equality is fact; fraternity is duty. All the man is there.

Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and soul in perfect solution and compels every atom to serve an universal end. Let us build to the beautiful Necessity which rudely or softly educates him to the perception that there are no contingencies; that law rules throughout existence; a Law which is not intelligence; not personal or impersonal—it disdains words and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies nature; yet solicits the pure in heart to draw on all its omnipotence.—Emerson.

CREAM

We want YOUR Cream. We pay highest price. We supply cans. Make daily returns. To obtain best results write now for cans to BOWES CO., LTD. TORONTO

Bees on Farm

Nothing pays better when properly managed. Send for our catalogue of beekeepers' supplies. Expert advice freely given. Ruddy Manufacturing Co., Ltd. Brantford Ont.

INVENTIONS

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet on request. HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO. PATENT ATTORNEYS 231 BANK STREET OTTAWA, CANADA

YOU CAN USE YOUR SPARE TIME OR ALL YOUR TIME

AND PUT Money in Your Stocking! Money in Your Purse!

Money in the Bank! Act as our Agent. Sell our B. & E. Superfine Hosiery to your friends, neighbours and acquaintances.

The work is easy. The goods sell themselves. Any woman will at once recognize the high quality of B. & E. Hosiery. This class of hosiery is not generally obtainable locally. Therefore, people are anxious to buy from our agents. Housewives, who need more ready cash, schoolgirls with books and dresses to buy, teachers, men or women, any one can sell B. & E. Hosiery and make money. At the same time they do a real favor to their customers. Write To-day.

B. & E. MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. H.) London - Ontario

SMART'S MOWERS



Easy running Mowers that cut with razor-like keenness.

A Smart's Mower will keep your lawn trim and neat. Thoroughly reliable, absolutely guaranteed. At your hardware dealers.

JAMES SMART PLANT BROCKVILLE ONT.