

When You Can Buy "SALADA" TEA

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Why be content with inferior tea.

FINER THAN A SPLIT HAIR

Is the Accuracy Possible When Measuring Steel Band Tapes.

A surveyor's steel band tape 100 feet in length can be measured with an error not exceeding one one-thousandth of an inch. This is an interesting fact mentioned in a recent report of the Physical Testing Laboratory of the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, at Ottawa.

How is this done and what is the purpose of such accurate measurements, the layman may ask. The question can best be answered by considering the origin of some of the standards of length of the past and imagining the difficulties that would result were surveyors in Canada to survey valuable city lots with the statutory units of length of earlier times.

Perhaps the most curious of these old standards was the inch in the reign of Henry III. of England. In 1224 the rule was laid down that three barley-corns equal one inch. The barley-corns were to be dry and were to be taken from the middle of the ear and laid end to end. The rule continued that 12 inches equal one foot; 3 feet equal one ell or ulna; 5 1/2 ulna equal one perch; 40 perches long and 4 in breadth equal one acre. The measurement of land therefore depended on the fundamental unit of a barley-corn. One can readily see the multiplication of error which must result in the measurement of land and the trouble it would cause in this age where city frontage often reaches a value of several thousand dollars a foot.

A Peculiar Method.

Henry I. established the yard as the distance from the print of his nose to the end of his thumb. It is not recorded how often he was called upon by the surveyors of that day to render the necessary assistance in graduating their measures with the legal standard or what ambiguities may have resulted from this peculiar method of measurement. Equally curious was the derivation of the rood in Germany in the sixteenth century. Kosbel's work on surveying relates that "to find the length of a rood in the right and lawful way, and according to scientific usage, you shall do as follows: Stand at the door of a church on Sunday and bid sixteen men to stop, tall ones and small ones, as they happen to pass out when the service is finished, then make them put their left feet one behind the other, and the length thus obtained shall be a right and lawful rood to survey the land with and the sixteenth part of it shall be a right and lawful foot." We are not told what authority there was to compel these men to stop and line up or what the penalty would be in case of refusal.

Songs of Sea and Lands.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elnisnore.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with popples all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

Let others traverse sea and clime,
And toll through various lands,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poet's rhymes.

—Longfellow.

Carry it always with you!

WRIGLEYS

Keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen and digestion good.

Great after smoking

Wrigley's Doublemint Spearmint Chewing Gum

After Every Meal

The Middle of Things

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

Author of "Black Money," "Scarhaven Keep," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

Mr. Carless pointed to Mr. Perkwite.

"This gentleman met Mr. Ashton some three months ago at Marseilles, and Mr. Ashton then showed him the papers which you have recently deposited with Mr. Methley here—which papers, Ashton alleged, were entrusted to him by Lord Marketstoke on his deathbed."

Mr. Cave appeared to be much exercised in thought on hearing this.

"Of what class was this Ashton?" he asked.

"I should say," answered Methley, "from his speech and manners, a man who had risen from a somewhat humble position of life. I remember that his hands were the hands of a man who at some period had done hard manual labor."

Mr. Cave smiled knowingly. "There you are!" he said. "He had probably been a miner! I am inclined to believe that he was most likely one of the men who stole my papers thirty-two years ago."

"There may be something in this," remarked Mr. Pawle, glancing uneasily at Mr. Carless.

"Just let me look at that typewritten letter you were given by the veiled woman," begged Miss Penkridge. "You say there was nothing on the envelope but your name, Mr. Cave?"

Mr. Cave opened his pocketbook again. "There are the envelope and letter," he said.

Miss Penkridge examined them carefully, then suddenly turned to Mr. Carless.

"There is a clue in these things!" she exclaimed. "A plain clue! One that's plain enough to me, anyway. Now look here: This letter has been typed on a half-sheet of notepaper. Hold the half-sheet up to the light—what do you see? One half of the name and address of the stationer who supplied it, in watermark. What is that one half?"

Mr. Carless held the paper to the light and saw on the top line, . . . "Bigglesforth" on the middle line, . . . "and Stationer" and, . . . "n Hill" on the bottom line.

"Now," went on Miss Penkridge, "if the other half of the sheet were here, it would be 'Bigglesforth, Bookseller and Stationer, Craven Hill.' Everybody in this district knows Bigglesforth—we get our stationery from him. Now, Bigglesforth has not such a very big business in really expensive notepaper like this—the other half of the sheet, of course, would have a finely engraved address on it—and you can trace the owner of this paper through him, with patience and trouble."

"But here's a still better clue! Look at this typewritten letter. In it, the letter o occurs with frequency. Now, notice—the letter is broken, imperfect; the top left-hand curve has been chipped off. Do you mean to tell me that with time and trouble and patience you can't find out to whom that machine belongs? Taking the fact that this half-sheet of notepaper came from Bigglesforth's, of Craven Hill," concluded Miss Penkridge with emphasis, "I should say that this document—so important—came from somebody who doesn't live a million miles from here!"

Mr. Carless had followed Miss Penkridge with admiring attention, and he now rose to his feet.

"Ma'am," he exclaimed, "Mr. Viner's notion of having you to join our council has proved invaluable! I'll have that clue followed up instantly!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

As his visitors were leaving, Viner was summoned to the telephone.

"Viner!" came Felpham's voice over the wire. "Is that man Cave still with you?"

"No!" answered Viner. "Why?"

"Listen carefully," responded Felpham. "In spite of all he asserted, at the police-court, I believe he's a rank impostor! I've just had another talk with Hyde, and he swears that the man is Nugent Starr. Do you think it would be wise to post Scotland Yard on him—detectives, you know?"

Viner replied that he thought it best to await further developments. In the rush of events he had forgotten that Carless had already given instructions for the watching of the pseudo Mr. Cave.

He went away from his telephone and sought Miss Penkridge, whom he found in her room, arraying herself for out of doors.

"Where are you going?" he asked in surprise.

"I'm going round to Bigglesforth

the stationer's, to follow up that clue I suggested just now," his aunt announced briskly.

Viner looked at her with amused wonder. He was about to argue with her but the ringing of the telephone interrupted him.

To his great surprise, the voice that hailed him was Mrs. Killenhal's.

"Mr. Viner can you be so very kind? Miss Wickenham and I have come down to the City on some business connected with Mr. Ashton, and we do so want somebody's help. Can you run down at once and join us? So sorry to trouble you, but we really do want a gentleman here."

"Certainly!" responded Viner. "I'll come to you at once. But where are you?"

"Come to 23 Mirrapore Street, off Whitechapel Road," answered Mrs. Killenhal. "There is some one here who knew Mr. Ashton, and I should like you to see him."

"I'll be there in half an hour, Mrs. Killenhal," Viner said.

Letting himself out of the house, he ran to the nearest cab-stand and beckoned to a chauffeur who often took him about. "I want to get along to Mirrapore Street, Whitechapel Road," he said, as he sprang into the car.

The chauffeur did the run to Whitechapel Road in unusually good time. But the man had gone from one end of the road to the other, from the end of High Street to the beginning of Mile End Road, without success, when he stopped and looked in at his passenger.

"Can't see no street of that name on either side, Mr. Viner," he said. "Have you got it right, sir?"

"That's the name given me," answered Viner. He pointed to a policeman slowly patrolling the sidewalk. "Ask him," he said. "He'll know."

The policeman, duly questioned, seemed surprised.

"Mirrapore Street" he said. "Oh, yes! Second to your left, third to the right. Pretty low quarter down there, sir. If you've business that way, I should advise you to look after yourself."

The car swung out of Whitechapel Road into a long, dismal street, the shabbiness of which increased the further the main thoroughfare was left behind. Suddenly the car stopped, and Viner got down.

"Not afraid of going down here alone, sir?" asked the chauffeur. "It's a bit as that policeman said."

"I'm all right," replied Viner. "You go back and wait. I may be some time. I mayn't be long."

He turned away down the street—and in spite of his declaration, he felt that this was certainly the most doubtful place he had ever been in.

The house he wanted—Number 23—was just like all the other houses. On the door was a brass plate, across which ran three lines in black:

DR. MARTINCOLE

Attendance: 3 to 6 p.m.

Saturdays, 5 to 9.30 p.m.

The door was opened by Mrs. Killenhal herself, and Viner's quick eye failed to notice anything in her air or manner that denoted uneasiness. She smiled and motioned him to enter, shutting the door after him as he stepped into the narrow entrance hall.

"So very good of you to come, Mr. Viner, and so quicky," she said. "You found your way all right?"

"Yes, but I'm a good deal surprised to find you and Miss Wickenham in this neighborhood," answered Viner. "This is a queer place, Mrs. Killenhal. I hope—"

"Oh, we're all right!" said Mrs. Killenhal, with a reassuring smile.

"This man who knew Mr. Ashton?" asked Viner. "Where is he?"

"Dr. Martincole will bring him in," said Mrs. Killenhal. "Come upstairs, Mr. Viner."

Viner noticed that the house through which he was led was very quiet, and larger than he should have guessed at from the street frontage. From what he could see, it was well furnished, but dark and gloomy; gloomy, too, was a back room, high up the stairs, into which Mrs. Killenhal presently showed him. There, looking somewhat anxious, sat Miss Wickenham, alone.

"Here's Mr. Viner," said Mrs. Killenhal. "I'll tell Dr. Martincole he's come."

She motioned Viner to a chair and went out. But the next instant Viner swung quicky round. As the door closed, he had heard the unmistakable click of a patent lock.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DISMAL STREET.

Unknown to those who had taken part in the conference at Viner's house, unknown even to Carless, who in the multiplicity of his engagements, had forgotten the instructions he had given his clerk, a strict watch was being kept on a man around whom all the events of that morning had centred. Carless' clerk had given certain instructions to one of his fellow-clerks, a man named Millwaters, in whose prowess as a spy he had unlimited belief. Millwaters was a sleuth of experience. Millwaters made himself

well acquainted with the so-called Mr. Cave's appearance and Millwaters was in the police-court when Mr. Cave was unexpectedly asked to give evidence; he was there, too, until Mr. Cave left the court.

When Viner and his party went round to Markendale Square, Millwaters slunk along in their rear, and at a corner of the Square he remained, lounging about, until his quarry reappeared. Within a minute Millwaters had observed what seemed to him a highly suspicious circumstance—Cave, on leaving the others, had shot off down a side-street in the direction of Lancaster Gate, but as soon as he was out of sight in Markendale Square, had doubled in his tracks, hurried down another turning and sped away as fast as he could walk towards Paddington Station.

It was not until he and his pursuer were in front of the Great Western Hotel that Cave found an empty cab, hailed it, and sprang in. It was a mere detail to charter the next, and to give a quiet word and wink to its chauffeur, who was opening its door for Millwaters when a third person came gently alongside and tapped the clerk's shoulder. Millwaters turned sharply and encountered Mr. Perkwite's shrewd eyes.

"All right, Millwaters!" said the barrister. "I know what you're after! I'm after the same bird. We'll go together."

Millwaters knew Perkwite very well and was not disturbed by his presence.

It seemed to Perkwite that his companion kept no particular observation on the car in front but Millwaters woke to action as his own car progressed up Whitechapel Road, and suddenly he gave a smart tap on the window behind their driver. The car came to a halt by the curb; and Millwaters, slipping out, twisted Perkwite round and pointed to the mouth of a street which they had just passed.

(To be continued.)



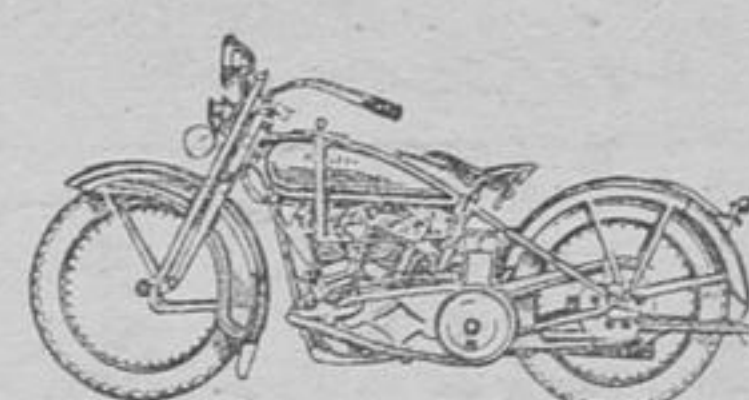
1216
YOUTHFUL FROCKS EMPLOY
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To be thoroughly sure of its smartness, this frock has elected to be fashioned of printed silk, and wears two jabots of plain material rippling down either side of the panel front. The back remains entirely plain, and a narrow string belt ties effectively about the hips, creating a boussed effect. The sleeves are long and loose at the wrists. No. 1216 is for the miss and small woman, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years (or 34, 36 and 38 inches bust only). Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch figured, and 1 1/4 yards plain contrasting material for jabots, collar and belt; or 3 3/4 yards if dress is made all from one material. Price 20 cents.

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and for cleaning and
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Cape Sable Island.

The island makes a sort of land frontier Against the sea. The men are much away.

It is the women who get in the hay Working in sea-boots and their husbands' gear.

Days begin early when the weather's clear,

But when the fog drifts inshore, wet and gray.

They work at hooked rugs and their quilts all day,

Hearing the cope horn bellowing like a steer.

With so much wind there is small chance for trees,

The houses stand out, shelterless and crude,

And in the graveyards near the pounding seas

The epic stones rise in bleak solitude, Each one recounting its own tragedies

Often with latitude and longitude.

Dressed for the Part.

A movie director was rehearsing a crowd scene for a new thriller. After he had directed the men who had been selected for the scene, he told them to report at the lot late that afternoon. "This scene we've rehearsed," said he, "takes place in Russia, and I want all you guys in fur overcoats."

"But most of us ain't got any fur overcoats," protested one of the extras.

"That's none of my business," replied the director. "If you're not dressed for Russia I don't let you on." The man tarried. "I tell you I won't let you on unless you are dressed for Russia!" shouted the director.

"But I've got on two suits of underwear!" protested the extra.

Minard's Liniment for burns.

Alter Cases.

"What became of your watch, my boy?"

"Here it is, father."

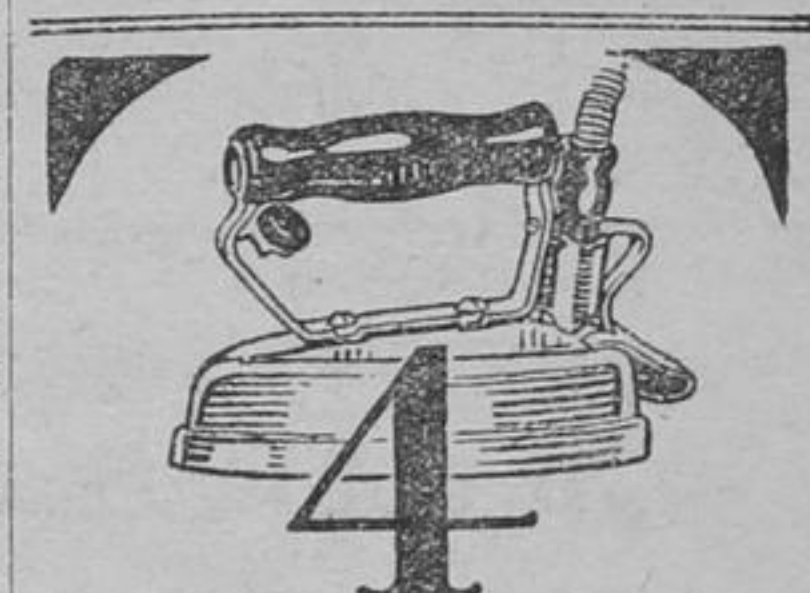
"What! The watch I gave you had a gold case, and this is silver."

"Yes, but, father, you must remember circumstances alter cases."

No Mystery There.

Story-teller—"And while the little boy was sitting in his chair all alone he heard a horrible, horrible wail right behind him. What do you suppose it was?"

Modern Youngster—"Static!"



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