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The "Selfishness" of Britain

Quebec Soleil (Lib.): In business, Britain and its politicians have no sentiment. Britain is always out for the main chance and takes it where it can find it. Still, nations are like people; sometimes it pays them to give up a moderate or immediate profit if there are serious grounds for believing that by doing so a better profit or one lasting longer may be obtained. London has never been able to see this. Nor yet has London learnt how to behave with strict loyalty in its dealings with the British Dominions. London has not ceased to preach to us the doctrine of imperial solidarity whenever it was a question of expenses to pay or responsibilities to take, but has always forgotten to practice what it preached when it was a question of getting benefits out of the British Commonwealth. The United Kingdom demands as its due the British preference, but makes no bones of refusing it to its partners.



FREE BABY BOOKS

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**Brass Cross Marks
Papuan Grave
Of Aviator Priest**

**Ace Renounces Brilliant
Career and Returns to
Dangerous Church
Work**

Sydney, Australia—How comes it that rare visitors to the wild and remote little French mission station on Yule Island, Papua, find, carefully tended in the small cemetery, a brass cross placed by order of the French government over the grave of one of France's war heroes—the flying ace who destroyed thirty-six airplanes and balloons?

It is a story that the mission fathers tell with pride and sadness. Father Bourjade was a brilliant scholar, as well as a great hero, and the outbreak of the war found him studying for service under the Sacred Heart community. At the call of duty he started in the ranks, rose rapidly to a commission and entered the flying service.

He proved one of the most fearless officers and became one of the first aces. Serving right through the war with only slight wounds, it was for him to choose at the end of the war between a brilliant civilian career and a humble life in the service of the Church. Rejecting all offers, he returned to his studies and upon their completion he was ordained and went straight out to Papua, where he became famous as one of the most gentle and charming of the Yule Island priests.

The privations and risks in those tropical islands make them one of the outposts of Christianity and to the sorrow of the natives and his rother priests, the flying ace was destined after a few years' work to fall a victim to the deadly black-water fever.

At the Water Hole

From a vantage point among the rocks on the rim one can look out a short distance over the tawny plain and down upon a water hole cupped in the sands of a low mesa.

At the first glance the landscape appears dull and monotonous, but at sunrise twilight-tinted colors are reflected in the shady pool, and more brilliant hues wink and scintillate in scattered patches out on the level plain.

The stillness and calmness of the desert is noticeable here, and the scarcity of birds and wild animals adds a touch of remoteness to this water hole used by the Indians. In early summer the mourning doves appear in pairs and fly in from the desert of swift, rhythmic wings. How dimly they drop to the pool to drink of the cool water, and how gracefully they whirl away through the blue sky.

When the sun has been up but a few hours there comes a haze of dust on the horizon, which rises higher and grows larger with each passing moment. A faint noise rises from the billowing cloud and at last the obscuring murk floats backward and a flock of sheep surges toward the water hole. The bleating becomes loud and discordant; the bass of lambs in a lower, fainter key comes from the sand and the shrill barking of a dog adds to the din; and yet there is a semblance of order among the thirsty flock. A squaw, with a stout staff in her hand, straggles behind the dingy, surging mass, and two dark, bare-headed boys astride a shaggy donkey come slowly up the mesa.

With a flapping of drab, ragged clothing and the flutter of a red headband, the Indians pass among their bleating, noisy charges and turn the hand expertly to the water hole. Then homeward toward the desert. The dust and noise are over, the land relapses into its usual calmness, and the water hole of the Navajos again becomes a tranquil pool.—The Desert.

Not Forgotten

They apparently had not met for some time. They were sitting in the gloaming, listening to the languorous roll of the sparkling sea below.

"And just fancy you being in the town where I lived last week," she murmured softly.

"Yes," replied the young man, a commercial traveller; "it was odd, wasn't it?"

"Did you think of me?" asked the girl more softly still.

"I did," answered the youth gallantly. "I said to myself, 'Why isn't this where What's-her-name lives?'"

**The Affair at
Flower Acres**

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. In a moment Nancy appears, white-faced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother, comes in from the south side of the room. And then Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbin's heads the police investigation. An autopsy reveals that Raynor also was being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Dobbin makes to arrest Nancy, and Finley "confesses" to shield her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Not much it doesn't!" Dobbin returned. "The truth is, to put it plainly, one of those two people shot Mr. Raynor. Both know which one did it. Neither will tell unless I see confessions, then the other will. If Mrs. Raynor fired the shot, then Mr. Finley picked up the pistol afterward, and rubbed off the fingerprints. If, on the other hand, the shot was fired by Mr. Finley—Mrs. Raynor saw him as she stood at the west door. But they both know."

"This is discarding the theories of Miss Turner or of an intruder from outside," Ezra Goddard summed up, thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir, and I do discard them. I've thought over that nurse, but she never would have shot and then turned on the lights. In the dusk she would have run away."

"You can't affirm that so positively," Kent said; "nor can you give up the idea of an outsider merely because I didn't see him make his getaway. Of course he would have disappeared silently and in the darkness of the shrubbery, and I'd stand small chance of seeing him at all."

Dobbin looked uncertain again. The man seemed to have little initiative—yet he was rated a good detective. But, as he had said, this case presented so many possibilities, had so many sides to it; and Dobbin was an earnest inquirer rather than a brilliant deducer.

"I've got to interview more people," he sighed as he rose. "But I know where to go for information. I'm going for some now—and if I'm not mistaken, it will throw some light on a Sanguine of nature, the detective went off and went straightway to the home of Dolly Fay.

That young person sat in a swing on the lawn, and with a word of greeting Dobbin sat down beside her. "Now, young lady," he said, trying to intimidate her by a fierce scowl, "you are to tell me all you are keeping back about Mrs. Raynor. If you don't, you'll be in danger yourself."

"Danger? How come?" and the slangy child snapped her little fingers in the detective's face.

This flippancy irritated the arm of the law, and he scowled harder at her. "Be careful, Miss. Have you ever heard of contempt of court?"

"No—what's it mean?"

"It means that if you treat lightly the inquiries of a detective you are liable to fine and imprisonment."

Dobbin found it was necessary to take strong measures with this difficult child. "Oo! I see I'm 'fraid!" But though Dolly pretended flippancy, Dobbin could see she was seriously disturbed.

"And so," he followed up his advantage, "unless you see fit to tell me whatever I ask you, I shall have to report you—"

"What do you want to know?" the question was snapped at him.

"You were with Mrs. Raynor when she threw a parcel into the Falls?"

"Yes; that was only a bit of rubbish."

"Why did she take the trouble to carry it to the Falls to dispose of it?"

"Oh, it wasn't any trouble. We were out for a walk, you know—"

"Had you ever seen that parcel before?"

"I will as soon as it's possible. I hate to seem in too much of a hurry to take possession. And—I'm sorry for Mrs. Raynor—"

"Not at all—it isn't that. But I don't—I can't believe Mrs. Raynor shot her husband—and if she didn't—"

"If she didn't, who did? That lover of hers—Finley. It has to be one of the two—you know that, Lionel."

"What about Peters?"

"He's all right—gone to California."

"Well—I'll fix up the financial matters as soon as I can, Gannon—but don't hurry me. Where's the— you know?"

"It's all right."

"Haven't you destroyed it yet?"

"When you meet my demands—I'll consider yours."

"Oh, you Shylock! I tell you I'll fix things as soon as I can."

"Don't worry. It's all safe—"

"And the other?"

"Safe, too."

"Well, so long. I'll go right now."

Dolly was game.

"No," she said, stubbornly. "I never saw it before."

Dolly was unaccustomed to lying, unaccustomed, also, to being questioned by a detective, and, as she spoke, untruthful words, her red lips quivered and she burst into tears.

"Go away!" she cried.

"Wait a minute, Miss Fay. Try to realize that for you to tell the truth will help Mrs. Raynor more than for you to conceal anything."

"What do you mean by that? I don't believe you! Take me to Mrs. Raynor, then, and I'll give me permission, I'll tell you all you ask."

But this plan by no means suited Dobbin, and, too, he had found out all he wanted to know. There was a mystery about the parcel. It was a secret between the two. Dolly had promised Mrs. Raynor not to tell about it—therefore, the parcel of morphine was of importance—it was no old rubbish to be tossed away carelessly.

He went away, and Dolly, torn and shaken by the experience, started to walk over to Flower Acres and talk to Nan about it.

She had done her best to keep faith with Nan, and if that old detective had discovered anything, it was not her fault, she mused.

As she came to old Gannon's house, that worthy sat on his little porch, smoking his pipe.

Dolly was friendly with the old man over his "specimens," which always interested her. She didn't like Gannon—didn't trust him, but she had a natural bent toward the science he followed.

"We're lucky to be rid of the nurse."

He passed over the money and turned away, leaving the astonished Aberdonian gazing at his windfall; but he had not gone far before he heard the other shouting to him to stop.

"Here," said the Scot as he came up, "I thought there was a catch in it. You're awa' wi' matches."

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

Just As Good

There was no gaining the fact that P.C. Roberts was an outside. His feet covered quite a large area when placed together, and they left deep impressions where he stood.

So perhaps the little girl who was spreading sandy gravel over the garden path may be forgiven, for, as the worthy officer passed the gate for the second time in five minutes, she ran across to him.

"May I ask you something?" she inquired.

"Ask away, missie," beamed the constable, and tucked his thumbs into his belt.

"Then would you mind walking up and down my path a bit; it's so uneven, and I haven't got a garden roller."

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to see Lawyer Stratton. But I wish I knew who killed Dad."

"You're mighty affectionate toward his memory—considering how he treated you when he was alive!"

"I—forget that if I have all his property. And, I tell you a fellow can't see his father murdered in cold blood without getting hot about it!"

Lionel Raynor went away, and Dolly Fay, scenting a new mystery, felt it would be better for her to depart unnoticed.

She accordingly slipped out at the back door of Gannon's little house, and the old man shouldn't see her.

She didn't quite know herself why she took these precautions, but it was in the back of her head that the conversation she had just overheard was of importance, in some way, to the Raynor case.

Moreover, she gathered that it referred to the will of Mr. Raynor, and that there was some wrongdoing on the part of somebody in connection with that will.

She couldn't quite bring herself to think anything so terrible as these two men planned to destroy a will, yet the fragments of conversation she had caught pointed that way.

Unversed in the ways of wicked men, Dolly was intuitive by nature and sagacious beyond her years.

The more she mullied over the matter, the more she began to feel sure that the missing will that gave the Raynor property to Nan was concealed in Grim Gannon's house.

She trusted the man—although she admired his erudition, and was grateful for his kind instructions in the field she was deeply interested in—that of natural history.

Always an outdoor girl, Dolly studied the habits of the little creatures, and by reason of Gannon's influence had turned her study especially towards birds and the larger insects. Butterflies and moths fascinated her as well as the water flies.

So her presence in Gannon's house was always welcome and unquestioned. The old woman who kept house for the hermit liked Dolly but paid no attention to her comings and goings.

(To be continued.)

Where The Catch Came

A stranger in Aberdeen stopped a man in the street and asked for a match. Reluctantly and silently the other handed over his box of matches, which the stranger examined with interest.

"My friend," he said, "you are in luck's way. I see you use our matches, and my firm has authorized me to hand over a guinea to every man I meet who produces one of these boxes. Here's your guinea."

He passed over the money and turned away, leaving the astonished Aberdonian gazing at his windfall; but he had not gone far before he heard the other shouting to him to stop.

"Here," said the Scot as he came up, "I thought there was a catch in it. You're awa' wi' matches."

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Work

Let me but do my work from day to day.

In field or forest, at the desk or loom,

In roaring market place or tranquil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say, When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,

"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,

To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;

Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,

And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall

At eventide, to love and play and rest, Because I know for me my work is best.

—Van Dyke, in "Forbes."

NURSES WANTED

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three year Course of Training to young women, having the required education and desirous 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.



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**Lady of Eighty
Gives Her Views
On Old Age**

**Old People Can Extract De-
light from Exuberance
and Certainties of
Youth**

"The writer has long ceased to occupy that cantage ground among the seated spectators of the amphitheatre. As an octogenarian, her place is in the arena, among the gladiators who are fighting their last round with Time and, she can therefore speak with the knowledge of fact, not with the conjecture of theory, on the weakness and strength, on the losses and gains of old age."—Lady Laura Ridding, in the Contemporary Review.

"Nothing helps an aged leader to abdicate his throne with graceful dignity like love and appreciation of his successor," writes Lady Laura Ridding in the Contemporary Review.

"This noble condition can be reached by old people refusing to judge the young in a temper of jealous criticism. They can only do this when they really accept the fact that these newcomers must think, say and do most things differently from how their pre-decessors thought, said and did them. The focus of young and old eyes differs. The rose colored visions of youth may, after all, be truer than the blue-tinted ones of their ancestors. Indeed, some of the latter may have been color-blind."

"Old people can extract delight as well as amusement from the exuberance and eager certainties of youth; and that helps them to judge its absurdities and impossible ambitions with tenderness. Did not they too, in the days of their twenty years, believe that they were called to do wonderful things? To rectify the mistakes of the previous generations? To furnish the world with a higher standard of ethics, social reform, government, art, literature?"

The fact that these day-dreams long ago faded in mirage should make them very gentle in their strictures on youth. They know well enough that discipline will tame the new generation as sternly as it tamed its grand-parents. Youth, too, must drink the cup of life. Youth, too, in time, will prove the truth of the poet's time, will prove the truth of the poet's time. Though the earlier grooves

Which ran the laughing lozers Around their base, no longer pause and press?

What thought, about thy rim, Scull-things in order grin Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?"

"With the pathos of that knowledge before him, age does well to offer fatherly love to them; a gift which reaps a rich reward of warm affection from the youthful throng."

**Egypt Visits Eng-
land**

Important Egyptian personalities are visiting Great Britain this year. The Egyptian Foreign Secretary has come and gone and is returning again; the Prime Minister, Mohamed Pasha Mahmud, has also arrived and has been officially received by the new Labor Ministry; King Fuad is expected on a private visit in August.

These three visits are eloquent of changed times in Egypt. Five years ago, when political tension between the two countries was at its height, such coming and goings would have been, if not impossible, at any rate the occasion for endless agitation, centering acrimoniously round the prospects of an Anglo-Egyptian treaty.

It is just a year ago since Mohamed Pasha Mahmud became Prime Minister of his country. Under his government the Egyptian Constitution has been suspended and King Fuad ruled through his Ministry without a Parliament. Egypt is thus at the moment being ruled abnormally, and the treaty question is wisely being left in abeyance during the suspension of the parliamentary regime, which Mohamed Pasha Mahmud says he does not intend to prolong a day longer than is necessary.

But in the meantime he has been able, in the domestic sphere, to set on foot great hygienic and agricultural reforms. Simultaneously, in the sphere of foreign affairs, he has concluded the important Nile Convention with Great Britain. These accomplishments are to the good of Egypt and to the good of Anglo-Egyptian relations; and this growing cordiality between the two countries will certainly stand Egypt in good stead when the time comes, as it shortly will, for the raising of two more important problems which, however, are international and outside the Anglo-Egyptian question—the revision of the