

Surpassing

all others in Delicacy and Fragrance.

"SALADA"

TEA

SEALED PACKETS ONLY

EVERY LEAF PURE

About the House

WHEN THE CHILDREN HELP.

"I never did see such helpful children as Mrs. Blake's," observed one acquaintance to another. "I chanced in there this morning, and I wish you might have seen what they were each doing to help with the work. Mrs. Blake says she never could get along if they did not all help her, and she told me of astonishing things they do."

"I expect that is why they do so much," smiled the other.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, they do things because their mother allows them to do them and expresses her appreciation. I think nearly all little children like to help until they are discouraged by their elders."

"I remember calling on Mrs. Blake when Laura was a tiny child. Laura had spent a strenuous hour or more in an attempt at making her mother's bed. 'Come and see how nicely Laura has made my bed,' her mother invited. And the child's little face radiated joy and satisfaction. I've always remembered it, because it so forcibly reminded me of a time when I had puffed and reached and labored to surprise my mother by making her bed. 'Yes, dear, that's very nice,' she said. Then, to my tragic amazement, she pulled the bed to pieces and proceeded to make it according to her own notions. I was deeply hurt, for I had given my best."

"After her notable maiden effort Laura often stood at one side of the bed to help mother with the making. And by the time she could properly reach she could make a bed correctly and neatly."

"It's really amusing the stunts those children spring on their mother, and the perfectly game way in which she accepts them. She cheerfully looked through streaked windows for a week after George surprised her by washing them one busy morning; and now she's reaping her reward, for George is proud to do them perfectly. She never murmured when Don lapped his sowing of nasturtiums over her sweet peas."

"That's the reason her children are helpful, if you ask me."—G. L. S.

A BROOM CLOSET.

Brooms get tired and soon sag if allowed to stand on their straws. Height enough to allow them to hang from a holder or from nails is the first requirement for a broom closet. This closet is meant to do for household cleaning utensils what a kitchen cabinet does for kitchen tools, to gather them conveniently together in one place.

WRIGLEYS



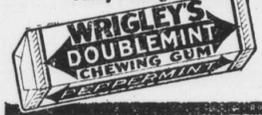
Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

Sealed in its Purity Package



2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes

More and Better Shines to the Box

1481 E. No. 31-23.

His Name Was Preserved Fish

—BY RICHARD CONNELL.

PART II.

It was not borne in upon the youngest of the house of Fish that he was different from other children until his first day in school.

"I want each little boy and girl to stand up and say his or her whole name a loud, clear voice," said Miss Pingree, the teacher of Grade 1-A. They did so.

"Helen Daisy Yocum."
"Ralph Smith."
"Warren J. Onthank, Junior."
"Hattie Eager."
"Stanley Eisner."
It was young Fish's turn. He stood up and enunciated in a treble squeak, "Preserved Fish."

"What did you say?" demanded Miss Pingree.

"Preserved Fish," he repeated a little louder.

The children began to titter. "It can't be!" exclaimed Miss Pingree. "Are you sure that's your name, little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Preserved Fish, very scared now.

"Please, Teacher, he's Galahad Fish's kid brother," volunteered Stanley Eisner.

"Oh, I see," said Miss Pingree. She turned her back to her class, and they saw her shoulders quiver; when she faced about again, she was very red.

The news spread, and the next day, during recess, older boys, some from the dizzy heights of Miss Krieger's room, the seventh grade, surrounded young Fish.

"What is your name?" they chorused.

"Preserved Fish." They hooted. They screamed with laughter. They rolled on the ground and pummeled each other with joy.

"Pickled Eel!" shouted one.

"Finnan Haddie!" yelled another.

"Soused Mackerel!" whooped a third humorist.

Young Fish grew alarmed and began to weep loudly, although at the time he did not understand what it was all about. Had he but known that his life was to be full of variants of the "Pickled Eel" jest, he would have wept more loudly still, and with reason.

Preserved Fish grew up into a long, gawky boy, mostly elbows and adenoids; his mouth was permanently ajar; his eyes were large, prominent, mild, blue, and piscatorial. He had no marked faults and no marked virtues. He did his sums indifferently well, and knew that Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492; that the Minute Men, led by Paul Revere and Washington, fought the British in 1776; that Lincoln split rails, and that you should spell "separate" with an "a"; all your hair turns gray—in short, he possessed the usual store of knowledge stored into the brains of the average boy by the public schools.

"It was not," his father sometimes thanked God, "a genius. He was just an average American." Miss Krieger, of the seventh grade, said, privately, that he was one of the most average boys she had ever taught.

Upon his graduation from grammar school, Preserved Fish was chosen to read an essay in which he proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that Washington Irving was a greater man than Daniel Webster. But when the principal, in a voice with a flourish, announced his name, the audience broke into such a sniggering and giggling that poor Preserved could not finish his carefully prepared speech.

He went home in tears, and declared that unless his parents changed his name to Montgomery on the spot he would run away to sea.

It was then that his mother told him of Uncle P. Robinson's enormous walrus bag and its fascinating contents.

"It has heaps an' heaps an' heaps of money—yellow bucks," she told him. "An' it's yours because you're his namesake."

Uncle P. Robinson some years before this had removed himself and his walrus bag to an old sailor's home up in Massachusetts somewhere, because, he said, he wanted to be with sea-faring men. Before he went he drew up a will.

"Everything goes to my namesake so long as he is my namesake," he declared, and Mr. Walter Fish, who signed the will as witness, verified this by squinting at it, as he signed, at great risk of becoming permanently cross-eyed.

The news of his impending legacy comforted Preserved Fish somewhat. He consented not to run away to sea, but to go to high school instead.

But he left school in the middle of his second year, after stubbing his brain against Caesar's adventures in Gaul. He was not sorry to leave. Every time he was called on to recite in any class a battery of cachinnations greeted him. Even the girls got to calling him "Kipperred Herring." He had heard this gibe in some form or other every day of his life since his initial appearance in Grade 1-A, but he never grew accustomed or callous to it. And he was never sufficiently endowed pugilistically to resent it with silencing fists. Each time he was called "Can of Shrimps, or some other flight of fancy, a fresh wound was made on his sensitive spirit."

He got a job in Kepler's Drug Store as dispenser of sodas and frappes, which in Clintonia is pronounced to rhyme with "nap." The work was suitable to his intellect, and he pursued it with average diligence and inconspicuous success. He sprouted from gawky boyhood to gangly youth, added two inches to his stature and an Adam's apple to his collection of undistinguishable features, and learned to make a passably fair milk shake. His personality was as colorless as a pint of distilled spring water in one of the bottles of his father's own sparkling.

"Dijia say 'straw'ry or 'razz-bry'?"

"Vanilla?"

"Wanta straw?"

"Aw, the two cents 's for war tax." His repartee never soared above, "You tell 'em," or "Oh, is that so?"

And yet, Preserved Fish was the best-known person in town.

Old man Kepler realized this.

"He ain't much on looks, and he's only fair to middlin' as a soda-jerker," remarked the proprietor of the drug store, "but he draws trade into the store. They come in to kid him about his name. Why, a fella come all the way from Alb'ny once, just to look at him. I charge his salary up to advertising."

The Clintonia "Star" echoed the town's pride in such a phenomenon. His smallest action was chronicled in its column "Newsy Notes of Folks You Know."

"Preserved Fish Sundayed at Upton Lake."

"Preserved Fish has invented a new nut frappe."

"Preserved Fish is taking sister lessons from Professor Busby."

"Preserved Fish had a slight cold Tuesday, but is better now."

"The guests at the Young People's Society at the Baptist Church included Preserved Fish."

His fame overflowed the narrow boundaries of Clintonia. A columnist on a big New York newspaper discovered him, and kept half a million New Yorkers in touch with the life and activities of Preserved Fish. An illustrated paper sent a representative to the way to Clintonia to photograph him, and Preserved Fish's picture, looking sheepish about the mouth and owlish about the eyes, appeared in the paper to the vast delight of everybody in Clintonia but the subject.

With all the ardor of which his pale blue soul was capable, Preserved Fish hated this publicity. By nature he was retiring; but there was no place he could retire to. He had as little chance of escaping the curious stares of the public as if he had been the Siamese twins. He could never walk down the street without being gaped at; he could never enter a gathering of people without an accompaniment of winks, rib-digs, and grins. And an introduction was to him the source of acute torture; the process never varied.

"Miss Burke," the introducer would say, leering unctuously, "I want you to shake hands with my friend, Mr. Preserved Fish."

"Pleasetameetcha," young Fish would murmur; he was morbidly bashful.

"Beg Pardon? I didn't catch the name."

"Preserved Fish," the introducer would repeat more loudly, although very often by this time his hilarity had got the better of his articulation.

"Aw, you gwan," Miss Burke would say archly. "Tryin' to kid somebody?" Or, if she were a wit, "Say, ain't any relation of Canned Salmon, are you?"

Then everybody would laugh—everybody except Preserved Fish. (To be continued.)

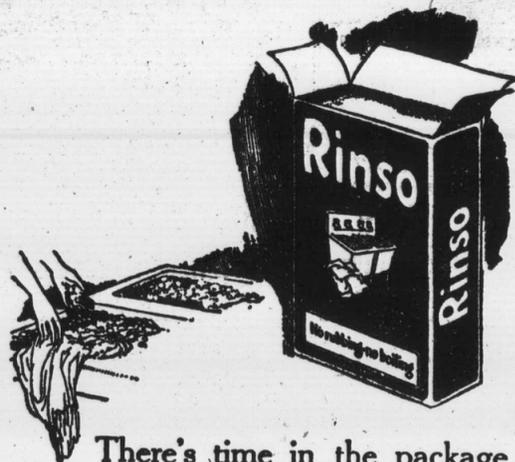
In extent of territory Mexico ranks fifth on the western hemisphere.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts



COMMERCIAL FLYING.

Europe is making great strides in commercial aviation. Thirty thousand passengers and nearly a thousand tons of merchandise were carried on the commercial routes shown in this map during the last year.



There's time in the package

Time to do the many things ordinarily put off on wash-day. For Rinso does not keep you standing over the wash-tub, rubbing until your back aches and your hands are red and sore.

Rinso, an entirely different kind of soap, soaks clothes clean. Rubbing and boiling are unnecessary. The big soapy Rinso suds gently loosen the most ground-in dirt without weakening a single thread.

Buy a package today. On sale at all good grocers and department stores.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

R506



Wrong guess.

Jack and Fred must be played off their game to-day; they've siled into the rough after each hole.

Doing Dublin.

It was the Englishman's first visit to Dublin, and he was driving round on a jaunting car seeing the sights. When they got near the river, as an Irishman tells the story, he was struck with the unpleasant smell, and asked the jarvey: "What is this horrible smell?"

The jarvey replied, proudly: "Shure, an' don't you know that the smell of the Liffey is one of the sights of Dublin."

At one of the largest watch factories in the world fifty loaves of new bread are used every day for cleaning the delicate parts of watches.

Song.

My heart is a thorny bush
In an old garden close;
My song peeps over the wall
And nods like a single rose.

My heart is a smothered fire,
Sick of a blunted aim;
My song is a leap to the light,
My song is a tip of flame.

My heart is a bitter sea,
A tossing, a restless grave;
My song is the sunny foam
That flies from the crested wave.

The rose and the flame and the foam
Shine for the world to see;
The urge and the smoke and the thorn,
Nobody knows but me!

—Marie Wilson Baker

No evening's pleasure is worth a morning's headache.

EDDY'S MATCHES

Remember to ask for Eddy's when you order matches

ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

The "grain of Mustard" for health

Don't refuse the mustard when it is passed to you. Cultivate the habit of taking it with meat, especially fat meat. It stimulates the digestion and aids in assimilating your food.

but it must be Keen's



A Few Puffs a Day Keeps the Insects Away!

The Sapho Bulb Sprayer \$1.00

(For Use With Sapho Powder)

Wreaks terrible destruction on Flies and all insects that worry cattle and swarms in dairy and barn. Kill the and miles on poultry too. A few puffs brings comfort and saves money. Guaranteed harmless to humans, animals and birds. Money back if not satisfied.

SAPHO POWDER IN TINS, 25c, 50c, \$1.25.
SAPHO PUFFERS, 15c.
If your dealer doesn't stock Sapho Bulb Sprayer, order from us, sending his name.
KENNEDY MANUFACTURING CO.
586 Henri Julien Ave., Montreal
Write for circular to
Ontario Agent: Continental Sales Co., 21 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds