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GREEN TEA

Superior to the best Japans, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Sample Free—Salada, Toronto.

His Name Was Preserved Fish

—BY RICHARD CONNELL.

PART IV.

With a sigh of satisfaction the man who had been Preserved Fish took up his work behind the soda fountain of the Alpha and Omega Drug Store, Main Street, Bucyrus.

He sought out a boarding house. "What name?" asked the lady who kept it.

"John Fish."

There was no smile. "Pay in advance," was all she said, not even a remark about Yarmouth blasters.

He was introduced to the other boarders, minor employees like himself.

"Miss Dowson, meet Mr. John Fish."

A fat, moist hand and a fat, moist smile; no giggle; no impression made on Miss Dowson.

"Mr. Hewitt, meet Mr. John Fish."

A quick, tight grip, a quick, tight smile, a toneless "Glad to know you."

That was all. No interest in Mr. John Fish was evinced by Mr. Hewitt.

"Miss Smith, meet Mr. John Fish."

A well-kept little hand and a pleasant smile, but purely a formal one. And so with the other boarders.

John Fish had a faint, vague feeling of missing something.

At breakfast next morning no one looked up when he came in; no one nudged anybody in the ribs; no one tittered. He was permitted to eat in moody silence; no heed was paid to him. Only Miss Smith spoke to him, and she called him "Mr. Gish."

Two thoughts escorted him to his work in the Alpha and Omega Drug Store. One was that no one had ever forgotten his name before. The other was that Miss Smith had auburn hair.

Long, uneventful weeks of milk shakes, phosphates, frappes, banana splits, and sodas floated by, and to John Fish came the slow realization that he was not as happy as one should be who has just escaped from

an odious bondage. He joined the Bucyrus Baptist Church and went to all its social functions; but with his absence of personality he was very much a wallflower. No one sought an introduction to him. No one looked up when he came in, or followed him with curious eyes when he went out.

One night three months after he fled from his home his drug store was burglarized, and he had a not unimportant part in catching and subduing the thief. In the Bucyrus "Bugle," next morning, he sought eagerly for an account of the affair. He found it at last, a meagre paragraph hidden among the shoe advertisements. With a strange, starved feeling he read it, and noted that his name was dragged into the last sentence, quite casually.

"A clerk named John Fisk helped to catch the thief."

That was all. They even had the name wrong. He thought of the story the Clintonia "Star" would have spread on its front page had he, Preserved Fish, been a hero back home. Nothing less than two columns and his picture, and his name in the headline. He realized now why he was feeling so lonely, so utterly left out. He missed the notoriety.

Habits die hard. Preserved Fish had the publicity habit. He admitted it to himself. He missed, actually missed, the public eye that had been focused on him. As Preserved Fish he was somebody; as John Fish he was nobody. Nobody likes to be nobody.

But one thing kept him from packing up his zither and going back to Clintonia and the spotlight. He had fallen in love with Miss Smith. She was so little and gentle and timid. Her name was Mary.

He thought her shy, with a charming shyness, as they strolled in the cemetery the following Sunday afternoon, the accepted trysting place for lovers. He conquered a lump in his throat as they sat down on a bench in a nook by a mausoleum, and spoke what was in his heart.

"Oh," she answered him in a soft, frightened voice, "I like you all right, John. But I'm very, oh, very sorry; I can't marry you."

"You can't?"

"No, John."

She laid a small hand on his blue serge sleeve.

"You see," she said, "my ideal of a husband is a man who amounts to something."

"Don't I?" said John Fish, although he knew he didn't.

"Forgive me for saying it, John, but you don't."

He stepped viciously on a passing caterpillar.

"John," said Mary, "I'm terribly sorry. But it has always been my dream to marry an important man, a distinguished man. But, John, you're just ordinary. Your very name is commonplace."

"So's yours," muttered John Fish.

"Yes, I know," returned Mary Smith, "and that's one reason I won't marry you. I hate my name. It's so common. But it wouldn't be an improvement to change it to Mrs. John Fish. If you were named Frothingham or Hollingsworth or Montessoro—I might think about it."

John Fish stared glumly at the toe of his shoe.

"Besides," added Mary Smith, "we couldn't live on eighteen dollars a week."

"But, Mary"—he started desperately to say.

"Please don't let's talk about it any more," she cried, tears in her eyes. "Good-bye."

Before he could detain her she had hurried away among the maze of monuments.

When John Fish, dejected and world-weary, shambled into his boarding house, there was a special delivery letter propped against his wash bowl. He ripped it open. It was from Galahad. The note read:

"Oh, you Preserved Fish (alias John): I just sold those Confederate notes to a collector for \$800. Being a good brother, I'll only charge you a hundred commission. Better come home, grab the seven hundred, and buy out Old Man Kepler. He'll sell. Says business is rotten since you left. Well, olive oil, old soused mackerel!

Galley.

With quick, determined steps John Fish went straight to Mary Smith's room. He heard faint sniffing, weepy

sounds inside. He banged on the door.

"Who is it?" called the faintest of voices.

"It's me," he said.

"Who's me?"

"Preserved Fish," he answered loudly.

"What?" The weepy sounds stopped.

"Yes, that's my real name. Preserved Fish. Get 'hat? Preserved Fish."

"Uh-huh," from inside the door.

"I changed my name to 'John' because 'Preserved' made me so conspicuous. Now I'm going to change it back to 'Preserved' and be somebody again."

Mary Smith, a little red about the eyes, but smiling, came out into the hallway.

"Is that true what you said?" she asked.

For answer he thrust the letter into her hand.

"Are you the Preserved Fish whose name used to be in the papers?" she asked, looking up at him shyly. Awe was in her tone.

"There isn't another man named Preserved Fish in the world," he said, his chest expanding.

"Oh, Preserved," cried Mary Smith softly.

He did the proper thing. If you should chance to go down Market Street in Clintonia, at the corner of Cannon Street you will see a glittering drug store, the most prosperous in town; and over it, the largest sign in that part of the state, in gleaming letters of gold reads:

DRUGS AND SODA
Proprietor
PRESERVED FISH
(The End.)

Here Comes the Thief.

Here comes the thief
Men nickname Time,
Oh, hide you, leaf,
And hide you, rhyme.

Leaf, he would take you
And leave you rust.

Rhyme, he would flake you
With spotted dust.

Scurry to cover,
Delicate maid

And serious lover,
Girl, bind the braid

For the lusciously fair
He has an eye

For the lusciously fair
Who passes by.

O lover, hide—
Who comes to plunder

Has the crafty stride
Of unheard thunder.

Quick—lest he snatch,
In his grave need,

And sift and match,
Then sow like seed

Your love's sweet grief
On the backward air.

With the rhyme and the leaf
And the maiden's hair.

—Hazel Hall.



Lowering Herself.

"You say she's lowering herself to go with that man?"

"Yes; he doesn't like high heels and she's stopped wearing them."

Dogs Following Motors.

The practice is again being indulged in of allowing pet dogs to run behind motor cars. This is a dangerous proceeding—for the dog. It becomes overheated and strained in trying to keep up, and is apt to suffer greatly. It is a cruel and thoughtless proceeding, and one that will not be permitted. A dog must, of course, have exercise, but it should be obtained in some other way.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

A good attitude of mind is that of the man in a rowboat headed upstream. He knows that he must row even to hold his own.

Cats need plenty of grass. Give them either a run out of doors, or, if that is impossible, green stuff grown in a box.

About the House

REMOVING STAINS.

Grease just has a natural affinity for good clothes. At least I so concluded recently when I stepped from the car and discovered I had an immense smear of grease on one of my best gray silk stockings. If you don't know what to do with a grease spot or a stain it's a calamity. If you do know what to do it is only a nuisance. I find the following list almost indispensable, for I am never quite sure which remover I should use when a spot appears upon a cherished garment.

Grease. Rub lard or oil in spot and launder in the usual way. For grease on delicate fabrics a paste of fuller's earth or white chalk is a good solvent. Apply paste and allow it to absorb the grease. If the spot does not disappear at first, try another or several applications.

Grass. For light fabrics hot water and soap is the best solvent. Ordinary laundering and boiling should remove grass stains from white goods. For colored fabrics use a solvent of soap and cooking soda made into a paste. Rub this paste on the spot and let stand over night. Then launder in the usual way.

Chocolate. Sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water. Then wash in warm water, using soap.

Coffee and Tea. Spread stained surface over bowl or tub. Pour boiling water through stained part from a height so as to strike the stain with force.

Cream. Wash in cold water, then with warm water and soap.

Fruit. Treat like coffee stain. If stain persists soak in solution of Javelle water and boiling water for a few minutes. Rinse thoroughly with boiling water to which a little dilute ammonia water has been added.

Blood. Cold water or a paste of cornstarch and water is a satisfactory solvent. Soak in cold water till stain turns brown. Rub out of cold water, applying soap, and wash in warm water. In using cornstarch, apply the paste, making several applications till the stain is absorbed.

Mildew. For a solvent use lemon juice or a paste of one tablespoonful of starch, the juice of one lemon, a little soft soap and salt. To remove the stain, wet with lemon juice and expose to the sun or apply the paste and expose to the sun.

Paint. Turpentine, benzine or alcohol are good solvents for most cases. For delicate colors use chloroform. For old paint stains equal parts of turpentine and ammonia is good. Wet the spot with one of the solvents; let stand for a few minutes. If stain is not removed, wet again and sponge or pat with a clean cloth.

Iron Rust. For this stain three solvents may be used: A 10 per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid, oxalic acid or a paste of lemon juice, starch, salt and soap. In using one of the acids, wet the stained portion with borax and water and spread over a bowl of boiling water; apply acid drop by drop till stain begins to brighten. Dip at once in alkaline water to neutralize solution. If stain doesn't disappear, add more acid and rinse again in ammonia water. In using lemon juice paste, wet the spot and expose to the sun. This method is longer but it is effective with light rust spots.

MY PANTRY TABLE.

We had an old washstand that was too dilapidated to use, so we threw it on the junk heap, keeping the marble slab as a top. The table sits at the pantry window near the flour barrel and is used daily for rolling bread, pies, and so on.—Mrs. C. B. G.

SPARE KITCHEN MOMENTS.

My kitchen has a sunny pleasant window which until a few months ago was of no use to me except for its original purpose—to admit light. But now I have installed beside it a comfortable rocking chair, and just above this on the wall a small shelf painted white. On this I keep not only my recipe files and account book but one or two books of fiction, and when I

find a few minutes—when I am waiting for something to boil, for instance—I sit down comfortably and pick up a book. This is infinitely better than taking a chance on going into another room, becoming absorbed in something else and forgetting what's on the stove.

One thing I have banished forever from my kitchen; that is my work basket. When I am head over heels in cooking, baking, and the thousand and one duties of a housewife I do not want to be reminded at every turn that there is a pile of mending waiting for me.—Ruth E. Botsford.

A STYLISH COSTUME SUIT.



4305-4291. Youthful and very popular is this smart suit, with its one-piece dress and the accompanying box coat. As illustrated, the blouse portion of the dress is of figured silk, and the skirt portion and jacket are of Canton crepe. This will be a good style for linen or ratine. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

The Jacket Pattern, 4291, is cut in 8 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The dress, 4305, is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress and jacket as illustrated in the large view will require for a 16-year size 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for jacket and skirt portions, and 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch silk or contrasting material for blouse and sleeve portions.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Shopmen of the King.

The King does not, in the ordinary course of events, do his own shopping. It is done for him. All the same, he has certain shops which he favors, and to these he gives his Royal patronage.

From a recently issued list it appears that the King has seven fish merchants; eight grocers, two tailors; six tobacconists; four hatters; five bakers; two brandy merchants; four fruit merchants; eight butchers; and five champagne merchants.

Also included in the list, among a host of other shopmen, are a rose grower, a fish sauce manufacturer, a kilt maker, a philatelist, a maker of hard tennis courts, and a manufacturer of lamprey pies!

The Prince of Wales seems to have more tailors than the King, though this does not mean he wears more clothes. He has nine tailors. But as one of them is in Melbourne, his Royal Highness probably does not regularly patronize them all.

Wee Typewriter.

The invention of the smallest practical keyboard typewriter weighing only 2 1/2 pounds, is claimed by a Connecticut man.

Corrugated Galvanized Steel Roofing

Direct from Manufacturers to Consumer WRITE FOR PRICES

W. E. DILLON CO., Limited
189 - 191 George St. Toronto

A Lifebuoy bath
Cool, fresh, rested skin tingling with health and comfort—
Feeling cleaner than you ever felt before—
Because of the big, creamy lather of Lifebuoy.

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Have Summer Heat This Winter
A Warm house and a cool cellar day and night the winter through. And a saving in your coal bills of from 25% to 50%

A KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR
In your cellar will ensure this. The Kelsey is the most efficient and economical system of home heating ever devised and will heat the smallest cottage or the largest mansion properly and healthfully.
MAY WE SEND YOU PARTICULARS?

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED
JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

Buzz-z-z-z

—and then he buries his sting in your neck. The pestiferous MOSQUITO works 24 hours a day and your sleeping hours are his busiest.

"Stay it with Sapho." One or two puffs with a Sapho Bulb Sprayer, and in five to twenty minutes every mosquito is dead. Or burn a little in your bedroom, if you prefer. And Sapho slays flies, roaches, ants and other pests as well.

Use it everywhere. Spray it over the dining table—in the kitchen—it's absolutely harmless on food and NON-POISONOUS to humans or animals.

Sapho Powder 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.25.
Sapho Bulb Sprayer \$1.00.
If you haven't tried Sapho get a Sapho Puffer for 15 cents. See special offer below.

Ask for Sapho Liquid for moths. Spray it in your closets and on furniture for complete protection.

Kennedy Manufacturing Co.
586 Henri Julien St. - Montreal

SAPHO POWDER kills

Kennedy Mfg. Co., Montreal
586 Henri Julien St. in stores. Please send Enlosed and 1c in stamps. Please send Sapho Puffer and literature on killing pests.
Name.....
Address..... (D 2)

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Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

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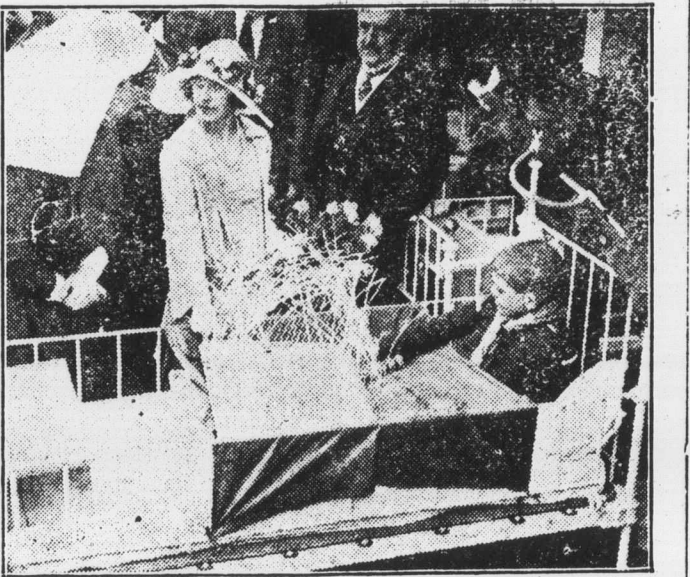
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CAKE OR LIQUID

EDDY'S MATCHES

First in Safety
First in Convenience
First in Economy

EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT ROOF HOSPITAL

The Duchess of York was present at the inauguration of a roof ward at a hospital for children, and was caught by the photographer intensely interested in an explanation being made by a nurse at the bedside of a little patient who is making a piece of basketry.

Mustard is valuable in the diet

Did you know that mustard not only gives more zest and flavor to meats, but also stimulates your digestion? Because it aids assimilation it adds nourishment to foods.

but it must be Keen's