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The Saving Hate

By MARGARET BJORNSON PEDROSE.

PART II.

The pace was maintained relentlessly for nearly three hours, and Virginia was almost dead from fatigue when at last they came to Tom Boardman's cabin, a low, heavy log structure, half buried in a clump of birch and scrub jackpines. Her husband himself met them at the door, swept her off her horse with her baggage and dismissed her escort, who wheeled and galloped off back the trail with both pines.

"I thought you were injured," began Virginia, with indignation, when her husband had deposited her in a robe-covered rustic chair beside the roaring fireplace.

"I am—heart's bad," he replied, enigmatically, and would say no more until she had drunk a cup of hot coffee, which he prepared in a battered tin cup. Condensed milk and water formed the basis of the beverage, and his wife winced at the taste of it; but she was so cold and hungry that she finally closed her eyes and gulped it down anyway.

Her spirits rose with the warming drink and she pointedly told her husband that his sense of humor in enjoining her into the wilderness the way he had did not appeal to her at all; that he must take her back to the railroad immediately, so she could return to the city.

He smiled grimly, crossed to the door and threw open the door.

"You know the way you came," he invited, with a gesture, "start as soon as you wish."

She sprang from her chair and crossed to him on a bound. Her face was white and her eyes were hot pinpoints of hate.

"Do you mean I must stay in this—this cave?" she demanded, her voice quivering with anger.

"Hush!" He laughed and closed the door, then folded his arms across his broad chest and studied her. "I've been wondering for a long time, Virginia, if there isn't a spark of real woman lying dormant in you," he said, musingly. "By spring I shall know."

She drew in her breath sharply.

"You mean that I must stay in this—this place all winter?"

He nodded gravely.

"You animal!" she shrieked, and with a frenzied lunge, she sank her fingernails into his cheeks.

Just what happened then she did not know. But a flash of hate that had not been there before leaped into those of her husband, and she went reeling from his outthrust hands, to bring up with a severe jolt against the log wall behind her.

"Damn!" she shrieked in crescendo, and sprang at him again. "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!"

He held her off at arm's length. He held her off with his anger, by now and his face was a mask of determined steel. He reached for a rawhide Indian dogwhip which hung along the floor. The action, instead of frightening her, increased her fury. He drew back his arm and she lashed out at him with her foot, her sharp French heel finding its mark in the cord of his knee. Then he struck, and she, with a fragmentary cry, suddenly relaxed and sank to the floor. The whip, strangely, had ceased to sting, and she lay there like a rotten string, and only a shred of the rawhide, which years before had passed the age of usefulness, remained with the blunt stock.

The man hurried down the whiststock, picked up his wife as though she were a child, and carried her into the adjoining room, where he placed her upon the bed.

He forced her to undress and don a flimsy nightgown which she had brought along with her from the city, then bundled her into the bed, procured a cobweb-covered bottle of liquor from the other room, and made her drink down a cupful of its contents.

The liquor soon took effect. The woman's sobbing sank gradually to a moan, and finally ceased. Only when she was sound asleep did the grim-faced man beside the bed leave her. Then he strode stiffly out into the other room, seated himself beside the fireplace and dropped his chin in the palms of his hands, and stared sullenly into the crackling blaze.

For a long time after her grief had subsided the woman lay without movement on the bed, her eyes wide and staring. Resolution slowly took form in her mind; and when at last she swung out of bed and got upon her feet her features were calm—deadly calm—and her eyes had a dangerous gleam. Quickly she donned the clothing which she had worn the day before.

She felt now the strain from her long ride up from the railroad, and her first attempt at walking was accompanied by excruciating pain.

She wasted no time in self-pity, however. Three turns she took across the floor of the bedroom, to limber up her joints, then passed out into the other room.

She noticed the whiststock and shreds of rotten rawhide which still lay on the floor of the main room, but only gave them a glance and tightened her lips. A sporting rifle of the light-weight, high-power type rested on the antlers of a buck deer beside the front door. She took the weapon down. Next she donned her coat. Then, with the rifle grasped in her hand she opened the door.

The outside air, in contrast to the heated cabin, was nipping cold. An extra half-foot of snow covered the ground. The limbs of the jackpines drooped dejectedly under their added burdens. But the woman with the rifle saw only the footprints of her husband as she stepped out of the cabin and took up his trail. She would follow him to where he was cutting wood, she had decided, subdue him with the rifle and at the point of the weapon compel him to guide her to the nearest settlement. If he resisted, she told herself, she would shoot him.

As she passed into the thicker scrub she heard in the distance a high-pitched shriek cry. Had she been in the right senses she would have realized there was a menace in its tone and would have paused. As it was, her instincts were subordinated by her blazing desire for revenge, and she pressed onward without the slightest thought of danger.

Other distant cries at different points covered the first one, but still the woman paid no heed. She could distinguish the ring of an axe a few hundred yards ahead, where the jackpines melted into the high forest wall, and increased her stride.

In a few moments she came in sight of the axman. He stood with his back toward her as with mighty blows he undercut the trunk of a twelve-inch pine. She concealed the rifle behind her back as she approached him.

The axman cried again, this time from the depths of the timber close by.

On the instant the man straightened, stepped back from the tree he was felling and raised the ax on the defensive. He recognized the cry, though the woman had not.

It was the hunt-call of the timber wolf.

Other wolves answered the first one. The man whirled about-face, and with

The World's Disappearing Coinage

One of the strangest results of the war was the rapid disappearance of coinage from the world's currency. England has been very fortunate, having lost only her gold. But in Europe, gold, silver, and in many cases, even copper, have disappeared from circulation.

France has paper money as low as fifty centimes—equal to fivepence in normal times—and, during the years 1915-1917, actually had paper notes of twenty-five centimes' value. Her silver has not been withdrawn, but it is very rare. The constant moving about of British troops during the war kept it in circulation to some extent in the northern parts, at any rate.

Germany's lowest paper note is ten pfennig—one penny normally. This is also the value of her highest coin.

During the war, her whole coinage was changed. Gold and silver were withdrawn, and an iron coinage substituted. To foster the spirit of patriotism, a standard ring was made, which was worn as a sign of loyalty by all Germans that had surrendered any ornaments to the State. The ring bore the words, "Gold gab ich für Eisen, 1914—Gold I gave for Iron, 1914."

To-day, even the iron money has disappeared, and the only coins left in circulation are the five and ten-pfennig pieces. There is, however, one exception. In Tilsit, in East Prussia, one can find twenty-five-pfennig town coins.

As a result of this change, the old laws which forbade a man to smelt coins have been repealed, and now advertisements may be seen in the Berlin papers, offering as much as four hundred marks for a twenty-mark gold coin, and ten marks for a one-mark silver coin.

All notes from one mark—normal value, 25 cents—upwards, as made by the Government, and are only valid in the district of the town whose name they bear; neither can they be exchanged abroad.

In the occupation of Russia by the German Army from 1915 until the

a start of amercement, saw his wife. "Run!" he cried. "Run for the cabin!"

Instead, she drew the rifle from behind her and took deliberate aim at his breast.

"Drop that ax!" she ordered.

His face went white, but he obeyed. The wolf cries had ceased. He knew the significance of the stillness that had fallen upon the timber. The hunt-pack was closing in.

"Tom Boardman," said the woman with the rifle, "you are going to do what I tell you, or I shall shoot you. Answer now: How far is it to the nearest settlement, and can we get there before night?"

"Virginia," he interjected hoarsely—"the wolves! They'll get us if we don't reach the cabin!"

At that moment a huge, gaunt, gray thing stole out of the woods on his right, its belly dragging on the snow. He waved his arms at it and yelled, and it slunk behind a tree. Another wolf darted into the open from behind him and launched itself at his spine. He sensed its attack, and braving a bullet from the rifle, swept up the ax at his feet and whirled to meet it. The glistering blade caught the wolf in midair and it fell to the snow.

(To be continued next issue.)

Watching An Event 200,000 Years Old.

Astronomers are now watching an event that occurred more than 200,000 years ago.

But the event took place so far away from the earth that the light rays are only just arriving.

The attention of scientists was attracted to the matter by a message from the Lick Observatory. In California, which read, "Nova Aquilae now has a diameter of 3.8 minutes of the arc."

Two years ago this new star appeared in the sky in the constellation known as Aquila.

According to the astronomers, it was probably caused by the collision of a small star, flying through space, with what is known as a dark nebula—a star cluster, or group of stars, which, in itself, gave no light.

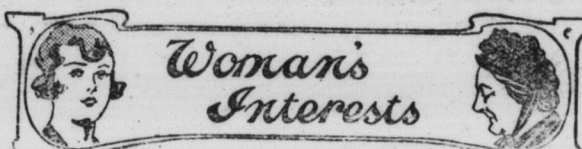
When the star hit this dark nebula the friction of its passage caused a great explosion, which lit up the rest of the dark nebula.

This illumination travelled through the nebula at the speed of light—186,000 miles a second. The astronomers, knowing the speed of light, were able to estimate, by recording how long it took the bright spot to grow to a given size as seen from the earth, how far away the light spot was.

The spot, after it had been growing for two years at the speed at which light travels, was still so small that it required a telescope and sensitive astronomical instruments to measure its size.

The astronomers compute that their measurement of the apparent size of this spot means that the flare is 217,120 "light years" away, or, in other words, the 217,120 years have been required for the light rays to bridge the distance. A "light year," or distance travelled by a ray of light in twelve months, is approximately 5,781,600,000 miles. This number, multiplied by 217,120, would give, roughly, the distance from the earth to Nova Aquilae. Astronomers declare that few visible stars are known to be farther from the earth than this.

Distracted Mother: "Oh, dear! What shall I do with baby?" Young Son: "Didn't we get a book of instructions with it, mother?"



Nuggets From "Household Mines."

When my long turned out to be too soft, and I knew it would run if applied to the cake, I went confidently to my box of confectioner's sugar to add to it. I found the box empty. The icing was boiled sugar and water poured over the white of an egg, and beaten until cold. I knew I could not reboil it, so thought of using puffed wheat, crushed to a powder. Not only did it work fine, but my family remarked upon its good taste, and were glad I had been so liberal with the "nuts" in the icing. I had used a few pecans.—F. A. R.

I often think of various jobs for the men folks to do about the house, lawn, garden, or chicken yard. So I've tacked up a piece of burlap near the door leading out from the kitchen, and here I post a list of things to be done that will save me many steps. Besides this list, there are other notices on the bulletin board. I hang there a note, if I go away unexpectedly, telling where I am, and what they will find for dinner. A paper pad is fastened there with an attached pencil, whereon are jotted down, as soon as they are thought of, any articles needed from town.

When my young nephews and nieces come visiting to the country, I write a list of things they may do, one for morning and one for evening in regular routine, so they can help me. It's interesting to them to see how quickly the entire list is completed, and they are free to play or "explore."

The board has saved me much talking and directing, and leaves my mind free to act along other lines.—V. A.

Wishing to hang up the ordinary sheets of fly paper, and finding they dripped whenever I did so, I discovered the following simple method of arrangement:

I cut the bottom of a heavy paper sack, leaving a half-inch rim (the coffee sack is good, or one end of an oatmeal or sugar carton). I puncture this "cup" in the centre and insert a string with a knot on the end to prevent its slipping through.

Then I curve the fly paper around the string, and pin it together with pins, and rest one end of the roll in the paper cup. I insert another string in top edge to hang by, and tie the string to it. You will find it catches flies much faster hanging up than lying flat. Besides, it is out of the way, which is a great relief.

Try hanging one on the kitchen porch to catch some of the flies before they get inside the screen door.—E. M. H.

Did you know that you could unravel a knit sweater (not home-knit, but machine-made) and make a new one? You can, but you must begin carefully, and hank it in small hanks as you go; don't roll it into a ball. Wash each hank in soft water and soap, then with any color of dye soap you choose. Follow directions on the dye soap. Then reknit or crochet. If you wash the sweater first, before unraveling, it will shrink and be very hard to unravel. After it is clean and dry wind it into balls. You could, of course, dye it with other dyes, but boiling the wool shrinks it, and spoils its lustre.—F. A. R.

I have found in my usual routine of duties that much time and labor can be saved by using the following suggestion:

Place two needles on the end of the ironing board, together with a thimble. One needle should be threaded with white thread and the other with black. When a button is found to be coming off, one should sew it on immediately. In this manner one prevents the overlooking of such small matters. Rents in garments can be sewed too, although larger places where patching is needed will delay ironing. If you perform this operation, you will see the truth of the saying that "a stitch in time saves nine."—C. L.

A Proper Luncheon for the Girl Who Works.

Choosing a fit luncheon is a serious matter to the girl who works, for in order to keep her strength she must eat things that are nutritious rather than things that merely taste good. The question of a light or a heavy meal, as well as of the choice of foods, should be answered according to the girl's age, occupation and physical condition. It is really a matter of choosing the right food at the right time. Here are some rules that should be of service:

In choosing your luncheon, let it have a proper relation to the other meals of the day. If you had a light breakfast, eat a nourishing, though not necessarily a heavy luncheon, for you require a certain quantity of food for the day to maintain your weight and strength. If, on the other hand, you had a substantial breakfast, limit yourself to a light luncheon.

Consider the character of your work, too. If it requires muscular effort, try to include in your noon meal an easily digested, strength-giving food, such as a bowl of pea soup, a piece of sweet chocolate or a beaten egg. If you do work that taxes brain and nerves rather than muscle, observe carefully,

without giving too much attention to details, what kind of luncheon gives you the most working power and adopt that as a standard. A crisp roll, a plain lettuce salad with plenty of oil, and a glass of milk satisfy many brain workers.

So far as possible, eat your luncheon in hygienic surroundings. Have the room well ventilated, eat slowly and, if possible, forget, if only for a few minutes, the cares of your work.

Consider, too, the season of the year. In winter take heat-producing foods, such as cocoa, bread and butter and soup. In hot weather a plate of ice cream or a bowl of cool, fresh milk makes an excellent foundation for a meal.

Never make a sundae or an ice cream soda the main dish even of a very light luncheon. The nourishment derived from the best of such confections is small, and those that are made with cheap syrups injure the digestion. Buckwheat cakes, oyster and fried egg sandwiches, sausages, hot bread and rich pastries are heavy and difficult to digest; therefore they are undesirable dishes for the noon meal. But milk, cereals, soups, rice and some sandwiches—such as chicken, cream cheese and roast beef—are wholesome, strength-producing foods. Some of the unwholesome dishes are nutritious, but they have lost their value by being poorly cooked. The fried egg sandwich is an example of that. On the other hand, the trouble with the oyster sandwich is that it offers little or no nourishment.

Finally, make up your mind to be regular in whatever plan of diet you may adopt.

Surprise Visitors.

Her house was in disorder. With things all out of place, When came her charming sister, With bright and smiling face, Together with her husband, And their wild romping son, To happily surprise her. They thought it was such fun!

She had to quit housecleaning And straighten things around In order that sufficient room For quarters might be found. With half the task completed, And weary unto pain, She had to change her program, And gladly entertain.

A week of ceaseless duties As hostess made her heart Less happy, though reluctant Was she with them to part. And 'ere they left, an uncle, With glad light in his eyes, Arrived to pay a visit— Another grand surprise.

She bravely smiled and made them As happy as she could; For she loved each one dearly And wanted to be good. While they remained, a cousin, Who was just passing through, Knew she would be delighted— So he surprised her, too!

Before the second week passed She wore a haggard look; But still continued sweetly To entertain and cook. Her father and her mother, Their glad dream realized, And came without announcement— Once more she was surprised!

Thus came her loved ones jolly With unannounced, which had For its most worthy purpose Design to make her glad. But one who knows has stated That folks who realize, And give most joy by visits Arrive not by surprise!

Try the Other Way.

A prosperous farmer has gained the reputation of being the stingiest man in his town, and consequently is not a general favorite with his neighbors. He owns an old horse which, to put it mildly, is very thin. As if to make up for the lack of flesh on his body, however, the animal has a head many times too large. The other week he went to the expense of a new collar for the animal. A few minutes after the delivery he was back at the saddle with the collar. "Don't you know nothin'!" he blurted out. "You've made it too small. I can't get it over his head!" Over his head! replied the saddler. "Man alive, it wasn't made to go over his head. Back him into it!"

The Fairy Ship.

Pink hollyhocks in a neighbor's garden. Nod to blue larkspurs in mine. The sunshine on the green sward Is poured out like golden wine. The blue sky leans to the ambient air Like the sea to its mellow and; the great white clouds, with billowy sails. Pass on to some fabled strand.

Up from life's boundless horizon, Through its golden haze of dreams, Comes floating by a fairy ship. On whose prow a clear light streams. A marvelous beauty is streaming From its iridescent spirit wings, And elfin strains from some fair world Whence beauty immortal springs.

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Teaching Trees to Dress.

Experiments carried on in England in the art of making naked boughs clothe themselves decently with leaf-buds and flower-buds have resulted this season in some very striking successes.

This work has been carried on by the National Cider Institute, on the lines of a method used for rather different purposes two hundred years ago by French gardeners.

If a tree has any part of any bough without shoots, you may clothe the naked parts without expense or much trouble. All you have to do is to cut a circle with a sharp knife, just above the place where buds should be. The cut should go through the bark and the layer below it. In respect of young wood, the cut is only a slicing; nothing is removed. In the case of older wood it may be necessary to cut out a narrow piece of bark and "cambium," or the layer below the bark.

The yield of many trees in the cider-growing districts has been much increased by this method.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

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HOW FICTION HEROES ASK THE QUESTION

PROPOSAL SCENE MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE.

Selections from the Writings of Different Novelists on an Absorbing Topic.

The successful novelist always knows how important the proposal scene is, especially to his lady readers, and generally manages to work up to it for all he is worth.

Dickens' proposals are the last word in artistry, but women don't cotton much to them. There is too much of the male grin in them as a rule, as though the novelist was saying to himself, "Silly young ass, too!"

Take Copperfield's proposal to the girl who afterwards became his "child-wife":

"I don't know how I did it. I did it in a moment. I had Dora in my arms. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her I idolized and worshipped her. If she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word and I was ready. I had loved her every minute, day and night, since I saw her. I loved her at the moment to distraction. I should always have loved her every minute to distraction. No lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should love as I loved Dora."

Edna Lyall always manages her love scenes skillfully from the feminine standpoint. This is how Donovan proposes, in the immensely successful novel of that name:

"The first time I came to you it was as a penniless outcast; the second as a friend; the next time as one who loved you, but dared not speak—May I go on? Will you hear me?"

"He took her hand in his, made her lean on his arm, still holding the little hand in his strong grasp."

"Ever since I was a small boy you have been my ideal. Oh Gladys, you little know what you did for me, what you saved my soul! You have taught me what love is and now that I am beginning to learn something of the over-lustiness of love I want your help more and more. Gladys, will you be my wife? Can you trust me?"

For quarters of an hour Gladys was silent. Gladys said, "It is easy to trust in the light," said Gladys softly.

How Derry did it.

There is nothing "soft" about Ansel Bennett, but he knows the battle of things, and his love proposals are true to life. In "The Card" Derry suddenly flings out that he loves the girl whom he is seeking off to America with her bankrupt father. There are scraps of the following scene:

"Look here! Derry, when you said you were coming for a second, I was something I want to give you, and I've left it in a can."

"In a sort of way, he said, he had the long hand and a dream. I'll show the duck to another game, you know, as sleep slips they should try to remember."

"This way," Derry said, "I'll hand. He struggled to the bench."

"Which one is it?" she asked.

"Jump in!" He pushed her in.

"But I shall miss the boat."

"I know you will. Do you think I was going to let you go by that boat? Not much!"

"But another day, Derry, I'll be back."

"I'll telegraph. I'll get it on landing."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Well, what do you think? I'm going to marry you, of course."

"You can't think how you have staggered me!"

"You can't think how I have staggered myself!"

"But he had staggered himself into a ridiculous state of happiness. She had no money, no clothes, no title, no experience, no part of his life. But she was his."

Marie Corelli's allegory in the matter of love-making recently very largely for her treatment as popularity. Here is a sample of the way she manages the proposal of marriage in "Thelma" between the heroine and Sir Philip Erimont:

"In one second she was caught in his arms, and clasped passionately to his heart."

"Thelma! Thelma!" he whispered. "I love you, my darling—I love you!"

"She trembled in his strong embrace, and strove to release herself, but he pressed her more closely to him."

"My darling, my love, if you are not angry with me, I shall understand!"

"She hesitated. To Philip that instant seemed like a century of revolving years. Timidly she lifted her head. She was very pale, and her breath came and went quickly. He gazed at her in speechless astonishment. As in a vision, the girl's face, with its face and startled eyes, blushing more and more closely to him. Then came a touch—soft and sweet as a rose-leaf pressed against his lips."

New Machine Gun.

British army authorities are testing a new machine gun. The weight 430 shots a minute. The weight of the gun, complete with mounting, is 16½ pounds. There is no kick to the gun.

Some good harvest hands could be found in the baseball camp.