

After Every Meal

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house.

WRIGLEYS

Burning Trash in That Old Fireplace.

Less than a year ago we moved to an old house and found that the old fireplace had not been bricked shut. People told us it wouldn't do to use the fireplace. They said it would have to be remade to be safe, and predicted all kinds of troubles, but there were wagon-loads of trash to be burned and we wanted the luxury of an open fire. So we got a pair of old andirons and went to work on the trash pile. A screen was used to protect floor and rug.

Well, the fireplace is going to be a permanent institution. It would never do for zero weather, but for the cold days of spring and fall it is excellent and the trash is disappearing at a lively rate. An old apple limb put on the andirons and backed for a half day, and in the evening we rovel in the soft glow and warmth. It is as easy to pop corn and roast apples now as in pioneer times, and we are seriously considering getting some old blacksmith to make us a crane to hang a kettle on.

If you have an old fireplace, don't brick it shut or tear it out. Give the children a chance to see how their great-grandparents lived, and incidentally bind them to the home as nothing else can bind them like an open glowing fire. Let them roast marshmallows and "winners" with their friends, and slip some potatoes into the ashes. It is great fun.—R.

Ants Have Smart System of Scouts.

Less is known about the social customs of many an obscure race of people than is known about the social customs of ants, but the methods of communication of these little creatures have been found difficult to study.

Professor Von H. Eldmann, of Munich, has been making observations on a colony of ants inhabiting an artificial ant-hill in his laboratory. He chose the incidents of food-finding for his study of their methods of communication.

Upon finding a particle of food, an ant tried to drag it away herself, but as that was impossible she took the shortest cut back to the ant-hill to get help.

In the upper part of the ant-hill was a sort of guard room where there were ants always ready for such hurry calls. The scout who had found the food entered and crossed antennae with each ant, and thus communicated the glad tidings. The ants swarmed out and ran aimlessly around until the scout who had found the booty reappeared.

The scout led the way with a trail of ants close on her heels. When the booty was found, it was attacked and broken to pieces.

The scientist (writing in Science) describes how he sprinkled crumbs of food where a scout could find them. The little creature made twenty-three trips to and from the ant-hill until the last crumb had been delivered.

A happy marriage and no more than seven hours' sleep a night comprise the natural solution for every woman's quest for beauty.—Dr. Joseph P. Bibeau.

Canada has twenty-three varieties of fur-bearing animals. Specimens of all the skins are shown in the Canadian Pavilion at Wembley.

The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPER.

CHAPTER I.
OUT OF THE SKY.

Mary Marshall sat gazing at the sky and wondered about love. Although she was eighteen, and deliciously pretty, all that she knew about that fascinating subject had been gleaned from romantic books. For no Prince Charming ever entered Paradise Canyon, that mysterious retreat in Mexico, just across the Arizona border, where she had lived all her life with her widower father.

The only men Mary knew were Daddy, and his three retainers, Bud Hughes, a soldier of fortune whom her father had given refuge, and Miguel and Ramon, two young Mexicans.

Paradise Canyon was closed off from all the rest of the world, for she had been brought there while still a very small child, and remembered no other place. There was only one secret pass by which the canyon could be entered, and that was kept constantly guarded by one or the other of the servants. There were never any guests, for John Marshall, Mary's father, cared for no company. And no stray, uninvited guests had ever found their way in.

There was some mystery behind all this strict seclusion, Mary knew, but what was the reason of it all her father had never told her. What ever it might be, it had effectively kept romance out of her life.

But not out of her heart. The beauty and solitude of Paradise Canyon led to dreams. Dreams of the thing called love which Mary had known only by hearsay and printed words. So Mary had spent many hours gazing at the sky above and living alone with her dreams, as she was on this summer afternoon.

Her reverie was suddenly interrupted by a large rough hand which gently caressed her soft sunshine-colored hair. Mary leaned back farther and looked up into the face of her father. He bent over her and did what no other man had yet been privileged to do—kissed her. (Often Mary wished there had been others.)

"Star-gazing again, dear?" asked Daddy Marshall. "But how can you see stars in the afternoon when the sun is shining, Mary?"

"Oh, but I can see many other things up there, even with my eyes closed, Daddy," Mary replied, laughing.

"Funny little dreaming girl," he mused, his eyes following her back into the sky. "Do you think something you want will come down to you out of the clouds? He paused. Something had caught his attention. "Hello, what's that?" he ejaculated. "Mary had seen it too. She leaped to her feet.

"There was a black speck moving far up in the sky. It was almost directly above them, and was coming closer at a rapid rate.

"An airplane, Daddy," cried Mary. "I wonder who it can be, flying in these parts," said Marshall.

The speck loomed closer and larger. It was descending. They could make out the shape of the wings now, and hear the whir and hum of the thrumming motor. They heard several reports like pistol shots—backfires in the machine's exhaust.

"He's coming down, Daddy," exclaimed Mary. "He seems to be having trouble."

"But there's no place he can land here. He'll strike a rock or a tree and be killed."

They watched the progress of the plane excitedly now. It was coming very close to earth. The pilot seemed to be reconnoitering for a place to land. He swooped low above the tree tops and rose again. The sounds of backfiring continued. They watched him make desperate dips and curves in the efforts to find a safe spot to come down. Then suddenly the noise of the motor ceased altogether. The machine started dropping dizzily.

"He's falling, Daddy."

"I guess it's all over with him."

Down, down, down—the pilot was desperately trying to manoeuvre his machine in such a way that he could voilplane to a safe spot. How fast he was coming. He was close to the ground now—forty feet—twenty feet—now, he had reached the ground, the plane was bouncing along the rough surface. He couldn't bring it to a stop. It was headed right for a giant tree. There was a crash, and a puff of smoke, as the plane collided with the black trunk.

Mary and her father started running to the spot. When they reached it they found the aviator white and unconscious, bleeding in spots.

"He's alive," shouted Marshall. "I don't think he's badly hurt, either. Give a hand, Mary, and we'll get him out."

They lifted him out of the wrecked machine, and carried him back to the house. As they did so Mary could not keep herself from noticing that in addition to being an injured aviator he was young and handsome.

When they laid him on the sofa, and removed his flying headgear, Mary discovered he was even better looking than he had seemed at first. And red-headed—he had curly red hair.

His good looks increased her solicitude for his injuries. She began to feel a personal interest in bathing his face and applying amica to his wounds. Thick blood on the back of his shirt caught her eye, and she unfasted it feverishly.

"Why, Daddy, look, he's been shot in the shoulder," she cried.

Her father looked at the wound. "Just a scratch, dear," he said.

"Bullet grazed him. I've had lots like that. Does nothing more serious than leave a scar for a souvenir."

Mary washed and bandaged the wound with tender care. In the midst of her ministrations the stranger opened his eyes and looked about him,

on guard, alert, his rifle in position, as he heard the sound of hoofs, reared as he saw it was his master. Following, under cover so that he could see, but not be seen, was Buck. And following him, Komi.

"I fancied I was being trailed," said Marshal, dismounting and leaving his horse with the guard to be stabbed. "Better keep a sharp eye, Roman."

Then he walked over the cabin, where he had found Mary gazing at the sky.

As Ramon went off toward the stable with the horse Buck sneaked through the passage into Paradise Canyon.

The watchful Komi, perceiving, quickly unstrung his bow and arrow, and aimed the feathery warning that barely missed poor Miguel's nose and stuck into the kitchen door.

Just as Bud was withdrawing the arrow from the door he and Miguel saw the airplane dropping, and came down with a crash and smoke against the tree at the other side of the canyon. Carrying the warning arrow, thinking that the man in the plane might be the enemy Komi was warning them of, they started running toward it.

Before they got there Mary and her father, who had seen the plane first, had already carried the flyer to the house. They followed, and while Mary began nursing the accident victim, Bud showed Marshall the arrow, warning from Komi, Boss," said Bud.

Marshall looked at the arrow and blanched. Mary was bending over her patient, bandaging him and admiring him at one and the same time. "Maybe it means him," said Bud, pointing to the unconscious form on the sofa.

Marshall's face darkened. "Maybe," he answered. "And maybe there are others. Lots of queer things happening hereabouts to-day. Three men chased me on horses on my way home. Quick, you and Miguel, join Ramon and scour the canyon to see if we have any more uninvited visitors. I'll take care of this one."

Their hands on their revolvers, Bud and Miguel darted off.

(To be continued.)

Cricket's Love Song.

The plaintive love song of the cricket and all the other insect sounds that are heard on a summer night, may have no meaning at all to the insects themselves.

Judged by human ears, the best insect musicians of to-day belong to rather primitive orders. The more advanced groups, such as ants, bees, flies and butterflies, make no sounds that we can hear, or else, at most, only sounds that seem to us to be nothing more than faint squeaks, buzzes, hums or clicks. Whether the insects themselves hear these sounds has not been determined beyond doubt. It should be remembered that, in man's affairs at least, many sounds are made without friction, and even contrary to desire—for example, sneezing and snoring.

If the sounds made by insects are merely incidental to friction between parts of their body, then those sounds have no biological significance, except as they may betray the insect to its enemies.

Had Special Terms.
Drummer—"Have you special terms for traveling men?"
Small Hotel Proprietor—"Sure I have, but I don't use 'em till I get mad."

Excelsior, Motto of Many Insects.

In the struggle for existence many creatures are driven to live at immense heights.

The climbers of Everest saw a herd of wild sheep clinging on a glacier surrounded by bunches of ice. They found bees, moths and butterflies at 21,000 feet, and the last traces of permanent animal existence far above the Himalayan snow-line and 4,000 feet above the last vegetable growth. These were small spiders.

They live in islands of broken rock surrounded by snow and ice. There were no signs of vegetation or living creatures near them, and for food they ate one another.

Wingless grasshoppers were found living at a height of 18,000 feet.

Where the King Can't Go.

The one place in Britain from which the King is forever barred is the House of Commons. While Prince of Wales, the future Sovereign can come down to the House and sit in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, but once he has ascended the throne he can no longer do so. The reason for this rule dates back some hundreds of years, to the days when it was feared that the King's presence might prevent members from speaking their minds with their usual freedom.

The average life of an ant is eight or ten years.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The Fresh Flavor

of delicious

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

is preserved in the air-tight SALADA packet. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

THE FIRST TIME DOWN

Thrills of the First Trip to the Bottom of the Sea.

By a Diver

I shall never forget getting into a diving suit for the first time. It seemed an uninteresting sort of business until the helmet was put on over my head. Then, however, as I looked through a small glass window, the thrill came.

I remember feeling absolutely helpless at this stage, and the air that was being pumped into the helmet seemed to act upon me like chloroform.

This did not last for long, however, for my senses returned when there came three bangs upon the helmet—indicating that all was ready for descending.

I think my greatest thrill was that first descent. Imagine it for yourself. You walk to the side and go down the ladder as far as you can. This isn't far, and soon you are standing on the bottom rung, and looking at the greenish water lapping at the glass window of your helmet. It is a terrible moment.

That Under-Water Feeling.

Many people who ask to be allowed to go down get as far as this and then think better of it. The sight of that water is a test for the strongest nerve, and it takes a supreme effort of will to step off the bottom rung of the ladder.

Then you step off—if you can. All journey, working in average depths, the thought to the ocean bed lasts only about a minute, it seems to take hours. Towards the bottom, the greenish hue of the water gives way to one of blue, while the light from above causes ocean beds of many colors to play upon the eyes. The crabs, lobsters, prawns and other small fish seem to look at you in bewilderment. Then they make one sudden dive away as if afraid.

Everything is so strange, so new and beautiful, that the man "down" for the first time is tempted to gaze on in wonder, and forget the conditions under which he is there.

To the Surface Upside Down!

I forgot—once! My senses came back when I suddenly found that my feet had left the ocean bed! I clung to the rope, but then found that my feet had caught in some projecting wreckage.

I was in great danger, for had the suit not remained whole, and had any of the connections given way, I should have been drowned. My mouth being too far from the transmitter I could not communicate with those above, but in any case I felt too exhausted to speak.

I felt myself slipping further into my suit when suddenly the rope I was hanging on to seemed to slacken, allowing my feet to free themselves from the wreckage.

Then I got the surprise of my life. As soon as they were free they shot above my head, and with a motion that seemed to last for ages I arrived at the surface—upside down!

Put in a "Compression Chamber."

Instead of coming up very gradually, as I should have done, I had come up in less time than it took me to descend! While I was on the ocean bed the pressure of water on me was, of course, intense, and the sudden change to ordinary pressure is a terrible shock to any system. That is why you must come up gradually.

My sudden appearance feet first, of course, indicated to the surface people that something was wrong. I was put into a special "compression chamber" aboard the ship, and in this subjected to a heavy pressure of air, instead of water, and this was slowly reduced.

When I came out I felt little the worse for my experience, but I should not like to do it again!

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

A world's record is claimed for the Blue Nile Dam, 170 miles south of Khartoum. It cost 424 million pounds, and in the making 17 million cubic yards of earth were excavated.

Factories in Shanghai and Tsientsin, for the manufacture of clothes, rugs and matches, are supplied with British machinery. In one rug factory there are 2,000 children, ranging from 9 to 15 years of age. They work fourteen hours a day for a wage of 3d.

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THE FIRST TIME DOWN

Thrills of the First Trip to the Bottom of the Sea.

By a Diver

1006-1067 1013-1055

1006—Kimono Blouse with long or short sleeves, and with collar or low neck. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

1007—Two-piece Circular Skirt; with or without the side opening. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Size 25 waist requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch, or 2 1/4 yards of 42 or 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

1012—Mansh Shirt Blouse with or without yoke. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch, or 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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Note the flattened top of this fine kettle. No waste space above the water level. A very fast boiler, decidedly neat in appearance.

Hinged lid at side of kettle for speedy filling under tap or by dipper; being hinged it cannot fall off or get lost.

Handle, extra large rigid, shaped to fit the hand and always cool; being rigid you have perfect control at all times.

Well made, generously sized properly curved spout. Tip of spout well above water line to prevent overflowing or spilling.

This kettle is made in SMP Pearl and SMP Diamond Enamelled Ware, also in nickel plated copper ware. The name Savoy and our trade mark on each genuine kettle.

1/2 lb Package

KRAFT CHEESE

A handy size package for occasions when half a pound is "just right."

SMP ENAMELED TEA KETTLE

The average life of an ant is eight or ten years.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.