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THE BLUE PUMAS

—BY C. RANGER GULL.

PART I.

Little Sammy Richardson stood upon the terrace of the villa, high up above Monte Carlo. By his side was pretty Audrey Bayne—Audrey of the copper-colored hair and melting violet eyes.

The sun was just sinking into the Mediterranean. In the distance Corsica lay like a faint purple haze on the horizon. Far, far below were the roofs of Monte Carlo, the long white building of the Casino set in its green gardens, and beyond the great rock of the Tete du Chien with the Royal Palace and the Cathedral. It was a scene of incomparable loveliness.

Audrey sighed.

"It is almost too beautiful," she said in her low musical voice. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove!"

Little Sammy Richardson, who was very much in love with Audrey, and who did not profess to follow her in poetic flights, took a slim watch from the pocket of his white waistcoat—they were both dressed for a dinner party—and made a remark about the time.

Audrey beat impatiently upon the marble with her little foot in its shoe of white kid.

"You are hopelessly prosaic, Sammy," she said. "I don't feel as if I could go to the Villa Turquoise after all. I would rather sit here and dream!"

Sammy started. "My dear child," he cried, "not to go to the Villa Turquoise, not to dine with the Marquis de Senterre and meet Camille la Rose? Why nine-tenths of the people on the Riviera would give their eye for the chance. We shall have a wonderful night, a night to remember always!"

Audrey shrugged her pretty shoulders. Nothing in the world short of an earthquake would have prevented her dining with the celebrated Marquis de Senterre that night. But she did not tell the faithful Sammy this. Sammy had six thousand a year and was a good little chap. He would make an excellent husband if he were not a desirable turned up. Meanwhile, he must be duly snubbed and instilled with a sense of his own inferiority.

"You don't understand," she said with another sigh, "but there, the life of romance is over forever, I suppose. At any rate, we shall see it to-night in its last and most courtly survival."

"You mean the old Marquis? Jolly old boy! One of the best big-game shots in the world, despite his age, and what he doesn't know about wild animals no one living knows."

"Sammy, how hopeless you are! Don't you know that the Marquis de Senterre is one of the last great Royalists of France; that he is the hero of a dozen love romances which convulsed the courts of Europe in their time; that he has fought ever so many duels and that he stands alone as the proudest, finest and most melancholy cavalier alive?"

"Priceless old bean, what?" was all that poor Sammy could reply, when, to his relief, Colonel Bayne, Audrey's father, came out to the terrace and announced that the car was waiting and that they must go.

The sun sank into the water as they started down the grove of orange trees which led to the house, where the fruit nestles like golden balls among the leaves of dark jade. A soft breeze eddied through the palm trees, and the flowers of the southern garden gave up their sweetest perfume now that the hot, lazy day was over. Soon the moon would rise to wash the Maritime Alps with silver, and the fireflies begin to dance in the gardens.

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ISSUE No. 26—23.

About the House

LOOKING COOL IN HOT WEATHER.

In order to appear to advantage in spite of weather conditions, one must look warm in cold weather and cool in warm weather. The latter is perhaps hardest to achieve, but a calm manner, clothing to suit the occasion, daintiness and cleanliness of person and of one's belongings will always create a favorable impression.

Toilet helps are needed, too, not only for appearance but for comfort. A bathtub with an abundance of running water is an aid to comfort, beauty and health. In the home where the fully appointed bathroom is a thing of the future, a portable bathtub can be used, or the sponge bath will have to serve. It is sometimes possible to rig up a shower-bath in an outside shed, but a shower-bath seems to be more popular with boys than with girls.

A bath serves several purposes. Not only does it cleanse the surface of the skin, but it facilitates the removal of dead cuticle and opens the pores, allowing many impurities to escape. In order to accomplish these, I prefer the hot tub bath taken at night, when free perspiration is allowed to follow. The daytime bath, usually a hurried affair, may be followed by the use of talcum powder. Sponging the body with lukewarm water has a cooling effect and is very refreshing on a warm day. Such a bath can well become a part of the afternoon toilet and can be followed by a liberal use of talcum powder in order to check the perspiration which would be so uncomfortable an accompaniment.

The talcum powder used in summer should be delicate in scent; many people object to heavy perfumes at any time, but in very hot weather such perfumes are really unpleasant. Unfortunately, people who use perfumes constantly become so used to them that they do not realize when they are using them to excess. The well-bred woman purchases a good quality of perfume, then uses it sparingly. She also chooses perfume, talcum powder, sachet powder and toilet water having the same odor, for mixed odors sometimes clash.

If the skin chafes from heat and perspiration, use stearate of zinc for a dusting powder. This powder is very fine and smooth and will often heal and give relief when other powders fail.

While perspiration is very necessary to one's well-being, it can also be

gather three minutes he found that she knew as much about cocktails as himself!

Suddenly above the hum of conversation there became audible a soft sound like birds singing. It swelled and rose until it resolved itself into a concert of hidden flutes and drums—strange, delicate music such as few of them had ever heard before. Then they saw that the Marquis was leading Madame la Rose toward a glowing archway which had suddenly appeared in the wall, and setting to their appointed partners, they all began to follow.

"I guess," whispered Miss Susie B. Yates to Sammy Richardson, "I guess we are going to be surprised some tonight. I feel on the threshold of new experiences."

"They say the Marquis never does things like any one else," said Sammy, as a footman in black and gold with powdered hair conducted them to their table.

The dining room at the Villa Turquoise was all blue and gold. There was one table upon a dais, at which the Marquis, Madame la Rose and a few other privileged people sat—Sammy, with a pang at his heart saw that Audrey was among them—and the rest of the guests made parties of four at little tables set all around the room in alcoves of flowering roses and azaleas. Candles were the only light. There must have been hundreds of them there in massive silver holders, and the light was reflected in a fountain which laughed and sparkled in the centre of the room and rose half way to the vaulted roof, where the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece disported themselves in an azure sky. Sammy and Miss Susie's opposites were Lord Sir James Eaves, one of the leaders of Riviera society for twenty years, and the brilliant young Countess O'Rourke, a French girl of ancient family who had married the Irish Count O'Rourke, chamberlain to his Holiness the Pope.

The dinner was perfect. After the plump ortolans, when little gold dishes of button radishes with a lark's tongue inserted in each one, and nestling on a bed of crushed ice, were being served, a rumor went round, how nobody could have said, that something very special was in preparation for the after-dinner amusement of the guests.

The talk went on, flashing and glancing from table to table while the rare and costly viands were consumed, and wines such as many emperors could not command were poured into the blue Venetian glasses with threads of gold in the delicate fabric. All the while, heard from a distance, came strange, sweet music, sometimes of flutes and drums, sometimes of harps and violins, and once they heard the dreamy notes of the cor de chasse, that hunting horn of the old kings of France, when the court pursued a stag royal in the forests of Versailles.

"Never been done so well in my life, never," said Sammy Richardson, pouring some 1815 brandy into his coffee.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds



A POPULAR SUIT STYLE FOR THE SMALL BOY.

4380. Linen, drill, Indian head, flannel and serge, also pongee and jersey cloth would be attractive for this style, which appeals so much to the "little seaman." The blouse may be finished in smock style or with the lower edge drawn in bloused effect.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Blue linen with white facings would be pleasing, or white drill with trimming of orange or green.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

very uncomfortable and unpleasant, especially when accompanied by odors. There is an excellent soap to be used when body odors are present and mild cases are helped by rubbing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda into the armpits. When the odor is unpleasantly strong, a deodorant should be used. There are numerous deodorants on the market. They come in cream, powder or liquid form and are applied to the armpits, between the toes and to any creases in the flesh.

Excessive perspiration under the arms is very troublesome when thin waists or sleeves are worn. There are several remedies which will check this activity of the sweat glands and without harm to the person using them.

Whether one freckles or tans, long motor-trips are very hard on the skin and, in either case, the ounce of prevention is better than the pound of cure. There is a healing lotion to be applied to the face, hands and arms before going out in the wind or sun and after it is absorbed by the skin, a light dusting of powder may be applied.

The thinnest coating of powder will afford protection. After long exposure to sun or wind and dust, cleanse the skin thoroughly with cold cream, allowing the cream to work into the pores, then remove with absorbent cotton and an old linen towel or handkerchief. The face should not be washed until the next morning, when the inflammation, caused by sun or wind, has subsided. The face may then be well washed with warm water and a good soap, and well rinsed with cold water. This method is suggested for motorists or after unusual exposure.

HELP NOT WANTED.

To hire house help on the farm is an impossibility in our section at times, and yet the canning and the churning, the sweeping and the dusting and the feeding and care of a large family goes on. It pays no mother to break herself down or to work so hard that she finds no joy in her family life, and in order to build for herself a satisfying existence she must not only put her shoulder willingly to the wheel, but she must learn how to employ the co-operation of her family.

Thrift can be exercised in many ways besides the saving of money. The farm wife can practice the thrift of simple menus; unnecessary housework and odd jobs. I figured that if one person's thrift was a valuable thing, the thrift of a whole family would prove a wonderful thing. The plan I laid before my household was adopted and now our sign (did we need to advertise it) would read "Help Not Wanted."

"First," I explained, "I am going to be thrifty on steps. Any one who can save mother a step on trips about the house and yard must do so. For instance, if some one passes the woodpile empty-handed, he can save me steps by bringing in an armful of wood. If any one goes to the barn, he can carry out the calves' milk; if you pass the granary, bring in the corn for the chickens. Just a question of your heads saving my heels.

"Don't go anywhere empty-handed. If you go upstairs, take the laundry with you; when you come down, bring the waste-baskets and empty them. You can all, from baby Tommy to grandpa, do your share and make it possible for me to be relieved of the morning task of putting away toys, clothes, newspapers and books. I need more minutes for sewing, more time for mending, more hours for leisure, and it is in your power to make the gift."

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We set our rising hour but fifteen minutes earlier and with every one helping we accomplished wonders. It meant that I was able to get through the necessary work efficiently and well and without the loss of health or patience. It meant a trip away from home because for once mother had caught up with the children's sewing and was willing to take the time that her family had been able to give her. —Marjorie Street.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

The Answer Was in the Affirmative.

The recent death of the Siamese twins, Josefa and Rosa Blazek, reminds the Argonaut of a story about the original Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, who were joined together at the hips.

It is said that when the absent-minded Duke of St. Albans went to see them in London he bent a distracted look upon them for a few seconds and then perfunctorily asked the attendant, who stood by, "Are they brothers?"

Fulfills Its Purpose.

Two Irishmen had visited St. Paul's Cathedral. One was from the country, and had been taken to the famous building by his friend, who wished him to be duly impressed by its grandeur.

As they came out, the resident of the city said, "Well, Mike, and phwat do you think of it? Isn't it grand?" "Pat," said the one from the country, "it bates the devil!" "That," said his friend, "was the intintion."



Knew She Would Fly.

"Dad calls the maid 'angel,' ma. Will she get wings?" "I can't say, my dear, but I know she's going to fly."

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