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About the House

THE UNEXPECTED HOLIDAY.

"You dears!" Flora cried. "Come right in. If this isn't the most perfect ending to our wonderful day! You'll have to excuse the looks of things; Rob had an unexpected holiday, and the whole family dropped everything and flew to celebrate. We've been over on Black Mountain. You see the fruits of Margie's day."

"And I know about fireflies; father told me," Stuart volunteered.

"I know about fireflies, too," Margie added.

"When I grow up I'm going to know all about bugs 'n' animals 'n' everything," Stuart declared.

"With so much before you, you'll have to get a good start now," Flora admonished him. "Now say good-night and then to bed."

They said good-night, and after making her guests comfortable Flora excused herself and followed the children upstairs.

"Just once in an age," she said when she returned, "there's a day that's clear blue from its first moment to its last. I thought it was enough simply to have the unexpected holiday, and then to come home to friends—"

The evening passed swiftly—as evenings at Flora's always passed. To one of her guests at least Flora seemed beyond all other persons she knew to have the gift of living. But the other guest felt differently.

"I've known Flora Bruce for five years," she said on the way home, "but I never dreamed she was like that."

"Like what?" inquired the other.

"Why, to go off and leave her rooms undusted. Did you see the floor? And the way the children had strewn the flowers about! Wouldn't you think she'd want them to feel the atmosphere of order round them? It would have taken such a little while to straighten things up."

Flora's friend drew a hard breath. "Things!" she cried. "Things! I got so sick of the way we let ourselves be chained to them. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year to dust the room and mop the floors, and perhaps not one other day for such a chance for joy, something to live in the memories of those children forever—a chance to make them realize the wonder of the world they live in. You know how dainty Flora's house usually is, but she never confuses values. Don't you see?"

USING GREEN TOMATOES.

Many housekeepers use chopped green tomatoes in place of apples when preparing their winter supply of mincemeat and find them an excellent substitute. The tomatoes should be used in the same proportion as apples, two parts to one of meat. To preserve the vegetable for use later in mincemeat, chop fine eight pounds of green tomatoes, to which add six pounds of light brown sugar, one-half ounce each of ground cinnamon and cloves and let stand eight or ten hours. Then simmer slowly until the tomatoes are clear and thick. Seal boiling hot in airtight jars. Use in Pies—The pie-eating members of the family will enjoy the pie which is filled with the following: To twelve pounds of sliced green tomatoes add half a gallon of molasses, one and one-half thinly sliced lemons (from which the seeds have been removed), ground spice to taste, and simmer gently for three hours. This will keep without sealing.

USE YOUR VOTE.

Do you want the world improved? Use your vote.
Want injustices removed? Use your vote.
You've a power to command Governments will not withstand, Just the ballot in your hand. Use your vote!
You've as great a power there In your vote, As the proudest millionaire. Use your vote!
Ballot boxes never heed Wealth or color, race or creed; Here's democracy, indeed. Use your vote!
Merely talking will not do; Use your vote!
There must be some action, too. Use your vote!
Words won't change the world 'tis plain; Feelings without deeds are vain; If the right you would maintain Use your vote.
If the whole world voted well— Use your vote!
What we might do none can tell. Use your vote!
To your principles be true; 'Tis a thing you ought to do; Every man and woman, too, Use your vote!
—Louise Richardson Rorke.

CLEANING WALLS.

This is the way a professional housecleaner cleaned my blackened and smoky kitchen walls: Make a smooth cooked starch, a little thinner than for starching clothes, and put this all over the walls and ceiling in a thin coat. Either a clean cloth or a brush is suitable for putting it on. By the time you have finished, or in twenty or thirty minutes, you can wash this starch—and the smoke, grease and dirt—off with clean cloths wrung out of warm soft water.

It is really just like magic and beats any soap or scouring powder I have ever seen. An added advantage is that it is not so cruel to hands as the usual method of strong suds.

SOAP ECONOMY.

Save all the odds and ends of toilet soap of every description. When enough has been accumulated, break

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT MINT LEAF FLAVOR

18616 No. 40-24

WIND ALONG THE WASTE

BY LYON MEARSON.

PART I.

There are those who say that the law has no heart, and that those who enforce the law gradually begin to lose all sense of the ordinary human feelings and emotions. They have said that this last is especially true of the Mounted. That may be so, but there was one case—

The sky hung gray and threatening over Blackhorse Peak, resting the eyes at last from the fierce glare of the sun on the white, packed snow, the crystals of which had thrown back the light intensified a hundredfold.

Sanderson, the trader, busied himself in small talk with his friend, Sergeant Waterman, of the Mounted, who was preparing to make his rounds. The door opened and an Ojibway squaw came in. Waterman sat quietly in his corner until the trader had completed his business with the shapeless hag, saying nothing, but noting everything.

Like all Indian squaws in early middle age, she was not an attractive object to look at. Middle age is problematical—she might have been that. So might she also have been a hundred years old. There is no telling with a squaw, for their old age comes on as quickly as night in the tropics—in one instant it is light and in another the heavy velvet black of the equator has fallen and full-fledged night is upon you, dense and all-enveloping. Thus it is with most Indian women—they are young, and then suddenly they are old, and that is all there is to it.

She was dressed shapeliness in the odds and ends of bedraggled fur that the female of that section are wont to wear. The skin of her tanned, yellowed face was folded into innumerable seams which surrounded the heady, sharp eyes which could, however, look at you unwinkingly. She was short and fat—rather more than fat, she was formless.

Curiously, there was a tomahawk in her belt. Now this was peculiar for several reasons. The first reason is that it is many generations since the Ojibways have used the tomahawk. Secondly, ever since the coming of the white man, the Indian's tomahawk has always had a metal head. The head of this tomahawk was sharpened flint, bound to the haft with a rawhide thong criss-crossed over the hard stone. Even when the Indians used tomahawks, they were in evidence only in war time—only when needed. At the end of a war they were buried, whence arises the old saw about burying the hatchet.

Yet here was this squaw not only doing the trading at the post—which generally is done by the male—but also wearing a tomahawk while she did so. And a stone tomahawk perhaps two hundred years old. It was queer, reflected Sergeant Waterman idly, as he watched her.

Evidently she could not speak, because she gave the trader a sheet of paper with her wares written thereupon, which he busied himself to satisfy. Yet she did not have the vacuous, and at the same time sharp, appearance of the dumb, and she was not deaf, because the trader addressed her several times, and she answered with nods of her head.

"I never saw her before," advanced the sergeant when she had gone.

"No, she doesn't come in often—but she has been coming for fifteen years."

"Something peculiar about that squaw, Sanderson," said Waterman. "I don't mean her carrying a tomahawk—though that's queer enough, I'll say; I mean in her appearance. Did it ever occur to you that she looks as though she were waiting for somebody—or something. I mean, not the usual look of dumb—"

"She's not dumb, sergeant," answered Sanderson slowly, interrupting him. "She can speak when she wants to. She—"

"Then why—"

"She never speaks to a white man." He turned to rearrange some of his disordered stock, and remained silent for a moment or two. When he spoke again he did not look at Waterman; he was looking out of the window at the long stretch of snow and pine woods. A figure was coming—he could see it in the distance, though it would be fifteen minutes or more before it arrived.

"I always have the impression that she'll talk to a white man again only when that something that you spoke of has happened. She's a little crazy, you know." The younger man looked his interest, lighting a cigarette in silence.

"Yes—at least, they say she is. I got some of her story from one of the Indians. He was afraid to speak of it, because they hold her in a sort of awe, but I got it out of him. You know, Indians treat their insane differently than we do. They make much of them—the Ojibways do, anyway.

in very small pieces and put through the food chopper, using the medium cutter first, and then the fine cutter.

To one cupful of this granulated soap add one and a half cupfuls of cornmeal and put through the food chopper again until it is reduced to a coarse meal. When all pass readily through a meal sieve add one ounce of olive oil to each two and a half cupfuls of the soap and cornmeal mixture. Blend thoroughly. An ordinary fruit jar with the rubber ring in place makes a good container. A quantity of this soap powder kept on the kitchen sink or in the bathroom will be found invaluable for cleansing very soiled hands and keeping them soft and smooth.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Sort of medicine-man, or woman." He smiled wryly.

"Might not be such a bad plan for some of us," he commented in his dry fashion. "I've known some who could see things that we sane people could not see—and I would have liked to be able to see those same things. She has her own wigwag, and she's rather set apart from the rest of the band. She doesn't mind, I guess. Rather prefers to be that way. Curious name she has—Wind Along the Waste. How's that for a name? Seems to me I read something like that in Old Omar once, but I'm not sure. Most of these Indian names mean something, but nobody around here knows what her name meant when it was originally given to her.

"She was young—sixteen or seventeen—about twenty years ago. Wouldn't think it, would you? But you know how these Indians age. Don't seem to have any middle age; either they're young or they're old. The story says that she was going to marry a young buck, nice-looking young fellow with a bit more education than most Indians have. You know, she was partly educated in a convent—couple of years, anyway—I guess that's the reason she and this young buck were so gone on each other.

"Things were going all right until a white man came along—one of those independent traders there used to be around here. He wanted Wind Along the Waste. You know, after a man is here for quite a while, he sees nothing wrong in marrying an Indian—his perspective sort of changes. A woman is always a woman, and I understand that Wind Along the Waste was as good-looking as they come. She didn't care about him, but he had money and kept promising her father all sorts of presents and things if he would consent.

"Well, this part of it seems kind of hazy, but I know he did get her after a while, whether she wanted to or not. The young buck she wanted to marry was away somewhere, and when he came back all trace of them was lost. He wound up by committing suicide."

"Committing suicide!" ejaculated the sergeant. "This was almost unheard of among the Ojibways."

"Yes—committed suicide. Just will-ed himself to die, and he died. He—"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know? Guess there are more ways of shuffling off this mortal coil than you know of. Did you ever hear that a Chinaman could commit suicide by just deciding that he wants to die? He goes and lies down in his bunk and in a day or two he is dead—and that's all there is to it. Well, some of the Ojibways can do this. That's what this man did. He decided it was time to die, and he just lay down and died. That's about all there is to it, except that here's the girl—suppose she left the white man, or he left her—and she's a little touched." He made a significant motion toward his forehead with his right hand.

"Well, it seems to me that that's hardly all," commented the sergeant slowly. "There's that tomahawk and—"

"Yes," interrupted the trader. "That tomahawk is a couple of hundred years old—handed down from her ancestors. I think she has some sort of an idea that it's her instrument of vengeance—divine vengeance—anyway, she never is without it."

"If she ever comes across the man—" began the sergeant.

"She'll kill him. And she'll hang for it, I suppose."

"Yes, she'll hang. Don't imagine that'll make much difference to her. Beastly shame, though. Dare say the beggar deserves to be killed," drawled the policeman, but his eyes were sober and his lips were stretched in a thoughtful line.

"I say, there's some one coming," he said, glancing out of the window.

"Yes, I saw him ten or fifteen minutes ago."

Sergeant Waterman instinctively disliked and mistrusted the stranger from the moment of his appearance. The men of the Mounted sometimes acquire a sixth sense of that kind; and it is said that this sense is more to be relied upon than all their other senses rolled into one. Waterman could hardly say what it was about the man he had disliked, but from the first instant, when he had stamped into the room on his snow-shoes, tentatively opening and closing his fingers to restore the circulation, Waterman felt that he was simply not his kind.

The stranger was burly and strong, bearded, about middle age—forty-five to fifty, with that in his small, black, piggy eyes that was not good to see in any one up North, where a man has to be, to a large extent, his own censor of the moralities and the conventions.

It seemed that his name was Landon—Wilton Landon—and he had been away in the States for the last ten or fifteen years, though he had been an independent fur trapper in this very section previously. He was on his way to Silver Cross, a settlement that he could reach by nightfall, if he started within the hour, and he had stopped at Blackhorse Peak to get warm and to rest for a few minutes. That, in short, was his story as he told it, but there was a story told in his face, in the sensual, gross lips, and in the lines under the glistening eyes—a story that he who runs could read, if he was so minded. And that was what Sergeant Waterman, of the Mounted read.

(To be concluded.)

An Electric Tractor. In Sweden experimental use is being made of an electric tractor for plowing.

Starting at Four.

So—the Southdown beauties were smoothed and brushed, And the feathery geese and Jersey cow; Then the clock was wound; the house was hushed; And you fell to your dreams you knew not how.

For to-morrow opened the county fair, How you shivered and thrilled at joys in store— At the hamper packed and waiting there And the magical word, "We'll start at four."

There were silver maples along the way, And they caught at the moon and held the moon; While a mocking bird took shine for day And was trilling its morning song too soon.

There had been a fog like a rain that night; With the wheels of the spiders' mist-gray lace; And the road led under boughs drenched white, While they icily sprayed each upturned face.

With a tinkle-tink on a shadowed ridge There were cattle a-grazing down the dawn; And wheels rang out on a ghostly bridge, And a whispering creek was past and gone.

Oh, the sun came up on an unknown land, From a tapering hill you did not know; There were small neat farms on either hand; And a shimmering haze hung far and low.

There were drowsy croonings like broken rimes; And the wheels as they turned seemed drowsy too— Then you woke from dreams of fairy chimneys; Lo! a merry-go-round was calling you.

—Gertrude West, in Youth's Companion.

Finishing Lambs.

Those farmers who will cater to the market demand for a well-finished lamb ranging from 85 to 100 pounds live weight, depending on the breed and season of the year, should find a source of profit in so doing. Usually the well bred lamb weighing from 60 to 80 pounds is the best stocker lamb to put into winter quarters. The most profitable time to purchase such lambs is between August and November. Heavy lambs weighing from 80 to 110 pounds should be avoided as they make small gains at a high cost per pound, although, if thin and not exceeding 100 pounds in weight, they may with profit be given a short finish in feed lot and pasture. Useful information on the subject will be found in Pamphlet No. 16, "Finishing Lambs for the Block," issued by the Dominion Dept. of Agriculture at Ottawa.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Growing Bulbs in Water.

This is the time to plant Chinese Sacred Lily and Paper White Narcissus bulbs. They may be planted in soil, moss, sawdust, or water alone. The cleanest and simplest method of growing or "forcing" them is by placing them in shallow bowls, arranging pebbles around them to hold them in place, and then adding water until from one-third of the bulb is covered. By using the larger size bulbs, more flower stalks and better flowers can be obtained. The bowls should be placed in a cool, airy cellar, garret, or storeroom in a dim light. The temperature should be from forty to fifty degrees. These bulbs are not hardy, so any chance of freezing should be avoided. The water level should be maintained and they should be kept in the storeroom from four to six weeks, or until there is a thick mass of roots in the water and the shoot has started to grow. Then bring them into the light and living-room temperature and in a short time they will bloom.

A French scientist says there are 1,000 poisonous gases that are available for war, which makes a thousand more reasons why there should be no more war.

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Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms at the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Teaching. Delightful task! to rear the tender Thought, To teach the young idea how to shoot, To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, To breathe the enlivening Spirits, and to fix The generous Purpose in the glowing breast. —Thomson—The Seasons.

New Island in Azov. As a result of a terrific maritime convulsion a new island has sprung up in the Sea of Azov, an arm of the Black Sea. The island is a dangerous impediment to navigators and beacons have been erected to warn the approaching ships.

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They number some four hundred in all, and the following are examples:

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- Selection of Lamb Cuts.
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