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## The Game of Nations

By DONNA SHERWOOD BOGERT.

### CHAPTER XII (Continued.)

"They were there to cut down trees and great Scott! but they made short work of those mountain giants! They had three down before I could say 'Jack Robinson'."

"Then," interrupted Miss Dorothée, "Basil's horse whinnied and those awful men dropped everything and came after us." Her thin hands shook with excitement. It was hard to find us in the dark. They had to cross a big stream and we were in the saddle and started before they really discovered us. I think they must have shot a good many times but I was in front and I didn't know until later that Basil was hurt."

"He's tiring himself now," said Peggy quickly. "Come on, folks. Breakfast should be ready in a jiffy. Don't dare stir Mr. Trevanion. Your meals shall be served on a silver platter."

"I'm fit as a fiddle," the man contradicted. His eyes seemed to implore her and Peggy passed. Miss Dorothée and Lenox, quitting the tepee, she moved nearer.

"What is it?" she said in a hushed voice.

"Peggy," whispered Trevanion, "Before Dottie woke, two of the men came down to the stream. They were so close I could hear snatches of conversation. And Peggy—what do you think? They spoke the name of the little river."

"The girls amber eyes blazed back into his own."

"One of the two on our map—?"

"Yes! What devilry is going on there is beyond me. We've started something, Miss Peggy Herford, and it's up to us to finish. I didn't come north for this; I came for a fresh grip on life. But—how knows? Perhaps Fate is behind it all. Of one thing I am sure—the two men who spoke were Germans. It's a plot!"

"A plot!" exclaimed Peggy. "Oh, to tell a German plot!" Her face was pale with excitement and she flung out both arms in a sort of savage abandonment. "Basil!" she forgot convention in the marvel of the moment, "what a wonderful thing to do!"

Her passionate little gesture disclosed the ugly glint in one pretty palm.

"You've hurt yourself!" said Trevanion tenderly, and drawing her to him by the wounded hand he pressed his lips against it with a fervency that surprised himself.

A curious shock quivered along Peggy's racing pulses. She felt as though she were standing on the brink of a miracle which she had not yet the courage to meet. Like a shy, young animal, she freed herself from her companion and sped from the tepee, the hand which Trevanion had kissed held against her breast.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Trevanion insisted on rising the second day and when at his close Peggy had retired after a brief "good-night" leaving their usual moonlight stroll a thing of glaring omission, he had been curiously hurt.

Well, he would spend no more time mooning like a lovesick schoolboy on the chance of her reappearing. But an odd feeling of restlessness held him in its grip. He flung himself fully dressed upon his narrow cot.

For hours he tossed and turned then shaking off the blankets he rose and drawn by an irresistible impulse quitted the tepee and strolled irresolutely in a direction that was on a line with Peggy Herford's tent. He could assign no reason for the half aimless fancy which prompted his course any more than he could have told why he was unable to sleep. Suddenly the sound of carefully suppressed voices came to him from somewhere near at hand. He listened.

Peggy's voice was unmistakable and mingled with it came the deeper notes of a man's voice. The conversation was unintelligible from where Trevanion stood, but that they were in the girl's tent he was sure. His fancy leaped to the cowboy, Dave Lennox. Jealousy, suspicion, angry, righteous and terrible, gripped him. In that moment he could have throttled the fellow with his bare hands but he waited—waited through eons of time—waited until murmuring voices died away and the sudden clatter of a stone down the slope told of an abrupt departure.

Fumblingly, like a blind man, he groped forward until his fingers encountered the canvas. He pushed the swinging flap aside and the sudden clatter of a stone down the slope told of an abrupt departure.

"Peggy!" he whispered into the darkness. She knew him instantly.

"Basil! Why are you here? It is after midnight—did you know? Are you ill—?"

Trevanion laughed once, not loudly, but at the sound Peggy lifted her two hands to her heart and waited.

"Yes," he said heartily, "I'm ill—"



## Woman's Interests

### Caring for the Hands.

It has often been remarked that a lady is recognized by the condition and appearance of her hands, and certain it is that nothing more surely indicates an absence of daintiness in personal care than neglect of the hands and nails, and nothing more quickly stamps a woman as being well groomed than a white, well-kept hand and smoothly polished finger nails. It is not an easy matter in cold weather to keep these active members soft and white and the nails in good condition.

Climate has a good deal to do with the general condition of the skin, and hands that have a tendency to redness, and unshapeliness will have all these defects exaggerated with frosty weather. The busy woman may be grudge herself the half-hour a day necessary to devote to this part of her toilet, but she will find that these minutes are well worth the small sacrifice.

The necessary outfit will cost a little, but good instruments should be purchased in the beginning. A flexible file, emery boards, polisher, orange sticks, cuticle knife, cuticle scissors, and nail scissors are necessary, together with a little red paste, nail bleach, and white nail powder.

Just before retiring is the best time to give to the beautifying of the hands and arms. Immaculate cleanliness is, first of all, imperative. They should be washed in warm water—never extremely hot or cold—to which has been added a pinch of borax or a few drops of tincture of benzoin. A piece of lemon added to this water is excellent for removing dirt and stains, although for some skins a mild soap or almond meal will bring better results. After washing, the hands should be carefully dried and then thoroughly rubbed with a good toilet cream, spread plentifully all over the hand and arm, especially around the base of the nail where the cuticle and the nail join.

After applying the cream, rub the flesh around in small half-circles, pressing deeply but gently, and always rub up toward the elbow. In finishing, draw the fingers straight down from the elbow to the wrist several times. In massaging the hand, after rubbing the cream thoroughly into the pores, gently pull each finger through the half-closed fist of the other hand until you can feel the warm blood pulsing in the fingers and the whole hand looks pink and rosy. The massage should always run lengthwise and the joints should never be sharply pulled or twisted unnaturally.

Now get your manicure instruments into play. Begin by shaping the nails with the file. Always preserve and extend the curve and shape of the nail to that of the finger, and trim all rough edges smooth. (Extremely pointed finger nails are not considered beautiful—they are like claws.) Then soak the fingers for a few minutes in a basin of lukewarm water—just long enough to soften the cuticle—and dry with a soft towel.

Clean the nail with the point of the orange stick, being careful to remove every particle of dirt. If there are any stains, wrap a tiny piece of cotton around the stick and dip into the

bleach before applying. Touch each spot, and run the soaked cotton under the nail from side to side.

Then loosen the cuticle all around the nail. Lift it up—never push it down and back, as this movement will crack and split the skin—and frequently dip the knife into the water, as this helps to soften the cuticle and makes the work of raising it easier. When it is quite clear of the nail use the needle-point scissors, and endeavor to trim the cuticle all in one piece, otherwise rugged edges and hang nails will result. Be extremely careful about this part of the treatment, as a too zealous use of either nail scissors may hurt the nail and undo all your work. Press the skin at the bottom of the nail gently back, so that the half-moon shows clearly.

Next apply the red paste. Use very little and, after applying to each nail with the finger tip, rub well into the nails with the palm of the hand, following this with a brisk rub of the buffer. Then dip the finger tips into water and dry thoroughly, as it is impossible to polish a wet nail. With the nail scissors cut off any tiny threads that may be left, and smooth off all rough edges on the nails with the emery board. Dip the buffer into the nail powder, place the centre of the buffer on each nail in turn, and rub lightly until the desired polish results—a very high polish ("China finish") is not considered correct these days. A light dip into clear, warm water, careful drying, and a brisk rub of the nails of one hand against the palm of the other and your manicure treatment is ended.

After the treatment it is wise to put on a pair of very loose gloves, clean inside—white chamois ones are splendid, but cotton ones can be used with very good results. Snip off the tips of the fingers and cut a hole in the palms so that the hands will have free ventilation. Use large gloves, so there is not the slightest impediment to perfect circulation—a very important point in the care of the hands. Wear the gloves all night.

A mixture of glycerin and rose water, equal parts, should be kept near the elbow, so that a few drops can be applied and rubbed into the hands directly after they are washed each time. This will help to keep them white and soft. For pronounced roughness of the skin a few drops of carbolic acid added to the glycerin and rose-water mixture is highly recommended, but the odor of this drug is objectionable. The addition of a little perfume will remove it.

A celebrated physician recommends lettuce cream for swollen, red, or chapped hands. His formula is: Milk of lettuce, 200 grams; pure glycerin, 50 grams; tincture of benzoin, 15 grams; salicylate of soda, 4 grams.

The first ingredient can be made at home. Use only the large leaves on the outside of the head of lettuce. Pour boiling water over them. Let stand for five minutes, then pour off the water and pound the leaves to paste. Strain through clean cheese-cloth or through a jelly bag. This lotion should be bottled and used night and morning.

"Clean hands and a pure heart" are the instructions the Bible gives us, and both are possible to every woman.

### Man's Strength A Fiction.

It is customary to speak of man as stronger than woman, though this is half true, half false; for although he is stronger of frame and muscle and more active, he is of a markedly weaker constitution, less resistant to the enemies of life. And this difference seems native and intrinsic, not due to external or to the chance arrangements of society; for already in infancy the man-child is more open to the attack of mortal disease. Where 100 girl babies die in the first year of life, our census shows that there die about 130 boys.

In the sense organs there is a difference closer to what we know of mind, and which is not wholly in accord with the common thought that women are more sensitive than men. They are more delicate of touch and can perceive certain tastes, notably sweet, at a low degree that escapes the man, although for salt and sour and bitter, as well as for smell in general, the evidence is not so clear. In recent experiments the men were able to hear fainter tones, and for all but one of several pure colors of the spectrum the men, contrary to the popular belief, detected the color at a lower intensity than did the women.

But, besides this difference in the senses when they are normal, serious defects of eye and ear come far more often to the man and to the man-child. Color-blindness, which is usually innate and is therefore not to be ascribed to the manner in which man lives and works, is about tenfold more frequent among men than among women. Blindness pure and simple is also more frequent among men.

The most serious defects of hearing also occur oftener among men; for of those reported in our census as totally deaf there are hundreds more males than there are females.



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### Spiritual Fog.

"I wish you wouldn't let a rainy day spoil your happiness, Mary," said Mrs. Benton to her daughter. "You're in for a great deal of trouble in life if you don't get over this habit."

"It's easy to preach," said Mary. "But if the rain had spoiled a picnic for you, you wouldn't be quite so philosophical about it."

"Mary," said her mother gently, "do you remember how ridiculous you thought it was when Baby George cried so yesterday when he broke that five-cent whistle of his?"

"Why, yes," replied Mary, "but what has that to do with my disappointment?"

"It has a great deal to do with it. You laughed at him because you were enough older than he to see that the broken whistle wasn't a vital thing. The trouble was, his whole being was concentrated on the whistle. He had everything to live for, if he could only have seen it, but he could not see it, and so his happiness was wrecked."

"But I don't see what you're driving at yet," interrupted Mary.

"It is this, Mary: George and his whistle are typical of life. We are continually repeating his tragedy. As we walk along the street how many downcast faces we encounter? What are these people brooding over? Ten to one, it's an affair of a five-cent whistle. There has been a petty quarrel, a snub, a failure to get some little thing, and the whole horizon is clouded. Some people plunge from one incident like that into another until their spiritual climate is like that of Newfoundland, a perpetual fog. The sun is shining, they have sight and hearing, they have the use of their limbs, they live in a free country, but they have broken their whistle, and they can't get beyond that. Don't you see how ridiculous it is?"

"Yes; but how can a person get over it?" asked Mary.

"It's a question of perspective, my dear," replied her mother. "If you let a whistle fill your horizon, then of course you'll be wretched when your whistle is broken. Your interests must be so large that a whistle can't wreck them. They tell of Anaxarchus that when he was being beaten to death he said, 'Beat on at the case of Anaxarchus; no stroke falls on Anaxarchus himself.' He must have had the larger perspective. Life is everywhere and always what we put into it."

### All In Vain.

It had been done very gently but firmly. Yet the young man was deeply moved.

"Girl!" he hissed. "You have broken my heart!"

The lady placed her shell-like ear against his heaving chest for a moment.

"No," she said presently, "there is no sign of any organic lesion. I can distinguish slight palpitation, due, no doubt, to excessive cigarette smoking. That's all."

And as the rejected wooer went out into the cold, cruel world he determined that next time he fell in love it wouldn't be with a demobilized V.A.D.

The wasp is affected by colors, even to the extent of stinging the wearer of unpopular hues.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

### Making Linoleum.

Simple as common kitchen linoleum appears, the process of making it is rather intricate. The skill of the workmen is called into play at almost every step. First, the best and cleanest cork waste, as the scraps are called, is ground into flour. The highest grade of pure linseed oil then is boiled and oxidized under the watchful eye of a chemist until it has become a rubber-like mass, which is mixed with the cork flour and other ingredients and is pressed on a burlap base.

From the linseed oil linoleum gets its name—linum, flax, and oleum, oil. After the oil is boiled, it is pumped into movable conveyors in the oxidizing sheds, which are about thirty feet high. These conveyors have little holes in the bottom, and as they travel from one end of the shed to the other, the oil runs through on sheets of scrim that are hung from the ceiling to the floor and gradually absorbs oxygen from the air. Heat and oxygen together turn it into a semi-solid. The process is tedious, but it gives linoleum toughness and durability.

After the "skins," or sheets of oil, from oxidizing sheds have been run through metal rollers and reduced to pulp, the oil is cooked in kettles that hold about three-tons apiece, and resin and several other materials are added to make the cement or binder that holds the pulverized cork together. When the cement has cooled, it is cut into chunks about a foot square and four or five inches thick and sent to the mixing building, where it is put through one machine after another to blend thoroughly the cement and the cork flour. Then the "mix" is pulverized and dropped to one of the immense calendaring machines, which are a series of heated steel rollers that can be adjusted for variations in thickness as fine as one one-thousandth of an inch. The cork and cement mixture comes in at the top and the burlap at the bottom, and the two are pressed securely together.

The plain linoleum then passes into the "stoves," which are high, long, narrow brick drying rooms where the linoleum remains from one to six weeks to be seasoned.

The best way to lay linoleum is to cement it down over heavy felt paper. If a waterproof cement is used at the seams, and edges, the floor will be water-tight and will give satisfactory service for many years. A linoleum floor should be waxed thoroughly as soon as it is laid.

### Pity the Poor Pianist.

Piano playing is real hard work, for in no other sphere (except that of typewriting, perhaps) is the wear and tear on the nerves so great.

The rapidity with which a pianist consumes energy is so enormous that in only a couple of hours' work, the consumption of heat is sufficient to boil twenty gallons of lead water.

At a conference of musicians, held some years ago in Dublin, it was shown that the ordinary player must cultivate the eye to see no less than 1,500 signs per minute, while the fingers had to fly over the keyboard and make upwards of 2,000 movements.

In a part of Chopin's "Etude in E Minor," the rate of reading reaches 3,950 signs in two and a half minutes, which is equivalent to over twenty-six notes per second. As the eye can receive only about ten consecutive impressions per second, it will be apparent that the brain must accustom itself to read in groups.

Generally speaking, a greater force is required to make a note sound on a piano than is required to lift the lid of a kettle. As most kettle-lids vary in weight up to about two ounces, it will be seen that a pressure of something like three to four ounces is required to produce a sound on the piano, even though it be very soft.

In Chopin's last study in G Minor, there is a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The pressure which must be brought to bear on the keys during this time is equal to 2,130 kilograms, or sufficient to move over three tons.

In the same composer's "Funeral March," a passage occurs which takes a minute and a half to play, and is estimated at 384 kilograms, but even here it will be seen that a pianist would only require to work four or five minutes to move a ton.

From other examples, it will be seen that the total tonnage of one hour's playing varies from twelve to eighty-four tons.

### It Was on the Map Once.

A colored infantry regiment was being mustered out, and the company commander sent the home address of every man to the quartermaster, so that each could draw his travel pay to go home. There was some little difficulty about one man, and the captain called him in.

"Jackson, you gave your home address as Prince Frederick, Maryland, and the quartermaster says there is no such place as Prince Frederick, Maryland."

"Don't you believe him, sah; they is."

"Well, they can't seem to find it."

"Huh!" grunted the soldier. "They didn't have no trouble finding it when they drafted me."

### New Hair Brush.

Strips of whalebone instead of bristles are used in a new hair brush that is intended to stimulate the scalp of users and to last for years.

### A Rule That Did Not Always Work.

Grandma," asked six-year-old Paul, "what makes Helen such a pretty girl?"

"She is pretty," replied his grandmother, desirous of improving the occasion, "because she is such a good little girl."

"But, grandma," Paul protested, with a puzzled air, "you are awfully good."

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