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About the House

THE BETTER WAY.

Adella rose every morning at seven. She ate a hurried breakfast, made her bed hastily, flung on her coat and planted a kiss on her mother's face that slid along the cheek and landed just in front of the ear. Adella was off to school!

The session closed at three o'clock, but Adella was not at home until four. She liked to loiter, for she had "best friends" to see and many of them. She used the next hour for tennis or skating, according to the season. Then came a few moments at the piano. Dinner was followed by a study period that lasted until bedtime. Obviously there was only one day in the week in which Adella could tidy up her room, and the "rush and bang" habit marked the flash of broom and duster in her room every Saturday.

First she swept. Then she dusted the class mottoes, the school and college pennants, the racket, the fish net, the trophies of vacations and college sports tacked to the wall.

On a shelf over the door she had eleven fancy boxes. Once upon a time every box had held candy. It was the thing for girls of Adella's age to save such boxes as an Indian saves the scalps of his victims. The eleven boxes represented eleven different boys who had sent her candy last St. Valentine's Day. No other girl had more. But the boxes had to be dusted.

There were silk and ribbon powder boxes, glove boxes and handkerchief boxes on the dresser. "Too pretty to be put away," said Adella, "I want them in sight." And they too had to be dusted.

On the writing desk were photographs with frames and photographs without frames, two pink candles in brass holders, a fancy calendar, a doll in pink silk that Adella had won at a fair and a miniature Goddess of Liberty in silver to be used as a paper weight when there were any papers to be weighted. All had to be lifted off while the surface of the desk was wiped; all had to be carefully dusted and put back again.

In the open writing desk were boxes of fancy writing paper, a pencil holder, an ink stand with a little vase holding a pen with a pink quill holder; a china box for stamps and another for pens, each of which had a fancy shepherdess on top of it. All had to be dusted, and the little shepherdess had occasionally to have a soap-and-water bath. Adella looked at the pigeonholes and sighed. She knew that the dust was accumulating there, but, "Oh, well, let it wait another week!"

It was eleven o'clock one Saturday morning when she sank exhausted in her chair. Glancing through the open window, she saw a group of her friends going by to play tennis. She was hot and tired, and somehow all those little cluttering adornments of her room did not appear so attractive.

"The Chinese," said a voice from the doorway, "have a better way."
"Well," answered Adella in tired tones, "I wish I lived in China. Come in, Aunt Addie, and tell me about it. I want to hear something to take my mind off that group that just went by to play tennis."

Aunt Addie entered with a smile,

WRIGLEYS

Chew it after every meal
It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.



Wrigley's Doublemint Chewing Gum

WIND ALONG THE WASTE

BY LYON MEARSON.

PART II.

The visitor and the trader engaged in small talk for a while, and Waterman sat in silence. He did not care to talk to this man, for some reason. He disliked him, that was the long and short of it. Landon turned to the sergeant after a bit.

"You're in the Mounted, ain't you?" he asked, and Waterman nodded. "Nearly got into the force myself, wunst. Glad I didn't, though. My idea of a rotten job, I'll tell the world. Poor pay and hard, dangerous work. Too many easier ways of makin' money, I'll say."

"How, for instance?" asked Waterman, dryly, looking him in the eye. The man laughed. "Come, now, sergeant—expect me to tell you that?" "An' you a member of the Mounted?" He leered evilly for an instant. Then he laughed, but Waterman said nothing. At this point Sanderson, who had left the company for a brief period, came back with a bottle of whiskey and several glasses.

"Now you're talkin', friend," said the newcomer, jovially. "Fill it up for the sergeant, too." "Fill it up!" "Thanks, no," said Waterman. "I'm not drinking," quietly. The other looked at him. "What's the matter—teetotaler?" "No—I'm just not drinking now." With a shrug of his shoulders Landon turned to the trader.

"Darn peculiar some people is, seems 'em, 'bout who they drinks with," he grumbled to Sanderson, who said nothing.

"Curious thing, that, about the Indian who committed suicide by just making up his mind he was going to die," commented Waterman, turning to the trader and speaking to him as though no one else was there. It was as though their conversation had been continued without a break.

"Yes, only case of the kind I ever heard of," replied Sanderson. "Seems to me that if—"

"Why, that's funny," broke in the visitor. "Imagine you mentioning a thing like that! It just happens I know of such a case right in this section. Happened about twenty years ago." The other two regarded each other in silence.

"Yeh; just about twenty years ago, I guess. I was young, then, an' wuz tradin' around here promiscuous like. There wuz an Ojibway village around here then—don't suppose it's here any more, an' there wuz an Injun gal there that I can honestly say wuz the finest lookin' specimen I ever seen—ain't that so, you can bet your life on that. Say, it'd gal wuz about the prettiest lookin' thing I ever lapped—thin and supple as a reed, smooth, strong, the blackest hair an' the blackest eyes you ever seen, an' the most regular features."

"Had some eddication, too—got it in a convent. The name the Injuns give her wuz 'Wind Along the Waste'—shortened it, 'Lindy' after a while, of course, and—lindy that's gettin' a little ahead of the yarn, ain't it?"

"Her old man was a regular Injun—the kind that believed his gal had oughter mind him in everything; that's the way they are, among the Injuns. I found that out when I got so I began to hang around Wind Along the Waste. Say—ain't that the darndest name?—I think they give it to her because she wuz so slim and supple and light, looked as though she might be picked up on any wind that come along and carried away—or mebbe it wuz account of her voice, which sometimes sounded like a wind whispering soft like in the pines, far away—y'know what I mean?"

"Anyways, she wuz some looker, I'll say, though I suppose by now—if she's alive, she probably looks more like the old squaw what I passed comin' here around a while and tried to make an impression on a white fellow, blow her to the post wunst in a while, blow her to a piece of ribbon now and then, so on—but it didn't seem to be much of a go."

"You see, there wuz a young Injun back in the game—these two had it all framed up to marry each other when I butted in an' jizzed up the works. You don't usually hear much about love among the Injuns—that is, the real ones, not the comic opera kind—at least they don't think of it the same way we civilized people do; but I must say that this gal an' that there Injun buck had a bad case of it, an' if it hadn't been for the old man's havin' bring her up to mind him, they would've went an' got hitched up before I ever got there."

"After I got there it wuz all off, because I made up my mind that I'd have that gal whatever happened." He paused for a moment, and moistened his gross, sensual lips with a thick, darting tongue. His eyes leered lustfully.

"I give the old man presents an' white, for striping the ends, the rugs are prettier, and can be made to harmonize with the color scheme of the room."

BORDEAUX SAUCE.

My winter larder would not be complete unless I had several jars of this sauce, which is excellent to serve with meats.

Bordeaux Sauce—1 gal. green tomatoes, 1 head cabbage, 5 green peppers, 6 onions, 1 bunch celery, 3 qts. vinegar, 4 cups sugar.

Chop green tomatoes and cabbage fine and let stand one hour in salt water. Drain and add the remaining vegetables, chopped fine, along with the vinegar and sugar. Boil this mixture for two hours and pack in sterilized jars.—Mrs. A. D. M.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

promised him anything he wanted if he would let me have the gal. Things man sat in silence. He did not care to talk to this man, for some reason. He disliked him, that was the long and short of it. Landon turned to the sergeant after a bit.

"But although I got the ol' man so he was satisfied to have me get her, I couldn't seem to bring the gal around. She wuz pretty strict around here at that time, an' it looked as if I would have to marry her if I wuz to get her at all. But I wuz willin' to do that—anything, in fact, just so as to get her."

"Her Injun went off on a three weeks' trip, an' no sooner does he get away when the old man says: 'She's yours if you can make her go with you.' I says she'll go with me, one way or the other." He paused a while again, while the others sat in quiet, waiting for him to go on.

"Did she go? I'll say she did. She didn't want to, an' put up an awful fight, but there ain't none of them can get away with that stuff with your Uncle W. L. when he makes up his mind he wants a thing bad enough. I made her with me down the river, an' in your pipe, you can put that in your pipe."

"I showed her what was what, an' believe me, I knocked a few crazy notions outta her head while I had her. I learned her how to sit up an' say, 'papa.'"

"Say, but she was one sweet Jane, at first! Tried to run away, wunst or twice, but I got her back agen an' learned her proper. Never tried it no more. After that she knowed who I got good an' tired of her—five or six years, in all. I sold her to some half-breed over on the Plate after that, an' ain't never heard of her since—guess she's dead by now."

"But what I started to say wuz about that Injun buck. You see, he didn't get back till about three weeks after I had skipped; there wuz no chance of findin' us then, an' he knowed it, though I don't know what he thought, you can't never tell what an Injun is goin' to pull on you. Anyway, her father tells him that Wind Along the Waste has gone with me of her own volition—that she told him she loved me, an' all that there kind a rot, an' he believed it."

"What does he do but say that he's going to pass in his checks—commit suicide; he does it, too. Goes to his bunk, lies down, turns his face to the wall, and in two days he wuz dead. Say, what'd ya think of that? Shows power of mind over matter. I alwuz thought it wuz a kinda curious thing, if you know what I mean."

"He finished in a dead silence, his small black eyes gleaming unpleasantly and lustfully at the reminiscence. Shortly after he took his leave and plodded on his way."

Sergeant Waterman sat in the room, quietly, without saying a word, and so did Sanderson. They gazed grimly out of the window at the figure padding its way over accurately in the beaten path, until it had passed out of sight in the pines. A little later Sergeant Waterman rose and announced that he would go on his rounds. He drew on his fur coat and took his snowshoes from the wall.

"Guess I'll travel along with you a way—need the exercise," said Sanderson. Waterman nodded, and waited for the older man to dress.

Four miles down the trail, in the lee of a big, grim rock they found the man who had called himself Landon. His body was still warm, but all life had departed. Spread flat on his back, his sightless eyes staring up at the brazen heavens reproachfully, he had that in his face that indicated he had seen something that usually comes in the black night—a shade out of a nightmare that had come to horrify him in the daylight. The surprise mingled with the horror in his staring orbs. His revolver was in his hand, but it had not been fired.

A great, jagged hole had been smashed in his skull, such as might have been made by a sharp-pointed stone, and next to him, where it had fallen, lay a tomahawk. The head of it was a long, sharp, heavy piece of flint, bound to the haft with rawhide thong crisscrossed over the hard stone. They examined the body briefly, still in silence, and then faced each other.

"She got him—after twenty years," remarked the trader, and the other nodded.

"The law—your law, doesn't recognize any crime in what this man did," said Sanderson. "Yet it will recognize a crime in what this squaw did—and she will hang for it. Well," with a shrug of his shoulders, "I suppose it must be so."

"Who said she'll hang for it?" asked the representative of the law evenly. "Hanging is for murder. This was not murder."

The other looked at him gravely. "It was—"

"Can't you see what it was. It was suicide, of course. A man's liable to do anything; on a lonely trail like this; when you're alone you get to see how useless life is—and you commit suicide. Let's bury him."

Quietly the men faced each other. It was Sanderson who spoke at last. "I think you're right. He committed suicide twenty years ago."
(The End.)



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GIVE CHILDREN "BOTTLED" SUNSHINE.

Children make their greatest growth when they can get the benefit of direct sunshine. Secondary, or "bottled" sunshine, in the form of carrot, comes next. The sun, though it does not shine upon your child, has, nevertheless, made provision for his well-being. It has stored its vital energy in the products of the vegetable kingdom, and has placed the vitamins, more precious than gold, within the reach of the human family. It only remains for you to select wisely the diet of your child, and he cannot develop rickets.

Fruit and vegetables stand first as vitamin bearers. Among the vegetables, the once lowly carrot stands in the front rank. It is sunshine itself brought to your table. There is no kind of vitamin, so far discovered, that the carrot does not possess.

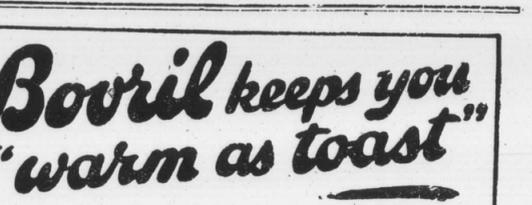
For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment. Mackintosh for His Daughter.

Some few years ago an English family rented a place in the Highlands for a few months. It was near a loch, and one morning the party engaged a boat to take them across. The weather had become unsettled, and the father said to the boatman, "By the way, can you tell me where I could get a Mackintosh for my daughter?" The boatman rested on his oars for a moment or two, and then said, "There's not ferry many Mackintoshes hereabouts, but there's a fine young Mackintosh, a bachelor, who lives at the loch, and he might be sutting the young lady."

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Boveril keeps you "warm as toast"

Ignition. The force was out to lunch—leaving the bookkeeper alone in the store. A handsome young chap strode in. "Do they keep automobile accessories here?" he asked. The little bookkeeper smiled her sweetest. "Only me," she replied.

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