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Passing the Love Of Women

—BY EDWIN BLISS.

PART I.

I saw him first—the poet man. He wasn't much to look at, just a messy, long-haired little fellow who got took quick in the wind and with eyes that hated anybody who felt sorry for him. Funny I noticed him at all. We see them every day out here, dragging themselves off cars and hiking for the mountains. Almost every day, long pine boxes are shoved in the baggage car billing them back home. They come and go. Just lingers—that's all.

Guess his nerve was what stopped my pay car. He walked down the platform, straight and still till the cough hit him, racking his body terrible, but his eyes blazing warned at me not to notice it.

"Mountain air kind of bite your gizzard?" I asks careless like.

He whirled on me, mouth and eyes trying to cuss me, then keeled over in my arms, dead weight. Two days he fussed around the borders and barancas of the Black Country before he comes to himself in my shack, his big eyes soft and shiny and wondering at the things he'd just seen. I bent over him and he recognizes me immediately, fighting for his breath.

"Tain't my gizzard," he gasps; "It's my lung, you idiot, and what the hell business is it of yours?"

And that's how I met with Podner, P-a-r-d-n-e-r, Podner. He was my podner and Podner I called him always, it fitting better to my tongue than his fancy handle. Game as a pebble, Podner was. Never complained, but barked in his shack like it was comfortable as home back East and my hour, Pete, and something tells me some nerve to do that in a strange country when you haven't a nickel, haven't anything but a hole in your lung.

He would sit for hours before the door, writing kit handy, his eyes fastened on the timber line of St. Peter's Dome, where the creek twists round on itself and dances down the canyon just as though it hadn't ever figured on reaching the top. Days I'd leave him sitting there, the sad look on his face; nights I'd come back to find him still there, hungering for something he couldn't seem to quite locate. And the moon, white-washing the door, seemed to leave a lot of itself in Podner's eyes, tender, pleading and easy to hurt. I'd never let on to notice, just get out the skillet and doctor up a mess of bacon and beans and then we'd eat, him silent and forgetful that I was there at all. I knew his mind was on that pad of paper; the pad that never showed a line of writing.

"The disease is mostly in his head," Doc used to say to me. "He is highly imaginative, Pete; all poet fellows are. Just distract his mind and you'll be astonished at the rapidity of his improvement."

But Podner was tender as a woman and I was just an old alkali and mountain man who knew nothing much that got away from "color." I talked it over with Hell Diver heaps of times. Me and Hell Diver got that habit twenty years back when my wife—well, anyhow burrows have lots more sense than folks about such things, and finally I got an idea. I sprung it on him next time I heard him pacing

up and down, down and up the floor, stopping at the window to stare out at the moon.

"Podner," says I, nervous for fear of getting him touchy, "I'm a tough old jasper without much feelings, but I know one thing for certain sure. When a man spends his time looking at the moon, his ears is hankering for the rustle of one certain petticoat. I know, because I've stared myself. I married a dance-hall girl in Cripple Mine, days and gave her the Gophir Mine, after which she ups and runs off with Joe Elwood. When Joe didn't come back I packed Hell Diver and started looking for him and another mine. Women is hard to get off the head, Podner, but a pipe and the sight of rich quartz will do it. In the morning me and you start prospecting."

His eyes grew big with terror as he looked at me, then moved to the table, planting his hands on the writing pad and pencils lying there, protecting them as a jealous mother would her baby.

"My poetry, Pete!" he cried. "I'm too weak to do that and write. You don't, can't understand, Pete," he went on, softening his voice and resting his puny white hands on my shoulders in a way that always set me shivering inside. "I came out here to die, here in the mountains. I might just as well have died in New York if some big purple hadn't been behind it all. I've felt the poem stirring within me in this big country, this country that frightens yet caresses me. I only want an hour, Pete; my hour, when I can write all that I'm feeling. Only my hour, Pete, and something tells me I'll get it."

The stars were guttering out when we packed Hell Diver and started, the morning air searching out the marrow in our bones, and the sun painting the snow-filled canyons that top Carrons Cone in a cross of blazing fire. Through the mountains which the miners had gophered out, down into valleys and up again, we travelled that day, with Podner chattering his delight and Hell Diver looking at him astonished, like an old-timer would, and me just happy.

The third day out he began to grow silent, and his imagination-drawn mines were turning out to be mica as his head sagged forward and his feet lagged and dragged. But I kept him walking, heading for Red Mesa, knowing it would astonish him plumb out of himself; besides, Red Mesa had never been half prospected.

We came to it on the sixth day, just as me and Hell Diver had come on it a dozen times before, abruptly as you round the Devil's Slide. Podner was staggering, fighting for his feet, head leaning forward, and legs wobbling. He got one eye full, then straightened, the breath coming through his teeth and into his lungs with a big, hissing sound. I knew his feeling, never having quite got over them myself when I stumble on Red Mesa.

A wilderness, a desert of rocks; a wilderness, a desert of mountains of rocks—that's Red Mesa. But it's not all red. There's no color or mix-up of colors that Red Mesa ain't got. It's not made, Red Mesa ain't. It's jumbled together in ledges, canyons, mountains, rough valleys; chunked out of heaven because it hurt the angels' eyes. When the Lord painted this earth he must a worn Red Mesa for His clothes and, being so soiled when He finished, tossed them down here where only sun-squinted, old jaspers like me would tumble across 'em. Podner was whispering out loud, but whispering:

"It's the palette of God, Pete! The palette of God! I musn't leave; musn't go another step! I can write here, can see, and feel! And every color out there must be in my poem, every—"

He stopped, grabbing my arm till his weak fingers bit right into my bone. He wasn't whispering any more, the huskiness had disappeared from his voice, his eyes were clear but looking far away. He waved one hand toward Red Mesa while his voice rolled out like chiming gold.

"You see rocks out there, Pete; rocks and their colors. But I see more than rocks, more than colors—much more. I see my hour out there; the hour I've fought and prayed for. And, as I see my hour, just as plainly I see all that mass of rock share itself into buildings that pierce the sky, hiving with thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings just like us. And the irregular rock canyons before me become streets, all crowded, Pete, with people. And there is one street where the hurrying crowd of human beings stop and stare into the great window of a great store—a book shop, Pete. They talk with one another although they are not acquainted, talk about the book, the volume staring out of that window at them. And there is a woman, Pete, who stops too, I do not know her, have

never seen her, but some day I shall know her, shall see her. She does not talk. She looks at the book, Pete, and she has tear-mists in her eyes, and she does not know it nor would she care if she did, for she has read the book. It is the woman I have never seen save in the moon, Pete; and the book is the poem that shall be born of my hour, and it shall bring us together. That's what I see out there—New York, Pete. The city of power, they call it; the city of riches, they say it is. And as I look on the power of Red Mesa I feel I can put it in my poem, and it shall be so much more powerful than the man-made city; I see the Woman out there and the rich possession of her love will be so much richer than all the dross of the town. Oh, it's a wonderful country, Pete!"

"That's right," I agreed. "And it ain't been half mineralized."

He looked at me quick, as though hurt, then a curious, foxy expression crossed his face. That night he babbled like a trout stream, fancying mines so rich that alkalis and I see the Woman out there and the rich possession of her love will be so much richer than all the dross of the town. Oh, it's a wonderful country, Pete!"

Finally he rolled up in his blankets and kept still, staring at Red Mesa as the night got its sponge and wiped off all the colors there. The clouds were rocking the moon about and the stars burning big holes in the blanket thrown over them when Podner went to sleep, his breath slow and deep, with never a sign of a cough or a hitch.

Funny how little you get to know the stars. There's one big fellow that sometimes he stares at me till my pipe burns out and I can't see anything else but him. Old alkalis and mountain men get the habit of talking things over with the Lord when they're up pretty high, where He can hear 'em plain. Somehow, looking from Podner, sleeping with a look of heaven on his woman's face and at that unwinking star; listening to the tinkle of Hell Diver's bells as he roamed about with a bad dream, I got a hankering to talk things over.

"L," said I quiet, so as not to wake the little fellow, "me and you've made considerable medicine about Joe Elwood—him as run away with my wife in Cripple Creek. I've sort of changed my mind about wanting you to send him in range. You've heard this podner of mine begging for his hour. I don't want to ask too much, but just hand him that hour, Lord, and I won't ask for nothing else and will take off my hat to you forever more. Amen."

Funny how Nature fools with an old jasper same as if he was a tender-foot. I had been prospecting about six days, never thinking "color" was in the country, but just chucking to see how fast Podner was getting cured while I made a bluff at working so as to humor him, when rich quartz, a big vein of it, just naturally crops up and hits me in the eye. Right on the surface it was, broad enough to

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 of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

make me think I had another Gophir. Just an accident, but that's always the way it runs. Jim Thatcher chuckled away his pick, plumb disgusted, and it turns up the quartz that become Lost Mite Mine. Hell Diver stumbled and uncovered the vein that is the Gophir. It runs that way.

"Gold, Pete?" he asked softly. "You have found it?"

"Gold, Podner," I answered, knocking out my pipe on the heel of my boot, ashamed to meet his eyes for some reason. "Pretty surface cropping as ever I saw—it's another Gophir."

"And this," he whispered softly to himself, not knowing I could hear, "is gold—gold." He stroked the specimens lightly, that shiny glad look in his eyes as they met mine across the fire. He rose, came over and sat down beside me, leaning his bent elbow on my shoulder. "Pete," he began, "this morning you said the grub was low, that we would have to be on our way. How far is this gold from here—from Red Mesa?"

"A matter of three miles," I answered, uneasy for the curious expression on his face. "We'll make the trip to Ozone in no time—eight days at the most."

"Eight days," he murmured, still looking at me queer. "Pete, I've learned a great deal of this country from listening to you talk. Eight days is a long time to leave a mine alone. Yesterday you said a day was a long time to keep the smell of gold from a prospector's nose. Claim jumpers could do many things in eight days."

"I've found the way out, Pete," he said quietly; "sitting here, it came on me what should be done. You've been awfully good to me, humored me and cared for me like I was your son. I know now the purpose of our meeting, my coming to this country, wasn't to give me my hour, my poem, but to help you to the riches you have earned. It's a far bigger purpose, Pete; and I am thankful, being so weak and you so big and strong, to be used for it. And now you are going to Ozone alone to get the things we need, and I will guard your mine while you are gone. That will be my hour, Pete; so much more worthy an hour than the one I thought had been laid out for me."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

About the House

CARE OF THE SCALP.

Among the minor ills—those, namely, which do not threaten life or impair physical efficiency—there is perhaps none that occasions more distress than the various troubles that affect the hair of the head. "A woman's glory is her hair," and man's would be his if he could only keep it! In most cases he could keep it if he would only begin to care for it soon enough but good hair is like good health; we seldom appreciate it or think of means for preserving it until it begins to depart, and then it is often too late.

Many of the troubles with our hair—lack of lustre, brittleness, dandruff, thinning or actual baldness—come primarily from lack of nutrition. The skin of the scalp, unlike the skin of the rest of the body, is stretched over a bony surface, so that its blood supply must be brought from a distance and is almost completely shut off by pressure against the skull such as that made by the rim of a man's straw hat or his derby. The stiff hat, by the way, is undoubtedly the main reason that so many more men than women grow bald. The few instances of baldness in women, can usually be explained by lack of care or by neglect of some disease of the scalp.

The great thing in caring for the scalp is to maintain a good supply of blood for nourishing the hair bulbs. Massage—the is, vigorous rubbing, night and morning combined with pinching the scalp between thumb and forefinger—will help greatly. If that is done faithfully from early life, a man may, if he avoids the stiff hat, not only preserve his hair but also retard or prevent its becoming gray.

Shampooing the healthy scalp beyond what is necessary for cleanliness—once every week or fortnight—is harmful. There is nothing better for the shampoo than tincture of green soap. After the washing, the hair should be thoroughly rinsed in cool or cold water, and then a very little yellow vaseline or a mixture of vaseline and lanolin should be rubbed into the roots. When the scalp has been neglected the hair may become dry and lack lustre. For that condition a pomade of equal parts of citrine ointment, yellow vaseline and lanolin is useful. A little of the mixture well rubbed into the roots at night once a week or so and washed out with a shampoo of tincture of green soap in the morning will often bring back the natural beauty of the hair.

A GARDEN PARTY. If you want an excuse to dress up, why not ask your friends to represent their favorite flower at an afternoon or evening garden party? Since June is the month of roses, you might

choose this flower as your own and send this invitation out on rose-colored cards:

Miss Crimson Rambler bids all the flowers to a party in her garden on June eighth.

Time (Flower costumes)

Place R. S. V. P.

Most of the girls will come as gay crepe-paper duplicates of their favorites, but don't be surprised if some of the boys come looking like giant buttons or cardboard hearts from which blood seems to flow.

If your party is outdoors you won't have to worry much about decorations; nature has taken care of that for you. Of course, if your party is at night you will want to string up Japanese lanterns for additional light. And you may want to serve your refreshments from a rose-decorated booth on the porch.

As the flowers arrive, give each a jagged bit of rose-colored cardboard on which there are a few words from some flower quotation. Tell him that he will find his partners for the first event by matching up with the other flowers who complete the quotation. When the various quotations have been assembled, there will be some quaint bouquets, indeed. Imagine a gaudy sunflower grouped with tea roses, sweet peas, and forget-me-nots!

Each group is given a score card on

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MOWERS

which tables one, two, and three are listed. The groups progress from table to table—these are placed quite a distance apart—and guess a series of flower odors at each. When the rounds have been made, each group gives its score to the judge, and receives another card on which they find an odd jumble of letters.

This is called a Rosebush Contest. Again they work as a group, and the ones who find most parts of a rosebush on their cards are awarded tiny nosebags.

To match up the flowers for supper partners, let the girls and men draw from two baskets in which identical flowers have been placed. If there aren't enough different flowers, you might use the same flower in various colors, as red, yellow, pink, and white roses and the various colored pinks and pansies.

When partners have been drawn, they may seek the rose booth and help themselves to a rosy supper. You might serve:

- Rose-colored Lemonade in Paper Cups
- Dream Sandwiches
- Salted Nuts
- Rose-frosted Sponge Cake
- Strawberry Ice Cream

As your guests eat, you might give them some rose riddles to guess. If you prefer, you can give each couple a card with a pencil attached, on which to put down their answers. If they tire of this, let them have a try at Alphabet Flower Ships. This is a game that was played half a century ago, so that it's about old enough to be new.

The leader explains that each guest represents a ship named a certain letter of the alphabet, and when called on must say: "My ship is loaded with—"; that is, the name of a flower beginning with the letter the leader has called.

For instance, the leader calls "C" and points to a certain guest. Immediately she must answer: "My ship is loaded with candytuft." If "B" is called, the guest may answer "begonia." It would be well for the hostess or leader to have at hand a dictionary for reference. The faster the game is played the more enjoyable it is.

You might finish the evening with a rose hunt that will send each guest off with a souvenir of the evening's fun.

HOUSE OR HOME.

A house is built of bricks and stones, Of sills and posts and piers; But a home is built of lovely deeds That stand a thousand years. A house, though but a humble cot, Within its walls may hold A home of priceless beauty, rich In Love's eternal gold.

NATURE STUDY RECORDS.

It would surely be interesting for the girls of a community to set out to discover how many flowers, birds or trees they can find in their vicinity in the course of the summer holidays. At a camp one year on the closing day, after only a week's search, the girls went in a procession and attached names to all the trees they had identified and presented to the camp on a birch bark roll a list of forty-five

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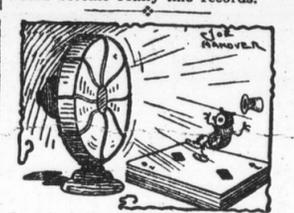
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In work or play, it gives the poise and steadiness that mean success.

It helps digestion, allays thirst, keeps the mouth cool and moist, the throat muscles relaxed and pliant and the nerves at ease.

FOR A BETTER SCORE

flowers they had discovered. If such tests were preserved, compared from year to year, and additions made, they would become really fine records.



Most Have Been Bug—"This must be one of those hurricane decks that I've heard about."

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Printing Tennyson's Poems.

In the days before linotypes were invented every letter had to be set by hand in the printshops of the world. It was during that period that Murray the publisher said that every time he was called on to print Tennyson's poems he had to secure an extra supply of the letters "l" and "v," since the poet used the word "love" so often. It was a noble though incidental tribute to a cardinal word in the sublime strains of the illustrious poet.

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