Always Buy

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

H669

The little leaves and tips from high mountain tea gardens, that are used in SALADA are much finer in flavor than any Gunpowder or Japan. Try it.

A GLASS OF MILK

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

PART I.

Gil Tanner sat eyeing the long glass of fresh milk with some such look as he might have been expected to cast on the same quantity of rat poison. Then he blinked up drearily at the white-aproned girl who had just handed it to him.

There was covert inquiry in his eyes as well as glumness. Much he desired to know whether or not she despised him as thoroughly as he despised himself and as Lafe Hewitt openly despised him. But in Kay Leonard's level gray eyes there was no expression that he could read, beyond a patient waiting for him to drink the milk and give her back the glass.

"All right," he said presently. "I'll just sip it slowly, and when it's empty I'll set it down here beside me. Don't bother to wait for the glass. I'll bring it in when I come."

"That's what you said this morning," the girl reminded him. "I happened to look out through the kitchen window a minute later and I saw you pouring it into Napoleon's tin dish. He lapped up every drop of it. Does he lap up every drop of every glass of milk you're supposed to drink, Gil?"

For a moment the man's pallid face reddened, and he scowled. Then he broke into a rueful grin.

"I might have known it was too good to last," he grumbled. "If it wasn't for Napoleon here I'd have died from a surfeit of glasses of milk a week ago. I hate it. And he loves it. Every drop of it helps to make him bigger and fatter and stronger. He neds strength. I don't. The sooner I drop out of life the better pleased I'll be."

He stooped painfully forward as he spoke and rumpled the fluffy ears of a plump collie pup that lay at his feet, looking expectantly up at him and at the brimming glass of milk. Gil did not meet Kay's eyes. Which was lucky for his self-respect. For an angry scorn leaped from their cool gray depths.

"You have no right to say such things!" she blazed. "The sooner you drop out of life the better pleased you'll be? I'm ashamed of you, Gil! Honestly I am. Here your mother and all the rest of us are doing everything we can to build up your health and make things pleasant for you and help you forget what you've been through. And you pay us by giving the milk to the puppy and by wishing you were dead!"

"Why shouldn't I?" he countered miserably. "What use am I, to myself or to anyone else? Maybe you think it's fun to be boosted out onto this porch every morning and lugged in again every night, and sit here all day, paralyzed from the waist down! To sit here like a dead one while all the rest of the world goes hustling on around me and sound men are doing the work that meant everything to me! Why shouldn't I wish I was dead? What is there to live for? I——"

Ashamed of his own babyish outburst, he fought for self-control and for fresh grip on his racked nerves.

"What is there to live for?" she repeated, as his complaint was choked into surly silence. "There's everything to live for. Your mother, for one thing. She worships you as only a mother can. This farm, for another thing. This farm you brought to life again when it was sour and worn-out and tumbling to decay. There's everything to live for, Gil. And you know there is, if only you'll let yourself think a minute.

"Just because you've had a bad setback, it's no reason why you should talk in that cowardly way. The doctor says your best chance to get well is to build up your strength and your general health. That's why he prescribed the four glasses of milk and egg a day, along with the rest of the diet and the treatments. Yet you won't even help yourself or help us help you. You sit there, unhappy and letting yourself get weaker and more forlorn every day. You feed the nice fresh milk to that puppy and——"

"Oh, suppose we take the rest of my sins for granted," he broke in on her gravely sad reproof. "I'm sorry I was so cranky and babyish, Kay. Forget it, won't you? Here—I'll do penance. Watch me."

He lifted the pint glass to his lips and drank it down in one succession of gulps. The puppy, his furry head on one side, watched pathetically this unkind vanishing of his expected feast. Gil handed back the glass to Kay then stooped again and patted Napoleon's head remorsefully.

"Sorry, Nap," he apologized. "But I had to do something to atone for snarling like a sick bear. And you've had two glasses of it already to-day, besides your regular meals. There was a raw egg whipped up in each of them too. That's grand for a collie's coat. I guess you won't starve to death before supper time."

He forced a whimsical grin to his white face.

"Doesn't that make up a little bit for my acting like a cross kid? I hate the measly stuff. I hate it worse than ever, with those raw eggs beaten in it. I used to think I liked milk. But since it's been stuck at me, with eggs in it, four times a day, I wish there wasn't a cow or a hen left on earth. Do I get forgiven, Kay?"

He asked the question lightly, but there was a thread of deeper feeling in his tired voice. The girl did not answer. She turned away quickly and went indoors, leaving him there. Gil could not know she had turned aside so hurriedly to hide a hot mist that had sprung unbidden to her eyes at his tone and at the brave smile he essayed.

Left alone, Gil Tanner stared morosely after her.

"Gee!" he muttered to himslef, the pain in his voice no longer disguised. "She's as sick and tired of me as Lafe Heritt is. What in blazes is there left that cares for me and that doesn't think I'd be better out of the way?"

As though in answer to his questions, a tawny-and-white collie dog emerged from under the porch vines where she had been dozing. Stretching her dainty body fore and aft, she came mincing up the steps and across to Tanner's armchair. Pausing there, she laid one white little forepaw on his knee and peered up in troubled pity into his face. Instinctively, she seemed to know her worshipped master was unhappy and she was seeking to comfort him. Roughly, the man caught her classic head between his two palms.

"Nance, you've answered the question!" he told her, a catch in his voice. "I was just asking myself if anyone would care if I was out of the game. And along comes the only thing on earth that thinks as much of me now that I'm a cripple as she did when I was sound. Thank the good Lord, a man's dog is the one thing in this rotten world that hasn't got the sense to know when he's down and out or to act as if he was something the cat had dragged home from the swamp."

Nance seemed to sense a compliment to herself in his mumbled words. For she wagged her plumed tail with much vigor and whimpered delightedly, far down in her throat. Her puppy, Napoleon, came lumbering up to her for a romp. Disdaining him, Nance placed both paws on Gil's knees and tried to lick the man's sorrowful face.

Absent-mindedly, Gil patted her, his eyes straying across the broad fields he had reclaimed from worthlessness—fields which no longer knew his wise and loving personal care. To his morbid fancy, the farm was beginning to lose some of the brightness and prosperity to which his tireless work had brought it.

Ten years earlier, Gil had been called home from the agricultural college through which he was working his way. His shiftless father had died, leaving to his son the farm, and the care of his widowed mother. It had not been a promising heritage. The elder Tanner had scorned modern methods of farming and had sneered at Gil for insisting on taking the agricultural college course.

"I suppose you'll come back here and try to teach me how to run the place," he had said to the boy in fine sarcasm.

"Well, you needn't do it. Because I won't listen to you. I know more about farming than any college can teach. I ought to. Haven't I worked out three farms in my time? And haven't I pretty near worked this one out? College, hey? Bunk!"

The ninteen-year-old boy had thrown himself zealously into the task of saving the dying farm from utter worthlessness. The attempt had been cruelly hard and discouraging. But bit by bit he had succeeded. The waste lands grew rich again. The ramshackle buildings were replaced by new. The mortgages had been paid off. In less than ten years the farm was on a well-paying basis. Modern methods, wisely and unwearyingly applied, had wrought wonders.

Gil had felt that at last he was out of the woods. Now he could find time to think of his own happiness. And that happiness was centred around one woman—Kay Leonard, daughter of his prosperous next farm neighbor, a girl who had also been like a daughter to Gil's own widowed mother.

For two years Tanner rad been increasingly deep in love with her. But, until the farm should be prospering and his mother well provided for, he had felt he had no right to tell her of his love.

Then at last all obstacles had been cleared away. Gil had told himself he could enter into his reward for the years of grinding toil and worry. He planned to go to Kay's home on the evening of her return from a month's visit to a school friend and to ask her to share his brightening fortunes with him.

On the morning of that day he was hard at work with his hired man, shingling his newly-built hay barracks, when he slipped and pitched headlong onto a pile of stones that had been left there as material for piers to go under a projected water tank.

He had been carried senseless into the house. There the two local physicians had wrought over him until the concussion of the brain was cured.

Then and only then did they discover that he was paralyzed from the hips down.

When Gil emerged from his sick bed, it would have been hard to recognize him as the upstanding young giant of a month before. He had been known as one of the strongest and most athletic men in the county. His face had been tanned by sun and wind to a light mahogany. His mighty hands had been as calloused as rawhide.

Now he was pale and his eyes stared big and bewildered from above bony cheeks. His hands were as white and soft as a child's.

He had been able to take a standing jump from the ground clear over the back of his tallest work horse. Now his legs dragged helpless, and he was helped out onto his porch armchair between his grieving hired man and his brawny cousin, Lafe Hewitt.

Mrs. Tanner had sent, post haste, for Lafe when Gil was stricken. He was the nearest of kin, and she turned to him in her fright, although he and Gil had disliked each other with a growing intensity ever since they had fought as children.

Lafe's farm adjoined Gil's on the side farthest from that of Kay Leonard's father. Somewhat to his surprise, Gil found on his convalescence that Lafe had consented to Mrs. Tanner's foolish plea that he take over the working of the Tanner farm, as well as of his own, on shares, until Gil should be well again or until some permanent arrangement could be made.

Accordingly, Lafe Hewitt was in and around the house much of the time. He made no secret of his scorn for the helpless owner of the home, nor did he mask his contemptuous disregard for such orders or advice as Gil gave for the running of the farm.

Confused, sick, stricken, Tanner had no energy nor power to combat this disregard.

But when he found that Lafe was spending all his spare minutes in seeking Kay Leonard's society, apathy gave way to impotent rage. Kay was at the Tanner house every day now, helping Mrs. Tanner and trying to make herself useful to Gil. Thus Lafe's vigorous if ponderous courtship came hourly under the anguished attention of the cripple.

Gil found himself increasingly wretched in mind and body. The first bewildered numbness was passing, and the hideous facts of his condition waxed daily clearer to his tormented soul.

The giant strength in which he had reveled and by whose aid he had dragged the farm back from ruin to prosperity—from the waist down this strength was gone. His legs were powerless of motion or even of supporting his hundred and eighty pounds of muscular weight. What profited him the trained energy of his upper body, if paralyzed legs were to fetter him forever to a chair?

The farm had been his life ambition. Another was in charge of it now and was more and more openly flouting its owner's wishes in regard to its management. In his peaceful and friendly career, Gil had known but one hatred.

That had been for his hulking cousin, Lafe Hewitt. Wherefore, he had avoided him for years, as far as he could in so small a neighborhood. Now he and his home were at the mercy of the enemy.

True, Gil could have exerted his legal authority and cancelled the arrangement made by his mother, thus ridding himself of Lafe's presence and domination. But that would have left the homestead without an efficient active manager at the busiest time of year and at the most important period of the farm's new lease of life.

(To be concluded.)

"Hello Daddy - don't forget my Wrigleys"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home tonight.

Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet - for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little freshener

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

ISSUE No. 26—'25.

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.

Canoeing in North Quebec is Thrilling

To anyone with a desire for adventure, a love of outdoor life, and a hunger for the unknown, the uncharted, and the hazardous, the canoe trip through northern Quebec from Lake St. John to Lake Mistassini will provide a never-ending source of satisfaction. There are trappers and prospectors who are familiar with the route but the outsider making the trip will need competnet and experienced guides. These may be engaged through local outfitters who make a specialty of supplying guides and equipment for trips of this nature.

The trip starts from St. Felicien, the terminus of the Quebec and Chicoutimi branch of the Canadian National Railways, 206 miles north of Quebec city. The round trip has been made in 34 days, but 6 weeks' supplies should be taken as a precaution against delays from accidents or bad weather. The following description has been prepared from an itinerary of the trip made by Dr. A. Willey, Professor of Zoology, McGill University, during the summer of 1924.

From St. Felicien on the Ashuapmuchuan river the first step of the journey was by wagon, 10 miles up the river, to avoid the lower falls and rapids. Entering the river the first camp was made at the Pemonka camp site, 9 miles up stream. A short distance above this point is a deep rapid called Pas de Ford or "No Bottom," which can rarely be ascended. It was necessary, therefore, to detour by the Stony River portage which crosses a chain of five charming lakelets and regains the Ashuapmuchuan by a swift mountain stream. Next followed stiff poling up the White Spruce rapids to the foot of Chaudiere falls where camp was made. Above the falls the water is fast to the mouth of the Chigobish river which was reached on the fifth day. Turning west up the Chigobish, 15 portages were passed in the 22 miles to Lake Chigobish, which is an attractive sheet of water with inviting beaches and surrounded by big, unburnt timber. Fifteen miles up the lake, Portage Dur leads to Crooked river, which is the extended foot of lake Ashuapmuchuan. Nine miles up this latter lake is a newly established Hudson's Bay Company post of modest pretensions, so hidden among the trees that it cannot be sighted beyond a stone's throw. The first hundred miles of the trip was completed on the ninth day at the head of lake Ashuapmuchuan and the ascent of the picturesque river Nikabau, with its long rapids, commenced.

Across the Height of Land.

Next comes a series of lakes beginning with Little and Great Nikabau, followed by Jourdain's and terminating in Branch lake, at the head of which Portage des Peches leads to Whitefish or Long lake. At the head of Long lake a portage called La Hauteur leads across the height of land between the Saguenay and the Nottaway drainage systems. From this point onward the trip gains in piquancy. Obatogamau, the next lake, contains 750 islands and the navigation of the labyrinth is difficult even for experts. The fourth portage after lake Obatogamau leads to a very narrow winding creek which is the head of lake Chibougamau. After passing through a succession of bays and narrows the latter lake was entered in the afternoon of the fourteenth day, completing 200 miles of the trip and coming within sight of the distant range of hills beyond which lies the great lake Mistassini. Lake Chibaugamau was crossed to its north ned where the Narrows lead to Mackenzie bay, which is also called Baie du Jongleur from a flat-topped mountain at its head. From the head of the bay there is a hard portage to lake Wakonichi, crossing the watershed between the Nottaway and Rupert drainage systems. The rockbound shores of Wakonichi lake offer but a slight inducement to land except at one spot called Pointe des Peches, a granite bluff, which is one of the best of all the camp sites and was reached on the eighteenth day. Descending Wakonichi river, lake Mistassini was entered and on the twentieth day the historic Hudson's Bay Company post on this lake was reached. Proceeding through Little Narrows, Abatagush bay and Big Narrows, the last camp was made at a place called Pointe des Chasses Sauvages du Printemps, in view of the vast expanse of the lake. As it was impossible to cross the open lake in small canoes the trip had to end here.

The return journey, commencing on the twenty-fourth day, was made by way of File-axe lake (lac le Meule) and the Riviere du Chefil which joins the Ashuapmuchuan 33 miles above Chaudiere galls, then down the latter river to St. Felicien, the starting point, which was reached on the thirty-fourth day.

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

Investment in Canadian Water-Power.

The total water-power developed in Canada as at February 1, 1825, was practically 3,570,000 horse-power, and the capital invested therein, including transmission and distribution, was $766,758,000. In 1910 the investment stood at $121,000,000, so that the average annual increase over the 14 years has been nearly $646,000 or 14 per cent. per annum.

Rinso dissolves completely

makes rich soapy solution

soaks dirt out

2-449

The Bob-o-Link's Oddities.

Isn't it odd that the bobolinks sweep up from the south in spring to take possession of a strip 500 miles wide and reaching from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

They have spent the winter as brown marsh birds in Brazil and Argentina. Then in February they began the drift north, stopping in the upper part of South America for the male birds to change to their black, white and yellow wedding garments. Then they hopped across the Caribbean to Jamaica, Cuba and Florida, or came through Central America and across the gulf. They sperad out and set their time clocks to arrive about the beginning of May.

There they take possession of the meadows, but they sing at no other than nesting time. The female keeps her straw-colored dress that she may hide in the grass, lay straw-colored eggs, and hatch them without being seen. The male flaunts his joy wisely withal, for he does it in such a way as to direct attention away rather than toward the nest.

The bobolink is primarily an eastern bird, used not to extend its province so far west. It likes meadows, and farmers create them. As farms pushed west the bobolinks went with them. They followed settlers into the Rockies, where they had not formerly nested, over the Rockies, down to the coast.

They still remember, however, that they are eastern birds. When late summer arrives the broods are reared, and when the time for the southern migration begins they do not go straight south. Instead they start east and do not stop until they bump up against the Atlantic. Then they turn down the coast in innumerable swarms follow it to the tip of Florida, hop off in the long flight to Venezuela.

This is the way they got started going hundreds of thousands of years ago, and, although it is twice as far, they stick to the route.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

When Annual Rental Was One Barley Corn.

At the present day one is quite familiar with the expression "for the sum of $1," or some similar phrase to indicate nominal consideration used in many documents conveying property. A recent search in connection with titles through some of the old documents preserved in the records of the Ordnance, Admiralty, and Railway Lands Branch of the Department of the Interior, revealed a quaint and rather curious form of this consideration. A lease issued under the authority of the province of Upper Canada in 1836 contained the following: "for and during the term of thirty years at a yearly rental of one barley corn." The usual item of nominal consideration in the early days was "a pepper corn" but this is the first case noted where "barley corn" was used. Possibly it was because barley was more common than pepper in this country.

Sentence Sermons.

You Can Have More—Leisure if you do your work well for the first time.

—Freedom if you break the chains of your own enslaving habits.

—Influence if you will confine your statements to the facts.

—"Drag" with the boss if you boost more for the business.

—Help in bad times if you have been dependable in good times.

—Friends if you are willing to take time to make them.

—Sympathy from the community if you waste no pity on yourself.

SAW it with a SIMONDS SAW

Stays sharp longer.

SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LTD.
1550 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO
MONTREAL
VANCOUVER ST. JOHN, N.B.

Cord Wood Saw Users

Write Simonds Canada Saw Co., Limited, 1550 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Ontario, for prices on Simonds Special Circular Cord Wood Saw

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns

AN EASY-TO-MAKE ROMPER.

Remember the laundering when planning the children's clothes. The little two-piece romper pictured above is a good example of a garment easy to launder. It is cut with kimono sleeves, which may be long or short, buttons up the back and has drop seat. It takes only 1⅞ yards of material 27 inches wide to make the romper for a child two years old. Sizes 1, 2 and 4 years. Price 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Obeying Orders.

Thompson—"Good gracious! Didn't you pack my liniment?"

Mrs. Thompson—"No, of course not! It was labeled: 'Not to be taken.' "

Take REAL Mustard to Your Summer Home

Be sure to include one or two tins of KEEN'S MUSTARD in the supplies you take to your Summer Cottage or Camp.

Only real Mustard—*freshly mixed*—can give you that savoury zest and tang in your food that you appreciate so much. And only real mustard—*freshly mixed* with cold water—furnishes real aid to digestion.

Make a note now to "remember Keen's Mustard" when you leave.

Keen's Mustard aids digestion

350