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Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE B. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Cont'd.)

Arrived at his journey's end, finding himself amid the happiest conditions and the most exquisite surroundings, Garwek naturally found it difficult to realize the Klondyke in winter. To him it was not a region of enchantment and of dream; and whether or not he was to be successful in his search, he must for the remainder of his life be glad that he had penetrated so far into the heart of Alaska.

On the morning after his arrival he called forth from his comfortable hotel to find the Canadian Bank of Commerce, which was only a stone's throw off. His inquiry for the manager was courteously met, and when he was ushered into the private room, he was politely received by a thin, clean-shaven man whose appearance suggested that of a lawyer in practice rather than a Klondyke banker. "Morning!" And what can I do for you, sir? he inquired, with an undoubted American roll on his tongue. "My name's Garwek. You don't know him, and it would be hopeless to expect," said Peter quietly, "I've made a long journey from Spokane to Alaska, and you know the Klondyke. I'm looking for a man named Affery. I don't know his Christian name, but I think I've got the surname."

"Affery, and by only in the Klondyke?" "Yes, that's the name. He isn't the kind of man to be talked in with a fairy-tale like this. He's a banker, and he made his money in a long, queer line which he would put into words, and he's a man who's got a question, he asked as he turned towards Garwek, at three parts Irish. He's never been in his father-country, and that they few who have made good here will have to pay the price of it later."

"What's his name?" "Peter Garwek," said Garwek, "is a gorgeous fellow, and he's got a way of saying things that'll make you see it now under the most favorable conditions. We've got a month or an Arctic winter when the Yukon comes to its own, returns to its primitive state, and desolation. I can't get over eight months of Arctic winter. I'll effectively lose of further progress—in the ordinary sense, I mean. Personally, I think that's the way in its primal state is something of a hardship on all the ways of the earth! And I'm a hard-headed fellow from Albany—and don't you get me wrong!"

"Well, now," said Garwek, "I'm going to shake off the singular spell he felt being woven about him, 'this Goldwater Creek—how does one get to it?' 'About forty or fifty miles—nothing in the way! The day after tomorrow the stage starts on the return journey—probably the last of the season. Would you like me to go with you?' Garwek hesitated a moment, and the Yankee was quick enough to grasp the significance of that brief assistance. Of course you don't want any gathering. I ought to have known better. Well, then, where are you stopping? Will you come and lunch with me at my place? I'm a bachelor, but I can go you fairly well, and I'll be glad to see you and accept of the man for very friendly and kind. And during the next four-and-a-half days of forced inactivity in Dawson, he had ample opportunity of hearing much more that was interesting, and some things that were a little incredible about the strange new land to which he had come.

He heard stories of the old Dawson days, when the gold-born city was in the full grip of lawlessness and bestiality, how the troops came over the White Horse Pass to proclaim martial law, and many stories of personal heroism and adventure which adventures he and consumed in his youth. In fact, he felt inclined to ask himself whether he was in his sober senses, and listening to tales of actual life.

CHAPTER XXXI. GREATER LOVE. On Friday, about ten of the morning, he got on board the stage, and more, beyond for the nearest point to Goldwater Creek. In the late afternoon, having left his small handbag at the stage-house, and received full instructions, he set out on foot to find Goldwater Creek and the slacks where Affery, Rankine and Affery were leading the same life.

To the death, Garwek would remember that day of heavenly beauty, the entrancing blue of the skies, the soft glow of the summer sun on the snows, and the wealth of flowers—fall creatures of a day many of them, but incomparably beautiful.

The only living thing he encountered on the way was an Indian squaw of unimaginable ugliness, who stared at him with the utmost stolidity and made no sign that she even recognized his existence. The sight of smoke a little distance off indicated the proximity of a wig-wam or shelter of some kind. Presently, he descended upon the left bank of the Klondyke River, and began to find signs of life.

Here and there he saw the ruins of a tumble-down shack, the remnant of a disused gold dredge, a heap of tin pannikins and cans, eaten through with red rust, and at rare intervals a thin line of smoke curling upward to the sky, indicating that humanity was to be found in these strange and desolate solitudes.

Presently, low down upon the creek, he came upon an old grizzled man sitting on his hunkers, a black and gold pipe in the corner of his cheek, and a pannikin in front of him, in which he appeared to be washing the precious dust.

The man was moving out of the Klondyke now, a little speedily, and was clearly, but at the edges it had to be broken and pushed aside to get at the running water—no difficult task, now that a surplus of daily-increasing intensity was blazing high in the heavens.

"To this dishevelled and uncouth old figure Garwek addressed himself civilly, asking for the location of Affery's shack. He stood up stolidly, and without uttering a single word, pointed with a skinny and blackened hand, from which two fingers had gone in the frost-bite, to a little wooden house hanging sheer on the edge of the bank overlooking the river. It was about five hundred yards distant, and Garwek thanked him, and pondered whether he might offer some homarium for service rendered, but was restrained by the reflection that perhaps he might be offering alms to some bonanza king, who would scorn it. As he walked away, he noted the fact that so short a distance now intervened between himself and the man he had made such a tremendous journey to find, he was overcome by that strange sort of reluctance which causes men of his nationality and temperament to shrink from scenes of emotion or personal feeling. It is within the mark to say that that was a very poignant moment in Peter Garwek's momentous undertaking.

But pulling himself together, he advanced in a straight line towards the indicated shack. It stood alone in the midst of a clearing, with a rising behind it, every available inch of which was ablaze with flowers. In front lay the winding river and hills rising to the sky, with snow-peaks and again over some rut in the track, and keeping his eyes fixed on the half-open back from which, and presently, it was drawn out—a long, gaunt man, in top boots into which his trousers were pushed, and a digger's shirt of grey flannel, a collar, and a pair of trousers. But the face, save that it was thin and hardly altered. At sight of his bleached sadness, something gripped the man's face, and he could not speak and cried like a child.

The beautiful head was quickly turned, a pair of startled eyes dwelt on the face, the approaching stranger, then ensued a silence, absolute and profound. Alan Rankine looked precisely as a man might look who suddenly found himself face to face with some denizen of another world.

In the last week he had dreamed much among dreams and shadows, and distended by day and through the silent night watches to the meanderings of a sick and dying man, and he had no doubt that his imagination had run away with him.

But this was a very real, and presently it stepped nearer, and with outstretched hand spoke these words: "It's Peter Garwek, Alan—come to take you home!"

"Peter Garwek?" stammered Rankine. "But how have you come? How do you know I was here?" "I made it my business to find out, old chap," said Garwek joyfully, for now that Rankine spoke, the strain of the moment almost vanished in his intensity, was relaxed.

"I don't understand," said Rankine dully. "It's the queerest thing I've ever heard—where you should seek and find me here?" "There's nothing queer about it, Alan," said Peter Garwek, still cheerfully. "Let us sit down here and just talk it out."

He made for a bench in front of the shack, but Rankine looked round at the door with a somewhat wavering smile.

"There's a dead man inside, Peter. My pal—the best pal ever man had in this God-forsaken world!" Peter looked aghast.

"Affery?" Rankine nodded, then all at once, as if feeling the infinite comfort of a kept face and friendly eyes, he put his hand on Peter Garwek's arm. "Let us go into the scrub a bit, and sit down. Peter Garwek in the Pesh on the Klondyke. Gosh, but it's a funny world!"

He laughed then, the strangest laugh. It was without mirth, and sounded in Garwek's ears, sadder than tears. He cast a swift glance at his cousin's face, which Alan caught and fully understood.

(To be continued.)

Over 1,000 British families will emigrate to Canada next spring under the Empire Settlement Scheme.

If your foot cop, you may receive your business, but if your tongue slip, you can not retail your words.

Leak is a Coe's Affair. As an instance of the importance of avoiding the waste of water, a recent interestingly states that a single leaking faucet may mean the loss of 55,000 gallons of water in a year.

A torpedo takes four minutes to reach a target 6,500 yards away.



John Myrdin, steel worker of South Wales, who won a vocal scholarship valued at over \$3,500, defeating hundreds of candidates.

"Cast Down But Not Destroyed"

After years of hard and patient labor a well-organized Chinese mission has been established. Church and school, dispensary and garden, all were in order. A useful work was going forward. Now everything was destroyed. Even the rival armies of soldiers and the thieving, murderous bandits, the buildings had been robbed and wrecked. The homes of most of the Chinese people had suffered a similar fate, for a time the missionaries seemed to be helpless.

"What can we do?" was the cry. "Our buildings have been destroyed and the work of years scattered to the winds." "It is heart-breaking," said the leader of the mission, "but our lives have been spared, and God will help us. We must not stand idle. Let everyone go his way and minister to the people as God gives the opportunity."

So the mission workers went out, found the scattered, suffering, distressed members of their flock, ministered to them, as they could, feeding the hungry in one place and ministering to the sick in another, always bringing a message of hope and faith, and the ministrations of Christian love. In their service, so sweetly and unobtrusively done, they helped other suffering people, who had never come near the mission. After nearly two years of disturbance peace was restored in that district and the mission work was reorganized.

"We shall have to begin at the very bottom again," said the helpers. "But when the doors of the new mission buildings were opened the crowd of Chinese who sought admittance almost overwhelmed the workers." "Why," exclaimed one of them, "we have three times as many supporters as we had when we lost our buildings. What does it mean?"

"It means," said the leader, "that God can overturn evil for good, but it also means that while routine service may reach and minister to a select and thankful few all men can appreciate real Christian love and ministrations, especially in the hours of darkness and need. Let us see to it that we do not fail in the lesson. This is what Paul and his early helpers thought, though they were killed all day long, yet they lived, and though cast down they were not destroyed. Let us sow the seed while the sun shines, but when the seed is sown it needs a day of cloud and rain to make it sprout and take root."

The Common Law. The tree that never had to fight for sun and sky and air and light. That stood but in the open plain. And always got its share of rain. Never became a forest king. But lived and died a scrubby thing. The man who never had to toil. Who never had to win his share of sun and sky and light and air. Never became a manly man. But lived and died as he began. Good timber does not grow in ease. The stronger wind, the tougher trees. The farther sky, the greater length. The more the storm, the more the strength.

By sun and cold by rain and snows, In tree or man good timber grows. Where thickest stands the forest's growth. We find the patriarchs of both. And they hold converse with the stars. Whose broken branches show the scars.

Of many winds and much of strife— This is the common law of life.

Going Too Far. "Mamma," sobbed Willie, "my ears belong to my neck or face?" "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, you told Mary to wash my face, and she's washing my ears, too!"

EARTH WORM FRIEND TO MANKIND

MAKES STERILE SOIL MORE VALUABLE.

Ranks With Cow, Horse and Hen in Service to the Human Race.

Here is an odd creature which plays an important part in the welfare of the world by a lowly and unusual means. It renders a great service to the world, to its fellow members of the animal kingdom, to the plants that grow from the soil, all by the strange device of eating dirt.

This animal with the peculiar appetite, the only animal in the world with the food habit, is none other than the modest earthworm, with which one batters his head from this age-fishing, writes William Atherton Du Fay. So little understood is the earthworm that most people consider that it renders its greatest service when it wriggles from a hook as a temptation to the fish. Great would be the surprise of these people should they find out that, aside from its purpose, the earthworm has earned itself a place in the world alongside the cow, the horse, the little brown hen in the group of most useful animals.

Nature's Cultivator. This dirt eater serves its chief purpose by making the soils of the earth more fertile than they otherwise would be. It is nature's own cultivator of the soil. Through the ages it has stirred up the soil of all the continents of the world more than have the harrows of man. It has worked without ceasing through the centuries, making the earth's surface and making it more productive. It has always added to the world's harvest, and harvests have always been the world's primary interest.

In the average one-acre garden there are 50,000 earthworms always working. They represent 400 pounds of living matter at the business of soil garden, but they are also working in your wood lot, in your meadow, your cornfield.

The first aid which the earthworm lends to the fitness of the soil comes from the tunnels it runs through the ground. It creates a network of them in the surface soil. Along comes dry weather and the surface soil is too dry and hard for its operations. It digs deeper, perforates the second foot down.

Then, as winter comes on, it is this northern earthworm, it realizes that it must go still farther down, must get beyond the point where there is any chance of freezing. For this and other reasons, earthworms may go down four feet, six feet, even eight feet.

So they turn to the water in it. It soaks hard, dry places. The earthworms dig deep down becomes a storage vault for moisture that may save plant life when dry spells come. Plant roots follow the wormholes where they might not otherwise be able to penetrate. Thus do they reach new supplies of plant food.

Bring Dirt to Surface. The earthworm has a crop and gizzard as has a chicken. The crop lets the swallowed dirt into the gizzard a little at a time. This gizzard is filled with sharp, grinding bits of stone such as the chicken uses, but of course much smaller. In this gizzard all the dirt that has been eaten is ground up, worked over. Everything in it, such as decaying leaves, is set aside and used as food. The great mass of earth, however, goes on through the earthworm's system and is discharged.

Before discharging this worked-over dirt, however, the earthworm takes it to the surface. Anybody who will take the trouble to look can see piles of it all about, in the garden, along the path, at the edge of the pavement. Billions of these worms every night bring this worked-over dirt to the surface somewhat as do the ants, and leave it there; by their holes, where it can be readily recognized.

Whatever the object of the earthworm in bringing this vegetable matter underground, it serves a valuable purpose by being converted into fertilizer. Farmers plow under green crops, scatter straw upon the land, take great pains to get every bit of other to introduce vegetable humus into the soil because they know that soil to yield better crops. This product little as it is, gardeners for all the world has been working steadily at getting humus underground for millions of years.

"The Best is Yet to Be" If we care to look we can foresee growing knowledge, growing wisdom, and presently a deliberate movement of the blood and character of the race. And what we can see and imagine gives us a measure and gives us a faith for what surpasses the imagination. It is possible to believe that all the pasts, but the beginning of a beginning, and that all that is and that has been is but the beginning of the dawn. It is human to believe that all that the human mind has ever accomplished is but the dream before the waking.

We cannot see what this world will be like when the day has fully come. We are creatures of the twilight.—H. G. Wells.

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Surnames and Their Origin

Variation—Radcliffe. Racial Origin—English. Source—A place name.

Familial names which were the first place but the names of localities in which the original bearers lived are not so very difficult to trace for the names of places seem to change less in their spelling than the names of families and besides, there is always a wealth of historical data in connection with place names which is often lacking in the case of family names, and which makes it easy to identify the ancient forms of place names.

Think you need only a good atlas to come to the conclusion that the family name of Radcliffe is a place in Lancashire, England. Of course, the original form of the family name was probably "de Radcliffe" and indicating that the person referred to had come from or formerly lived in the place. In the case of Radcliffe, the meaning of the place name is not hard to ascertain, though it is not quite apparent at first, owing to the change of a single vowel. Spell it "Radcliff" and you have it.

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which have no Earning Record and no Market Value you are simply gambling. Why take this long chance when you can invest your savings in known value and earning power safe. You can do this by availing

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CLIPSE FASHIONS Exclusive Patterns & Mail Order

CLIPSE FASHIONS Exclusive Patterns & Mail Order. A Mining Problem. A month's hard work in a mine and a job consisted of driving a shaft. The pony wagons used for carrying the dirt to the elevator. He got along very well and had made the pony a place where the "sally" was far too heavy for the pony to pass. Consequently, he took a peek and thought he'd look away part of the roof. "Probably a German can do it," he explained, "but he was making away for the pony to use. 'Now, that's a very dangerous thing to do,' said the foreman. 'You might bring the whole roof down when you ought to do it and make it a poor job.' 'I think I'm a fool!' retorted the miner. 'It's the pony's head that was the trouble—his feet.'"

Tempting Fruit. "My original fall was not out of an apple." "That's always a piece of good luck." "Sure Thing." "One—I generally do not myself with the aid of medical books." "That's about it. Well, you'd better be careful of misprints."

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