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H 349

Royal Marriage Raises Question of Age to Wed.

The Duke of York's marriage has stirred up a discussion as to what is the proper age for marrying, says a London despatch. Most critics think that the Duke, who is 27 and the Duchess who is 22, hit the ideal age. Others point out that any age is the right one provided you have a sufficiently bulky bank account.

The Bishop of Wexford and Dean of Durham advises young people not to marry until they can bring up a family, but he adds: "Yet early marriages are often safeguards against temptation and also motives for industry."

Coulson Kernahan, a well known writer, says a man should wait until he knows a girl long enough to know her well, adding: "Remember Heine's saying about the frogs that would have liked some water well enough but they thought twice before jumping into a well because they knew that once they were in they could not get out. Heine, of course, had forgotten about the divorce court, but to future divorcees I decline to give advice. They will get that, if they can afford it, from the lawyers."

The Rev. Dimsdale Young, a popular preacher, favors youthful marriages because "the divorce courts see less of people who marry early than of those who are supposed to be more prudent. Too many people mistake selfishness in this matter for prudence. They want a large income and an easy time."

Joseph Hocking, novelist, believes 22 for the man and 19 for the girl to be the ideal ages, provided the man can support his wife decently. "Most of the troubles of married life result from financial difficulty," he says, "and this arises generally because there has been no consideration of the financial question."

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

An Airplane Newspaper.

It is reported that a newspaper is published aboard the London and Paris airplane that carries passengers between those two capitals. A complete printing plant is installed on the aircraft. Each day before the sailing hour the latest news of the world, political, financial and general, is rushed to the editor. During the flight news is sent out by wireless from London and Paris at regular intervals, so that the aerial editor is in instant touch with affairs. The news is prepared, set up, and the paper printed during the airplane's flight. The editions are delivered to the towns over which the airplane flies by means of parachutes. The aerial newspaper contains stock quotations, special features and news in general.

Refrigeration and Mining.

Refrigeration is a modern science that finds many uses. In mining it overcomes two great difficulties: the influx of water in porous formations and the heat of deep shafts. By freezing the surrounding earth, miners can carry their shafts through water-bearing strata, and by supplying themselves with cool air they can penetrate the earth to great depths.

After Every Meal

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FOR BETTER DIGESTION

D36

On the Fringe of the Pampa

—BY EDWARD WOODWARD.

PART I.

Borit's saloon at San Latois, on the fringe of the Patagonian pampa, was one of those rank oases which attract an undue proportion of wolves. Borit sold most things, from bad whiskey to a man's life, and was prepared to close a deal on his own soul if the price was good enough.

Pay nights were the occasions when Borit's lurched into frenzied life, of a sort. At such times the gauchos, as the Argentine cowboy is named, come in from the isolation of the ranches, and in a few hours burn up their money in the vivid blue flame of bad liquor and ebullient animal nature.

Being astute, Borit catered to the full for these bursts of hysteria; and on a certain payday evening in the spring of the year, his resthouse was a blaze of naphtha and alcoholic laughter and the wolves were aprowl for their prey.

Borit himself, his impassive, saturnine face showing exaggeratedly pale among the windblown complexions of his guests, hung around the bar, vanti and poker in his eyes; Gideon Cortz, the sharp, named the Cacique on account of his once having sojourned long enough in the toldos of a tribe of Hehueliche Indians to teach them how to throw dice, and after clearing out the tribe's exchequer, had won the chieftainship; but finding it too inconvenient and cumbersome a possession, had cut his losses and decamped just in time to save his throat from being slit, lounged by the boss, invitation in his eyes. Evan Hughes, of Trelew, down from the Welsh settlement on a horse deal, leaned against the bar, while Llewellyn Thomas, returning to Rawson from the south, after shipping wool from Santa Cruz, swung his legs on the end of a table close by, and drank redhot rye.

Presently Borit glanced round the bar.

"Cortz," he said, after the survey, "things are very quiet. The boys seem to be losing their nerve; they don't drink a saloon dry as they used; but just sit around playin' faro for love, and don't even cock their eye at Megan here."

The Cacique's eyes slid round to the girl behind the bar; she was pale and dark; but at the gambler's lecherous look she flushed hotly, and an expression of disgust came on to her face.

"Megan ain't sorryin' 'bout that, I guess!" chuckled Cortz. "She's on'y gotten eyes for the Britisher who don't care a damn for her, or any other woman!"

"Who d'ye mean?" asked Borit. His niece, Megan Meredith, who on her parent's death two years before had come down to his tender care, was a valuable asset to his saloon, and he had no wish to lose her to a Britisher or any one else.

Cortz laughed and his cruel eyes feasted on Megan's confusion.

"Don't you worry, Borit," he chuckled. "Johnny Thorp won't have anything to do with her. He hates women, like I do snakes; but I guess Megan ain't tumbled to that fact yet, an' would give her eyes for him to kiss her. Ain't that right, Megan?"

Megan had gone very pale; but the fire in her eyes showed that she was about to give the sharp a good deal of unpleasant information as to her opinion of him, when the door swung open and admitted the man of whom they were speaking.

John Thorp was dressed in the customary garb of the gaucho; but even the cumbersome, untidy poncho could not entirely rob his figure of its slim, muscular grace. His tall, well-knit frame was erect, his face brick-red, his nostrils high and sensitive; his blue eyes looked slumbrous, and his chin, strong and deep, gave him, in conjunction with a thin-lipped mouth drawn down at the ends, the savage appearance of a puma.

But the most striking peculiarity of the man was the stillness of his face; it was as though a sudden, paralyzing blow had robbed it of sensation and feeling, rendering it immobile, impassive and inscrutable. His age was thirty; and at one time he had been the hub of the gayest, most inconsequent set in London.

It was Ascot, Epsom and the vagaries of horseflesh, coupled with the apostasy of a girl-wife, which had brought him out to South America four years previously.

"Low Thorp!" called Cortz, as the Britisher entered. "Come in to say goodbye? Your pulling out of Lloyd's show, aren't you?"

Johnny Thorp ignored the gambler, and strolling up to the bar, lifted his black felt hat to Megan.

"Good evenin'," he said gravely; and then noting the quick, nervous expression in the girl's eyes, he added "You're looking tired!"

For a second or so there was silence, and then Cortz's sneering voice cut in. "Say, Thorp," he said. "Where's your

manners? You'll make Daisy Dewdrop cry if you look at her like-a-thet!"

Borit and the other men chuckled, and Thorp's cold blue eyes turned on the gambler.

"You're a sunny companion for those who like you, Cortz," he said slowly, "but I guess Miss Megan isn't one of them. You want to shut up before you get hurt."

"Hurt?" questioned Cortz, his eyes narrowing malignantly. "Guess it won't be me getting hurt! If you kid yourself that your ugly face tickles Megan's fancy you're dead wrong!" He strutted up to where Thorp and Megan stood on either side of the narrow counter. "If you want to know anything, Britisher, I'm the only man she'll let kiss her!"

"That's a lie!" she exclaimed. "May be," laughed Cortz, "but we'll make it the truth," and before the girl could spring back out of his reach, he had stretched out his hand and dragged her toward him.

In another second his greedy lips would have crushed Megan's mouth; but Thorp's fist took him under the jaw instead, and sent him reeling across the room, where he fetched up against one of the bulk-timber tables.

He steadied himself on the palms of his hands, and glared at Thorp with murderous eyes and livid face. The Patagonian is a man of action; he doesn't waste time in cursing a foe, he just draws a weapon; a knife usually, since bullets are dear, and goes in to kill. Cortz drew his knife and attacked low, after the manner of the pampa; but Johnny was prepared for him; and taking the blow on his cloak, he caught Cortz's wrist in a grip of steel, and twisted the weapon out of his hand.

"Painless extraction of teeth!" he murmured, as giving Cortz a push, he picked up the knife and put it in his pocket.

Borit hurried up to him. "Now, then, Cortz," he said, making sure the sharp had no more knives about him. "You asked for that! Now be friendly, and we'll have a hand with the cards."

"I know this Britisher's askin' fur trouble," he whispered, "but you won't give it to him with a knife. He's a darn sight too slick for you; but you can get at him with the cards. He's quittin' Lloyds an' has a fat roll of back pay on him. He loves cards as much as he hates women, so leave it to me."

"Say, Thorp," he remarked with a conciliatory grin, "Cortz was feelin' foolish just now; but he's got sensible again and wants to make friends. How about a flutter at poker just to clear the air, and show there's no ill-feelin'?"

A thin, rare smile glimmered round Thorp's lips; then in his quiet, clipped voice, he replied:

"It's a threat, Borit. I thought you might be playin'. That's why I came along in."

"Playin'?" laughed Borit jovially. "I'll play any man for anything, at any time! You'll have a lot of special along with me, and then we'll make a start!"

Johnny nodded abruptly; and Borit, going behind the bar, gave his niece an affectionate chuck under the chin.

"Hand me that special bottle down, Megan," he said. "I want to fix Thorp a 'peacemaker'!"

Megan had witnessed the incidents in the bar with fear-filled eyes; and now, hearing her uncle's request, anxiety came into her face. She glanced at Thorp; but the Britisher didn't see her; he was standing with his back to her.

"Here you are, Thorp," said Borit, carrying the drink to his intended victim. "This is a drop of genuine fire-water."

Thorp glanced round the room, and unconsciously his eyes rested on Megan. For a second she met his gaze, and then lowering her eyes to the glass in Thorp's hand, she almost imperceptibly shook her head.

Quickly Johnny looked away, and with one movement tipped the contents of the glass into an earthenware mug standing on a nearby shelf, and s'ood with the emptied vessel at his lips, as though he had just drained it.

An hour and a half later both Cortz and Borit realized that something was wrong. Borit had given Thorp enough doped whiskey to lay a couple of ordinary men on the broad of their backs for a week.

By rights the Britisher ought to have been lying sodden under the table, with his bank roll safe in the keeping of Cortz and the saloonkeeper. But instead of this, he was wide awake and bluffing the others to a standstill.

With a sigh, Thorp raked in his winnings for the eighth time in succession, and stretched his arms above his head.

"Well, friends," he said, "I'll just have to be going. I hate to skin you and quit; but I'm going to Rawson, and reckon on making Trieste before to-morrow night."

Borit looked up testily. "That be damned for a tale," he said. "You ain't a bad enough sport to quit like that!"

"If the doped act of Borit's had come off, I guess you'd be quitting fast enough," said Thorp. Borit sprang to his feet.

"Dope, you double-crosser! What

Woodpile 369,000 Miles Long.

The people of Canada and the United States use enough forest materials in a year to make a pile of logs four feet high and three hundred and sixty thousand miles long, or fifteen times around the earth.

This enormous drain on the forest wealth has so alarmed the public authorities that protective policies unheard of a few years ago are now being brought into force. In Canada, the Quebec Government has closed all the forests against travellers except on written permit from a fire ranger or other official. A few years ago this would have been considered drastic but with an annual record of five thousand conflagrations set in this Dominion by campers, fishermen, settlers and other classes (who are the people who really lose most by what they destroy) the governments have no other option than to save what remains of the forests by stricter measures.

One camp fire in Ontario destroyed fifty-six years' supply of a mammoth Ottawa Valley lumber mill. A band of prospectors in another district burned twenty years' supply of one of Canada's largest paper mills. And none of the enormous areas thus destroyed can be reproduced under 150 years.

Camping Grounds for Motorists.

Preparations for the opening ceremony of the Banff-Windermere motor road over the Central Rockies are being rapidly advanced and it is expected that the new motor camping ground near Banff as well as the other camp grounds along the road will be ready by June 15 in good time for the opening on June 30. The Banff camp, situated near Mount Rundle, when completed will be one of the best equipped in the Dominion. It will be lighted by electricity and water from the Banff system will be piped to the grounds. Culinary, lavatory and telephone conveniences will be provided. A caretaker will be in charge throughout the season and the camp will be subject to inspection by the sanitary officer. In all there will be about 250 lots for campers.



Revealed by Their Bark.

Botany Teacher—"If you went among them, wouldn't the trees reveal themselves to you by their bark?" Student—"No, sir; with one exception; only the dogwood."

My Work.

I can do something others cannot do—Let me find that, and do that one thing well. I've failed at many things I've tried, 'tis true, Have come to grief more oft than I can tell. Yet I am not prepared to own defeat And say there's naught at which I may excel. I hope and trust; and hope and faith are sweet! Some day I'll find MY work—and do it well!

—Strickland Gillilan.



Just Like the Girls.

Miss Squirrel—"Oh, dear, this shower will take all the curl out of my tail!"

Think twice before you pronounce an opinion on important matters, and even then, more often than not, the world will not lose anything if you remain silent.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

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.



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d'you mean?"

"That!" replied Thorp, nodding toward his empty glass.

With a snarl, Borit dived for his gun, but even as he raised it, a heavy water bottle, hurled from the counter, struck his wrist, and sent the weapon flying into the air.

Thorp had darted to the door, and while Borit doubled up with pain, he vanished into the night.

Outside, he darted round the back of the saloon. A deep throaty whinny greeted him.

"Come along, old son!" muttered Johnny. "You've got to live up to your name to-night!"

"Queer things, women!" he muttered. "If the girl hadn't flung the bottle at Borit I'd be a dead 'un now!"

He wondered whether Borit had seen his niece's action. Johnny guessed it would go roughly with her if he had seen; but it was nothing more tender than the instinct of the male to protect the female of his race that prompted him to draw rein and check his stallion, as the thought slipped into his mind.

For a second he sat motionless, debating whether to turn back; then the pampero wind from the southwest brought the lit, lit, lit of a galloping horse to his ear.

A second longer he listened. That was Cortz for a fiver, he decided, and pulling Ormonde into a shallow vega just by, he dismounted, threw his cape over the stallion's head to keep him quiet, and then unslinging his rifle, lay down on the lip of the hollow. The earth soon would be well rid of such scum as the gambler.

(To be continued.)

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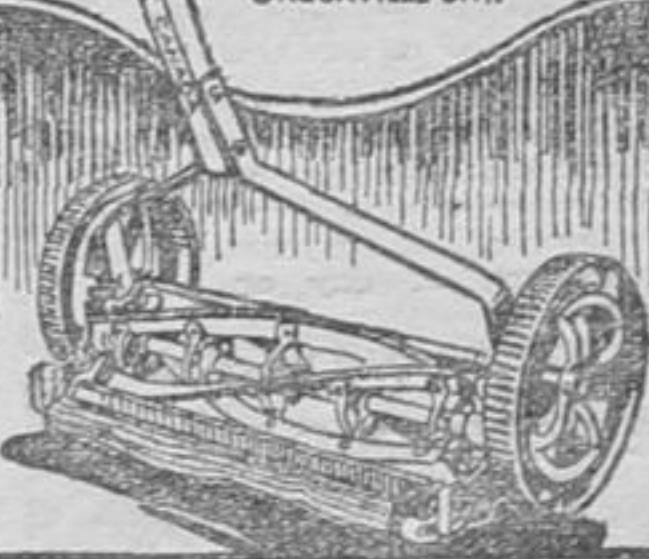
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