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The Dog's Savage Relations.

The dog is the most respectable member of his family. His relatives include such unpleasant creatures as wolves, jackals, and foxes. Apart from these distant connections, however, there are many first cousins of our household pet whom he would not care to acknowledge.

The South African wild or hyena dog is more like a wolf. It runs and hunts in packs, sleeping half-day and half-night and hunting the rest of the time.

In the East is a great variety of wild dogs. The pariah dog lives among human beings, but will attack them if it has the chance. It acts as a scavenger and lives on offal. In appearance this animal is tawny-colored, and looks what it is—a most unpleasant brute. The Indian wild dog is somewhat larger than a jackal. It runs in packs and is absolutely fearless. These dogs are difficult to tame, but sometimes they are used in coursing and pig-sticking.

Wild dogs do not bark, though one of the South African species utters three distinct and curious cries. As a rule, wild dogs hold their tails and ears erect.

When tamed they act in a similar manner to the dog which has generations of civilized ancestors behind him. The Australian dingo, however, has a bad habit which no amount of taming can eradicate. Its favorite food, in the wild state, is poultry.

Ships With Glass Bottoms.

An invention has been brought out by a British pilot which will have the effect of lessening the risk of a vessel running aground in shallow water or in a fog.

In the bottom of the ship is a small window of very thick glass, through which a searchlight throws a strong beam of light on to the bed of the ocean. Above the window is a gate valve which, if the glass should get broken, could be closed instantly to prevent flooding.

Towards the bow of the ship is a gun-metal chamber open to the sea at the bottom, containing a tube which can be moved from the inside. This tube is directed on to the point of light cast by the searchlight on the bed of the sea, and the angle it has to make to hit this spot is recorded.

Given the exact distance along the ship's keel between the searchlight window and this tube, plus the angle which the tube has to make with the ship (the searchlight shines at a right angle) a simple calculation will work out the length of the searchlight's beam. And so the captain knows the precise depth of water in which he is sailing.

When perfected, this new depth finder will eliminate the difficulties of sounding, and will tell the captain his depth in any condition of weather.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

If you have half an hour to spare, don't spend it with somebody who hasn't.

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ISSUE No. 47-23.

Wise Words from Japan.

The Japanese, who are already setting to work to reconstruct the cities devastated by the recent terrible earthquake, have many quaint national proverbs.

One of their greatest characteristics—perseverance—finds expression in their saying: "Fall seven times, stand up the eighth time." Another in the same vein declares: "A road to a thousand miles begins with one step."

The Japanese equivalent of "casting pearls before swine," is "giving gold coins to a cat," and instead of "a wolf in sheep's clothing," they say "a wolf dressed in a priest's robes."

When a Japanese wishes to explain that a thing is quite impossible, he tells you that one might as well "learn to swim in a field," or "lap up the ocean with a shell."

"A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed," and "The heart is the same at three as at sixty," are other Japanese gems. Picturesque, too, are "At the foot of the lighthouse it is dark," and "When the hen crows the house goes to ruin." The latter saying indicates the Japanese view of feminism. Equally pithy is: "There is no medicine for love-sickness and a fool."



Other Wedding Days Ahead
Bride (sobbing)—"Look how it's raining on my wedding day!"
Bridesmaid—"Don't cry, dear—next time it will probably be bright and clear."

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.



Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.

Ambition.

Most of us are ambitious; indeed, ambition flourishes and grows naturally, like the wild flower.

Efficiency is quite different. It requires thought, study, hard work, and experience for a person to become efficient. No amount of ambition alone can make us efficient.

One of the great troubles with many young men is that they long to become leaders without using one-third of their real ability. Somehow, they do not appreciate the necessity of doing so.

It does not matter how much ability they may have; if they do not use it they will never get beyond a small position and a minor success.

More men fail to succeed for neglecting to apply themselves than for lack of opportunity.

You are not going to be rewarded unless you deserve it.

Since time began the human race has been hunting for help to bear its misfortunes, to improve conditions, to alleviate pain and disease, but ever seeking relief from without. We are just beginning to find that the help we have been crying for and looking for is inside and not outside of us. The power to obtain anything we need or ever can want is within us awaiting release, awaiting opportunity for expression.—O. S. Marden.

Each pod of the wild poppy has from 10,000 to 60,000 seeds.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

(Copyright, Thomas Allen.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Con'td.)
From James Cunningham Kirby had got the key of his uncle's apartment. His cousin had given it to him a little reluctantly.

"The police don't want things moved about," he had explained. "They would probably call me down if they knew I'd let you in."

"All I want to do is to look the ground over a bit. What the police don't know won't worry 'em any," the cattleman had suggested.

"All right." James had shrugged his shoulders and turned over the key. "If you think you can find out anything I don't see any objection to your going in."

Sanborn applied his shrewd common sense to the problem as he listened to Kirby.

"Looks to me like you're overlookin' a bet, son," he said. "What about this Jap fellow? Why did he light out so pronto if he ain't in this thing?"

"He might 'a' gone because he's a foreigner an' guessed they'd throw it on him. They would, too, if they could."

"Shucks! He had a better reason than that for cuttin' his stick. Sure had. He's in this somehow."

"Well, the police are after him. They'll likely run him down one o' these days. Far as I'm concerned I've got to let his trail go for the present. There are possibilities right here on the ground that haven't been run down yet. For instance, Rose met a man an' a woman comin' down the stairs while she was goin' up. Who were they?"

"Might 'a' been any o' the tenants here."

"Yes, but she smelt a violet perfume that both she an' I noticed in the apartment. My hunch is that the man an' the woman were comin' from my uncle's rooms."

"Would she recognize them? Rose, I mean?" asked Sanborn.

"No; it was on the dark stairs."

"Hmp! Queer they didn't come forward an' tell they had met a woman goin' up. That is, if they hadn't anything to do with the crime."

"Yes. Of course there might be other reasons why they must keep quiet. Some love affair, for instance."

"Sure. That might be, an' that would explain why they went down the dark stairs an' didn't take the elevator."

"Just the same I'd like to find out who that man an' woman are," Kirby said. He lifted his hand in a small gesture. "This is the Paradox Apartments."

A fat man rolled out of the building just as they reached the steps. He pulled up and stared down at Kirby.

"What—what—?" His question hung poised.

"What am I doin' out o' jail, Mr. Hull? I'm lookin' for the man that killed my uncle," Kirby answered quietly, looking straight at him.

"But—"

"Why did you lie about the time when you saw me that night?" Hull got excited at once. His eyes began to dodge. "I ain't got a word to say to you—not a word—not a word!" He came puffing down the steps and went waddling on his way.

"What do you think of that prize package, Cole?" asked Lane, his eyes following the man.

"Guilty as hell," said the bronco buster crisply.

"I'd say so too," agreed Kirby. "I don't know as we need look much farther. My vote is for Mr. Cass Hull—with reservations."

CHAPTER XIX.

A DISCOVERY.

The men from Wyoming stepped into the elevator and Kirby pressed the button numbered 3. At the third floor they got out and turned to the right. With the Yale key his cousin had given him Kirby opened the door of Apartment 12.

He knew that there was not an inch of space in the rooms that the police and the newspaper reporters had not raked as with a fine-tooth comb for clues. The desk had been ransacked, the books and magazines shaken, the rugs taken up. There was no chance that he would discover anything new unless it might be by deduction.

Wild Rose had reported to him the result of her canvass of the tenants. One or two of them she had missed, but she had managed to see all the rest. Nothing of importance had developed from these talks. Some did not care to say anything. Others wanted to gossip a whole afternoon away, but knew no more than what the newspapers had told them. The single fact stood out from her inquiries was that those who lived in the three apartments nearest to Number 12 had all been out of the house on the evening of the twenty-third. The man who rented the rooms next those of Cunningham had left for Chicago on the twenty-second and had not yet returned to Denver.

Cole took in the easy-chairs, the draperies, and the soft rugs with an appreciative eye. "The old boy believed in solid comfort. You wouldn't think to look at this that he'd spent years on a bronco's back buckin' blizzards. Some luxury, I'll say! Looks like one o' them palaces of the vamp ladies the movies show."

Kirby wasted no time in searching the apartment for evidence. What interested him was its entrances and its exits, its relation to adjoining rooms and buildings. He had reason to believe that, between nine o'clock and half-past ten on the night of the twenty-third, not less than eight persons in addition to Cunningham had been in the apartment. How had they all managed to get in and out without being seen by each other?

Lane talked aloud, partly to clear his own thought and partly to put the situation before his friend.

"O' course I don't know every one of the eight was here. I'm guessin' from facts I do know, makin' inferences, as you might say. To begin with, I was among those present. So was Rose. We don't need to guess about that."

Cole, still almost incredulous at the mention of Rose as a suspect, opened his lips to speak and closed them again with no word uttered. He was one of those loyal souls who can trust without asking for explanations.

"The lady of the violet perfume an' her escort were here," Kirby went on. "At least she was—mos' prob'ly he was, too. It's a cinch the Hulls were in the rooms. They were scared stiff when I saw 'em a little later. They lied on the witness stand so as to clear themselves an' get me into trouble in their place. Olson backs up the evidence. He good as told me he'd seen Hull in my uncle's rooms. If he did he must 'a' been present himself. Then there's the Jap Horikawa. He'd beat it before the police went to his room to arrest him at daybreak on the mornin' after the murder. How did he know my uncle had been killed? It's not likely any one told him between half-past ten an' half-past five the next mornin'." No, sir. He knew it because his eyes had told him so.

"I'll say he did," agreed Sanborn.

"Good enough. That makes eight of us that came an' went. We don't need to figure on Rose an' me. I came by the door an' went by the fire escape. She walked upstairs an' down, too. The violet lady an' the man with her took the stairs down. We know that. But how about Hull an' Olson an' the Jap? Here's another point. Say it was 9.50 when Rose got here. My uncle didn't reach his rooms before nine o'clock. He changed his shoes, put on a smokin'-jacket, an' lit a cigar. He had it half smoked before he was tied to the chair. That cuts down to less than three-quarters of an hour the time in which he was chloroformed, tied up to the chair, an' shot, an' in which at least six people paid a visit here, one of the six stayin' long enough to go through his desk an' look over a whole lot o' papers. Some o' these people were sure enough treadin' close on each other's heels an' I reckon some were makin' quick get-aways."

"Looks reasonable," Cole admitted. "I'll bet I wasn't the only man in a hurry that night an' not the only one trapped here. The window of the den was open when I came. Don't you reckon some one else beat it by the fire escape?"

"Might've."

They passed into the small room where James Cunningham had met his death. Broad daylight though it was, Kirby felt for an instant a tightening at his heart. In imagination he saw again the gargoyle grin on the dead face upturned to his. With an effort he pushed from him the grewsome memory.

The chair in which the murdered man had been found was gone. The district attorney had taken it for an exhibit at the trial of the man upon whom evidence should fasten. The littered papers had been sorted and most of them removed, probably by James Cunningham, Junior. Otherwise the room remained the same.

The air was close. Kirby stepped to the window and threw it up. He looked out at the fire escape and at the wall of the rooming-house across the alley. Denver is still young. It offers the incongruities of the West. The Paradox Apartments had been remodeled and were modern and up-to-date. Adjoining it was the Wyndham Hotel, a survival of earlier days which could not long escape the march of progress.

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Lane and his friend stepped out to the platform of the fire escape. Below them was the narrow alleyway, directly in front the iron frame of the Wyndham fire escape.

A discovery flashed across Kirby's brain and startled him. "See here, Cole. If a man was standin' on that platform over there, an' if my uncle had been facin' him in a chair, sittin' in front of the window, he could 'a' rested his hand on that railin' to take aim an' made a dead-centre shot."

Cole thought it out. "Yes, he could, if yore uncle had been facin' the window. But the chair wasn't turned that way, you told me."

"Not when I saw it. But some one might 'a' moved the chair afterward."

The champion of the world grinned. "Seems to me, old man, you're travelin' a wide trail this trip. If some one tied up the old man an' chloroformed him an' left him here convenient, then moved him back to the wall after he'd been shot, then some one on the fire escape could 'a' done it. What's the need of all them ifs? Since some one in the room had to be in the thing, we can figure he fired the shot, too, whilst he was doin' the rest. Besides, yore uncle's face was powder-marked, showin' he was shot from right close."

(To be continued.)

Our incomes should be like our shoes: if too small they will gall and pinch us; if too large they will cause us to stumble and trip.

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