

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal
It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.



Waste-Land.

Here the lichens cling
To the gray rocks,
Like the faltering
Ragged locks
Of an old she-fox.

Here a narrow band
Of water flows
No broader than a hand;
A black crow's
Quill sailing goes.

Here's a wrinkled grape,
Like a blue knot
On a thread—the shape
Of life caught
In the death-rot.

Here—listen long—
By windy word
Of reed, nor lacy song
Of wild bird
Is the dumb air stirred.

Here a man may own
His bare soul instead
Of a beauty blown
Rose, 'tis said.
But his soul is dead.

Red, White and Blue Mourning.

Black always spells mourning to us, but in other lands every conceivable color is utilized. Black signifies loss of light and joy, and resultant grief, but white, suggesting hope, is favored in China.

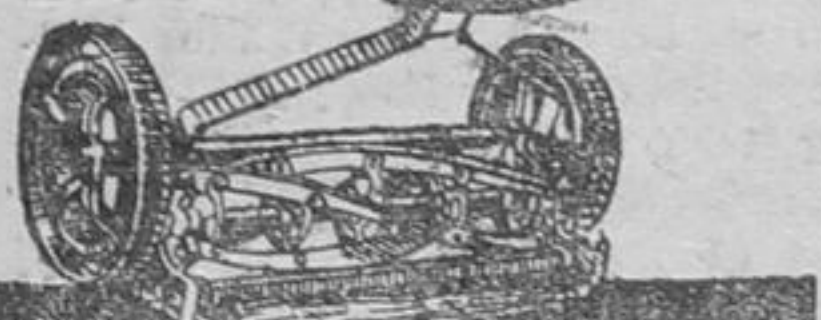
The South Sea Islanders combine the two and mourn in black and white stripes. Sky-blue holds its own in Bokhara, and pale brown, to represent withered leaves, is worn by the Persian.

In Ethiopia and Abyssinia relatives think of the earth to which their dead friends return, and accordingly adopt grey-brown for their mourning. Purple and violet are the colors used to mourn cardinals in France. French kings, however, have been known to wear scarlet.

Yellow should stand for unfaithfulness and jealousy, yet the country classes in Brittany always use it for mourning. Traitors' cells were once painted yellow in France, and the Spanish executioner's robes used to be yellow and red.

It is a shock to most parents of this generation to learn that the first six years are to count for so much in the lives of their children. By the next generation of parents this should be, through the medium of education in the schools, so well known that the problem of housing and of family life will be viewed in part from the angle of childhood.

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THE MATCH

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

PART II.

Brokaw rose to his feet, and put fresh wood into the stove. "I guess it must be pretty hard," he said, straightening himself. "But the law up here doesn't take them things into account—not very much. It may let you off with manslaughter—ten or fifteen years. I hope it does. Let's turn in."

Billy stood up beside him. He went with Brokaw to a bunk built against the wall, and the sergeant drew a fine steel chain from his pocket. Billy lay down, his hands crossed over his breast, and Brokaw deftly fastened the chain about his ankles.

"And I suppose you think this is hard, too," he added. "But I guess you'd do it if you were me. Ten years of this sort of work learns you not to take chances. If you want anything in the night just whistle."

It had been a hard day with Brokaw, and he slept soundly. For an hour Billy lay awake, thinking of home, and listening to the wail of the storm. Then he, too, fell into sleep—a restless, uneasy slumber filled with troubled visions. For a time there had come a lull in the gale, but now it broke over the cabin with increased fury. A hand seemed slapping at the window, threatening to break it. The spruce boughs moaned and twisted overhead, and a volley of wind and snow shot suddenly down the chimney, forcing open the stove door so that a shaft of ruddy light cut like a red knife through the dense gloom of the cabin. In varying ways the sounds played a part in Billy's dreams. In all those dreams, and segments of dreams, the girl—his wife—was present. Once they had gone for wild flowers and had been caught in a thunderstorm, and had run to an old and disused barn in the middle of a field for shelter. He was back in that barn again, with her—and he could feel her trembling against him, and was stroking her hair, as the thunder crashed over them and the lightning filled her eyes with fear. After that there came to him a vision of the early autumn nights when they had gone corn roasting with other young people. He had always been afflicted with a slight nasal trouble, and smoke irritated him. It set him sneezing and kept him dodging about the fire, and she had always laughed when the smoke persisted in following him about, like a young scamp of a boy bent on tormenting him. The smoke was unusually persistent to-night. He tossed in his bunk and buried his face in the blanket that answered for a pillow. The smoke reached him even there, and he sneezed chokingly. In that instant the girl's face disappeared. He sneezed again—and awoke.

A startled gasp broke from his lips, and the handcuffs about his wrists clanked as he raised his hand to his face. In that moment his dazed senses adjusted themselves. The cabin was full of smoke. It partly blinded him, but through it he could see tongues of fire shooting toward the ceiling. He could hear the crackling of burning pitch, and he yelled wildly to Brokaw. In an instant the sergeant was on his feet. He rushed to the table, where he had placed a pail of water the evening before, and Billy heard the hissing of the water as it struck the flaming wall.

"Never mind that," he shouted. "The shack's built of pitch cedar. We've got to get out!"

Brokaw groped his way to him through the smoke and began fumbling at the chain about his ankles. "I can't find the key—" he gasped chokingly. "Here—grab hold of me!"

He caught Billy under the arms and dragged him to the door. As he opened it the wind came in with a rush and behind them the whole cabin burst into a furnace of flame. Twenty yards from the cabin he dropped Billy in the snow, and ran back. In that seething room of smoke and fire was everything on which their lives depended, food, blankets, even their coats and caps and snowshoes. But he could get no farther than the door. He returned to Billy, found the key in his pocket, and freed him from the chain about his ankles. Billy stood up. As he looked at Brokaw the glass in the window broke and a sea of flame spurted through. It lighted up set faces. The sergeant's jaw was set hard. His leathery face was curiously white. He could not keep from shivering. There was a strange smile on Billy's face, and a strange look in his eyes. Neither of the two men had undressed for sleep, but their coats, and caps, and heavy mittens were in the flames.

Billy rattled his handcuffs. Brokaw looked him squarely in the eyes.

"You ought to know this country," he said. "What'll we do?"

"The nearest post is sixty miles from here," said Billy.

"I know that," replied Brokaw. "And I know that Thoreau's cabin is only twenty miles from here. There must be some trapper or Indian shack nearer than that. Is there?"

In the red glow of the fire Billy smiled. His teeth gleamed at Brokaw. It was in a lull of the wind, and he went close to Brokaw and spoke quietly, his eyes shining more and more with that strange light that had come into them.

"This is going to be a big sight easier than hangin', or going to jail for half my life, Brokaw—an' you don't think I'm going to be fool enough to miss the chance, do you? It ain't hard to die of cold. I've almost been there once or twice. I told you last night why I couldn't give up hope—that something good for me always came on her birthday, or near to it. An' it's come. It's forty below, an' we won't live the day out. We ain't got a mouthful of grub. We ain't got clothes enough to keep us from freezing inside the shanty, unless we had a fire. Last night I saw you fill your match bottle and put it in your coat pocket. Why, man, we ain't even got a match!"

In his voice there was a thrill of triumph. Brokaw's hands were clenched, as if some one had threatened to strike him.

"You mean—" he gasped.

"Just this," interrupted Billy, his voice harder than Brokaw's now. "The God you used to pray to when you was a kid has given me a choice, Brokaw, an' I'm going to take it. If we stay by this fire, an' keep it up, we won't die of cold, but of starvation. We'll be dead before we get half way to Thoreau's. There's an Indian's shack that we could make, but you'll never find it—not unless you unlock these irons and give me that revolver at your belt. Then I'll take you over there as my prisoner. That'll give me another chance for South America—an' the kid at home."

Brokaw was buttoning the thick collar of his shirt close up about his neck. On his face, too, there came for a moment a grim and determined smile.

"Come on," he said. "We'll make Thoreau's or die!"

"Sure," said Billy, stepping quickly to his side. "I suppose I might lie down in the snow, an' refuse to budge. I'd win my game then, wouldn't I? But we'll play it—on the square. It's Thoreau's or die. And it's up to you to find Thoreau's."

He looked back over his shoulder at the burning cabin as they entered the edge of the forest, and in the gray darkness that was preceding dawn he smiled to himself. Two miles to the south, in a thick swamp, was Indian Joe's shack. They could have made it easily. On their way to Thoreau's they would pass within a mile of it. But Brokaw would never know. And they would never reach Thoreau's. Billy knew that. He looked at the man hunter as he broke trail ahead of him—at the pugnacious hunch of his shoulders, his long stride, the determined clench of his hands, and wondered what the soul and the heart of a man like this must be, who in such an hour would not trade life for life. For almost three-quarters of an hour Brokaw did not utter a word. The storm had broke. Above the spruce tops the sky began to clear. Day came slowly. And it was growing steadily colder. The swing of Brokaw's arms and shoulders kept the blood in them circulating, while Billy's manacled wrists held a part of his body almost rigid. He knew that his hands were already frozen. His arms were numb, and when at last Brokaw paused for a moment on the edge of a frozen stream Billy thrust out his hands, and clanked the steel rings.

"It must be getting colder," he said. "Look at that."

The cold steel had seared his wrists like hot iron, and had pulled off patches of skin and flesh. Brokaw looked, and hunched his shoulders. His lips were blue. His cheeks, ears, and nose were frostbitten. There was a curious thickness in his voice when he spoke.

(To be concluded.)

Between the years 1912 and 1922 the national wealth of the United States increased by 72.2 per cent.

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THE HANDY TIN DIPPER.

One morning I came downstairs a bit late and hurriedly began to assemble my implements to prepare breakfast. On my way to the closet for the usual earthenware bowl in which to mix my pancakes, I espied a short-handled, heavy tin three-pint dipper which had been bought the day before for use in the barn. I had never used one in my kitchen, but now I lifted this shining new dipper, and its handiness and lightness appealed to me at once. I washed and scalded it, and in it my pancakes are mixed for breakfast. Since then that handy dipper has been in constant use in my kitchen as a mixing utensil.

In an old cookbook of my grandmother's I had often read, "Never mix cake in a tin basin. Butter and sugar will be much darkened by the tin."

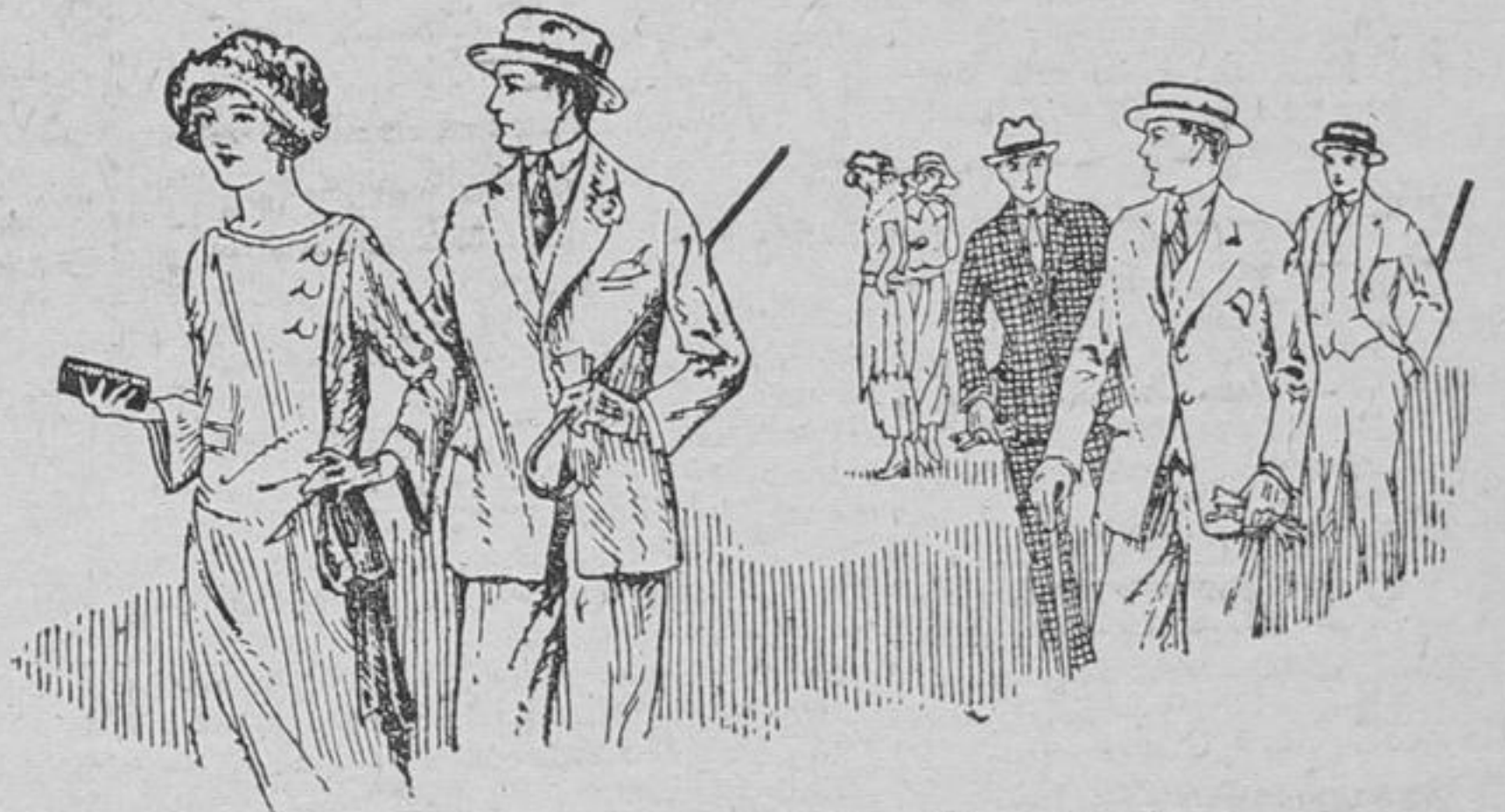
I mix my lightest cakes in my handy tin dipper and can see no difference whatever in the color; but the texture of my cakes is much finer than when mixed in my earthenware bowl,

for with a firm grasp on the sturdy handle of the dipper I can beat the batter without fatigue and the results are indeed satisfactory. I mix brown bread, johnnycakes, cookies, doughnuts, pie crust—in fact, anything and everything in my dipper. The perfectly round smooth bowl would sometimes get away from my rigid hold, and also bring cramps to my hand. I'll admit that we busy housewives can hardly keep house without our earthen bowls, but for mixing—just try the short-handled, handy tin dipper!

The True-Love.

My heart was made for laughter,
My eyes were made for smiles,
My life was made for living
Upon the Blessed Isles.

My heart is dead with sorrow,
My eyes are red with rue,
And I'd rather weep for you, my love,
Than smile for any but you.
—F. P. Adams.



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