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**BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN**

## A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY  
(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

### CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

At this point Jim Combe joined them, was given a drink and solemnly introduced to the corpse.

In return he lent a hand at bearing it, and abandoning all ideas of a professional pace, or the decorum of silence, the party in their shirt sleeves, trotted to within sight of Soda Creek before dark. Here, however, the procession paused, reformed, put on its coats and funeral face, and marched with great pomp to the door of the Ideal.

Here, again, an unexpected difficulty met them. The Ideal was the only place to which any one went on arriving at Soda Creek, but in spite of the former habits of their charge, it was evidently now no place for Mr. Hayes.

"Poor old boss, I guess you ain't allowed in here now. Where'll we take him to, doc?"

An empty house was suggested where the body would be safe from the dogs until the clergyman came for it next day, and there it was locked up for the night.

But even then the doctor was not ready for his patient at the Risky Ranch. By unanimous consent it was held fitting that Soda Creek should celebrate old man Hayes' reception in due form, and no protest on Jim's part was of any avail. The men had had enough whiskey to make them as stubborn as mules. Jim Combe, that reckless crowd took made it more noisy and more quarrelsome, whilst the doctor was rapidly progressing from the "convivial" to the "maudlin" stage of drunkenness.

Finally Protheroe declared his intention of going to take one drink with the old man.

"Let him alone where he is," urged Ed. "He won't understand now."

"Wosh understand, wosh he? You think he's gone away. Non-sensh; he's here all right. He'll understand, you bet."

The idea was too grizzly. That any poor devil should be condemned even after death's release to hang round the Ideal, struck Jim as the climax of horrors to which hell itself would be a mild punishment.

But he saw in the set's determination his own opportunity. Going up to the only man in the place who was still sober, he touched him on the shoulder.

"Bill, would you do something for a woman?"

The big man, who was still drowsy by the stove, started from his napth.

"A woman. There ain't no woman here. It's only whiskey and hell."

"But there's women elsewhere, down to the Risky Ranch, for instance. Will you do something to help one of them?"

"Anything," he said, rising. "Then go up into that fellow's

room," pointing to the doctor, "and corral all his outfit, instruments and grip-sack, whatever he takes along with him when he goes visiting. No one will notice you as you live here, and if they do they are too drunk to mind."

"What do you want it for?"

"There's a woman a-lying down to the Risky, and I've got to get that little hog and his fixin's to save her. You heard him say he wouldn't come. 'I did, curse him; but he won't be any good like that. They never are any good when you want them,' and he sank back into his dreams."

"He won't be like that when I get him to the Risky. Will you do it?"

"All right; if it's for a woman," and he slouched off to the part of the house where its boarders slept.

Meanwhile Jim Combe went out to secure his own horse, and another horse-stealing, almost the worst of fence to a friend, and was meditating a worse offence than horse-stealing.

When he had tied the two horses at the back of the empty house in which old man Hayes lay, he returned to the bar room.

There he found his ally, Bill.

"Have you got the things?"

"Yes."

"Then sneak out and cinch them on tight behind the saddle of my horse, a big red roan, tied up behind the house where Hayes' body lies, and wait there for me. Don't make any mistake, and don't speak till I do."

Bill took his orders in silence, and whilst he slipped out at the back, Jim Combe went up to the bar, and called for drinks for the crowd.

"Thought you was going to take a drink with the old man," he said to the doctor, who was now half asleep.

"So I wash, but I can't get any fellow to go along."

"And you're too scared to go alone? I thought you were a scientific joker, who didn't believe in ghosts or spirits, or any of them things you can't see or stick a knife into."

"Don't know what I believe, and I don't know what blanked business it is of yours, anyway, but I'm not scared of anything, Mishter Jim Combe, if you are a foot taller than me."

Jim laughed aggravatingly. He knew the man's peculiarities.

"Why, you're afraid right now. I'll bet you the next round of drinks that you dare not go alone to take a glass with old Hayes."

The bet just suited the humor of the crowd, besides the form of settlement touched their personal interest.

"It's up to you, doc," they cried.

"You're the little man to win his money."

To do the doctor justice, he was no coward, drunk or sober.

"Hand me the bottle, Ike," he said, rallying in the most extraordinary

manier, and speaking quite soberly. "And one of those glasses. See you again, gentlemen," and he walked towards the door.

"I guess it's my money that's up, so if no one has any objection, I'll still hunt the doc and see that he gets right to it. That's the bet, isn't it?" asked Combe.

"I guess so."

"Nobody else leaves the room until we come back. I don't want the doctor's friends handy to keep his courage up."

"He don't want any. Don't you worry. The doc's got as much grit as the next man."

"Appears like it," said Jim, and stole out, shutting the door noiselessly behind him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Very solemnly and placing each foot with carefully calculated precision, the little doctor made his way from the Ideal to the place where old man Hayes had been stored out of the way of the dogs.

The awful heat and closeness of the bar room which he had left, made the chill of the night air more noticeable. It struck him like a bar of cold iron across the forehead and made him catch his breath with a gasp. But his errand had no terror for him. He was one of those who, having learned a great deal about the mechanism of the human body, looked upon it as an indifferent piece of machinery capable of many improvements, and having about it nothing of the supernatural.

As a locomotive he considered it beneath contempt. Walking was at best but a succession of falls avoided. That had always been his opinion, but he had never known so much difficulty before in getting up that hind pro in time to save a collapse.

Before starting from the bar room door he had taken a fine upon the house which he wished to reach, and he had contrived not to lose sight of his points, but it was difficult to keep them, moving as he felt compelled to do, as a knight moves at chess.

Earth seemed for once to have no solidity; the laws of gravity in his particular case seemed to have been suspended; his feet would not keep down and he suffered from an almost irresistible temptation to allow his legs to collapse altogether, a temptation which arose from a growing conviction that they really had nothing whatever to do with him, and that he could move perfectly well by the mere exertion of will power. But he was not sufficiently drunk yet to yield to this temptation. He still had some control over his memory, and he remembered that he had tried that game before, and had been found in the street very cold indeed the next morning.

Dr. Protheroe had a considerable knowledge of the many infirmities of the flesh, but his knowledge of the different expressions of alcoholic dementia was comprehensive. He even diagnosed his own case accurately as he staggered along.

"Drunk," he said, severely; "very drunk. Itsh the cold air has done it. Always does it; but I'm not 'fraid. Who said Doctor Protheroe was 'fraid?"

He stopped, swaying dangerously in the middle of the dark street to think out that problem, but even his mind could only move now as the knight moves. It would not go straight.

"Doctor Protheroe, 'fraid?" he repeated this two or three times in a sort of sing-song, and then, suddenly: "Dr. Protheroe," he said, "Doc-tor Protheroe—o, Thomash's,—London—England. Not Ontario! None of your bloomin' Canadian 'bout me. Doctor Protheroe, Thomash's, London, England. Gentleman; 'professional man," and then he burst into peal upon peal of derisive laughter, in the midst of which he fell flat upon his face in the mud.

After lying there for a few minutes chuckling still to himself, he rose upon his hands and knees, reached for his hat, put it rakishly upon the back of his head, and continued his journey upon all fours.

"Varicose veins," he muttered, as he went. "Shytatica, gout, notin' to do w' whiskey. All rot. Cause—absurd attempt violate lawsh of nature. Man dam fool; meant to walk on four legsh, 'tries to walk on two. Posh'erior limb; over worked; painful shwelling followsh. Of course." But in spite of the excellence of his reasoning he was obliged after a time to conform to custom, and finished his journey in a wild burst upon two legs, which landed him in a heap at the old man's door.

The violent exercise did something to counteract the effect of the chill air upon his heated brain, but not enough. He could remember that the door fastened with a latch; he could even repeat to himself the necessary instructions for lifting the latch; but for the life of him he could not find it.

Sitting upon the ground with his eyes carefully and talking rapidly but incoherently, he explored the whole door from the mud to within six inches of the lock half a dozen times, and at last, concluding that he must have reached the wrong side of the house, began to crawl round it, until utterly weary, he sank despairingly into a peculiarly cold puddle, from which lowly station he beat intermittently upon the solid pine logs of the wall imploring old man Hayes to "get up and let a fellow in." At last oblivion came to him, but not in the kindly fashion to which he had grown accustomed. There was a dif-

ferently about his breathing which he did not remember to have noticed on previous occasions. It was quite natural that he should have turned over on his back, but his head was rolling about in an unusual way, and there seemed to be an obstruction in front of his mouth.

"Asphyxiation," he decided. "Un-usual symptom, rather think unnatural. Not had enough whiskey for that, and then he went out into space where nothing mattered, and thought itself became a mere succession of vague and disconnected suggestions.

One of these, the most persistent, was that he was flying. He remembered, as you do in dreams, that he had done this before. He had never been quite certain whether it was in dreams that he flew, or in waking life. The dream had always seemed so real, but he knew that he was flying now. He left himself going up and up, and it was only will which supplied the motive power. He knew that because he tried to flap his wings and could not. They were tied to his sides.

(To be Continued.)

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## THE MAN WHO IS TAXING BRITAIN

OWES HIS SUCCESS IN POLITICS TO THOROUGHNESS.

Takes Infinite Pain to Master Every Subject He Has to Deal With.

It has been the lot of Mr. McKenna to tax the British people—at all events, the wealthier section of them—more heavily than has ever been dreamed of in the past. The recent mammoth taxes proposed by him on incomes amount, in the case of just ordinarily big incomes, to over 33 per cent. of the total income, and in the case of extraordinarily big incomes, to far more than double that proportion of the total income.

Like Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. McKenna has increased his popularity and also enhanced his strength in the House of Commons since the coalition Government was started. In truth, that was no difficult matter so far as regarded the standing of either of them in the estimation of his opponents: It is probable, however, that the House as a whole likes both men better because, in these latter days, it has, in the case of each, taken more pains to discern the man beneath the

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man beneath the surface. McKenna married his very charming wife, who, by the way, is about a quarter of a century his junior. And though Mr. McKenna has made his enemies, she has made nothing but friends. Mrs. McKenna is the daughter of Col. Sir Herbert Jekyll, who, among many other claims to fame, is noted as one of the most discriminating devotees of the fine arts in England. She has inherited her father's love for the beautiful, and his faculty of collecting much that is rare. Her



Rt. Hon. Reg. McKenna.

mannerism. At one time, in days not far distant, few men in the House of Commons were so disliked by those on the benches opposite as was Mr. McKenna. His mistakes—and he has made not a few of them, for neither as Home Secretary nor as First Lord of the Admiralty was he any stupendous success—were constantly magnified into preposterous dimensions. His rising to speak was usually the signal for either departure or derision on the part of his opponents. In fact with much that is wholly admirable, there is not a little that is slightly annoying in Mr. McKenna's make-up. He has an air of omniscience

## HOW TO WIN THIS GREATEST OF WARS

FATHER VAUGHAN SAYS TO KILL MORE GERMANS.

Famous Priest Renews His Attacks on Those Who Would Spare the Enemy.

"Kill Germans if you would win the war," continues to be the slogan of the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, priest militant, of London, England. Father Vaughan recently answered another clergyman who thought it was a pity to kill so many Germans by saying: "In my blundering stupidity I had thought it a pity to miss so many of them."

In a late issue of Reynolds' Newspaper Father Vaughan returns to the charge with the following:

There are two extreme schools of thought respecting this life and death struggle called warfare. The militarists and pacifists are poles apart in their teaching about war. On the one hand, while Prussian war lords make out war to be not only a "biological necessity," but also the "religion of valor," the Society of Friends, on the other hand, declared that nothing can justify "the repelling of force. The German Bernhard would turn ploughshares into swords, on the contrary, crush swords into ploughshares. A plague on both your houses, say I. Between these optimistic and pessimistic views about the right to fight there is a third class made up of people like the Rev. Dr. Meyer and the Rev. Newsham Taylor, who lead one under the impression that they regard the present European war as some international football match, with the betting on our side, and with the hope that none of the players in the rough game will be badly hurt. They and their followers, in their solicitude for my welfare, keep on reminding me how ill beseeching ecclesiastical lips it is to give the advice to kill Germans.

Must Go On Killing Germans.

I suppose I am expected by this school of thought to exhort our troops not to kill them. Mr. Bernard Shaw has reminded me that there is another way of ending the war besides that of killing Germans, and that is to end it by killing Englishmen. My attitude toward the war may be summed up in a very simple syllogism. It is this:

Warfare means killing the troops fighting against you.

But the troops fighting against us are Germans.

Therefore, the war for us means killing Germans.

About the major premise Mr. Shaw and myself are in complete agreement. It is with the minor premise that we seem to be quarrelling. It is not quite clear whether he puts Englishmen where I put Germans. No doubt the pro-German puts Englishmen where I put England's enemy. So that the conclusion to be drawn from the premises depends altogether upon which side you are in the fight. As it is as clear as noonday to me that we have entered into this devastating war with a clear conscience and clean hands, I am satisfied that we must go on killing Germans until we have reached the number that will entitle us to dictate to the enemy our terms of peace and to save Europe from the tyranny, the kultur of the superman with his super-State. We have drawn the sword to protect the neutrality, independence, and autonomy of the smaller European kingdoms, and it is our rooted determination never to slip that sword into its scabbard again till Europe is rid of its menace to liberty, justice, and civilization.

Prussianism Must Go.

To the militarist, then, who regards warfare as the highest expression of life, I say it is the worst expression of physical evil; and to the pacifist who contends that nothing can justify war, I reply that there are occasions when you must make use of the worst physical evil—warfare—in order to support some great moral cause. In other words, a just war means making use of physical forces to secure some great moral end.

Let us get to grips with this question about the rights and wrongs of warfare, and let me again remind you that there is a far greater evil than war, and that is sin. War in its most repellent aspect can never get away from its character, as a physical evil only, whereas sin is the brand called moral evil. The founder of Christianity warns us not so much to fear him who can kill the body only as to fear him who can destroy the soul also. In the eighteen millions of casualties recorded in the present scientific slaughter of the human race not a single soul has been necessarily hurt, though that number of bodies have been hit.

I believe that this war, a terribly physical evil though it is, has sent heavenward souls innumerable who might otherwise have lost their way. Monmouth I am satisfied that God in His good time will give to the Allies a great and lasting victory against a foe who, having started out to Kaiserize Prussia and Prussianize Germany, meant to Germanize the world.

A word of praise to-day is worth a bucket of tears shed to-morrow.

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