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What Tommy Atkins Reads.

The pre-war notion that Tommy Atkins was a rough-and-ready fellow, with little or no education, has gone. The modern soldier is a well-educated, well-informed and intelligent man, who puts himself ready for promotion, says an English writer.

But what does he read when he puts his "study" books away? Fiction heads the list, as you would expect. A visit to an Army library and an inspection of the novels on its shelves soon reveal the modern soldier's favorite authors. Perhaps the most surprising discovery you will make is this: he is not particularly fond of Kipling.

The authors who appeal to Tommy Atkins are the old favorites. He reads Captain Marryat, Charles Reade, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Ouida, and, of course, Charles Dickens.

According to one librarian the greatest call is for "something light," and among the favorite authors are Charles Garvice (Tommy is a sentimental soul) and Marie Corelli. But there are an increasing number of soldiers who take out more serious books. Until last year Donald Hankey's "Student in Arms" was an Army "best-seller." It made its appeal directly to the man who had fought under the same conditions as the author himself.

Rider Haggard is a steady favorite, as the well-thumbed copy of "King Solomon's Mines" witnesses. But who heads the list of authors in demand? The answer is—Nat Gould!

The Army encourages reading, and the barrack accommodation for it is very good. Every unit has its library. No charge is made, although a deposit of one shilling is taken.

As Man-to-Man.

True men recognize and respect one another, even through the mists of enmity. It is warfare that we find the most striking illustration of that fact. Sir Frank Benson tells a delightful story of the sort which is quoted in Joseph H. Oldham's Christianity and the Race Problem.

A British officer had been sent forward in some fighting with the Zulus, leading a contingent of men. The Zulus sent out a messenger of peace. By an unhappy blunder the British outpost shot him. The officer was greatly distressed. So he handed over the contingent to the second in command and walked straight out, unarmed, to the Zulu lines. He was led to the chief.

"I have come," he said, "to give myself up because we shot your peace messenger by mistake. It is a thing brave warriors never do. I am very sorry. To make amends I place my life in your hands; do with me as you will."

The Zulu warrior chief was silent for a moment. Then he said: "You are a man, and your people are men and the sons of men; we, too, are men. We will make peace."

The Story.

Carol, every violet has Heaven for a looking-glass!

Every little valley lies Under many-clouded skies; Every little cottage stands Girt about with boundless lands. Every little glimmering pond Claims the mighty shores beyond—Shores no seaman ever hailed, Seas no ship has ever sailed.

All the shores when day is done Fade into the setting sun, So the story tries to teach More than can be told in speech.—Alfred Noyes, in "The Flower of Old Japan."



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By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK.

CHAPTER I. ADVENTURE.

Wanderlust, hunger, curiosity, employment, and the effort to avoid it, have driven men into all corners of the earth; the spirit of adventure and that alone had brought Dan Malloy to Wainwright Park. But the beautiful eyes of Marie La Farge had kept him there. And they were beautiful. There was no ginsaying that. Others had thought so, many of them. The purest blood of old France, pioneer settlers, adventurous trappers and traders, coquettish and brave women, flowed in her veins. The La Farges had not intermingled with the other nationalities that had won for Canada a mighty empire in the West. They were proud of this, proud and jealous to maintain it.

Jean La Farge had married a beautiful French woman, as had all his ancestors. Together they had come to Wainwright Park, and together they had made the ranch the tidy little home that it was. Together, too, they had looked forward to a ripe old age with their children about them. But the two sons had never come back from the war, and the shock of their death, though it was for their dear France, was too much for the loving mother. And Jean, aged before his time, was left alone with the motherless Marie.

At nineteen Marie was the belle of Alberta. The far-riding gentry, the hunters, trappers, cowboys and the Indians all gave her the palm for beauty—Her eyes were great wells of limpid emotion, seldom aroused, but eloquent of coquetry, steadfastness, daring and love. Shaded with the longest of lashes, their every accent was emphasized by that delightful uncertainty that a French woman knows so well how to use. Her hair was raven black, with a tantalizing suggestion of wave, which relieved the oval face from the madonnaike look it had so often worn since her mother's death. Though tanned to a healthy color by Alberta breezes, her skin was of that waxy texture which is the despair of artists, shading down perceptibly about the eyes.

The mouth, small but well formed, with lips not too full to be expressive and yet full enough to indicate impulsiveness, were brilliant crimson. They were the most noticeable feature of the face except the eyes. In their dark hazel depths the luckiest swain who was vouchsafed their full power was lost to all other feminine charm until Marie had released him. Few of her admirers could have told you the appearance of Marie's nose. They seldom catalogued her that far. It was the one feature that Marie herself regarded as treacherous. It was slightly aquiline and possibly a trifle too long. As a child she had spent hours, while reading a book, with her hand pressed grimly against it in the endeavor to give it an upward tilt.

But no one else saw anything but exquisite beauty in Marie's nose. And of all those who admired it, with Marie's other attractions, the first and foremost, was Dan Malloy. Dan was a cowboy and he was Irish. There was no disguising that. Not that he wanted to, but it was soon made apparent to him that neither of these things placed him high in the estimation of Jean La Farge. Good cowboys were necessary, Jean admitted, and probably Irishmen had their place in the economy of the universe; but for Marie, Sacro Damm, impossible.

In the States, Malloy was known as a champion rodeo rider. From the south his reputation had preceded him. Wainwright Park knew of him long before it knew him, the winner at Pendleton, Cheyenne, Deadwood and Denver. Every fall saw him in the competitions, the world series lure of every cowboy. And to him this world series money provided the sinews of his adventure and relief from the necessity of riding range. He had come in the spring without any definite intention of remaining and none of hiring out. But one sight of la belle Marie had made him give up all thought of any other adventure. He was still in Wainwright Park in July and still without other occupation than that of gazing into Marie's eyes whenever the opportunity offered. When opportunity did not offer he made the opportunity. He had done so to-day.

Just how Dan knew that Marie was going to ride down by the creek that day is none of our business, but it was all of the business that Dan had and he attended to it with exactness and relish. It was with perfect confidence that he swept over the bluff and reined his pony down the bank to the trysting place. He gave a low chuckle of satisfaction as he observed two familiar horses on the bank of the creek. Marie was tightening her saddle girth, and Neenah, her half-breed maid, was assisting her. The cinches seemed to be giving them trouble.

"Just a moment, Marie," laughed Dan as he alighted, "let me help you." "Oh, Monsieur Dan, it is you," cried Marie, in pretended surprise. One might have inferred that Dan had just come up from Mexico from her

manner. But she did not desist from the task she had undertaken and her pony looked around in surprise and indignation that two such eminent equestrians as his rider and this American cowboy champion should take so long to adjust his simple cinch. And to make the matter worse, Marie's hand most unaccountably became entangled in the loop and when Dan finally drew it up she gave a little squeal of pain. The pony stamped his feet and tossed his head. What unaccountable people were these two. Of course it had all to be done over again.

The injured—well, yes, why not say so, the injured hand had to be petted and held. That seemed only right, and Dan performed the duty that lay before him manfully, though with a trifle of embarrassment. Twice he looked over at Neenah as he led Marie to a log in the shade of a second growth hickory tree. Now this Neenah was a wise maiden. She knew her cabbages. And this preliminary was quite in line with many other opening chapters that she had seen as auspiciously begun. Besides she had a lover herself, and though he was at the present time enjoying the hospitality of the North West Mounted, she knew and sympathized with all the symptoms that were so plainly evidenced.

"Tree's maybe wat you call one crowd," Neenah observed coyly. "Neenah," declared the smiling Malloy, "when you talk you always say something important. I like you."

Malloy was always laughing. It seemed to be difficult for him to look very serious, and Neenah was not quite on to his American lingo, but she finished her own thought by observing to her mistress that she would ride back alone to the ranch. She waved gayly as she topped the bank.

"Without more ado, Dan" pitched headlong into the matter nearest his heart. Fastening the horses, he drew Marie down beside him on the log.

"See here," he burst out, "why don't you marry me, Marie?"

"Father," shyly began Marie, looking down at her boot-toe, "he doesn't like the name—Ma'joy."

For answer Dan kissed her. Marie did not resist. Why should she? She seemed to like it. So did Dan. He did it again.

"If you really love me, Marie, you would not let a silly reason like that stand in the way. Father or no father, I'm going—"

So absorbed were they with each other that they had failed to hear a horseman ride up and dismount. But they heard him now.

CHAPTER II.

A LUCKLESS LOVE AFFAIR.

Jean La Farge, in addition to keeping his own ranch, was a deputy game warden, and jealously as he guarded the government herds of buffalo and elk, he guarded his daughter even more jealously. She was seldom out of his sight for very long.

Seeing Neenah crossing the prairie alone and being ever on the lookout for the omnipresent Malloy, La Farge was not long in discovering the tete-a-tete he more than suspected.

"By gar!" shouted the French Canadian wrathfully, as he leapt off his horse into the little gully. "How many times I tol' you, my Marie, not for no good cow-puncher!"

Startled as the two lovers were by the irate game warden, the significance of his words was not lost on the Irish cowboy. Straightening himself up proudly but not belligerently, and still holding Marie's hand, he declared:

"I'm a darn good cow-puncher and I love Marie."

"Maybe you tann good cow-puncher," fired the father back at him, "but you not good enough for my Marie."

So excited was La Farge that he fairly jumped up and down, waving his hands about like an excited windmill.

Any other pony but his would have been frightened away by the demonstrative Frenchman's words and actions, but Chicko calmly continued eating grass—he was used to it.

Marie also was accustomed to this superabundant manner of expressing feeling, but she had taken the occasion to slip away and was now standing beside her horse. Her father's word was law in his own domain, and little Marie always remained meek until the storm had blown over.

It was at its height now. Even Malloy, who was used to storms and weathered wordy ones fairly well himself, was nonplussed by the verbal barrage which swept the usually effective smile completely off his face. It was difficult for Malloy to look mad and he didn't now, only disappointed—disappointed mostly at his inability to make Marie's father listen to him. But Jean La Farge was unstopable. The thought of an Irishman courting his daughter aroused his ire, more even than would a dozen poachers intent on despoiling the buffalo herds, and he was death on that.

But if Dan couldn't talk, at least

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he could see. A red-coated, superbly mounted policeman, attracted by the unusual disturbance in the valley, slid down the little gully and approached the still storming La Farge from the rear. Bill Harkness's job was to keep Wainwright Park peaceful. It certainly was not peaceful in the little valley at that particular moment. One glance convinced him, however that no blood was being spilled.

Tying his horse he leapt over the log beside the gesticulating La Farge and the pleading Marie.

"Here, what's wrong with you two?"

"He want marry wiz my Marie," La Farge fairly screamed at him. "Sacre tann, zo gran' children of Jean La Farge wit' dat Irish name—Malloy!" and with one last wave of his hand he rolled over the log and made still grumbling, for Chicko.

Harkness was used to the fiery Frenchman and in his heart he sympathized with Malloy. Almost everyone in Wainwright Park did sympathize with him. His attentions to Marie were so undivided, his affection so frankly expressed, and the parental opposition so stern and vociferous.

Dan had sat down on the log and was now mopping his face and shaking his head in perplexed silence. It was about the tenth time he had been over the same ground and they never got any farther.

"Tough old trooper, that," observed Harkness, still smiling as he watched La Farge mount and beckon to his daughter to follow him.

Dan also looked up as he heard the horses mounting the embankment, but there was very little to encourage him from the stern aspect of Jean La Farge's back as it faded from view.

(To be continued.)

Content.

In crystal towers and turrets richly set With glittering gems that shine against the sun.

In regal rooms of Jasper and of Jet, Content of mind not always likes to wane;

But oftentimes it pleaseth her to stay In simple cotches closed in with walls of clay.

—Geoffrey Whitney (1586).

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Success After Death.

There is something essentially tragic about compositions published after the death of their creators. Many of the works of the masters did not appear in print until after their deaths. Several of the best waltzes of Chopin, for instance, were still in manuscript when he passed away. The "Tales of Hoffman," Offenbach's one claim to larger immortality was never seen by the composer. Bizet's "Carmen" and Moussorgsky's "Boris Goudonoff" were produced during the lifetime of their composers, but they could hardly imagine the great receptions that were to be given to them in after years.

Revival.

A little sun, a little rain, A soft wind blowing from the west, And woods and fields are sweet again, And warmth within the mountain's breast.

—Stopford A. Brooke.

Minard's Liniment for dandruff.

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