



KEEN'S MUSTARD

Gives food a delicious appetizing savor

Woman's Interests

A Peaches-and-Cream Complexion.

Washing the face is such an everyday occurrence that it hardly seems necessary to discuss it, but the right way of doing it brings the best results, and results are what we want.

Cold water, or that which has had the child taken off (not lukewarm), is the most refreshing for the morning wash, and if the skin was properly cleaned the night before, soap will not be needed.

A very oily skin should be washed with warm water. A person who is exposed to dust and grime will feel more comfortable if the face is rinsed several times during the day, with a good scrubbing at the close of the day's work, or just before retiring. The pores may be cleaned by means of a cleansing cream or by means of soap alone.

Cleansing cream is lighter than ordinary massage cream and does not nourish the skin, but it does soften it and loosens the dirt. Work the cream well into every part of the face and neck—for the neck gets more grime rubbed into it than you can imagine. You'll be amazed to see the dirt come from the pores, and to see how fresh your skin will look. Wipe off this soiled cream on an old soft cloth, rinse the skin with hot water, then rub a lather of soap on the face and neck gently. Finally rinse with hot water until the skin is free of soap, then rinse with cold water to close the pores. Better still, take a piece of ice and rub over and over the face until it tingles. Wipe dry by patting with an old towel, and you'll have a skin like a rose petal.

It brings the blood to the skin, draws up the pores, making the complexion fine-grained, and pulls up the lax muscles that are the first signs of age. If you have no ice, pat the skin with a cloth wet with a mixture of tincture of benzoin and water. A few drops of benzoin to a small bowl of water will be enough.

Two or three times a week, just before retiring, cleanse the face with warm or hot water and soap. The face-cloth should be wrung out of hot water and placed over the face for several minutes. Repeat the process until the pores are opened. Next, wet the fingers, rub them over the soap, then rub the soap over the face, working it well into the pores. Soap applied in this way gets right down where it is needed and cleanses the skin much more thoroughly than can be done with a face-cloth. After a thorough rubbing rinse off the soap, first with warm water until all soap has been removed, then with cold water in order to close the pores again. If the skin becomes rough, a healing lotion is applied. The right lotion to use is also an astringent and should be left on overnight. A good lotion consists of equal parts of lemon-juice and glycerine.

Cucumber juice, tomato juice and buttermilk all have a whitening effect upon the skin. The following lotion is recommended for the girl who tans: Rose-water, one-half pint; pulverized borax, one-quarter ounce; strained lemon-juice, one-half pint. Use freely after being exposed to the sun.

It is impossible to recommend a soap which will agree with all skins; therefore, it is best to experiment until a soap which suits the individual is discovered. Two or three applications of one kind of soap will enable one to judge its effect upon the skin, and if it is not found agreeable the rest of the cake can be used for the hands.

Lemon soaps, creams and lotions are highly recommended and are said to have a whitening effect upon the skin.

An active liver and regular habits are absolutely necessary if one would have a clear complexion, and the importance of the all-over bath cannot be too highly emphasized. Oranges and lemons both assist the liver, and several oranges a day (eaten without sugar) will be of great benefit. A half hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a cupful of hot water, adding a dash of salt; this combination acts directly on the liver, whitening the skin.

Javelle Water.

Why not make a jar of javelle water this summer? It is a magic water which, after once using, the housewife will never be without.

It may be used in a multitude of ways, during housecleaning. It will remove stains from practically all the cooking utensils, especially tea and

Keep Milk and Butter Cool.

During hot weather the housewife who has neither ice nor cellar finds great difficulty in keeping milk sweet and butter in good shape. The following method, if used, will be of considerable assistance in this difficulty.

Pack a large stone jar, three, four, or five gallon capacity, in a box of wet sand having the sand five or six inches thick under and around the sides of the jar. Place a tight cover over the jar and box and set in the shade. The milk and butter that is placed in this jar will keep in excellent shape for some time. Keep the sand thoroughly wet as this is the important factor.

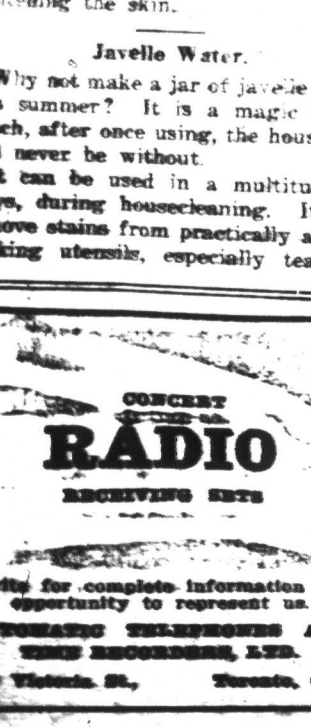
Raisins Are a Valuable Food.

The iron content of raisins, long admitted to exceed that of other fruits, is a blood-builder, needed in summer and winter alike. It is easily assimilated form, it is readily absorbed by the blood to replenish the small amount lost by the body daily. A raisin product at least once a day, and preferably at noon when the sun is hottest, will work wonders in restoring sapped energy during the summer months.

New Telephone Mouthpiece Prevents Eavesdropping.

A telephone mouthpiece has been invented which gives the ordinary desk phone all the privacy of a booth phone. It not only transmits whispering sounds, but effectually screens the voice so that a person standing near the speaker is unable to distinguish the words spoken, hearing only an indistinct murmur.

Stratagem. Boy (to his dad): "Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?" His Dad: "Certainly." "Well then, shut your eyes and sign my request card."



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The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STRAD.

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Synopsis of Pleading Chapters.

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and her father are again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town, selling his horse for sixty dollars.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"I'll buy him back in the mornin', I will, sure as hell," he said in a sudden gust of emotion. "We got to stick together. I didn't play fair with him, but I'll buy him back. Perhaps I can get a job for him, pullin' a light wagon, or somethin'."

The resolution to "play fair" with Slop-eye gradually restored his cheerfulness, and he walked slowly back to the hotel, looking in an any window displays as he went. Half past six, a pair of women's wear-fine, filmy things, soft and elusive, and, he supposed, very expensive. He wondered if Keenie bought clothes like that to wear in her city home. And then he began to look for a brown sweater, and to move from window to window. And presently he found himself at his hotel.

The men's sitting-room now presented a much more animated picture than when he had returned to the evening. It was filled with ranchers, cowboys, and cattlemen of all degrees; breeders, buyers, traders, owners, and wage-earners, with a sprinkling of townspoop and others not directly connected with the business of the cattle business. The room was strong with smoke and language and expectation and goodwill, with the line-up at the bar furnished appropriate accompaniment. Through the smoke he could see another room farther back, in which were a number of pool tables; loud voices and loud laughter and occasional awe-inspiring rips of profanity betokened deep interest in the game. He allowed himself to drift in that direction. Soon he was in a group watching a gaudily dressed individual doing a sort of sleight-of-hand trick with three cards on a table.

"Smooth guy that," said someone at his side. The remark was evidently intended for Dave, and he turned toward the speaker. He was a man somewhat smaller than Dave; two or three years older; well dressed in town clothes; rather, he supposed, a gold-fingered tooth with a corner had been broken as though to accommodate the cigarette which hung there. He blew a slow double stream of smoke from his nostrils and repeated "Smooth guy that."

"Yes," said Dave. Then, as it was apparent the stranger was inclined to be friendly, he continued, "What's the idea?"

The stranger nudged him gently. "Come out of the bunch," he said, in a low voice. When they had moved a little apart he went on, in a confidential tone. "He has a little trick with three cards that brings him in the big money. He's smooth as green, but the things is simple. Oh, it's awfully simple. It's out of date with the circus in the States—that was where I got wise to it—but it seems to get 'em here. Now you watch him for a minute, and they'll never occur to you an opening in the crowd about the table. The player held three cards, two red ones and a black. He passed them out rapidly over the table, occasionally turning his hand sideways so that the onlookers could see the position of the cards. Then he suddenly threw them, face down, on the table, each card by itself.

"The trick is to locate the black card," Dave's companion explained. "It's easy enough if you just keep your eye on the card, but the trouble with these fellows is they never see the card and then start to get out their money, and while they're fumbling for it he makes a change so quick they never see it. Get up close, but don't say you're getting interested. Then when you're dead sure of a card, crack your fist down on it. Glue yourself right to it, and get out your money with the other hand. When he sees you do that, he'll try to bluff, say you ain't on it, but you just tell him that don't go, this is an open game, and he's got to come through, and the crowd'll back you up. I stuck him one—a whole hundred first crack—and then he barred me. Watch him."

Dave watched. Saw the black card go down at one corner of the board; saw a bystander fumbling for a five-dollar bill; saw the bill laid on the card; saw it turned up—and it was red.

"That's smooth," he said. "I'd swear that was the black card."

"So it was—when you saw it," his companion explained. "But you were just like the sucker that played him. You couldn't help glancing at the jay's money, and it was in that instant the trick was done. He's too quick for the eye, but that's how he does it."

Dave became interested. He saw two or three others lose lives and tens. Then his companion pinched his arm. "Watch that new guy," he whispered. "Watch him. He's wise."

A new player had approached. He stood near the table for some minutes, apparently looking on casually; then his left hand came down on one of the cards. "A hundred on this one," he said, and began thumbing out a roll with his other hand.

"You ain't playin'," said the dealer. "You ain't on this."

"Ain't I? What do you say, fellows?" turning to the crowd. "Am I in or not?"

"Sure you're in," they exclaimed. "Sure you're in," repeated a big fellow, lunging forward. "If this guy ain't in we clean you out, see?"

"It's on me," said the dealer, with a wary eye. "Well, if I must pay, I'll pay. Turn 'em up."

It was black. The dealer paid out a hundred dollars to the new player, who quickly disappeared in the crowd. Dave had made his decision. It was plain his companion's tip was straight. There was just one way to beat this game, but it was simple enough when you know how. He looked at the table, making great pretence of indifference, but watching the cards

closely with his keen black eyes. The dealer showed his hand, made a few quick passes, and the black card flew out to the right. This was Dave's chance. He pounced on it with his left hand, while his other plunged into his pocket.

"Sixty dollars on this one," he cried, and there was the triumphant note in his voice of the man who knows he has beaten the other at his own game. "You ain't playin'," said the dealer. "You ain't on this."

"That don't go," said Dave, very quietly. "You're playin' to public game here, an' I choose to play with you, this once. Sixty dollars on this card."

He was fumbling his money on the table.

"You ain't playin'," repeated the dealer.

"You're a butt-in. You ain't in this game at all."

"Sure he's in," said the crowd. "Sure he's in," repeated the big fellow who had interfered before. "He's a stranger here, but you play with him or you don't play no more in this joint, see?"

"That's hittin' me twice in the same spot, an' hittin' me hard," whimpered the dealer, "but you got it on me. Turn 'em up."

The card was red.

Dave looked at it stupidly. It was a moment or two before he realized that his money was gone. Then, regardless of those about, he rushed through the crowd, flinging bystanders to the right and left, and plunged into the night.

He walked down a street until he lost itself on the prairie; then he followed a prairie trail far into the country. The air was cold and a few drops of rain were falling, but he was unconscious of the weather. He was in a rage, through and through. More than once his hand went to his revolver, and he half turned on his heel to retrace his steps, but his better judgment led him on rather than out with himself. Slop-eye was now a dream, a memory, gone-gone. Everything was gone; only his revolver and a few cents remained. He gripped the revolver again. With that he was supreme. No man in all that town of men schooled in the ways of the West was more than his equal while that grip lay in his palm. At the point of that muzzle he could demand his money back—and get it.

Then he laughed. Hollow and empty it sounded in the night air, but it was a laugh, and it saved his spirit. "Why, you fool," he chuckled. "You came to town for to learn somethin', didn't you? Well, you're learnin'." Sixty dollars a throw. Education comes right, don't it? But you shouldn't have done it. He didn't coax you in, an' gave you every chance to back away. You butted in and got stung. Perhaps you've learned somethin' worth sixty dollars."

With these more philosophical thoughts he turned toward again, and as he tramped along his light-heartedness reasserted itself. His sense of fairness made him feel that he had no grievance against the card-sharper, and in his innocence of the ways of the game it never occurred to him that the friendly stranger who had showed him how to play it, and the big fellow who insisted on his being "in," and the other player who had won a sudden hundred through his sharpness, and probably at this moment were dividing his sixty dollars—between them.

Early next morning he was awake and astir. The recollection of his loss was a sudden pang through his morning slumbers, but he tried to close his mind to it. "No use worryin' over that," he said, jingling the few cents that now represented his wealth. "That's over and gone. I traded sixty dollars for a first lesson. Maybe it was a bad trade, but anyway, I ain't goin' to squeal." He turned that thought over in his mind. It suddenly occurred to him that it expressed a principle which he might very well weave into his new life. "If I can't get that idea, an' live up to it," he said, "never to squeal, no matter what hits me, nor how, I guess it's worth sixty dollars." He whistled as he finished dressing, ate his breakfast cheerfully, and set out on a search of employment.

(To be continued.)

A Vast Expanse.

An incident that Sir Ernest Shackleton always repeated with glee was the reply one of his Irish members made to him when Shackleton asked: "Can you imagine the enormous extent of these vast Arctic snow fields?"

"Yes," replied the Irish member, "I had the same sensation the first time I appeared in public wearing a dress shirt."

India's Indigo.

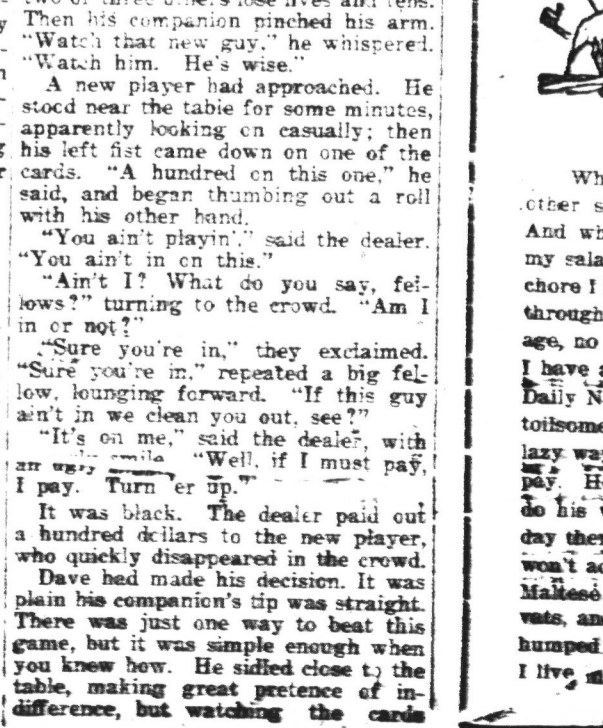
In India about 600,000 acres are devoted to the growing of indigo.

Birds That'll Trees.

A bird's nest as big as a house is found in a tall order, and you might think that only some kind of super-natural could make it.

As a matter of fact, it is built by a little fellow no bigger than a canary. South African society birds like company. They live in large colonies, all the members of which build in the same tree.

Each pair constructs a nest of mud, joining its walls to those of its next-door neighbors. As the colonies are




Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason

DOING IT WELL

When I was busy shearing sheep I did the work in waist and other shearers used to weep and wring their hands and yell. And when I started painting pumps, so well I played the game my salary kept taking jumps whenever payday came. Whatever chore I had to do I did it with a will, and often, when the day was through, I'd earned a dollar bill. And now I'm in my green old age, no wolf is at my door; of coin, which seems to be the rage, I have a goodly store. My credit's good, and when I croak the Daily News will say, "He surely led a trail of smoke along life's toilsome way." The heedless fellow does his tasks in such a lazy way! And every hour he stops and asks the boss for higher pay. He has no longing to excel, to more than earn his mon, to do his work each day as well as it was ever done. And every day there is a chance to take an upward step, but trifling fellows won't advance; they have no use for pep. When I was washing Maltese coin, I did the work up line. I soaked them in the sudsy vat, and kept them on the line. Whatever work I had to do, I humped on my own feet, and now, the journey nearly through, I live at Velvet Street.



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PACIFIC COAST INDIANS FIGHTING TO RETAIN THEIR ANCIENT RIGHTS

One of the most unusual legal battles in Canadian history has just been staged on the Pacific coast of British Columbia, where some forty of the Kwakiutl tribe have been convicted of holding a "potlatch," and some of them sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Among those convicted was a squaw, the first in the history of British Columbia.

The potlatch is one of the outstanding events of life among the Indians of the Pacific coast, but very little has been written of it, and this mostly without understanding of the deep social significance of the feast, dancing, ceremonies and gift-giving which are a part of the event called potlatch. The government's placing restraining laws against the holding of potlatches on these occasions impoverished themselves by giving away all their earthly possessions, often the savings of years; for when an Indian gave a potlatch, he did give away everything he owned to members of his tribe whom he had invited. In some cases, hundreds of miles away were invited. In the years before the white man came, such feasts lasted from ten days to a month.

But though the government was partly right in its claim, the potlatch presents a paradoxical situation, for in giving away all he possessed an Indian was at the same time acquiring a vested interest—the potlatch was nothing less than a life-insurance premium, old-age pension, and endowment fund all rolled into one. In fact, the Indians had in operation a mutual-benefit system long before the white man.

After the coming of the white man, the potlatch changed considerably. Instead of furs the Indians began giving blankets, flour, guns, and ammunition bought from the Hudson's Bay Company. As time went on they took full advantage of all the wonders of the white man, so in recent years potlatches have presented one of the most incongruous sights perhaps of the west has ever seen. There came into existence sewing-machines, and furniture, and gramophone potlatches, potlatches of cooking utensils and clothes, and boots and clothes, frequently furs and some of these articles. But the chief potlatches in recent times have been gramophone, furniture, and utensils. The writer has been fortunate in obtaining the most recent photos of what may be perhaps the last potlatches ever held. These photos also show the march of the wild man to the great ceremonial hall.

Should the potlatches be stopped forever it is hard to foresee what will be the effect on the Indians. It is a fact that quite aside from the vested interest acquired by giving a potlatch, the giving of such gave the giver immense prestige. It was the highest peak of social ambition for a coast Indian. Looked at from this point of view, the taking away of it may reflect the Indiana of initiative and ambition, to earn money to hold one—this paradox in view of the government passing a prohibitive law because the potlatch impoverished the giver.



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