

# When Exposed to Air tea loses its strength and flavor. "SALADA" TEA for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.



## Make Fruit Your Food.

We are constantly being urged to eat more fruit and there is good reason for it.

During recent years doctors have come to the conclusion that the quantity of body-building food represented by meat, fish, fowl, cheese and eggs we eat is excessive for our needs after we have reached our full growth.

This excess imposes a strain on the digestion and overloads the body with products which, acting through a long period, may produce diseases of various kinds.

Fruit has none of these drawbacks. On the contrary, it has nothing but advantages.

There are people, it is true, who say fruit gives them indigestion and acidity of the stomach. This is certainly possible if fruit is eaten with the wrong foods.

Fruit and bread will often disagree by setting up fermentation, the yeast acting on the sugar and starch in the fruit.

Similarly, acid fruits eaten after cooked green vegetables or after a hearty meat meal will also cause fermentation.

It is only necessary to avoid the foods clashing by making the whole meal one of fruit to find that, instead of causing indigestion, fruit will tend to cure it, for many fruits contain in their juices a ferment which aids digestion.

Another great advantage in making one meal a day of fruit is that most fruits contain valuable salts of lime, potash and soda which unite with the alkalis of the body, forming neutral salts.

When the fruit acids are absorbed into the blood they are transformed into carbonates of lime, potash and soda, which make the blood alkaline, as it should be.

Apples are particularly helpful food. Because of the valuable acid apples contain, cider is constantly advocated as a regular drink for those who have rheumatism or gout. Apples, too, are good for a sluggish liver.

As with every other fruit, they are better eaten raw than cooked, for heat destroys the vital qualities stored in the fruit.

Grapes are often prescribed for people with poor blood, while oranges are excellent food for people with indigestion. So, too, are lemons, while both oranges and lemons are valuable laxatives.

Bananas are admirable, especially for people who cannot digest starchy foods in the ordinary way. The fruit, moist, however, be very carefully chewed and converted into pulp before being swallowed.

Pineapples are also valuable as digestives, for they contain a ferment which digests certain foods such as meat, cheese and white of egg.



Not His Machine.

"That fellow who just passed us was going at a terrific rate. Was that his machine rattling?"

No—his brain.

## A Little Prayer.

Dear God, upon this day of stifling heat

Make a drop of mercy creep into the hearts of those

Who wield the lash above the harness-ed backs.

Who vivisection drug, or keep from food and drink;

Would maul and jolt about and slay; or closely cage; or bid perform their trick.

Or just neglect and pass—

All forms of creatures dumb who sadly plead beneath the hand of man.

And bid suspend a bit the tortures of the day—

This least I pray. Amen.

## World's Largest Farm.

Sir Sidney Kidman, the Australian cattle king, owns what must be the world's largest farm. It embraces more than 40,000 square miles, an area roughly equivalent to the whole of England, less Yorkshire and Devon.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

# The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. FYFER.

## CHAPTER III.

### TERENCE O'Rourke.

John Marshall watched his daughter's tender care of the injured stranger in the cabin with apprehension. The light in her eyes as she attended him told him that the handsome young stranger had awakened her interest.

In the last two years, as he saw Mary growing into glorious young womanhood, and realized she would soon become preoccupied with more vital affairs and interests than those of the little girl who had been content to live alone with her Daddy, and sit upon his knee, he had been much worried.

So there were good reasons why the presence of the stranger who had dropped out of the sky disturbed him. Marshall had much to fear from the outside world. That was why he had come to this refuge across the border from his own home and country. This stranger might be an enemy dropped into his camp. And more than an ordinary foe, if Mary was to become interested in him.

"Father, he's coming to," cried Mary excitedly.

The stranger's eyes had opened again, and a smile was again crossing his lips. His smile was broader than any she had ever seen.

There, as if he was glad to see that Mary was still there, glad to confirm the fact that the first time he had looked up into her face it was not only a dream.

Mary smiled back, and the stranger stirred, tried to raise himself on his elbow. Mary helped him to a sitting position, propping him up with cushions behind his back. Marshall came over and sat by the sofa.

The stranger nodded at the older man. Marshall stared at him thoughtfully.

"Do you feel better?" Mary inquired, with her engaging smile.

"And could one feel badly, Miss, with such a lovely nurse?" the flyer asked.

Marshall continued to study the man's features closely. Finally he broke his silence by asking:

"Well, stranger, you might tell us who you are?"

"Terence O'Rourke, sir," was the quick reply.

"O'Rourke," Marshall repeated. "Yes."

"This is really my country out West here," O'Rourke continued, "but I haven't been here since I was a boy. I was born in this vicinity, but my father sent me to school in the East. I never saw him again. He was a prospector, and got killed while prospecting around in these hills."

Marshall continued to study O'Rourke, as though racking his memory to recall something from the dim past.

"Ah, yes," he said, stiffly. "O'Rourke—I seem to recall the name. Marshall's face grew very stern. Then he added, "But what interests me is the business that brings you around here now, O'Rourke."

Her father's abrupt inquisition of the stranger chased the sunny smile from Mary's face. She felt this was not properly hospitable, and she looked at her father reproachfully. But Marshall's face remained set and demanding.

Terence O'Rourke's smile also vanished, and his face darkened. After a moment's pause, he answered slowly:

"I hope I will not appear ungrateful for your hospitality and the young lady's, sir, but as to my business—that is my private affair, and I cannot reveal it. I am sorry."

There was a look of courage, defiance and resolution in the young man's face, and the words were spoken with evident determination. His reply stung Marshall, and he leaped to his feet angrily, staring fiercely and suspiciously at O'Rourke. Agitated, Mary looked from one to the other, trying to think of something to say to smooth over the situation.

There was suddenly a loud knocking at the door, and cries from without.

"Mr. Marshall, Mr. Marshall!"

Marshall opened the door. Bud, Miquel, and Ramon marched in with a prisoner—it was the man called Buck who had sneaked into the canyon behind Marshall. As they tried to speak at once.

"We've found another stranger, boss," cried Bud. "This bird sneaked in."

"After I take your horse to stable," broke in Ramon, "I find foot prints of strange boots in mud—I follow—I meet Bud and Miquel with Remi's arrow—then we go look together."

"Then there were no more footprints," interrupted Bud, "so we split up and took different tracks."

"And I found him, sir, I found him," Miquel triumphantly claimed.

"Yes, you found him," laughed Bud. "You mean he found you. This hombre was hiding in the brush, when he sees Miquel and makes a jump for his neck. We heard a yell and came running up, and this bird was sloughing Miquel and dragging him around in the dirt. Miquel was putting up a plucky enough fight, but he hadn't the reach or the weight of the hombre. Then this fool tried to fight the three of us, and here he is."

Marshall studied the face of the prisoner intently. Then he whistled about, and in a rage demanded of O'Rourke:

"Who is this man, O'Rourke, your confederate—spying on me?" O'Rourke met the glare in Marshall's angry eyes squarely, and firmly and calmly answered:

"I never saw him before in my life, sir."

A relieved expression crossed Mary's face at his answer, and they smiled understandingly at each other. Marshall turned back to the prisoner and fired questions of him. Buck sullenly refused to an-

swer his captor. Finally giving it up for a bad job, Marshall ordered his three trustees to lock the man up in the stable for the night.

"I'll attend to him later," he said grimly, as they filed out, the prisoner, between them, under cover of their revolvers.

Marshall glanced sternly at Terence again. The crippled condition of the flyer reassured him that he was safe for the present.

"Mary, I'm going out and look about," he said. "There are too many funny things going on here. This has been a bad day, and my brain is reeling with worries. I need some air."

And he strode out into the open.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A LESSON IN LOVE.

"Down East they don't raise any girls like you."

The shadows of evening were beginning to lower, and Mary was busy about the stove and the dining table, preparing supper. Terence, smiling at her cheerily, and now sitting up quite comfortably in an armchair, puffing at a cigarette, was gazing, rapt in admiration, through the haze of smoke at the dainty girl.

"Oh, but you're Irish, so I suppose that's blarney," Mary answered, nevertheless glowing with pleasure. "You must be feeling very much better to be making up compliments, Mr. O'Rourke."

"But it isn't just a compliment—it's God's own truth, Miss," Terence declared. "You're as lovely a sight as ever a man set eyes upon. It was like a dream to wake up and see you there—a dream that seemed too good to be true."

He paused to blow a meditative smoke ring. Then he added:

"And don't please don't call me 'Mr. O'Rourke.' Call me Terence, won't you?"

"All right, then, Mr. O'Rourke—Terence," she smiled.

"And can I call you 'Mary'?" she finished for him.

"Ah, Mary, Mary it's the world's prettiest name."

"Oh, but that isn't true," she argued. "It's just an ordinary name. There are so many much prettier—like Florence, and Gloria, and Eileen, and—"

"Mary's the prettiest of the lot," Terence interrupted. "The fact that it's your name makes it so."

She was setting the table. As she was starting back to the stove, he caught her hand.

"Mary," he said, looking at her intently. "You don't know how glad I am to have been wrecked here. My accident was a stroke of good fortune. I would have wrecked my machine on purpose if I had known of you. If I have no more luck I am already more than repaid for all my trip out here from the East. Mary."

She struggled playfully to release her hand.

"Oh, you're a flatterer, Mr. O'Rourke," she said.

"Terence," he corrected. "Terence, then. Please let me go—the kettle's boiling over."

But he held her tight.

"And I'm boiling over too—with love," he said fervently.

"I can't take that seriously," she bantered.

"But it is serious," he declared warmly.

"Oh, but it couldn't be—yet," she denied.

"All right, Mary, quite contrary to what I said," he pleaded. "Don't like that—at all in a flash? Don't you know suddenly in a moment—that a girl is—the girl he has always been wanting and looking for? Well, it's like that."

"But the kettle—Terence," she insisted.

"Let it boil," he replied, clinging tighter to her hand. "Listen, Mary—Love is something that takes a man suddenly—like the measles—no, that's too unromantic—like, like—oh, like I don't know what. It just gets you when you least expect it—don't you see—it just comes that way—I don't have to have known you a long time to know that I love you—I could tell that as soon as—"

There was a rattling at the door. "It's Daddy," whispered Mary, her face flushed with shy happiness.

"Now, Terence, you must let me go," he released her, just in time, as the door opened, admitting her father. Mary rushed to Marshall and threw her arms around his neck, while Terence looked on enviously.

First she kissed her father for himself. Then she closed her eyes, kissed him again, and pretended to herself he was Terence. She was so excited in this, her first taste of romance, that she would like to have found herself actually in Terence's arms, if she could have but dared. Terence watching her, was experiencing similar wishes.

"Poor Daddy," said Mary. "Do you feel better now?"

"A little," Marshall answered, but his tone showed that he was still ill at ease.

"Well, sit you down, dear," she said, "and Mary will have supper on the table in a jiffy. I'm sure that both you and Terence—I mean, Mr. O'Rourke—(Terence was gazing upward at this slip of her tongue)—must be frightfully hungry."

Marshall was glad and silent through most of the dinner, putting in a word only occasionally to keep up appearances, and try to make up for the harsh words he had directed at Terence earlier in the day. Mary and Terence chattered away, but their conversation was confined to only the most general and non-committal subjects, as far as their tongues were concerned. However, their eyes and their lips talked too, exchanging

Dissolves completely  
Soaks dirt out  
Rinses thoroughly



Rinso is the only soap you need on Washday

glances and smiles, and said altogether different things that nobody else has any right to know. Mary wondered whether her father would overhear those silently said things, with his sharp eyes, and she worried because she could not keep the blushes out of her cheeks.

When they had finished dinner, and the men had enjoyed two of Marshall's cigars in a friendly smoking chat together—a sort of tentative pipe of peace—while Mary cleared up, Marshall suggested that Terence retire early.

"You'll need a good night's rest after to-day," he said, "and besides, I have some things I must talk over alone with my little girl."

His eyes rested tenderly on Mary. "I'll show you upstairs to your room," Mary offered.

The men said good-night, and Mary accompanied Terence up the stairs. When they reached the upper landing Terence was seized by an irresistible impulse. He gathered Mary, taken unawares, into his arms, and kissed her long and tenderly. Half afraid, half reluctant, struggling against him, yet really secretly enjoying it, this, her first embrace in the arms of a lover, Mary withdrew and tried to appear indignant.

"Why, Terence," she reprimanded him. "How dare—"

"But you know I love you so," he pleaded. "A man must be daring."

"Still, you really shouldn't have—"

"Even so. Then will you forgive me?" he begged.

She hesitated a moment, then answered slowly:

"Then—"

He was going to ask for another kiss to signify her forgiveness, but she darted away, her instinct foreseeing his intention. He caught her hand and left the imprint of his lips on her finger-tips.

"Good-night," she said, and started down the steps.

"Good-night—dear."

Halfway down the steps Mary paused to compose herself, and give her happy blushes time to subside before facing her father. Her heart was full, and her head was reeling with intoxication. She had had her first drink of love's champagne, and found the taste of it not at all to her dislike.

She finally descended, and came to the chair where her father sat in gloomy contemplation. She sat on his knee, curled her arm around his neck, pressed her warm cheek against his, and said:

"And now, what has Daddy dear to say to Mary?"

Marshall looked at his daughter sadly, caressed her hand, tried to choke back his emotion, and began:

"I've had a knock-down blow, Mary. He stopped. The girl kissed him and tried to comfort him. He went on: "There's something I must tell you, dear. I've had a long talk with Taggart, and—and there's something about my past you should know. It was just fifteen years ago—when you were a little bit of a girl of three—and we lived on the ranch back in Arizona—"

(To be continued.)



He—"Well, dear, we have two whole weeks to spend at this glorious place."

She—"And forty-seven whole dollars to spend."

The "Blood" Orange.

One variety of orange, which originally came from Malta, though it has now been introduced elsewhere, has the peculiarity of a pulp generally of a deep red color, rather like that of blood.

The coloring, however, is not regular, and it often happens that while the main crop of a Maltese tree may be true "bloods," odd oranges from the same stock will have a pulp of the ordinary yellow shade.

When first introduced into England these oranges were generally sold as Maltese, but the red pigment being so startlingly different from that of the ordinary orange, the name of "blood" was soon adopted.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.



Hadn't a Balloon.  
"Have you gotten balloon tires yet?"  
"I haven't a balloon."

What a Sight.

The preacher was a young man and quite nervous, but interesting. He was making an eloquent plea for home life, and was descending eloquently on the evils of the club, telling his congregation that married men in particular should spend their evenings at home with their wives and children.

"Think, my friends," he said, "a poor neglected wife, all alone in the great dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other!"

Fits Will Be Mutual.

"This is the gown, madame. I guarantee a fit."

"What is the price?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"I also guarantee a fit when my husband hears that."



Delicious!

Put the spicy deliciousness of Mustard into your salads and sandwiches—sauces and savories.

Serve it freshly made—mixed with cold water with your meats at breakfast, lunch and dinner—use it in your cooking. It makes everything more tasty and aids digestion.

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Why get along without a kitchen sink any longer? Here is a new SMP Enameled Ware Sink, the very latest. Made of rust-resisting Armo-iron, with three coats of pure white enamel, same as on bath tubs. Size 20" x 30" x 6" deep, with 12" back, complete with strainer, brackets, all fittings and directions for setting up.

Price, complete, \$12.00.

The SMP Enameled Drain Board shown above is made to fit the SMP Enameled Ware Sink, or all standard sinks. Size 20" x 24". Has the same material and enamel as SMP Sinks, and is complete with brackets and fittings for setting up. A great labor saver.

Price, complete, \$6.00.

For sale by plumbers and hardware stores throughout the country, or write

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ISSUE No. 36-25.

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