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## Is Sleep Necessary?

Sleep is a bad habit and a luxury which the efficient man of the future will do without. Biologically, sleep is a survival of the prehistoric existence of man. It will become as unnecessary as the appendix is now.

This is the theory of Dr. Th. Zell, a well-known German scientist. He deduces his theory from an extensive investigation of the nature of sleep and a close observation of the animal kingdom. The results of this investigation he has just published in a book called "The Sleep of Man on the Basis of Animal Observation." In his book Dr. Zell makes the following assertions:

Sleep was the only means that enabled prehistoric man to live with the beasts and to maintain himself against them. The human system got used to it during the 200,000 years of prehistoric life, and has not got rid of it yet in the four or five thousand years of civilized life in which sleep has lost its value because man no longer need fear the beasts.

The vast majority of the animals are about during the night. During the day they rest under the protection of their natural colors. The theory that the colors of animals are adapted to the environment in order to enable them to move unobserved is wrong. They escape observation by staying perfectly quiet during the day and moving about at night.

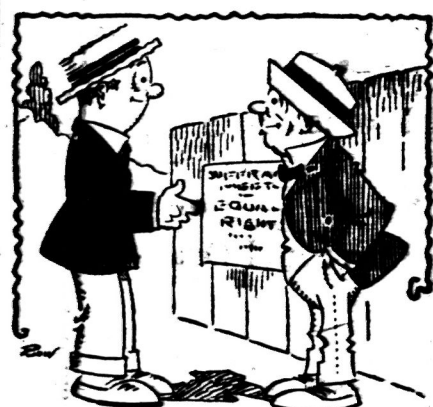
None of the night animals knows actual sleep. They merely doze. At the same time, they hear every noise around them. That is why, even with man, the ear is the last organ to fall asleep.

Some animals, like the whales, do not sleep at all. They have no place to sleep where they would be safe from their enemies. In the depths of the sea sleep is impossible.

This does not mean, says Dr. Zell, that we could abolish sleep to-morrow. Sleep is still necessary, and the sleep before midnight is the best, because prehistoric man climbed his tree as soon as darkness came.

But sleep no longer has any necessary function in the life of a modern man, and, therefore, says Dr. Zell, it is only a question of time when man will outlive it.

The theory that sleep is necessary to rest the body, to enable it to eliminate waste products and to replace them, is denied by Dr. Zell.



No Broom For Her.  
"The present-day woman wants the floor."  
"But has no desire to sweep it, you might add."

## Flower Scented Tea.

Flower scented tea is the latest beverage in Peking, China. The flower is heated with the tea leaves and imparts an unusual flavor to the drink. The white jasmine is the flower most used and the practice is becoming so popular that large fields of jasmine are now being planted.



**WRIGLEY'S**  
makes your food do you more good.  
Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating. Sweetens the breath, removes food particles from the teeth, gives new vigor to tired nerves. Comes to you fresh, clean and full-flavored.



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Just the sort of frock you will want to slip on for so many occasions. Smartly fashioned of a fine quality tan crepe flowered in beige, with shirred apron tunic rippling across the front of the skirt. Soft creamy lace creates an adorable collar and trims the bodice. The diagram pictures the simple design of the frock, which is cut in kimono style, with a long-sleeve extension gathered into a tight-fitting wrist-band. The apron tunic is finished separately and tacked to the front of the dress beneath the narrow belt, and may be omitted. No. 1155 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress with long sleeves and apron tunic, or 3 1/2 yards for dress with short sleeves and without apron. Price 20 cents.

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## Sunshine.

Everybody's sunshine—  
Take a lot and go  
Up the hills that topple  
In a sea of glow!  
Fill your little basket,  
Heap your hands and fling  
Patches of it over  
The palace of the king!

Courts will not molest you,  
Guardians not proclaim  
A ban upon your pleasure,  
A stain upon your name;  
Kick it up and fashion  
All shapes of it you please—  
A rainbow in the valley,  
A palace in the trees!

Everybody's sunshine—  
Heaps of it and more,  
Down the little pathway,  
Underneath the door;  
Peeping through the window,  
Climbing o'er the sill—  
Take it up and toss it  
Over yonder hill!

## When to Begin to Eat.

If a hostess is helped first begin to eat as soon as she does. Many hostesses make a point of being served first, in order to avoid the awkwardness of keeping guests waiting, but even when the serving is different, a guest ought to begin to eat as soon as those in the immediate neighborhood are served. When a guest, through a much-mistaken politeness, insists on waiting for all the rest of the company, his own helping will be cold and the hostess will be proportionately distressed. It is not best to begin the instant one is served, neither is it right to wait so long that the waiting is noticed. Begin when your neighbors on either side are served and this will tend to make every one comfortable.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

# The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. FRYER

## CHAPTER VII. TERRANCE MOVES ON.

Terrance awoke in the morning feeling much better than he would have liked to. His hurts of the day before, so well nursed by Mary, had healed to such an extent that they gave him no excuse for remaining in Paradise Canyon. He would have liked to continue his hastily begun and impetuous wooing of Mary, but his host, John Marshall, had made it plain that he would not be a welcome guest any longer than necessary.

"You can take one of our horses," said Marshall at breakfast. "That seemed to settle it. When they had finished the meal three horses were brought, and Terrance, Mary and Marshall rode over to the spot, where the wrecked plane lay. They found Bud Hughes interestedly tinkering with it. Bud saluted them, and said:

"I learned to fly one of these things myself when I was in the army. Maybe I can fix her up."

"I'm afraid she's a total loss," replied Terrance. "But if you can put her together again she's yours, old man—so go to it."

Bud thanked him profusely, and the three rode away toward the secret gap leading out of Paradise Canyon. As they approached the guard, Ramon, with whom Miquel was waiting on horseback, Marshall reined in and produced a bandanna handkerchief.

Terrance had been expressing his gratitude to him and Mary. "That's quite all right, O'Rourke," said Marshall. "We were glad to help you. And now—I can only say that our hospitality can best be repaid by forgetting you ever saw me—or my daughter—or this place we call home."

Terrance glanced at Mary, and she turned her head in agitation. He turned back to Marshall, and said: "I cannot promise to forget, sir, but I do promise to treasure this chance meeting as a secret all my own."

Marshall showed his gratitude for this promise, and the two men shook hands warmly. Then Marshall handed Terrance the bandanna, and he covered his eyes with it and tied it behind his head. When his fingers had completed the knot, he dropped his hand and it came in contact with Mary's whose pony was close beside him. He closed his hold on her fingers, and leaning in his saddle, smiled, and whispered in her ear—which he located by the soft wisps of her hair which gently brushed his cheek—

"But, Mary—dear—I'll be praying the Saints to be sending me back soon to you."

Mary threw her head back, looked at the sky from whence her lover had come, and smiled radiantly. Then she quickly dropped her hand, after giving it a pressure with her fingers that meant more to him than any words she might have said in reply, and wheeled her horse around.

"All right—Ramon—Miquel," Marshall called.

The two servants came up, and Ramon took the bridle rein of the blindfolded Terrance's horse.

"Good-bye, O'Rourke," cried Marshall.

"Good-bye," from Mary. Terrance echoed their farewells, and lifted his hat in a gesture of adieu, as Ramon and Miquel led him off into the secret passage. Once outside Paradise Canyon they would lead him down the road a ways, remove the handkerchief from his eyes, and leave him to go on his way, with no clew as to how to find the entrance to the canyon again.

Mary was still in the first few minutes' daze of parting so soon from the first lover she had known, when Bud Hughes came running excitedly to her father and her with the news that their prisoner had escaped from the stable.

Marshall's face turned pale with alarm. "This is serious," he said. "He may bring the sheriff right back with him. You must start for the bank with the money at once, Mary. We can't lose a minute. We'll get the buckboard ready—and Miquel will go with you."

The three rushed off to the stable. By the time they had had the team of horses through the secret passage, way and hitched them to the old four-wheeled carryall they kept hidden outside the valley Miquel rode in and reported to Marshall:

"He's gone, sir—I watched him out of sight."

Marshall nodded, and said: "You've got to go to Pico, now, Miquel."

Mary jumped up onto the seat of the buckboard while her father completed his instructions to Miquel. The Mexican jumped into the driver's seat beside Mary and Marshall placed the leather bag containing the money in her lap.

"As fast as you can, Miquel," Marshall cried as the buckboard started off toward the gap, Mary waving good-bye.

## CHAPTER VIII. OVER THE DAM.

Terrance O'Rourke jogged along the trail toward Pico.

He had a mission in this country—a secret mission, the business he had been unwilling to tell Marshall on the day before. The United States government does not share its secrets with those who are hospitable to its agents, and Terrance was a government ranger on secret service. It was in the performance of his duties on this mission that on the day before he had been shot when he just barely escaped with his life in his plane from a gang of outlaws. The wound that Mary had nursed. He was glad that that wound now.

Mary—Mary. Her name, and her picture, kept passing through his mind as he rode toward town. Ter-

porarily she crowded out of his mind even the duties of his mission. He could think of nothing else but Mary. The clear sky, the sunlight, the green trees, the birds, everything spoke to him of love on this morning.

His reverie was interrupted suddenly by a cloud of dust on the horizon. He pulled up and watched intently. The dust was quickly coming toward him. He pulled his horse aside under cover of the brush, and watched. The sound of hoofs was coming closer. Then a group of four men, riding furiously, were past him.

In the instant that they were riding by him a flash of recognition had come to him. The man in the lead was the one he had seen captive at the Marshall's the night before—Buck.

Suspicious, Terrance emerged from his cover, and cautiously started after the band, holding far enough behind to just keep them in sight.

His suspicion that something untoward was under way received confirmation when another mile or so down the road he saw the four men suddenly pull up at a mountain spring, and ambush themselves in the brushwood near it. Terrance found another mountain trail leading to a point just above the ambush where, without being seen himself, he could watch downward from a crag and see whatever took place. He ascended this trail, and reaching the vantage point he desired, dismounted, and watched.

The ambushed men had crept further back into the brush behind the springs, altogether out of sight. The clatter of hoofs sounded from around a bend in the road in the opposite direction from the springs. A moment later a buckboard, tearing along at great speed, drove into sight. As it came up to the springs Terrance saw the driver pull up, and jump down with a pail to water the horses. His heart beat fast as he caught a glimpse of the buckboard's other occupant—Mary!

Tense for quick action, his nerves now on edge, Terrance watched and waited in alarm. The driver, Miquel, was loosening the horses' reins. Then he started off with his pail to get the water from the springs.

Suddenly the hidden band of men charged forth from the brush, upon Miquel. Mary screamed in terror. Miquel, hopelessly overwhelmed by his attackers, was fighting back desperately. The horses with the buckboard, frightened, plunged down the road. The reins dangling, Mary was helpless to control the runaway. Down the road the wagon sped, tipping and hurtling dangerously.

Terrance leaped to his horse, and spurred him down the trail, hoping to intercept the runaway team where the trail met the road.

As the wagon with Mary plunged away from the springs, the attackers dropped the combat with Miquel, leaving him lying, badly beaten, and quickly mounting their horses started in wild pursuit of Mary.

Slipping and sliding perilously down the mountain side, Terrance reached the road just too late to stop the runaway. He spurred his horse on, and followed desperately. Behind him the band of desperadoes kept coming in pursuit.

Suddenly around a bend one side of the road dropped off into a swift rocky incline, facing a dam over which water thundered into a huge reservoir. Terrable forebodings filled Terrance's mind. If only the horses would keep well to the closed side of the road, along the face of the mountain, he would be able to catch up with them yet and stop the runaway. But if they lurched too far toward the open side—

A chill of horror ran down his spine as he saw, at the very moment the thought had come into his mind, the buckboard veering on the brink. The rear wheel caught the edge of the open side of the road. The buckboard started sliding down the rocky incline, dragging the horses with it. Mary was clinging desperately to the seat. Swinging, lurching, toppling, smashing over the rocks, the buckboard, with Mary, horses and all, slid down the incline and onto the steep face of the dam. There, turning over and over, it rolled down and dropped with a huge splash into the rapidly flowing water racing over the rocks below.

## CHAPTER IX. THREE PUFFS OF SMOKE.

From a ledge on the mountain, above the road, the Indian Komi, wide-eyed, had been watching the runaway buckboard, and the pursuit of the bandits.

Sensing the situation, he quickly started a fire. When it was going well, he half-smothered it with his blanket. Then deftly raising the blanket, a thick puff of accumulated smoke rose into the air. Komi repeated the operation till three such puffs had followed in succession.

"The smoke, he talk—Komi's friends, they hear," he muttered. He returned to watch over the ledge again for a few moments. Then he repeated the signal of three puffs of smoke.



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"The money bag with one hand, and the tongue of the buckboard in the fall, were swimming to shore."

Terrance, on his horse, swiftly swimming out to Mary, dared not come too close to her for fear his horse's pawing hoofs under water might harm her. So he loosened his lariat, and swung the rope to the girl. Mary succeeded in grasping it. Terrance turned his horse back toward shore, drawing Mary after him.

When the horse reached shallow water and found his feet, Terrance leaped from the saddle, and quickly drew Mary into his arms, and carried her back to the bank. Exhausted and almost fainting, she nevertheless still clutched the bag with the money intact. Terrance's smile, as he looked down into her face, revived her, but she would have liked to rest there longer in his supporting arms.

But they could not linger. Suddenly recovering her memory of the danger still hovering, she jumped up with wild anxiety in her eyes and looked back towards the road. Yes, they were still coming.

"The bandits," she reminded Terrance. Turning, he saw them coming like mad, their horses on the dead run. He leaped to his saddle, and lifted her on in front of him. They dashed off the bank, in between huge boulders, and picked up a trail. The bandits came on in pursuit, but Terrance and Mary had a good lead on them.

The trail, they found, led them past a small, rock-ribbed blind gully, with a narrow entrance. As his eyes took in the place, Terrance wheeled his horse and drove into it.

"We can hold them off here," he said, leaping down from the saddle, and lifting Mary down.

He drew his gun from its holster, and prepared for the expected attack. The rocks protected them from all sides. All he needed to do was guard the narrow entrance.

"One man can hold this place against an army," he said. "We are in luck."

They did not have to wait long for the bandits to catch up to them. Two of them at once attempted to break through the entrance to the gully, but shots from Terrance's revolver sent them fleeing back.

"Look out there, boys," cried Buck, the leader. "He'll get you there."

He signalled them together. The four conferred.

"We've got 'em holed up in a trap," said Buck. "We'll keep 'em holed up until they're ready to come out peacefully."

They grinned, dismounted, tied their horses, rolled cigarettes, and prepared for an easy siege. After a short rest Buck got an idea. The bandits put their heads together and listened to him.

From behind their rock barricade, Terrance and Mary peered cautiously. "I think they're going to try and rush us," said Terrance, grimly, fingering the trigger of his gun. They remained alert.

Suddenly three of the bandits began to advance, steadily firing their guns, the leader placing a hat on a stick and shoving it toward the gully entrance to draw fire. Terrance fired back. For several minutes the bullets flew thick and fast.

(To be continued.)

Didn't Carry the Key.  
"She burst into song."  
"She'd have to—there's no key to her singing."

Doubtless Not.  
Furrier—"Madam, I'll guarantee this to be genuine skunk and that it'll wear for years."  
Lady—"But suppose I get it wet. Will that hurt it?"  
Furrier—"uh! Have you ever heard of a skunk carryin' an umbrella?"

Magna Charta.  
The original Magna Charta is in the British Museum and is protected by every means known to modern science.

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Keep up very in the new local manure about the more the better. Give a nitrate of soda, a time, three or four seasons. And, as a matter of course, haul it.

Turning now trees which are merely disposed of, the land under cultivation. If the latter, too, need not be lost method of re-see at just at

# Make your own Mustard Pickles

Home-made mustard pickles. How delicious—and how easy to put up. Here's the recipe:

**MUSTARD PICKLES**  
1 qt. small onions 1 large cauliflower  
1 qt. cucumbers 2 heads celery  
2 red peppers

Peel onion, cut vegetables in small pieces, cover with weak brine and stand overnight. In the morning bring to a boil and drain off. Take 2 cups brown sugar, 1 cup sour, 4 tablespoons Kest's D.S. Mustard, 1 tablespoonful turmeric and 2 quarts vinegar. Boil this mixture for twenty minutes, stirring continually. Pour over vegetables hot. Let stand ten days, stirring every day, then bottle.

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**Autumn.**  
O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained  
With the blood of the grape, pass not,  
But sit  
Beneath my shady roof; there thou  
mayst rest  
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh  
pipe,  
And all the daughters of the year shall  
dance!  
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and  
flowers.

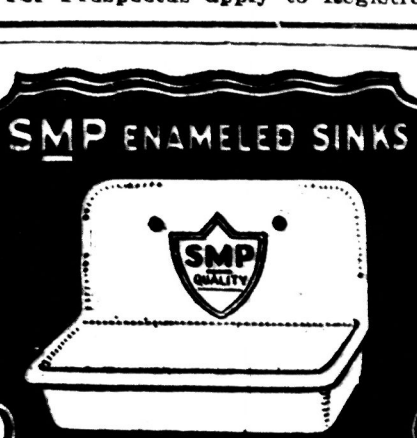
—William Blake.

**The Christening.**  
Stude—"Say, waiter, do you call this bean soup?"  
Waiter—"The cook does, sir."  
Stude—"Why, the bean in this soup isn't big enough to flavor it."  
Waiter—"He isn't supposed to flavor it, sir. He is just supposed to christen it."

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

In these days of shingles and hobs, women customers in restaurants are imitating the men in taking off their hats and hanging them up on the pegs provided. As a result, male headgear is being crowded out.

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