

Your Grocer Sells "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Have you tried it? The tiny rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

King's Cups.

Pure gold are the cups that shine in the sunlight of Yvonne. Rows of King's Cups line the edge of a little stream near its rendezvous with the Vaudois Canal that flows near the Swiss village.

No guardian of this golden treasure is in view. It is as if some ancient monarch of a legendary castle has left his golden service out in the sunlight, preparing for an outdoor festival, some tribute to Spring. Servants of this palace may soon be expected to claim them, and arrange them for the coming of the knights and ladies to the King's Party.

But so far as may be seen there are only peasants near by. They, with wandering strangers and sojourners in the mountains, enjoy them in the Springtime, as they shine and glitter at the top of long stems, as if newly polished by invisible hands.

There is not a ripple on the waters of the little stream that flows through the Vaudois meadows. The air is serenely still. A swallow skims low, his wings outstretched, perhaps attracted, too, by the glory of the flowers. But as the stream enters the waters of the canal it seems to dance joyfully into the swirling waves.

The flowers gaze at their image in the water, appearing to enjoy the sight of the golden reflection. They accompany the tiny flow of water only to the edge of the canal. There, as they lower their heads, they bid the young waters adieu in the care of the stronger waters. Their services are ended.

Looking up the narrow stream from a short distance, the two flowering shores seem to converge in perspective. It appears in the strong rays of the noonday sun as if there were nothing but a stream of King's Cups, or golden flowers floating down the canal. A King's golden service cast into the waters. It is a dazzling sight, a scene of mingled gold.

From the hill slope white daisies look down on the pastoral scene. In the center of each there is a golden disk, a reflection of the glory of the unseen King's Cups.

Utilizing Trunk Space.

When a trunk must remain in a room a nice way to utilize its space and at the same time conceal the trunk is to make a light framework of narrow boards to stand around it, and on top to construct a table-top of smooth light boards, with hinges at the back so it may be raised. The narrow board, in the frame, that goes across the front, should have a hinge at one end and a hook at the other. Thus when the top is raised on its hinges and this front strip is opened sideways the trunk is easy to open or to slide in or out as desired.

The flat top may be stained and varnished, painted, or covered with a flat piece of suitable material. Curtains of cloth, as cretonne or denim or silk, should be tacked onto the frame at the front and sides. If the material is stiff and heavy pleat it, if very thin drape it.

The whole thing makes a charming dressing table, or it may be used to hold books and magazines.

The star pupil rose at the school entertainment to declaim his piece. "Lend me your ears," he bawled. "Hail!" sneered the mother of the pupil whom he had defeated for honors. "That's Sarah Jane Doran's boy, all right. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."



AFTER EVERY MEAL

That delicious flavor of fresh mint gives a new thrill to every bite. Wrigley's is good and good for you.

185/16 No. 21-28



ATTRACTIVE STYLE TENDENCIES DISTINGUISH THIS DAY-TIME FROCK.

Shirtings are entrants in the new mode, and are topping many of the draperies on frocks of soft fabrics, such as this model developed in plaid taffeta. The bodice is tucked at the shoulders, and the top of the long full sleeves extend into the neck, forming, as it were, a yoke effect. The dress slips on over the head, and has a convertible collar that may be worn closed to the neck, or open as pictured. The foundation of the frock is straight, the circular panels being shirred to the pockets, which in turn are set onto the skirt. A narrow belt ties at the back. No. 1226 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards 36-inch; size 38, 5 1/2 yards 36-inch; size 40, 5 1/2 yards 36-inch; size 42, 5 1/2 yards 36-inch. Every woman's desire is to achieve that smart different appearance which draws favorable comment from the observing public. The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are originated in the heart of the style that much desired air of individuality. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

A Dutch Sketch.

Past hyacinth banks and crowded quay the slow canal winds out to sea. The tulip-laden boats lag down. Tawny vine-hid hamlet and red-robed town. And a flock of the children Rubens knew. Lace cap and shoenen and kirtle blue. Go clattering, chattering, knitting at play. With a pennik to spend this glad fore day.

Beneath their cart the gaunt dogs pass With market greens and flags of brass. Red apples and cheeses and little wares. To tempt young Pansie from her cares. Gnarled bent old women with wrinkled face. In every doorway sit making lace. Gertrude Huntington McGiffert, in "A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems."

Retrospect.

When in the parlor of old age you sit, And count your nameless treasures one by one. The prudent wages of a task well done. Arranged in order and arranged to fit.

Within your fading mind a voice will call: Empty room, polished the floor and bare. With one wide window open to the air. And one great flaming picture on the wall.

Dudley Carow.

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont.)

"Here, you damned spud scraper, wait! for me now. I haven't a instant to lose. Gimme that shoe!"

For answer Dan snatched the shoe off his foot. Then he gave Blackie a shove that sent him sprawling his length on the straw.

"Give me that shirt. I'm going to ride this race, not you."

And with that he fairly pulled the shirt right off his back. Blackie was astonished to speak. But while Dan was putting on the long trousers, rather nobby than long trousers, grey stripes such as are worn with a prince albert, for Corbett had a flare for style in his make up. Blackie got cautiously to his feet. Carefully creeping around to the back of Dan, he climbed up the side of the wall of the defenses, one leg in and one leg out of the trousers. Taken at a disadvantage it was several moments before Dan could get a word that would break the desperate arms that encircled his neck. But when he did he rained blow after blow on the head of the foreman. When he had rendered him all but unconscious, finished putting on a grain bin and the rig, even to the handkerchief that Corbett usually wore about his head, Corbett fondly thought that made him a Roman.

Dan rushed madly out of the barn, where the Palominos were waiting for a race. He was standing about in the attitude of dejection. He might have some difficulty in convincing them that he was able to ride. To do it he would have to give up his Dan Malloy. But worse than that, he saw as he rushed along two red coated figures that had been dodging all the day. Callahan and Harkness were naturally interested to see how the Bar O would make out without the services of Corbett.

Would they stop him before he could get even started on his great re-entrance? Well, not if he could possibly help it. He was in for this thing now and he meant to carry it through to the bitter end.

A shout went up. "Here he comes, starting now. The starter has given the second warning." Then someone noticed that the figure with Corbett's riding rig was not Blackie.

"Here, what's happened. Who's the potato peeler. Chuck Jones is I'm alive. The very nerve of him!"

"Listen, fellows," shouted Dan, all out of breath with the rush, "I'm Dan Malloy of Cheyenne, and I'm a damned good Roman rider."

If the Bar O boys were amazed at this, the two officers were more so.

"It's him all right," said Harkness excitedly. "Grab him quick. Not yet," said Dan, and much as he hated to do it he aimed a smash at Harkness's head that knocked him jumping on the high Palomino, tore the reins away from the cowboy holding them and was away like a shot.

But the delay had put him at a terrible disadvantage. The pistol shot from the paddock. Fair warning had been given and here he was fifty yards behind the leaders.

"It's a false start, Daddy," said Dan. "Bar O team is way behind."

"My God, with such a start he hasn't a chance anyway. Aren't they going to send them back?"

Another who found startling interest in the megaphone announcement was Burgess. Immediately he had cast off Neenah in such uncomplimentary fashion under the eyes of Nellie Butler, he had repented it. Neenah was the only person in the world who knew of a motive for the shooting of Jean La Farge. And, although he was certain that he had definitely fastened the crime on Malloy, with Neenah antagonized, he could think of many good sufficient reasons why it might not stick. His first impulse was to find Neenah and try to mollify her. But there was Nellie. He would have a devil of time trying to explain this matter to her. It certainly was a bad mess. Better let the matter work itself out. Another thing that was disconcerting to Burgess was to have this fellow Malloy, who ought to be afraid to have his name mentioned in public and who should by all rights be seeking seclusion attracting the attention of seventy thousand people at the Stampede. Would he dare to denounce this Malloy to the police? Hardy, with Neenah so near and so mad.

As for Malloy himself. He was not thinking of anything but those fifty yards that he had to make up to be in the race with the leaders. His team was footing well, better than he had hoped. And he was slowly gaining, but so slowly that Harkness, the rail, Dan was taking advantage of every foot of ground, but fifty yards to make up in a mile was a big handicap. Out ahead he saw that Morton's team was in the lead. Being so far behind he had no fight in his hands as yet in the matter of position. He could spare a look now and then at his opponents as they rounded a turn in the track. He knew Morton's Romans because he had heard them described, a pair of well matched bays.

But now he saw to his intense satisfaction that one of the four contestants was slowly coming back to him. He was gaining. At the half-

Evidently they were not. All the conditions of the race had been complied with and the judges could not help themselves, though they knew perfectly what such a handicap would do to Regan's team.

"And what I'd like to know is, who's riding those horses?"

As if in answer to his question the megaphone man shouted loud and clear:

"Dan Malloy of Cheyenne riding Regan's team in place of Ed Corbett."

Regan looked hard at the flying figure. So did Alberta. So did Morton. He never heard of Dan Malloy, and with the bum start he had Morton wasn't afraid of any rider on the earth. He didn't have a chance to catch his team. The Bar O Ranch was as good as his right now. As the Palominos swept into their stride, and they were turning as they never had traveled for Corbett, Regan gasped in hollow fashion:

"It ain't Blackie—and it ain't Dan Malloy. It's—it's Chuck Jones. And may the Lord help us!"

CHAPTER XVIII

If the announcement that Dan Malloy of Cheyenne was riding a race for Al Regan gave that same Regan grand stand that got thrill apathy Marie La Farge. One of these was understood her own feelings these last few days. But she was beginning to realize that she had not come all the way to Calgary with Callahan for the purpose of convicting her suspected lover of murder. Further, she knew that her delay in returning was not occasioned by any overwhelming passion for the contests at the Stampede or any surpassing curiosity about the crowd of people who attended. She had to admit herself that her one and only interest there was Dan Malloy. Having admitted this, Marie was much happier in one way. For she was above all things an honest young woman, and when one is honest, perfectly honest with one's self, a long step has been taken in the solving of many of life's deepest problems.

Marie La Farge had no particular interest in the Roman Race as such, but when it was announced that Dan Malloy was riding, that race became thing under the sun. How could she mean so much to Regan and to his daughter? But she was fully aware of the danger that Malloy ran in thus exposing his identity when Callahan was in the audience. That though she knew from her maid Fred Burgess was innocent and that she had yet to announce this fact to way the bravery of Malloy in thus risking his liberty that he had so skillfully preserved for this entire year under the watchful eyes of the North West Mounted Police. It must have been a powerful reason that caused him to do it. And it on account of that pretty little blonde daughter of the boss?

Wondered. But to give her credit, she did not wonder long. She had that implicit faith in the constancy of Dan Malloy. When he had won her heart he had won it all.

The thing that she had to do now was to find Callahan and tell him the truth as she had heard it from Neenah. Then she had to tell him about Burgess. But that could wait until the race was over, and it had just begun.

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mile mark, as he finished in front of the grand stand he was even with them. Shouts of "Malloy, Malloy. Go it, Malloy," came to his ears in the din of applause. It was music to his ears. Some one wanted him to win. Taking the quarter turn he started to lap the second pair.

In the grand stand pandemonium reigned. From subject misery Regan was starting to take an intense and pleasurable interest in the race. Alberta was standing on top of her seat shouting her little lungs out and waving her floppy hat.

Morton's face was a study as he saw the Palominos creeping up inch by inch, and when they passed the black and white pair at the half mark, the first doubt of his ability to win the race and all that it meant to him assailed him.

To add to his unrest the exuberant joy of the man with whom he had bet the limit kept expressing itself in an abandoned waving of arms and hat. Soon the hat began to land on his head as Regan brought it down in sweeping gestures, expressive of his rising spirits. As Regan's spirits rose, those of Morton sank. Outside of the first half mile he did not enjoy that race one little bit. It was like cutting out his heart, losing a sure thing bet to see that Palomino team creeping up, creeping up cutting down his team's lead and still running well within themselves. He could see that Malloy had not pushed them to their capacity yet. And every few moments, seconds they seemed, Regan's hat would come down keening on his head.

Harkness and Callahan, recovered from their jar as they tried to arrest Malloy at the start of the race, were now among its most interested spectators. As they watched the pairs circle the track and noted that Malloy was gaining at every jump they forgot that it would be their first duty to arrest Malloy as soon as the race was finished.

(To be continued)



Got the Old Man's Instead. She—"Did you ask Jessie's father for her hand last night?" He (woefully)—"Yes but got the old man's instead."

Legal Status of the Engagement Ring.

Who owns the engagement ring when the engagement has been broken? This vital question has been decided after due deliberation by an English justice. In this case the man had flitted the girl and she had obtained damages for breach of promise. The jury expressed the opinion that in these circumstances the ring should be returned. The Court took a different view. "If an engagement ring," it said, "be regarded as a pledge or deposit for the fulfillment of a contract, a person who wrongfully refused to carry out the bargain would lose the deposit." This doctrine seems to be legally sound, however objectionable it may be to sentiment. For marriage is essentially a contract in the eyes of the State, no matter how fiercely the flame of love may burn.

If it is the girl who flits the man then the obligation to return the ring falls on her. Thus the Court pronounced, and thus custom has ruled. Most persons would agree that the keeping of the ring in such conditions argues a lack of delicacy. Is it a mere hoop of gold and stone? "Rich girls wax poor when givers grow unkind." Affection that ends in separation suggests oblivion rather than remembrance. It is not pleasant to dwell on what might have been. If a heart has been so badly broken as to require damages for its repairing, why should the symbol of the tragedy be longer cherished?

In the court of chivalry another answer might be given. If the girl did not return the ring of her own motion the man would not ask for it. Law or no law, he would refuse to be an Indian giver. What could he do with the ring if he got it, except to keep it for another engagement? But this, too, would be unchivalrous. A girl who promises to marry a man surely has a right to a ring no other finger has worn. These matters of the heart can really never be settled in court.

Sense and Spirit.

The senses loving earth or well or ill Ravel yet more the riddle of our lot. The mind is in their trammels, and lights not.

By trimming fear-bred tales; nor does the will To find in Nature things which less may chill.

An ardor that desires, unknowing what. Till we conceive her living we go distraught.

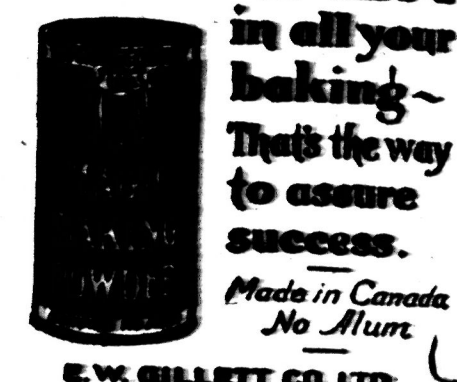
At best but circle-windsails of a mill Seeking she lives, and of her joys of life Creatively has given us blood and breath.

For endless war and never wound unhealed, The gloomy wherefore of our battle-field Solves in the spirit, wrought of her through strife To read her own and trust her down to death.

—George Meredith.

Minard's Liniment for burns.

Use MAGIC BAKING POWDER



in all your baking. That's the way to assure success. Made in Canada. No Alum.

E.W. GILLET & CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

Hospital Care of Destitute Persons.

According to an Act passed at the recent session of the Ontario Legislature provision is made for the maintenance of people in a hospital who are unable themselves to pay hospital fees.

The Act reads: "When an indigent person is admitted to any hospital the corporation of the municipality in which he is resident at the time of his admission shall be liable to pay his hospital fees and, in case of death, an amount not exceeding \$15.00 for burial expenses."

"Residence" is defined as the municipality in which the patient has lived for a period of three months within the five months prior to his admission to the hospital.

Residence shall not be deemed to have been changed by reason of the person having gone from one municipality to another for the purpose of seeking medical advice or treatment.

An exception is made in regard to a city of over 250,000 population (which means Toronto) in that no indigent person residing in a township bordering on a city of that size shall be admitted to a hospital in such city without an order in writing signed by a councillor, reeve, or the medical health officer of such township.

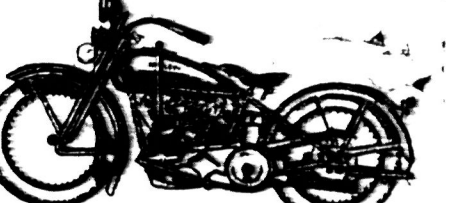
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Let Sun in on Swimmers. Because of the germ killing power of sunlight, indoor swimming pools should be built with skylights glazed with fused quartz.

Walter Andrews, Ltd. 340 Yonge St. Toronto

NEW RUGS From Your Old Carpets. Do not throw away your old carpets or rugs. Let us re-weave them into beautiful new Rugs, handsome in appearance and an economical asset to any home.

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Save your Energy. Even a heavy ironing will not tire you out if you do it the Hotpoint way. The exclusive Hotpoint thermostat permits a natural, comfortable position of the hand. The Hotpoint Stand makes it unnecessary to lift the iron, while the Hotpoint Iron requires no further pressure than its own six pounds of weight.

For sale by dealers everywhere. \$5.50. Special Hotpoint Iron \$1 extra.

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WOULD WAKE

Stomach Out of Tem Run

"I suffered from several years," says of Neneveth, N.S., "pain after eating, and sparsely, and so on health. I grew pale, easily tired, and was morning as tired as bed. Then my nerves out, and my sleep. Naturally I was in trouble but it did not stop me from going to the nearest stage that, as a person I read, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People could notice any condition, then I see ter appetite, and I was eating, and this continued taking the pills a dozen boxes, by which eat a hearty meal, a general health had been that I felt I was again I have not since had trouble, and feel the difference recommended by medicine dealers, or mail at 50 cents a box. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

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