Tea of Quality

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is blended only from tender young leaves & buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

An hour later Lewis Elliot accompanied Pamela back to Hillview.

"It's rather absurd," he protested. "I'm afraid I'm inflicting myself on you, but if you will give me half an hour I shall be grateful."

"You must tell me about Biddy," Pamela said, as she sat down in her favorite chair. "Draw up that basket chair, won't you? and be comfortable. You look as if you were just going to dart away again. Did Biddy say anything in particular?"

"He told me to come and see you. . . . I won't take a chair, thanks. I would rather stand. . . . Pamela, I know it's the most frightful cheek, but I've cared for you exactly twenty-five years. You never had a notion of it, I know, and of course I never said anything, for to think of your marrying a penniless, dreamy sort of idiot was absurd—you who might have married anybody! I couldn't stay near you loving you as I did, so I went right out of your life. I don't suppose you ever noticed I had gone, you had always so many round you waiting for a smile. . . . I used to read the lists of engagements in The Times, dreading to see your name. No, that's not the right word, because I loved you well enough to wish happiness for you whoever brought it. I sometimes heard of you from one and another, and I never forgot—never for a day. Then my uncle died and my cousin was killed, and I came back to Priorsford and settled down at Laverlaw, and was content and quite fairly happy. The War came, and of course I offered my services. I wasn't much use, but, thank goodness, I got to France and got some fighting—a second-lieutenant at forty! It was the first time I had ever felt myself of some real use. . . . Then that finished and I was back at Laverlaw among my sheep—and you came to Priorsford. The moment I saw you I knew that my love for you was as strong and young as it was twenty years ago. . . . ."

Pamela sat fingering a fan she had taken up to protect her face from the blaze and looking into the fire.

"Pamela. Have you nothing to say to me?"

"Twenty-five years is a long time," Pamela said slowly. "I was fifteen then and you were twenty. Twenty years ago I was twenty and you were twenty-five—why didn't you speak then, Lewis? You went away and I thought you didn't care. Does a man never think how awful it is for a woman who has to wait without speaking? You thought you were noble to go away. . . . I suppose it must have been for some wise reason that the good God made men blind, but it's hard on the women. You might at least have given me the chance to say No."

"I was a coward. But it was unbelievable that you could care. You never showed me by word or look."

"Was it likely? I was proud and you were blind, so we missed the best. We lost our youth—and I very nearly lost my soul. After you left, nothing seemed to matter but enjoying myself as best I could. I hated the thought of growing old, and I looked at the painted, restless faces round me and wondered if they were afraid too. Then I thought I would marry and have more of a reason for living. A man offered himself—a man with a great position—and I accepted him and it was worse than ever, so I fled from it all—to Priorsford. I loved it from the first, the little town and the river and the hills, and Bella Bathgate's grim honesty and poor cookery! And you came into my life again and I found I couldn't marry the other man and his position. . . . ."

"Pamela, can you really marry a fool like me? . . . It's my fault that we've missed so much, but thank God we haven't missed everything. I think I could make you happy. I wouldn't ask you to stay at Laverlaw for more than a month or two at a time. We would live in London if you wanted to. I could stick even London if I had you."

Pamela looked at him with laughter in her eyes.

"And you couldn't say fairer than that, my dear. No, no, Lewis. If I marry you we'll live at Laverlaw. I love your green glen already; it's a place after my own heart. We won't trouble London much, but spend our declining years among the sheep—unless you become suddenly ambitious for public honors and, as Mrs. Hope desires, enter Parliament."

"There's no saying what I may do now. Already I feel twice the man I was."

They talked in the firelight and Pamela said: "I'm not sure that our happiness won't be the greater because it has come twenty years late. Twenty years ago we would have taken it pretty much as a matter of course. We would have rushed at our happiness and swallowed it whole, so to speak. Now, with twenty lonely, restless years behind us we shall go slowly, and taste every moment and be grateful. Years bring their compensation. . . . It's a funny world. It's a nice, funny world."

"I think," said Lewis, "I know something of what Jacob must have felt after he had served all the years and at last took Rachel by the hand——"

"'Served' is good," said Pamela in mocking tones.

But her eyes were tender.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Pamela and David between them carried the day, and a motor-car was bought. It was not the small useful car talked about at first, but one which had greatly taken the fancy of the Jardine family in the showroom—a large landaulette of a well-known make, uphostered in palest fawn, fitted with every newest device, very sumptuous and very shiny.

They described it minutely to Pamela before she went with them to see it and fix definitely.

"It runs beautifully," said David.

"It's about fifty horse-power," said Jock.

"And, Honorable," said Mhor, "it's got electric light inside, just like a little house, and all sorts of lovely things—a clock and——"

"And, I suppose, hot and cold water laid on," said Pamela.

"The worst thing about it," Jean said, "is that it looks horribly rich—big and fat and purring—just as if it were saying, 'Out of the way, groundlings.' You know what an insolent look big cars have."

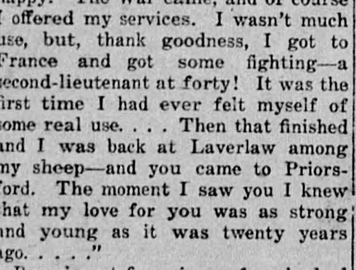
"Your small deprecating face inside will take away from the effect," Pamela assured her; "and you need a comfortable car to tour about in. When do you go exactly?"

"On the twentieth," Jean told her. "We take David first to Oxford, or rather he takes us, for he understands maps and can find the road; then we go on to Stratford. I wrote for rooms as you told me, and for seats for the plays, and I have heard from the people that we can have both. I do wish you were coming, Pamela—won't you think better of it?"

"My dear, I would love it—but it can't be done. I must go to London this week. If we are to be married on first June there are simply multitudes of things to arrange. But I'll tell you what, Jean. I shall come to Stratford for a day or two when you are there. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if Biddy were there too. If he happened to be in England in April he always made a pilgrimage to the Shakespeare Festival. Mintern Abbas isn't very far from Stratford, and Mintern Abbas in spring is heavenly. That's what we must arrange—a party at Mintern Abbas. You would like that, wouldn't you, Jock?"

"Would Richard Plantagenet be there? I would like awfully to see him again. It's been so dull without him."

(To be continued.)



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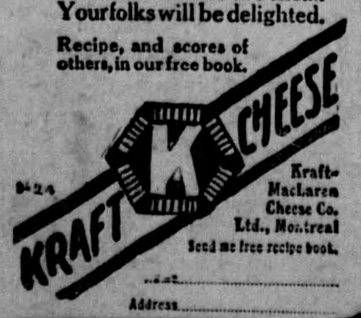

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"I Stepped in Your Steps All the Way."

A father and his tiny son
Crossed a rough street one stormy day,
"See, papa," cried the little one,
"I stepped in your steps all the way."

Ah, random, childish hands that deal
Quick thrusts no coat of proof could stay!
It touched him with the touch of steel—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

If this man shirks his manhood's due
And heeds what lying voices say,
It is not one who fails, but two—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

But they that thrust off greed and fear,
Who love and watch, who toil and pray—
How their hearts carol when they hear:
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

—Roy Temple House.

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

A Poor Prophet.

Widow Waffles—"Yes, three times I've dreamed you and me was going 'and in 'and down the church path. I wonder wot it do mean?"

Widower William (a laggard in love)—"A-ah now—I shouldn't wonder if it don't mean we be goin' to 'ave a drop o' rain."

REMADE BROOMS.

When a broom begins to show signs of wear do not throw it away. First of all soak it in hot suds, rinse and put it out in the air to dry. Then cut the bristles so that they are of even lengths again. You will find that the broom has taken on a new lease of life.

Smoking will be permitted on the new airships to fly between England and India. The design for these aircraft includes lounges, dining-rooms, and smoking rooms.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns by Cecil Bayne

Dainty Combination Undergarment

There are endless ways of trimming this exquisite combination and numerous pretty materials suitable for making it. The fitted camisole may be made with shaped shoulder straps or with straps of ribbon, lace or self-material. The envelope drawers, gathered to the camisole are scalloped and finished with frills of lace. Soft, fine nainsook, crepe de chine or broadcloth silk will be beautiful if made up in this style; there is a vast opportunity to display hand embroidery or novel effects in drawn work or lace trimming. Combination undergarment No. 1010 cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 1⅞ yard material 36 or 40 inches wide.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Pattern sent by return mail.

Piano-stool Tables.

An old revolving piano stool makes an ideal seat at the dressing table or work cabinet, especially in a small or crowded room where it may be lowered and pushed beneath a table or sink out of the way.

But the family handy man is finding other ingenious uses for the discarded tool. One man has made a charming plant stand for the window by securely fastening upon the stool a large round top. Mother placed a tall plant in the centre with a row of smaller plants round the edge. This stand can be moved about at will.

In another household the old piano stool has been utilized in making an extremely handy cabinet to stand near the kitchen stove. Upon the old seat is securely fastened a roomy cabinet made from a box open at two opposite sides. Two shelves are placed within and the whole is neatly painted. Curtains on brass rings are hung over the openings and a row of hooks has been added to each of the closed sides. In this cabinet are kept all the things most commonly used about the stove—canisters of coffee and tea, a tin of flour for thickening, salt and pepper, coffee and teapots, saucepans and frying pans, holders and covers, cooking spoons and forks.

These things are arranged upon the shelves or hung upon the hooks outside. A turn of the cabinet brings any desired object within easy reach. When the stove is inconveniently situated this cabinet saves many steps every day. It takes up but little room at the end of the stove and is easily pushed about for sweeping or cleaning.

In yet another household a cabinet attached to a discarded revolving stool is pronounced the best kind of baby cabinet. Upon the shelves inside are placed all sorts of folded clean clothing and toilet necessities. On hooks along the sides are hung the fresh little garments. It is very easy to push this cabinet up to the fire when the time comes for the baby to be washed and dressed.

A Sickroom Joy.

A minister of the writer's acquaintance recently suffered from a broken hip, caused by slipping on a waxed floor, while playing basket ball with a group of his young people. The accident caused him to be confined to his bed for many weeks. At his direction, the following small piece of furniture was quickly made by a handy young chap.

The worker took a stout box, obtained at a grocery store. It had one open end. The box was cut in two, so as to leave a top, two ends and a bottom just like the top. This bottom board was removed, leaving a bench-shaped article of the following dimensions: The top was thirty-six inches long, and twenty inches wide. The ends were sixteen inches deep and twenty inches wide. From the bottom board which had been removed, two cleats were cut and the edges smoothed. Each cleat was an inch and a half wide.

These pieces of wood were nailed firmly to either edge of the top and sides of the improvised table. These cleats served as a brace, or what is called a "box" on a chair. The top of the table was neatly covered with oil cloth and the ends were painted white.

When the invalid was ready for a meal, the bed-table was a real joy. It was roomy enough without being clumsy. When the invalid wished to write a letter, the table was at hand. If he desired to read and consult rather heavy books, it was especially helpful.

Later, when a child in the family was confined to bed for a few days, the bed-table came into play to hold paints and pictures to color, and books and toys. At this time, an improvement was added, by fastening a moulding around the back and two ends of the top of the table. Small wire nails held the moulding in place. This prevented pencils and small articles from slipping off.—E. M. G.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

A Sweet Breath at all times!

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S

- after every meal! B83

"It's guaranteed pure—and purity means value in soap—"

says Mrs. Experience, to housewives interested in saving.

"Of course, you know right away that I refer to Sunlight—because Sunlight is the only laundry bar soap made in Canada that is guaranteed pure. A $5,000 Guarantee of Purity goes with every bar; and according to the makers, this Guarantee has never once been challenged during the whole lifetime of Sunlight Soap.

"It's perfectly obvious, too, that when every particle of a soap is pure cleansing material—and not loaded with useless adulterants and hardening materials—then that soap has more cleansing power and does more work with less labour. A little of it goes a long way. In short, it's really economical.

"That's why I always use and recommend Sunlight for the laundry, dishes and general housework. Sunlight keeps my hands soft and comfortable, too!" Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, make it.

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