In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA"

TEA H636

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

It Pays To Advertise

BY LEO NOBLE BURNETT.

PART I.

One morning she was whistling, ever so lightly, the chorus of a merry air, with her lips screwed up devilishly, her eyes sparkling merrily.

Oliver McNabb hadn't noticed her the first morning—nor the second. On the third morning, however, a bulging spring morning, a glimpse of her black eyes and spatter of freckles as she brushed by had caused him to single her out.

Her lacy white waist, picked up for fifty-nine cents somewhere, but which he regarded as a creation of real niftiness; her patent-leather shoes, criminally out of style, but which appealed to him as pert; and her independent nose, not snobbish, but just properly independent— these were all noticed in their turn; from the country perhaps.

McNabb was from the country, but more than two years in the city's howling mart had given him no little urban ease and perspicacity. He was twenty-five and intended to make something of himself. He was employed in a pipe-organ factory.

To whatever heights Oliver's tendrils of aspiration may have climbed, he had to punch the time-clock at the shop entrance not later than seven-thirty every morning except Sunday. On his way to work he passed daily through the square in front of the city hall. To arrive at the factory on time, he had learned from experience that it was necessary to leave the park by seven.

At this hour many were hurrying to their various places of employment. Suddenly the girl had floated into the stream. Others of her sex who rushed by at this hour tended to be bent and hardened. Her wholesome freshness stood out; and her appearance in the same place every morning naturally impressed an impressionable young man.

She walked rapidly and looked straight ahead. But young McNab, there is no use denying, was more debonair than the others. Youth is susceptible and the girl was not old. Thus, at the end of a few weeks she nodded slightly when he raised his hat. No harm in that, surely.

Sometimes one would be a trifle late and their paths would cross at one side of the park or the other. Usually, however, the first heavy thud of seven would sound from the city hall clock when they passed at the ornate fountain which marked the very centre of the square. Both recognized that to meet at this exact spot was a mark of punctiliousness. Once, when McNabb was almost out of the park (and he walked slowly, fearing she might not come at all), he met her almost running at the edge of the square farthest from her destination. He supplemented the raising of his hat with a remark:

"Late to-day, aren't you?"

She laughed genially. "You just wait. I'll make up for it to-morrow," were the words he caught.

So, on the next morning, he delayed purposely and let her meet him just as he entered the square.

She raised a finger in good-natured reproval. "There, didn't I tell you?" she chided him.

It was easy after that. Now and then he would add a scrap to his knowledge of her. She said her name was Sara—Sara Hatch. Yes, from the country, and proud of it. Where did she work? Oh, very well, if he had to know—in a laundry office.

Oliver took on a striped bow tie. There were many things which crept into his toilette that might have been omitted without sacrificing respectability.

Gradually, quietly, this seventh-hour caprice, which the sophisticated Oliver regarded lightly at first, came to be a thing of his life. He actually found himself looking forward from one morning to the next. He believed that the big things in life are gained by taking chances; so he gambled one morning when they met at the fountain.

"Would you come a few minutes early to-morrow?"

She came!

It was a summer morning of splashing brightness. They sat on a green bench close to the walk opposite the fountain. They had never sat together before. It thrust them into a different relation. They became aware that they were sitting here in the park, chatting commonplaces at a ridiculously early hour, for the sole and obvious purpose of enjoying the company of each other.

The clock boomed the first stroke of seven. "Pshaw!"

They hurried away.

It was more natural the next morning. The naturalness increased. It became a happy little creed. The fountain was the shrine seven the hour. He tried to wring from her permission to see her at night. Dance? No? She liked shows, didn't she?

Her eagerness was obvious, but her refusal was uncompromising. A morning affair, she decreed. He complied graciously. Sometimes they had but a few seconds together, sometimes a few minutes, occasionally a quarter of an hour—never longer than that.

It was past seven when they left the park on a few mornings, making them both late. Perhaps that was the reason. Perhaps it was the fiendish ogre, hard times, which laughed an impish laugh into the laundry and pipe-organ businesses. Whatever it was, Oliver McNabb suddenly found his job hanging on a thread. The thread didn't hold. All in a day he was whisked from employed to unemployed.

Sara Hatch was a good office girl. She was as successful as any one the laundry ever had in convincing a flustered gentleman who wore size sixteen collars that he could easily adapt his neck to the fourteen and a half size which came in his package. Nevertheless, in the latter part of the summer, the laundry management saw fit to reduce its office force. Sara had to go!

The girl's tragedy occurred a week following Oliver's. During that week he continued to make his morning trips at the usual time without apprising Sara of his discharge. He assumed that another job would be available immediately. At the end of a week, however, the gravity of the situation dawned upon him.

They were both duly serious when they met at the fountain at ten minutes to seven. Both had been job-hunting.

"Are all of those people out of jobs?" she asked, indicating the prostrate forms of wretches scattered about beneath the park's maples. Some had slept there all night and presented weird contortions. Others lay flat with arms outstretched, like the groaning wounded of a battlefield. Some were getting up lamely and crawling away to suffer the heat of August in another place.

"All out of jobs," he assured her.

McNabb had one hand in a coat pocket and twisted his finger about a newspaper clipping which called for a "strong, bright, earnest, willing, able-bodied young man with good habits, who could play a trombone, to work in a paint shop." He could coax a few notes from a harmonica, but was sure that a trombone was beyond him.

"One must have experience to get a job, I suppose," she platitudinized.

"And experience to get a job," he supplied.

Sara fussed with her handbag, which contained a want ad clipping asking for a woman with thirty-eight bust measure to act as demonstrator. Sara was but a thirty-six. No, it could never be done.

The clock struck seven.

She must hurry, she said. Mr. Gruensfelder couldn't stand it to have his employes late. Discharged a girl in the mangling department yesterday for that very thing. Lovely man to work for, but such a temper sometimes!

He must hurry too. "Mr. Himmelblau——"

But she was away.

She went two blocks beyond the park and circled back to her rooming place. She lay flat on her back on the sagging cot and heard Mrs. Riley yell across the alley to a neighbor that she was going to have cabbage for dinner.

Oliver also detoured. He bought a newspaper and sat on the front porch of his rooming house studying it until the old lady came out to scrub and drove him away. It was just the incentive he needed.

WANTED—Men to fill thousands of easy jobs; $85 to $250 a month for the right parties.

Well, maybe it was true.

WANTED—Active young man with good appearance for selling; must be a hustler; A-No. 1 line.

Gas irons.

WANTED—Men to learn the barber's trade; the world needs more barbers.

It offered no immediate remuneration. Anyway, it didn't appeal.

WANTED—Bright young man as a bread-wagon driver; must speak three languages.

He passed this one up at the start. He tried them all, day after day. But there were six columns of "Situations Wanted," and a scraggly half-column of "Help Wanted—Male." There was a waiting list in the few cases where he might qualify.

(To be concluded.)

Mustard aids Digestion

Mustard stimulates the flow of saliva, and of the gastric juices in the stomach. It neutralizes the richness of fat foods, makes them easier to digest and assists you in assimilating your food.

Mustard makes ordinary dishes more tasty. Always have it on the table—freshly mixed with cold water for every meal.

COOK BOOK FREE

Our new Cook Book contains many recipes for delicious salads, mayonnaise, pickles, etc. Write for a copy.

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Keen's Mustard

Potatoes Make Ireland Poor.

All through modern history Ireland has been more or less poverty stricken, a condition brought about by the fact that the chief food of the Irish has always been potatoes. One acre of potatoes produces twice as much food as one acre of wheat and at less expense and less trouble not only in the field, but in the cooking.

As a natural result there has been no reason for the Irish to labor hard and as a natural sequence the population of Ireland has always increased twice as rapidly as that of England. This brings about a surplus of labor with the result that, as in Indian and other countries of a similar nature, very few of the people have ever become possessed of much wealth.

The Irish have had no use for money. By working a few weeks in the year they could sustain life for the whole year, and this continued to be the condition in Ireland up to 1846 when a disease attacked and destroyed the crops with the result that during the famine the Irish migrated to America in large numbers and it became a habit which has lasted until the present day.

These conditions were aided by misgovernment which gave the Irish a chance to be born fighters, while the intervals of peace left them free to dream of fairies and imps so that today Ireland has more quaint songs and superstitions than all the rest of the world combined.

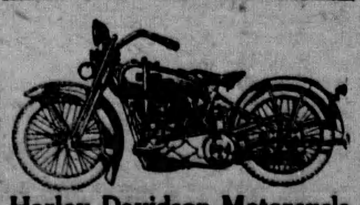
And It May Be Good Advice.

1st Lady—"And why are you getting a divorce, dear?"

2nd Lady—"My doctor advises a change of husbands, you know."

"Liberty" Oats.

The hulless variety of oat named Liberty, originated at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, has been used for four years in experimental work carried on by the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union. The average yield during the past two years was 34.14 bushels to the acre, standing in fourth position in the varieties tested over the province.



Harley Davidson Motorcycle

The World's Greatest Motorcycle.

Some real bargains to offer in Used Machines. List gladly mailed upon Walter Andrews, 346 Yonge St., Toronto

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns by Lucile Bayne

MEN'S AND YOUTHS' PAJAMAS.

The man who "wears them" will appreciate the comfort and style of the pajamas here sketched, if made of the new plain color imported English broadcloths or striped French cambrics. The pattern is cut for centre-front closing and breast pocket, or French neck with side closing, and shaped band forming trimming around neck and down side-front. Large braid frogs and buttons are used to fasten the coat. No. 1110 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38,40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast. Size 38 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.

PLAITS ADD FLARE TO PLAIN CONTOURS.

The plaited treatment is considered especially attractive in this frock of summery voile, inasmuch as the garment retains the straight silhouette, while a flared movement is achieved when the wearer is in motion. The most attractive feature of the frock shown here, No. 1081, is that the pattern is cut all in one piece. The plaits are laid in place first and stitched to the lower edge of the side-belt, which is cut in one with the dress. The bodice is made to blouse slightly at the sides, in the new manner, by being slashed in and gathered to the top of the belt. Plain-color faille ribbon finishes the round neck and short kimono sleeves, after which the side seams are joined, leaving only the hem to be turned up to the desired length. Cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material if made with short sleeves. Price 20 cents.

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., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

Building Stones.

A young man inherited from his father a large tract of rocky land on condition that with funds provided in the will he build a house on the ground and live there for five years. If in that time he succeeded in making a living from the place, it was his; if he failed, the property went to some one else.

That father knew his son, he knew that his boy needed just that prod to his pride and ambition to make a man of him. The son built the house and then set about making a living. He gathered up the rocks and with them built his chimney and his fireplace. He walled his garden with them; he laid his walks with them; he sold tons of them. For the first two or three years he made a living out of the stones. Then when the top soil was cleared and in a workable condition he went to farming. Now he is one of the most prosperous farmers in his neighborhood.

Stumbling stones of difficulty in your way? Nonsense! Some one says, "Difficulties are stones out of which God's houses are built." Make use of your difficulties! Build them into the foundation of your character. Wall out discouragement with them. Make of them stepping stones to your garden of success!

His Proper Association.

He (to angry helpmate)—"The only person you're fit to be with is yourself!"

She—"Say no more—I'm beside myself now!"

Why Bread and Butter?

Until recently no one was able to say just why bread and butter are always associated as articles of our diet. It has now been shown that there is such a substance as an "anti-vitamin," or good property, which nullifies the influence of the bad property in bread and other cereals.

The new discovery shows, for example, why the people of the cold north eat blubber and animal oils, while people of the south use olive and vegetable oils. Animal oils, it has been found, have properties that are possessed by the sun's rays. In the Arctic regions sunlight is comparatively rare, and so fat is eaten in its place. Vegetable fats, on the other hand, do not contain this property.

Cocoanut Pulp as Milk for Use in Tropics.

With the discovery that the pulp of young cocoanuts contains practically all the nourishing qualities to be found in milk, scientists are experimenting to find out if the substance can be used as a practical substitute for the liquid in the tropics, says Popular Mechanics. They plan to extract the moisture from the cocoanut and mix the dry remainder with milk from the water buffalo, which is said to be more nutritious than cow's milk.

If any little word of mine can make a life the brighter. If any little song of mine can make a heart the lighter —God help me speak the little word. And take my bit of singing and drop it in some lonely vale to set the echoes ringing!

Uncle Levi Zink says the people he is sorry for are the beaus of the girls the Prince of Wales smiled at.

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

Parents:- encourage the children to care for their teeth!

Give them Wrigley's. It removes food particles from the teeth. Strengthens the gums. Combats acid mouth.

Refreshing and beneficial!

Wisdom Cometh With the Years.

Now I am young and credulous,
My heart is quick to bleed
At courage in the tremulous,
Slow sprouting of a seed.

Now I am young and sensitive,
Man's lack can stab me through;
I own no stitch I would not give
To him that asked me to.

Now I am young and a fool for love,
My blood goes mad to see
A brown girl pass me like a dove
That flies melodiously.

Let me be lavish of my tears,
And dream that false is true;
Though wisdom cometh with the years
The barren days come, too.

—Countee P. Cullen.

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

Man is His Own Star.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Nothing is lost until you've lost your courage.

New SMP Enameled Sink

Price Complete $12.00

Best value ever offered. Made of Armco Iron, coated with purest SMP White Enamel. Centre drain; with or without tap holes. Price includes all fittings.

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White enameled Armco Iron, strong, rigid, very handy; also unique value. Fit snugly to sink. A real plumbing sensation. Price includes all fittings. Sold by plumbers, hardware stores, or write direct to

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Hard water injures the hands. "Snowflake" softens water, dissolves grease and quickly cleans greasy kitchen utensils. There's nothing to equal "Snowflake" for keeping the kitchen sink clean.

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Snowflake
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