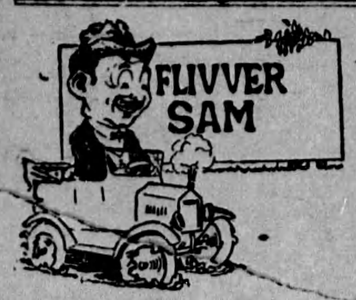
Have You Tasted "SALADA" GREEN TEA

H670

Those who have used Japan, Young Hyson or Gunpowder Tea will appreciate the superiority of this delicious blend, always so pure and rich. Try it.



A hick town is a place where the traffic cops are polite to motorists.

"Won't you come into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"Parlor nothin'—getta flivver!"
Was our modern fly's reply.

We noticed our neighbors at home the other night and stopped to ask them what was the matter with the car.

Among the most disagreeable people on earth are those who pride themselves upon speaking "right out" as they think. Usually they are not satisfied with calling a spade a spade. They insist on calling it a damned old shovel.

You are always made to feel that it is a private road when you meet a pretty girl driving a fine car.

The Detour.

When you come to the end of a good detour,
And you sit and look at the sign,
And the arrow points the other way—
To the road you left behind;
Oh this is the end of a "perfect day,"
And the end of your patience, too,
As you voice your thoughts in a quiet way,
And the air around gets blue.

A little boy, sitting next to a guest at dinner, noticed that the meat for the meal was to be roast beef. He turned to his father in a surprised manner, saying, "Pa, I thought that you were going to bring an old ham home to-night?"

In the old days, when a woman couldn't locate her husband she called up his favorite saloon. In the modern days she hunts up the garage.

Scofflaw's rule of the road: "Let your conscience be your guide. Don't detour."

Girl in a Flivver
Going like blazes,
Tickled all over at the dust she raises,
Lets go the wheel,
To fumble in purse,
To take out her powder rag;
Good Night Nurse!

Our idea of the ne plus ultra, not to mention le dernier cri, in politeness, would be to back out again after finally getting in and say with a graceful gesture: "Do take my parking place, Miss Smith."

A Dublin car driver was stopped for careless driving by a zealous constable. He refused to give his name.

"You'll get yourself into trouble if you don't give me your name."

Still the driver refused.

"Now then, what is it?" persisted the constable.

"Better find out," retorted the driver.

"Sure I will,' said the constable, going around to the side of the car where the name should have been, only to find it rubbed off.

"Aha," said the constable, "now you'll get yourself into worse disgrace, for your name is obliterated."

"You're wrong," roared the driver. "It's O'Brien."

The old-fashioned mother who used to worry about the children on cold nights now sends her husband out to the garage with an extra blanket for the car.

Kriss—"Do you suppose that it will take long for your wife to learn how to drive the car?"

Kross—"It shouldn't. She has had about ten years experience in driving me."

A good deal of attention is being given these days to the jaywalker. The jaywalker ought to also be given some attention.

TAILORED DETAILS AND PLAITS CONTRIBUTE TO SPORTS TYPES

The "channel" plait, furnishing fullness to the plain silhouette, brings the straight-line tailored frock into even greater popularity. The jabot has many delightful ways of unexpectedly appearing on all sorts of daytime dresses, and on this distinctive model is the dominating adornment. It is here made of crepe-de-chine matching the becoming collar and slightly flared cuffs. The upper section of the frock displays the moulded fancy, and the back extends over the shoulder a little below the shoulder-line, forming a yoke to which is sewed the slightly gathered front. The long, tight sleeves are a pleasing feature, and buttons trim the front opening. Any woman looking for a straight frock will be delighted with this pattern. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 5 yards of 36-inch, or 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 10c 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.

$50,000 Pearl Found.

What is called the world's finest pearl, a lustrous, peacock-green gem nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter and weighing almost thirty karats, has been found off one of the Gambier Islands in the South Pocific ocean by an eighteen-year-old native boy diver. He parted with it for a small fortune, and the buyer is said to have been offered $50,000 for the treasure. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the fishermen to go out in their little canoes in the morning and return at evening rich according to their standards. The find of the young boy, however, is said to be the largest in the records of the region.

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

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!

ISSUE No. 28—'25.

A GLASS OF MILK

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

PART III.

For a few minutes the hot silence and peace of the summer day settled down over the porch. Napoleon sprawled asleep in the shade of Gil's chair. Nance lay snuggled against Gil's feet. The sick man leaned back, relaxed and brooding.

Then from the fold behind the barn came a confused bleating of the twenty wethers penned there in readiness for the trip to Paterson market.

Instinct made Nance prick her tulip ears at the untoward sound. Jumping to her feet, the trained farm dog cantered off, around the side of the barn.

The commotion had been made by Lafe Hewitt. After dumb and ever more angry brooding for an hour, Lafe's plan had been formed—the plan whereby he could wreak full vengeance on Gil for cowing him and, incidentally, could rid himself of Nance. The departure of the two women left the house empty. Sim, the hired man, was at work in a far field.

Lafe made his few simple preparations without loss of time. Then he tossed a handful of pebbles into the fold. The wethers, nervous at the unwonted confinement, ran bleating from the noisy fusillade. In another few seconds Nance came bounding around the side of the barn.

As she rounded the corner, she all but collided with Lafe. He dropped a noose rope over her head, yanking her off her feet. Then, eluding the fiercely snapping jaws, he tucked her struggling head under one arm and slipped over her nose an impromptu rope muzzle he had just made.

Gil sat wondering at the meaning of the commotion in the fold, yet certain that Nance could rout whatever stray dog or other creature had caused it.

Then around the corner of the barn appeared Lafe Hewitt, coming toward him.

By a rope Lafe was dragging the struggling Nance. In his free hand he carried a large tomato can.

Near the bottom of the porch steps, ten feet away from Gil, he came to a halt.

"This seems a good time to get rid of Nance's fleas," remarked Hewitt airily. "Your mother was complaining at breakfast that Nance keeps scratching them and she said we ought to give her a bath. Well, a feller told me it's good to soak a dog's coat in gasoline to rid it of fleas. So——"

"It is not!" flashed Gil. Let her loose."

"Oh, yest it is," snillingly denied Lafe. "So I aim to do it. That's why I caught her. That's why I filled this can with gasoline. I aim to rub it into her coat, from nose to tail, right here and now. But—well, when I get it all rubbed in I'm going to light my pipe. If the match should just happen to drop onto her——"

A yell, as of physical pain, from Tanner broke in on his drawling words. Lafe looked up at him, his grin wider than ever.

"Did you say something?"? he asked with exaggerated politeness. "Nope? Well, there's no vases to sling at me now, I take notice. That milk glass don't weigh anything. I'll take my chances at dodging it. I thought maybe it'd amuse you to see your nice pet get her gasoline bath."

He stooped, set down the can and tied the rope short to the stout stem of a syringa bush. Then he reached again for the can. Nance looked imploringly at her master. But her entreating gaze brought no response from the tensely crouched cripple in the chair. Gil's eyes were aglare. He was panting.

"Of course," went on Lafe, picking up the can, "I'll have to tell your mother and Kay that it was an accident—me letting a lighted match fall on her just when I'd soaked her in the gas. It'll be my word against yours, Gil. And your mother said only yesterday that your mind hadn't ever seemed quite right since that crack on the head you got. She said you're always imagining things. Well, this'll be one of the things you'll have imagined. Your mother'll take my solemn word for it. Kay will too. Kay thinks anything I say or do is just about right, anyhow, I guess. I——"

He paused, the can suspended above the squirming collie. The first few drops fell on Nance's burnished tawny coat.

Then through the air swished something that spread itself like a windblown white handkerchief.

Gil had caught up the brimming glass of milk and had flung its contents, with all his might, straight at his cousin's face.

Into Lafe's eyes cascaded the best part of a pint of milk, in which was whipped a raw egg.

He dropped the can, to clap his hands to his blinded eyes. The gasoline spilled broadcast over the grass, soaking harmlessly into the ground.

For a moment he stood there, stanching the rivulets of milk that trickled down his distorted face. Then, with a single baleful glare at Gil, he picked up the empty can and strode away.

"Oh, Nance!" groaned Tanner, in answer to the frantic pleading in his loved dog's eyes. "That's all I could do to stop him. This table doesn't weigh anything. It wouldn't hurt him. He's gone to fill that can with more gas. He——"

Around the barn corner reappeared Hewitt. He bore carefully a full can of gasoline.

Slowly and with meticulous care, he began to pour the fluid over the collie's beautiful coat, disregarding her futile struggles.

At last he was through with the anointing. Laying down the empty can he surveyed the drenched and trembling Nance. Then, wiping his hands on the grass, he drew from his pocket a card of matches.

Hewitt struck a match. A vagrant gust of summer wind blew it out before it was fairly alight. Dropping it, he selected another. This he struck more cautiously, holding out his big hands as a shield against the breeze.

Then, as the second match ignited, God vouchsafed His miracle.

Gil, tugging and fighting insanely for motion, lurched drunkenly to his feet. A single wavering step carried him off the porch to the ground. Another stride bore his swaying body to his cousin.

It was done in the merest fragment of time, the slippered feet soundless on boards and grass.

Lake Hewitt looked up, amazed, from his effort to make the match stay alight. As he did so, two terrible hands seized him by the throat. The match fell to the ground, where another gust put it out.

Aghast, nerveless from astonishment, Lafe felt himself shaken as Nap might have shaken a dishrag. Then, his throat swollen and bruised, he was flung back against a wide porch with a force that well-night broke his bones.

"Put up your hands!" gasped hoarsely the giant who confronted him.

As in a dream, yet warned by the blaze in the other's eyes, Lafe sought to throw himself on guard. In the same instant a human avalanche was upon him.

Hewitt was a strong man and a redoubtable rough-and-tumble fighter withal. Yet against the demoniac prowess of his present opponent, his strength and skill were as a child's. Blow after blow crashed past his guard. His head and his back thudded rhythmically against the broad post as Gil drove home one hammer punch after another to face and to heart and to wind.

Under that awful fusilade, Hewitt's knees buckled. He slid downward. But Gil would not have it so. Holding him upright against the post, by one hand pinioning his throat, Tanner continued to slug murderously with his other fist.

At last he let go. To the ground slumped the senseless and hideously beaten Lafe.

Over him towered his swaying conqueror. The rage mists were still red and swirling before Gil's bloodshot eyes. He knew nothing, thought nothing, remembered nothing, except that he had wreaked ample vengeance on the brute who had sought to torture his dog to death.

Later, the local doctors and the specialists from Paterson explained the miracle in long words, which the happy man scarce heeded. They said there were hundreds of similar cases in America's medical annals, and thousands in the history of the war. Concussion of the brain had caused temporary paralysis to the lower part of the body. There had been no "true paralysis"—merely a brief loss of muscular control. The gradual building up of the system, followed by the tremendous mental and nervous shock of Nance's impending torture, had reformed the interrupted communication between motor nerves and the lower spine and legs.

But Gil Tanner was not interested, then or ever, in the scientific explanation of his healing. All he knew or cared was that he had changed in a flash from a life-wrecked cripple to his former athletic self.

Slowly, awkwardly, he knelt in the hot summer sunshine and prayed his heart out in thanksgiving to God.

At last he got to his feet, and went to the barn, still walking swayingly on his unaccustomed legs. There he rang loudly on the gong nailed against the barn door.

After some time, in answer to the summons, his hired man appeared from the distant field where he had been working. Ignoring Sim's blithering astonishment at sight of him on his feet, Gil said curtly:

"Get the runabout. I'll help you lift Lafe into it. Drive him down to Doc Prentiss' Doc will patch him up as well as he can. Then he can take him down to the Paterson hospital. Anyhow, I want him off my farm. Hurry up."

When Kay Leonard came up the porch steps, she found Gil huddled low in his armchair. At his feet lay happily a gas-smelling collie, wet from a dousing in the pond. Nap, with harrowing growls, was pursuing a beetle across the porch boards.

At sight of the girl, Tanner glanced up.

"Back already?" he asked.

"Yes," she made answer, adding solicitously after a keen look at him. "Are you feeling worse? Your face is all flushed! And—and your eyes look so—so different! Are you sure you haven't any fever?"

"No," said Gil, trying to sound as spiritlessly glum as of late. "No, I'm all right. If I look queer, it's because I've been trying to get up my courage to say something that—that it scares me to say. Will you listen to it, Kay?"

Wondering, half frightened, she continued to look down at the big body huddling there so helplessly. Then—

"There's not any hope that you'll answer the way I'd give my life to have you answer, dear," continued Gil, forcing himself to meet her eyes as he spoke. "I know that. But I can't keep my mouth shut any longer.

"I figured I'd have the right to tell you about it and ask you to—to marry me—when the farm was clear and on its feet. Then, I got smashed up. And I knew no girl would want to tie herself for life to a cranky cripple. So I didn't say anything. But I'm saying it now. Kay, there isn't a chance, is there—there isn't a chance that you'd be willing to marry a worthless dead one like me—is there? Tell me. Don't be afraid of making me unhappy, dear."

For a long moment she continued to look down into his imploring eyes. Then, suddenly, she stooped and gathered his head in her strong young arms.

"Oh, Gil!" she sobbed, holding him close. "I was so afraid you'd be silly enough not to ask me. And then I'd have had to ask you. And—and I'd have hated to! But I know I'd have done it, some day. I know I would! I——"

"But don't you know what it will mean to marry a cripple that can't even take a step or get out of his chair?" cried Gil, when he had drawn the sobbing girl to his breast.

"I don't realize anything except that I'd rather be married to you, helpless, than to any well man on earth!" she declared, her grave reserve flown to the four winds. "Oh, can't you understand, Gil? I'm not going to marry you for your sake or because I'm sorry for you! I'm doing it because I'd be wretched without you. I'm doing it because I'm selfish. And I——"

She broke off with a cry of stark wonder.

For, with almost no effort at all, her lover was rising to his feet. She started back, incredulous. No longer swaying, but walking firmly, he came toward her, his arms outstretched.

"I'm sorry you had set your heart on marrying a paralytic," he said, gathering her to him. "Because you can't. You've got to marry me."

(The End.)

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Much trouble is directly due to washing diapers with harsh soap—soap containing free alkali. The alkali clings to the little garments in the form of a fine, white powder—almost impossible to rinse out. This causes "diaper rash."

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How to wash diapers

Remove solid matter at once and soak diapers in cold water. Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into thick suds in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak a few moments, then dip up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through them. Rinse thoroughly in three waters.

L568

My Heritage.

What heritage is this that comes to me,
Born in an age of marvel and surprise?
How am I made the Child of Destiny
Needing the faith and vision of the Wise!

Behold, a land that I may call my own
Because the Brave of unforgotten days
Dared for a ream to challenge seas unknown,
And tramp the trail of far, untrodden ways;

Dared for a Dream to leave a world behind
Where dreams were born to stifle, and to seek
A world as yet unmade, where the free mind
Could plan and build and its free purpose speak!

How splendidly they planned! How well they built!
And with what toil, what pain, what dauntless heart!
Now on my soul can lie no greater guilt
Than that I fail in what must be my part!

The heir of hope and courage—It must be
My task to hold the Freedom which they wrought,
And, with no less a love for Liberty,
To labor for the better world they sought.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

Bridges Over the Thames.

There are only sixteen bridges over the Thames between the sea and Kingston. It is now suggested that nine new ones should be built to relieve the congestion of traffic.

Cleaning the King's Silver.

Four persons are steadily employed in cleaning and polishing the table silver in Buckingham palace.

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