Your Grocer Sells

"SALADA"

H672

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.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared, Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly in the care of his friend, Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed in action and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham. Dolly and Robert sail for America, leaving Mary in Dolly's flat.

When Nigel's older brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt.

News comes to Mary of the sinking of the boat on which Dolly and her husband left England. A young man who sees Mary's distress offers to go for news of the ship's passengers.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

She told him sobbingly:

"Mrs. Nigel Bretherton;" then, remembering, hastily corrected herself. "I mean, Mrs. Robert Durham. Oh, she cannot, cannot be drowned."

"First reports are nearly always exaggerated," he said quickly, with kind hopefulness. "And the Multane was not a very big steamer. She carried only a few passengers, I know. My brother came home from the Argentine on her last month. They may all be saved. You must hope for the best."

"Your mistress is wet through," he said. "See that she changes her clothes, and give her something hot to drink."

Mary had already gone on into the flat. She felt as if this last blow was more than she could bear; it seemed to crush her to the ground.

She was sitting in dumb misery in the cosy sitting-room when the small maid came in hurriedly with a steaming cup of cocoa.

"The gentleman said you were to drink this, miss, and that he'd be back as soon as he could. And your clothes so wet!"

She coaxed Mary to change, and stood over her while she drank the cocoa.

"I don't suppose it's any of it true," she maintained stoutly. "You can't believe a word of what them papers say."

Mary had to smile in spite of her wretchedness.

"It's only too true," she said. "Something tells me it's only too true."

CHAPTER XVII

No Hope

It seemed an eternity till a ring at the bell broke the silence. Mary herself went to open the door. One glance at the face of the man who stood there in the wet night told her that there was but little to hope for. She gave a little gasp, and leaned against the door with a feeling of sick giddiness.

"It's—it's true?" she asked faintly.

He answered reluctantly that he was afraid so. Of course, as yet details were not complete, but it was known that many of the passengers were drowned.

He would not come in when Mary asked him to, but he said he would be sure to let her know if he heard anything further that night.

"It is so kind of you," she told him. "I have no one else to help me. Will you—May I know your name?"

He colored boyishly.

"Evans—Henry Evans." He hesitated. "And may I know yours?" he asked diffidently.

"Mary—Mary Furnival."

She shook hands with him when he left; she stood at the door of the flat looking after him till he had disappeared down the long flight of stone steps.

Then she went back to the room, and cowered, shivering, over the fire.

Nigel dead! Dolly dead!

Mary found herself wondering if, somewhere on the other side of the mystery we call death, husband and wife had met.

Such a few days had measured their separation, after all, and yet—they had never loved each other.

She rose stiffly when the fire had quite died out, and crept to bed.

Directly she woke in the morning she thought of the papers. Surely the truth would be known now!

The little maid brought them to her. Mary opened them with shaking fingers.

But only last night's news, with a few added details, was printed.

But as the day dragged away further details crept out. A brief list of passengers and crew was published at the offices of the shipping company, where Mary, waiting wearily, hour after hour, watched the slowly added names with haggard eyes.

Somehow all her anger and bitterness against Nigel's wife was vanishing—wiped out by the merciless hand of Death.

And then she saw her name, and that of the man she had married, go up at the end of that short, incomplete list: "Durham (or Dunham), Mr. and Mrs. Robert—drowned."

She never knew how she got out of the office. She felt as if she were walking in space.

For the moment Mary's heart was dead and incapable of further suffering. She felt as if she had reached the end of her tether of endurance, and nothing mattered any more.

There were letters waiting for her when she got back to the flat, but she let them lie on the table unopened. She had forgotten David Bretherton and her own miserable indecision in the horror of this fresh tragedy.

It was only hours after their arrival that Mary opened those letters. One was a brief acknowledgment from the owner of the flat in reply to her own intimation that she wished to leave; and the other—Mary turned it over dully. She did not know the writing; but the postmark—

Her heart beat a little faster as she saw that. She broke open the flap.

The paper was expensive, and embossed with a heading—"The Red Grange."

"My dear child" (it began),—"David tells me that he has asked you to come here and live with us, so I am just writing to assure you of my very hearty welcome, both for your own sake and dear Nigel's. We will both do our very best to make you happy, and try and help you forget your sorrow.

"Come as soon as ever you like. I am having Nigel's room prepared for you. I thought you would like to have it.

"Perhaps you have not heard of me, but from what David has told me of you, I am sure we shall grow to love each other, and such is my sincerest wish.

"Believe me, my dear child,

"Yours affectionately,

"Nigel's Aunt Florence."

Aunt Florence! Nigel had spoken of her so often. He had loved her dearly. How good of her to write!

So they really wanted her! There was something in the simple warmth of the letter that felt like kindly hands outstretched to grasp her own.

Nigel's room! How dear of them to think of that!

But, of course, it could never be. Now she would have to finish that letter to David which she had begun only yesterday, and tell them the truth.

She folded the letter from the Red Grance, and thrust it out of her sight in a blotter. She resolutely walked from the room, determined to forget it.

But the insidious voice of temptation walked with her, whispering, always whispering: "Why not? Why not?"

CHAPTER XVIII

An Experiment

Montague Fisher and David Bretherton had been friends ever since their schooldays, when Fisher had "fagged" for Bretherton, and adored him as a younger boy will sometimes look up to and make a hero of an elder who is more brilliant and popular than himself.

When Bretherton came into the inheritance and rent-roll of Red Grange, one of the first things he did was to look up his old friend—then a young lawyer but just beginning to feel his way—and hand over his affairs for Fisher to deal with.

It was through him that Nigel's generous allowance had been paid while David was abroad, through him that the estates had been administered during their owner's absence.

But the old friendship between the two men still existed in spite of their business relations, and Fisher had been genuinely delighted to see David again.

He was thinking of him one morning as he sat in his office, signing letters that had been prepared for him by his typist.

By the early post he had heard from David to the effect that he had arranged for his brother's widow to come to Red Grange.

". . . We can but see how it works" (so he wrote). "Aunt Florence is quite willing for the experiment to be made. She entirely agrees with me that we ought to do everything in our power to help her now Nigel is gone. . . ."

"It's a mistake—I'm sure it's a mistake," Fisher said across the breakfast-table to his sister. "David hasn't seen the girl, and I have. I'm sure he'll regret having taken such a step."

"He can always send her away," said Dora idly.

She was breakfasting in a loose teagown, and her hair was carelessly dressed.

Now David was no longer in the house, she had reverted to her usual rather slovenly habits. She yawned as she spoke.

"What sort of a woman is she?" she asked.

"What sort of a woman is she?" she asked, without much interest.

Monty hesitated.

"Well, I dare say you'd call her pretty—in a common sort of style," he said hesitatingly. "She's got rather good hair, reddish-sort of color—Oh, yes, she's decidedly pretty. But there's something cheap about her. I don't know if it's her clothes or her manners, but I'm sure that she won't suit David for long."

"I shouldn't think David would suit her, either, if she's what you describe. She'll find the Red Grange dull, and David uninteresting."

Monty laughed rather ruefully.

"If she does, she'll be too clever to let him know it. She struck me as being the sort of woman who would sell her soul for money and luxury. Oh, no! I should say she'll settle herself there quite permanently. It's a pity. I told David what I thought about it; but you know what he is once he gets an idea into his head. He seems to imagine he's got a very strong duty towards this girl—a duty which might well be discharged with an allowance, I should have thought."

(To be continued)

AFTER EVERY MEAL

A Spur for your digestion

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

AUNT CLARA'S FLAVOR

And fine after Smoking!

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

Lux Laundered Lingerie Lasts Longer

Care in the method of washing your dainty lingerie will repay you in much longer service. Mild, pure, bubbling LUX suds will not harm a single delicate thread—will not dull the most delicate colour.

Substitutes are expensive any way you look at it

L532 Lever Brothers Limited Toronto

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

A CHARMING INTERPRETATION OF THE SPORTS FROCK.

Sports frocks are most effective when they are fashioned along lines of chic simplicity, and they particularly appeal to the smartly-dressed woman. The model pictured here shows its Paris inspiration in many important ways. The dashing little collar buttoned at the neck, the shirrings at the shoulders, the pocket treatment, the slashed and buckled belt, and long full sleeves. An inverted plait at each side is held in place with a row of round buttons, and provides a youthful flare. The collar is convertible and may be worn turned back to form revers. No. 1301 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Price 20c.

The garments illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents 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., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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 jilted the girl and she had obtaind damags 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 fulfilment of a contract, a person who wrongly 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 jilts the man then the obligation to return the ring falls on her. Thus the Court pronounces, 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 gifts 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.

Retrospect.

When in the parlor of old age you sit,
And count your blameless 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 the room, polished the floor and bare,
With one wide window open to the air,
And one great flaming picture on the wall.

—Dudley Carew.

King's Cups.

Pure gold are the cups that shine in the sunlight of Yvorne. 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.

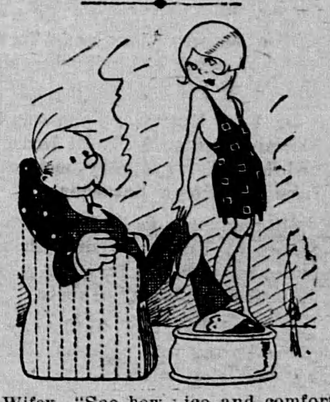
But so far as may be seen there are only peasants near by. They, with wandering strangers and sojourners in the mountains enjoy them in the Springtime, as they shine and glitter at the top of long stems, as if newly polished by invisible hands.

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 grays 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 minted 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.



Wifey—"See how nice and comfortable I've made it for you this evening?"

Hubby—"Yes—and it's a sure sign you're soon going to make it uncomfortable for me."

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 bulial 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 deemd 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.

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 battlefield
Solves in the spirit, wrought of her through strife
To read her own and trust her down to death.

—George Meredith.

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.

Minard's Liniment for backache.

Use MAGIC BAKING POWDER in all your baking—That's the way to assure success.

Made in Canada No Alum

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

A Dutch Sketch.

Past hyacinth banks and crowded quay
The slow canal winds out to sea,
The tulip-laden boats lag down
'Twixt 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 pfennig to spend this glad fete day.

Beneath their cart the gaunt dogs pass
With market greens and flagons of brass,
Red apples and cheeses and little wares
To tempt young Pansje from her cares.
Gnarled, bent old women with wrinkled face
In every doorway sit making lace.

—Gertrude Huntington McGiffet, in "A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems."

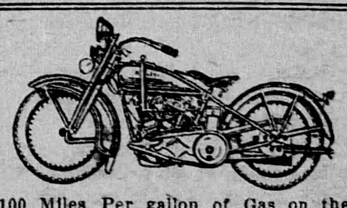
Minard's Liniment for burns.

Hyacinth Time.

It was the time when heaven comes down
And stains the wood with blue;
A firmament of hyacinths
Drank deep of forest dew;
The cooing of a lonely dove
Went mourning on the breeze,
And over all there swayed the song
And sighing of the trees.

—Norman Gale.

Standard stipends of Welsh clergy have been increased to £335.



100 Miles Per gallon of Gas on the New Single Harley-Davidson Motorcycle. Less than one cent per mile to operate. Write for catalogue and Prices.

Walter Andrews, Ltd.
346 Yonge St. - Toronto

NEW RUGS At Half Price 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.
Write for Catalogue No. 16.

THERIEN CO. Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Save your Energy

Even a heavy ironing will not tire you out if you do it the Hotpoint way. The exclusive Hotpoint thumb rest permits a natural, comfortable position of the hand. The Hotpoint Heel 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.

THE Hotpoint IRON

H-27-A

A Canadian General Electric Product