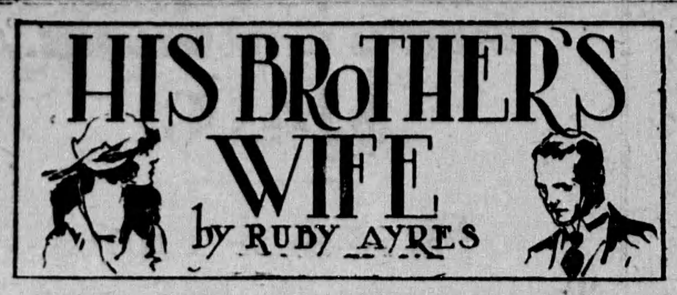
Just Drink

"SALADA" TEA

T50

Its superb flavour satisfies.


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 and word comes of the sinking of the ship on which they took passage.

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.

David's friend, Monty Fisher, discusses David's affairs with Dora Fisher, Monty's ambitious sister. They do not approve of David's invitation to his brother's widow.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"David wants a wife to manage him," said Dora, with greater energy than she had hitherto displayed. "Don't you think so?"

She looked across at her brother with a smile.

Monty shrugged his shoulders.

"He'll never marry. He doesn't care about women."

She leaned her elbow on the table and her chin in the palm of her hand.

"What will you bet me?" she asked.

He stared at her.

"I don't understand."

She laughed softly.

"I mean that I shouldn't mind being Mrs. David myself," she said.

"Good heavens!"

Monty stared at her in blank amazement.

Suddenly he laughed.

"You don't mean that you're serious?"

"Why not?" There was a hint of impatience in her voice. "David and I have always been good friends. I should think he probably likes me as well as any woman he knows. And, Monty, you know you'd love to have a place like Red Grange as a sort of second home."

Monty rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"David's cut out for a bachelor," he said again.

A little flush of annoyance crept into his sister's cheeks.

"Oh, very well, if that's your attitude! But it's a very poor compliment to me."

He stretched out his hand and touched her arm.

"You know I didn't mean it in that way. You know well enough that I'd back you against any woman in the world to get your own way if you meant to. But I'd never dreamed of such a thing. You and David—" He laughed rather excitedly. "Gad, it would be a fine thing for you, old girl! He's—well, he's pretty well off, you know."

She leaned back in her chair, folding her arms behind her head.

The loose sleeves of the gown she wore fell away, revealing white, dimpled elbows and slender wrists.

She was certainly the best-looking girl he had ever seen, Monty thought, with a thrill of pride. He pushed back his chair with sudden excitement, went round the table and, bending, kissed her cheek.

"Well, good luck, if you've set your heart on him!" he said heartily. "He's one of the best, anyway."

She made a little grimace.

"Oh, he's all right! A bit of a stick, but I dare say I could change that. He was never half the fun Nigel was."

Monty looked a little unhappy.

"If you don't really care for him—" he began.

She cut him short.

"No preaching, there's a dear! It's not in me to care for anyone in the story-book sort of way. I dare say we should jog along quite well together. He's too much of a gentleman to quarrel with me, even if he felt like it; and I'm too lazy—" She rose to her feet. "You might remind him that he promised to ask us down to Red Grange, Monty."

"Give him a chance, my dear. He only went down himself two days ago."

"I know. But we don't want to waste time."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW CLERK.

He glanced at his watch.

"I must be going; I've got a new clerk coming this morning, and I want to be there early to put him through his paces. Beastly nuisance, Smithson having gone to the war."

"Why, you said you thought it was right of him to go."

"I do think so, but it's a nuisance all the same."

She laughed carelessly.

"I always try to forget there is a war," she said candidly. "That's why I don't read the papers—casualty lists, and things like that, make me feel sick. War ought not to be allowed."

Monty made no answer; he had heard the same old argument so many times. He went out of the room for his hat and coat.

The war was a very real thing to him; he would have been one of the first to volunteer but for the girl in the room behind him.

She was quite dependent on him; neither of them had a penny piece beyond what he managed to knock up in his profession, and sometimes even now Dora's extravagance made him anxious, although he was getting on well, and had long since turned the corner.

She was so fond of frocks and luxury. It would be a fine thing for them both if she did really marry old David; there would be no need then to look at every sovereign before it was spent. She could adorn her beautiful body with furs, and all the rich things her rather shallow soul coveted.

Dora's sudden confession had put all thoughts of Nigel's widow out of Monty Fisher's head, but he remembered her again when he reached the office.

It was a mistake; he was sure it would prove to be a mistake.

He wished David would be guided by him in this matter, even while he was perfectly certain that David would not.

He was still absently signing the pile of letters on his desk when he suddenly remembered the new clerk who was to have appeared that morning; he rang a bell at his elbow.

After a moment the door opened, and a young man walked into the room.

"Ah—good morning, Evans!" said Fisher.

"Good morning, sir!" Young Evans spoke in a very pleasant voice; he looked well-groomed and brisk.

Fisher made some remarks about hoping he would settle down and do good work; he gave him a pile of papers to go through which needed sorting and filing. As the young man turned to go, he called him back.

"Just ask Miss Adams to bring me those papers I gave her this morning. She'll know—Mr. Nigel Bretherton's, I mean."

"Yes, sir."

"Nigel Bretherton!" Young Evans repeated the name to himself as he walked away down the passage. Nigel Bretherton! Where had he heard the name before? It was only when he had delivered Fisher's message to the typist, and returned to his own desk, that remembrance came to him.

It was the name Mary Furnival had given him two nights ago when he went to get news of the lost Multane for her.

"Mrs. Nigel Bretherton." That was what she had said when he asked the name of the friend whom she feared was drowned. She had corrected herself immediately to "Mrs. Robert Durham," but he could distinctly remember them both.

After all, it was nothing more than a coincidence, but one which interested him.

Later in the day he spoke to Miss Adams about it.

Miss Adams was Fisher's secretary and typist, a clear-headed, capable girl, who had already cast rather admiring glances at young Evans.

She answered his question readily; she liked to show him that she knew a great deal about her employer's affairs.

"Nigel Bretherton? Oh, he was the young brother of our chief client. Got killed at the Front six weeks ago. We had all his affairs to set straight."

She spoke with proprietary interest, and was disappointed that Evans did not seem particularly impressed.

"Married man?" he asked casually.

"Oh, yes!"

"Hard luck on his widow."

"Yes. She's only one of hundreds, though, isn't she? And I dare say she'll marry again. She's awfully pretty. She came here once with him just after they were married."

"Oh, he was the brother of our chief client."

"Awfully pretty!" Young Evans looked interested. "Where is she now?" he asked.

The girl laughed.

"You seem interested," she said, with a slight toss of her head. "She's in London, I suppose—they have a flat somewhere. No, I don't know where."

She bent over her work, and Evans said no more.

But his interest in the coincidence remained, more especially as only that morning he had received a letter from Mary Furnival, thanking him for his kindness to her, and telling him that she was leaving the flat and going to live with friends.

"I don't suppose we shall ever meet again," she wrote. "But I shall never forget you, and how kind you were to me when I was in such trouble. . ."

CHAPTER XX.

A DISCOVERY.

Young Evans did not like that tone of finality that seemed to breathe through the whole of the short letter; he did not at all see why they could not meet again.

He wondered what friends she had gone to, and if she would be happy. He wondered for whom she had been wearing mourning when he met her the night the Multane was lost. He had noticed that she wore no wedding ring, or engagement ring, and had been vaguely pleased.

She might have seen him again, if only for a moment; she might have given him some address to which to write. He wondered if she would mind were he to ask for one—if she would be angry were he to call and say his farewell in person.

He had no appetite for his tea; he scrambled through the meal hurriedly, with one eye on the clock.

She had said she "was leaving" the flat, not that she "had left."

(To be continued.)

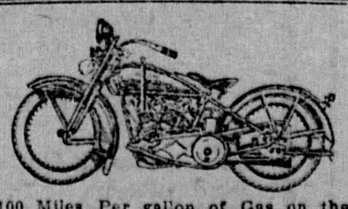
**Just Girls.**

"Is there anything worse than geometry, Alice?"

"Sure, washing dishes."

Good care and regular overhauling will materially extend the life, and add to the usefulness of farm equipment.

Locks that are stiff and hard to turn should be oiled with a feather dipped in good machine oil. Insert the feather through the keyhole and twist from side to side. This oils the parts and loosens dirt.

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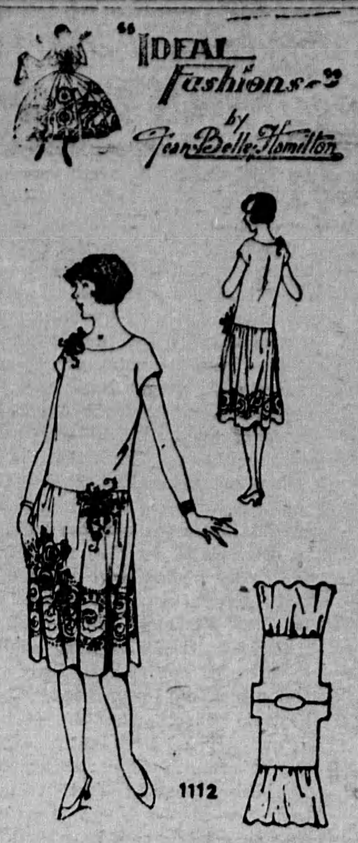


WINSOME PARTY FROCK

Quaint but chic, is the taffeta frock with slender bodice and full gathered skirt. The model pictured here combines taffeta with wide lace and has a semi-molded bodice terminating just below the normal waist-line, from which extends a full gathered skirt. A cluster of small flowers appears on the right shoulder and is repeated at the left hip. No. 1112 is for misses and small women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years, or 34, 36 and 38 inches bust only. Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material; wide lace insertion 2 yards. Price 20 cents.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. 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.**

**Bed Making.**

I am a maker of beds, morning's tossed beds.
When the sleepers have risen and departed
I smooth out the clothes,
Spank out the pillows, tuck in the blankets and sheets,
Draw up the multi-patched coverlid,
Stretching it smooth and immaculate.

Sometimes I pause in my labors
To gaze on an angle of crimson
Slashed from an apron of Granny's,
Or a square like a glimpse of blue sky
From a petticoat worn in the eighties.
Smocks and dresses and little boys' blouses—
History is stitched in this bed quilt.

There are other big beds and small cots,
In front room, in west room, in attic,
And as I straighten them out
I am close to those who have left them,
I am filled with their presence and love.

Bed making is a simple homely task
That somehow never wearies one.

—Lloyd Roberts.

**The Printer's Devil.**

There is more than one explanation of how the expression "printer's devil" started, but an interesting and believable one appeared recently.

According to this, Aldus Manutius, the famous sixteenth century printer, brought to Venice a negro boy. "Blackamoors" were a great novelty there in those days. The populace thought the dark-skinned boy with the gleaming eyes was an imp from the lower regions. To quiet the excitement the great printer exhibited his apprentice in public and made this declaration:

"I Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and to the Doge, have this day made public exposure of my devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

The belief in the youth's satanic origin subsided but the name stuck.

**Portrait.**

Her words are soft
And sleek as fur
Stroke her and she'll
Stretch and purr—
If you forget
And pass her by
Watch the glitter
In her eye.

—Reginald Lunberg Lee.

Wild horses which roam the sagebrush plateau of British Columbia are said to be the descendants of horses left behind when mining towns were deserted.


Minard's Liniment for burns.

*Housewife:*
*"The clothes are lovely this week"*
*Laundress:*
*"Yes Ma'am, I'm using Sunlight Soap"*

EXPERT laundresses delight in using Sunlight Soap.

They know it is *all-pure* soap; that it works naturally, therefore safely.

This means gloriously clean clothes that stay new much longer.

*Mrs. Experience says*

"I began using Sunlight Soap because of the $5,000 Guarantee of Purity. I continue to use it because it does such wonderful work."

Made by
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S82a


**The Essay.**

Is, then, the Essay in literature a thing which simply stands outside classification, like Argon among the elements, of which the only thing which can be predicted is that it is there? Or like Justice in Plato's Republic, a thing which the talkers set out to define, and which ends by being the one thing left in a state when the definable qualities are taken away? No, it is not that. It is rather like what is called an organ prelude, a little piece with a theme, not very strict perhaps in form, but which can be fancifully treated, modulated from and colored at will.—A. C. Benson.

**In May.**

Let me go forth, and share
The overflowing Sun
With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,
Where the pewit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips
Tingles with the Spring.

—William Watson.

**Roasted a Shell.**

Two old gypsies who lit a camp fire in a wood near Amiens, France, inadvertently roasted a shell, which blew up and killed them.


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Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.


**An Excellent Idea.**

Perhaps some part of the scarcity of spring poems may be traced to the fact that the poets are burning their scratch pads to take the chill off the bungalow.


Minard's Liniment for backache.


**Poles Prefer Long Hair.**

Polish women have been slow in succumbing to bobbed hair just as they always refrained from any extensive use of rogue. Polish girls have naturally long and beautiful hair which is worn traditionally in two long braids, a style that suits their native beauty and makes the Polish girl slow to have her hair cut short.

A New Dairy Pail at a Popular Price

**See the new SMP Dairy Pail next time you are in town. They are made of special quality, high finished tin, have large dairy pail ears, riveted with large rivets, soldered flush. 100% sanitary. Cut out this advertisement. Show it to your regular dealer. He has our authority to give you a special low price on a pair of these fine pails.**

SMP DAIRY PAILS

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