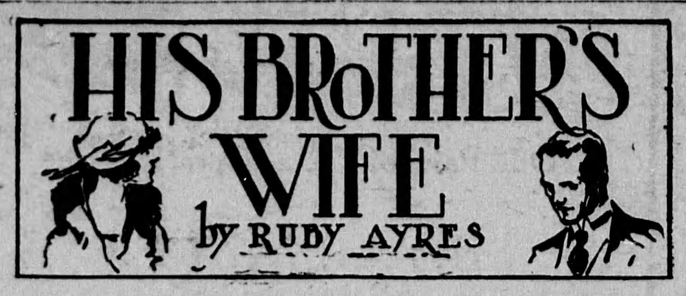
You Can Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

T70

Write 'Salada', Toronto, for free sample.



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. An acquaintance of Mary's named Evans, falls in love with her. David and his aunt prepare to welcome Mary when she comes to live with them at Red Grange.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

He turned slowly away, drawing the door to behind him before he went down the wide staircase to his own study.

* * *

The car had already gone to Selmont, the nearest station. If the train was punctual she ought to be here in a few moments.

Even as he glanced at his watch he heard the motor-horn as the car turned in at the drive. He stopped, irresolute.

A servant crossed the hall to open the door. Miss Varney came hurrying down the stairs.

"That must be she, David. Oh, dear, I do feel so nervous!"

David looked a little nervous himself. He passed a hand rather agitatedly across the back of his head, and glanced at himself in a long mirror that hung on one wall; but he went forward composedly enough when the car drew up at the step, and a servant opened the door.

A little dying ray of sunshine struggled through the gray sky as Mary Furnival stepped from the car, shining warmly upon her sweet face and black-robed figure.

"Sunshine to greet her! A good omen," thought Miss Varney, as she unceremoniously brushed David aside and went forward with outstretched hands.

"My dear child, I am so glad to see you! Welcome home—to Nigel's home!"

The girl's eyes went past the little lady's kindly face to where David stood, and a sort of fear momentarily filled her eyes. But it was gone immediately, and she returned Miss Varney's impulsive kiss with warmth.

"I am so glad to come, and I think it is sweet of you to want me."

She shook hands with David composedly enough, but she did not raise her eyes to his. Her lips were a little tremulous. Now the first flush of excitement had died away she looked pale and ill.

"Tea will be all ready when you have taken off your hat. David, I told them to put tea in your study—it's so much more cozy there. You don't mind, do you?"

She did not wait for an answer. The two women went away up the wide staircase together.

* * *

David Bretherton stood looking after them with a little frown. She was glad to come, he was sure of that; the tone of her voice and the tremulous agitation of her face told him more than an effusion of words could have done. But he remembered how she had avoided meeting his eyes.

He went into the study, where tea was laid by the fire, and stood looking across the room with thoughtful eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BEGINNING OF DIFFICULTIES.

He made himself very agreeable during tea-time. Even Miss Varney was a little surprised at the attention he paid to the girl. As a rule he cared little for women, and avoided their company whenever possible.

He told Mary that he was looking forward to showing her the surrounding country. He said that there were many things about the house that would interest her—"That is, if you care for old things," he added.

"I do, very much," she told him.

For the first time her eyes met his. Something in their expression held hers. A little color crept up over his chin. It was David who looked away first.

"We have some very fine pictures," he said, rather constrainedly. "We are proud of them, aren't we, Aunt Florence?" He turned again to Mary. "I wonder if you will let me have your portrait added to the gallery? Nigel's is there. I should like his wife's to hang beside him."

Mary had just lifted her cup. It fell from her nerveless grasp to the rug at her feet. She sat looking down at it with a sort of frozen horror on her white face.

Miss Varney rushed to the rescue.

"It doesn't matter—it doesn't matter in the least," she declared kindly, regardless of the fact that the broken cup was old Sevres, and almost priceless.

She rang the bell for the maid. She poured Mary a fresh cup of tea. She laughed and chatted, and did her best to cover the girl's painful confusion.

Mary began a stammered apology.

"I am so very sorry. I don't know how it happened. I am not clumsy as a rule."

There were tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"Please don't upset yourself," said David kindly. There was a sort of remorse in his face as he saw the distress in hers. "I dare say you are tired." He looked down at the broken fragments of delicate china. "I never cared for the set, anyhow," he said carelessly.

Miss Varney looked up in amazement.

"Why—" she began, remembering how many times David had said how much he valued the tea-service, but stopped, meeting his eyes. "No, you never did really like it, did you?" she said hurriedly.

They spoke on other subjects, but it was obvious that Mary was upset at what had occurred; as soon as possible Miss Varney took her away.

"To unpack and rest," she said. "You must be tired after the long journey. We don't have dinner till half-past seven, so you will have plenty of time."

When she came back to the study, she found David still standing where she had left him; there was a little pucker of perplexity between Miss Varney's kind eyes as she closed the door and went up to him.

"She isn't a bit as I pictured her, David. If you remember, Monty Fisher described her as very pretty, and rather—common, didn't he? Well, I don't call her pretty, do you? And she's a lady to her finger tips."

David shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I think she is pretty," he said nonchalantly. "Or she would be if she didn't look so sad; and she's most certainly a lady."

"She adored poor Nigel; upstairs just now, she put her arms around my neck and began to cry like a child when I spoke about him."

"I shouldn't speak of him too much if I were you; it doesn't give her a chance to get over it. The thing is to try and take her thoughts off the subject, don't you think? Of course, I don't mean that I want her to forget him—but—you understand?"

"I suppose it is the best thing to do. Poor child! David, didn't you tell me her name was Dolly?"

"I—er—I really forget; why?"

"I asked her what she would like me to call her, and she said 'Mary'—but I am sure you said that her name was Dolly."

"Nigel wrote about her as Dolly; perhaps it was a sort of nickname."

David had half turned away, and was looking down into the fire.

"I shall call her Mary, anyway," Miss Varney asserted. "The other doesn't seem to suit her at all. Dolly!" she made a little mouth. "One thinks of a babyish-looking girl, not anyone in the least like Mary. David, I'm going to love that girl."

David looked around smiling.

"Are you?"

"I am sure I shall. There's something about her—" she broke off. "I suppose you'll be calling me an impressionable old woman?"

David put out his hand and took hers.

"I think you're the best woman in the world," he said; and stooping, gave her a hearty kiss.

Miss Varney smiled, well pleased. She adored her tall nephew; it was her greatest happiness to hear him say that he did not know what he should do without her.

She walked to the door and came back.

"David," she said in a half whisper, "you're not to dress for dinner tonight; I don't think Mary has any evening frocks."

"I don't suppose she has; they must have led a very quiet life by the look of the flat. Did she like her room?"

"She said it was lovely; she had never seen it before. When she came with Nigel, they only went round the grounds, and through the downstairs rooms. You must show her all over the house to-morrow."

"If she cares to go."

"If she cares to! Why, she's as proud of being a Bretherton as you are! She thinks they're a most wonderful race. Do you really mean to have her portrait added to the gallery, dear?"

It fell from her nerveless grasp to the rug.

"If she will allow me to; all the Brethertons and their wives are there."

"She is a widow, poor child," said Miss Varney, sighing.

David made no comment, and she went softly away, closing the door.

By dinner time Mary seemed to have recovered something of her cheeriness; there was a little white added to the sombre black of her frock, and she was not so pale.

As David sat at the head of the table, the light from the shaded lamp falling on his face, she could see again that odd, uncertain likeness to his dead brother that had so upset her that night at the flat; it made her feel fanciful; it almost seemed as if Nigel were a living presence in the room, watching her, perfectly conscious of what she was doing.

She woke from her dreaming with a little start.

David was speaking to her; his eyes met hers with that half deprecating, half sympathetic expression which she could not quite fathom.

"Did you know we had a ghost here? Did Nigel tell you?"

Mary shook her head; a faint gleam of interest crossed her face.

(To be continued.)

The Owl.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

—Tennyson.

His System.

She (at concert)—Why do you applaud everything, whether it is good or bad?"

He—"Oh, that's an easy one. I applaud a good thing because it's good and a bad thing because it's over."

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 traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

SPORTS FROCKS FEATURE TUB SILKS.

As the season progresses, more and more charming frocks of wash silks are ushered in, as the model featured above attests. Here we have one of the striped silk broadcloths, utilizing a plain harmonizing tone for the semi-mannish collar, and patch pockets that feature an inverted plait and button-down tab. One of the distinguishing features of this trim little frock for morning or sports wear, is the long narrow tab-like strip of plain material, embellished with buttons, that holds in place the inverted plait at centre front, required to give necessary fullness. There are gathers at each shoulder and the set-in sleeves may be finished short or long. No. 1336 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch striped material; ¼ yard plain contrasting. Price 20 cents.

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The Road Home.

I think of you in a wee white house
At the end of a slim, green lane,
In a land that is free of care and doubt,
In a land that knows no pain.
I think of you with blue, smiling eyes,
But your mouth has a wistful line,
As if it longs—oh, I know it does!—
For a fleeting touch of mine!

I think you work in the little house,
That the walls may be bright and neat,
And I think that you hurry to spread soft rugs,
On the chance that my tired feet
May falter over the low doorsill,
May sound on the narrow stair,
And I know that you'll stand with your arms outflung,
As soon as I enter there.

Oh roses will grow on the garden gate
And over the bronze sundial
That murmurs, as ever the hours change,
"It is only for just a while."
And your hands will train them with tender care,
Though ever your gaze will roam
Down the road that winds through the happy trees,
The road that will bring me Home!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Suspected in His Home Town.

The prophet is not the only person who is without honor among his countrymen. The writer of fiction, declares Mr Harold MacGrath, one of the most popular of young American story-writers. Not long ago, he says, his wife was doing some shopping in their home town of Syracuse. An old lady standing beside Mrs MacGrath heard her give her name in charging several purchases.

"Is that Harold MacGrath, the author?" asked the old lady.

"Yes."

"And are you his wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, who writes his books for him?"

"He writes them himself, of course. Why?"

"Well," doubtfully replied the old lady, "it may be true, but my two boys went to school with him and they are only book-keepers now, and they say that he wasn't none too smart then."

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A Simple Thing.

"How do you make words sing?"
It is a simple thing.

You would not coax a star
To move and glide afar.

Who would persuade a stream
To run, or light to beam?

Who tells a boy to play?
It is his native way.

You never tease the birds
To trill their lovely words.

The thoughts that sing and shine
Are neither yours nor mine;

For words cannot be driven;
Accept them as Love given.

O living words that start
Sweet joy within the heart!

Fair songs such words can bring—
Just listen to them sing!

—Martha Hardy Trimble.

Glaciers, like rivers, flow faster in the middle than at the edges.

Water in Paper Making.

Twenty-five thousand gallons of water is used to manufacture a ton of paper.

Minard's Liniment for burns.

The original home of the sheep was probably Asia.

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