It Will Delight You

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND 4

T81

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

BRITISH ROTARIANS FOR DENVER CONVENTION

Above is a party of British Rotarians on their way to the International Rotary Convention held at Denver, June 13 to 20. Front row seated are: C. White, British President of the Rotarians, Belfast; J. E. Appleyard, Leeds; H. Winnicott, Plymouth; J. E. Webb, Truro; L. F. King, Bournemouth. Ladies are: Mrs. C. White, Mrs. Appleyard, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Smith, Miss Coghill, Mrs. Kingston. Back row: J. Smith, Liverpool; W. Curdy, Dublin; C. Kingston, Dublin; J. Riddell, Doncaster; Edward Willens, Brussels; G. Charlesworth, Doncaster; W. Webber, Plymouth.

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, who welcome her when she comes. Mary tells the aunt, Miss Varney, that nobody else loved Nigel as Mary loved him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"I think I understand; and I think you would if you had seen David as I did late that night—the first night we came back here. I heard a sound along the corridor, and I came out of my room to see what it was, and there was David going down to the picture gallery. I followed him, and I found him standing in front of the portrait of Nigel, and his face—oh, you wouldn't have said he didn't care any more if you had seen his face as I did!"

Mary said nothing. There was a leaping pulse in her throat that seemed to be choking her, but she tried to smile, meeting the elder woman's wistful gaze.

"I suppose we don't all feel things in the same way," she said brokenly. "It's just that, isn't it?" She rose to her feet with a little weary gesture. "I wonder if I might go to bed?" she said, half apologetically. "I feel so tired. Would you think it very rude of me?"

Miss Varney rose at once. She blamed herself for her thoughtlessness.

"Poor child! Of course you are tired!"

She went up to the girl's room with her. She kissed her most affectionately as she said good night.

"Sleep well, my dear, and try and believe that there is plenty of sunshine in life for you still."

Mary smiled rather quiveringly.

"I'll try," she said.

But when the door had shut on Miss Varney's kindly face, she went over to the window and looked drearily out into the darkness.

There was no moon and no stars, but the wind was waving the dark branches of the trees and sighing restlessly.

And Mary thought of the woman and child who had been driven out into that very road by the relentless hand of the Bretherton they had deceived, to meet death, and a little shiver shook her.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT THE RED GRANGE.

Mary Furnival woke the next morning to find Miss Varney at her bedside; she started up with a little exclamation.

"Is it very late? Oh, I am so sorry!"

She glanced apprehensively at the little clock on the mantelshelf; it pointed to ten.

A distressed flush colored her cheeks.

"Oh, I am sorry! I had no idea it was so late. I never sleep on like this."

Miss Varney laughed.

"I am glad you have, my dear; you looked worn out last night; I told them not to disturb you. Have you had a good night?"

Mary looked rueful.

"Much too good, I'm afraid. I will get up at once."

"They're bringing your breakfast up to you. The fire has been lit already, you see; it shows how soundly you slept."

"It seems impossible!"

Mary had been so sure that she would not be able to sleep at all, and now for nearly twelve hours she had slept dreamlessly.

A smiling maid brought her breakfast, and set it on a small table close to the fire. It was all most daintily served; the little teapot was silver; the tray cloth of fine linen, embroidered with the Bretherton crest.

Mary looked at everything with a sort of awe. She had been used to such plain homeliness all her life. There was something luxurious and delightful in this new daintiness of surroundings.

She enjoyed her meal thoroughly; she felt new energy and anticipation thrilling her as she dressed. The dullness of yesterday had gone; the sun was shining; sparrows twittered to each other in the ivy that covered the face of the old house.

She went down the wide staircase wondering what the day would bring forth. In the hall she met David Bretherton; he stopped when he saw her, and held out his hand.

"Aunt Florence tells me that you have broken the record for a long sleep," he said, smiling. "I hope you feel all the better for it."

She flushed a little.

"I am afraid you must all think me horribly lazy; I am always up so early, as a rule. And on such a fine morning, too!"

"Would you like to go out? I am just going round the gardens; will you come with me?"

"I should love to." She was all eagerness to see the well-remembered places; she would rather re-visit them with David than anyone, seeing that she could never walk there again with his brother.

A momentary wave of sadness swept through her heart as she went back upstairs for a hat and coat. It seemed, somehow, a mockery to be glad that the sun shone, and that she should be here at Red Grange, when one remembered that lonely grave somewhere in France, and the horrors that were daily being enacted there.

But one cannot be altogether sad when the sun is shining, and before she had gone far with David she found herself chatting and talking with him almost happily.

"Aren't you very proud of your beautiful home? I think it must be wonderful to know that you are one of a family who has lived here for generations and generations; that it all belongs to you—"

"I am proud of it, even though I shall probably be the last Bretherton to live here."

She looked up startled.

"What do you mean?"

"Only that now Nigel is gone there will be nobody to carry on the name—"

"But you will marry?"

He shook his head.

"It's not very probable; I'm not the sort of man women care for, even if I wished them to." He smiled, looking down at her.

"Oh, but you musn't think that," she told him impulsively. "It's only just that you haven't met the right woman yet; some day she will come along, and then—"

"Yes, and then?" he echoed.

"Well, then, all the world will seem changed and different; you will wonder how you ever managed to live without her."

His gray eyes searched her face.

"Is that how one feels when one is in love?"

She looked up and quickly away again.

"Oh, I—" She broke off. "I am afraid I have been talking nonsense," she said distressfully.

They had reached the end of the path skirting the lawn, and David held open a little gate leading to a kitchen garden and paddock beyond.

"If it is nonsense, it's very charming nonsense," he said, smiling. "You make me feel that I have missed a great deal by being a bachelor."

She shook her head.

"I didn't mean that; it isn't all roses when you care for a person very much."

"Not even when they care very much for you in return?"

"But sometimes they don't," she told him. "And then—" She broke off, wondering if he realized what her words conveyed, but he made no comment, and they walked on silently.

"But you will marry?" He shook his head.

Once he stopped to speak to one of the gardeners; the man glanced at Mary and touched his cap respectfully.

"This is Mr. Nigel's widow," said David.

He did not look at Mary as he spoke, or he might have seen the sudden pallor that drove the color from her face; she turned abruptly and walked a step away.

When David rejoined her:

"Smithers knew Nigel when we were both little boys," he explained. "He was here on the estate as a lad in my father's time."

She did not answer; she was beginning to realize with a sort of horror what her deception really meant. It was a continually acted lie. She was proposing to live, day after day, taking the respect and attentions due to another—robbing the dead—robbing the dead.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DIFFICULT PATH.

He took her down to the stables, and showed her the loft where he and Nigel had played as children; he showed her the step-ladder staircase down which Nigel had once fallen on the last day of the holidays.

"He cut his forehead badly—I dare say you have seen the scar—but I don't think he minded, as it meant an extra week at home. He always hated school—"

"Yes, I know," she answered vaguely. She was wondering what would happen if suddenly she stopped, turned to this man, and said:

"I am not Nigel's widow. I was never his wife. I have no right here at all. I am just deceiving you all along."

She went to the door of the stables and stood looking across the sunny garden with eyes that saw nothing. David came to stand beside her; there was a sort of compassion in his face.

"I hope you will be happy here—with us," he said. "I hope you will believe that I am anxious to be your friend. If there is anything troubling you, I wish you would tell me, and let me help you."

His voice sounded kind and sincere; there was nothing but earnest sincerity in his eyes; for a moment she longed to take him at his word, and make a clean breast of the whole miserable story, but something prevented her; she even forced herself to laugh a little, though the tears rushed to her eyes.

"You are very kind; I will not forget. But—but there isn't anything troubling me—there isn't anything at all."

And now she was no longer looking at him. She moved out into the yard again as if to prevent further conversation.

(To be continued.)

A Road's Unfolding.

I had been told of a road that ran for many miles southward by the Alps until it ended at the Mediterranean . . . and I sought it. When I left it, I wondered if there was another such in the world.

It takes you where the fields are small, but are full of folk; where the villages are plastered like swallows' nests, high up on the faces of cliffs, with a church and a castle over all; . . . where the church bells have a peculiarly peaceful note . . . It is a road of the mountains. It rises as high as eight thousand feet, and day after day progress consists in winding up one side to wind down on the other. It is a road of great moments. . . . Usually near the top of the cols, the slope flattens and the last stage in the ascent of the gray, barren peaks begins with meadows and trees or shrubs. On either hand the summits tower, frequently clothed in snow, and in front is the saddle-dip over which the road is carried. Behind and below, the road and the river run back into the blue mist, huge delicately tinted ranges keep the horizon. Mont Blanc being rarely absent; and you know that a few yards ahead at the summit you will look upon another wonderful panorama of valley and mountain lying before you. At this point you hear the tinkling bell of a drowsing cow and through the trees a house appears. . . . I hope that for many centuries yet there will be people, who, on these high meadowy slopes shut in by the gray jagged peaks, will wish to pause and wander up the mountain paths, to daily by the streams, to see the sun setting and rising, and to feel the awe of the wonderful land of forest and stream and village and mountain lying below, beyond and above.

Not a mile of the hundreds was dull. . . . The contrasts were lightsome. . . . Gray, bare mountains . . . looked down upon one of the sunniest and happiest of broad elevated basins. . . . The valley below, where a crowd of people were in the fields lifting potatoes with mules and oxen and carts, was the sunniest and happiest of the places we went through.

From that we plunged into deep river gorges, the rocks on both sides rising sheer as a stone falls, for hundreds of feet above us, the clear blue waters from the snow fields above rushing and foaming down over great boulders, twisting round sharp corners, leaping over stone walls, the rocks through which the road was cut hanging over us. . . . Thus the scenes were unfolded, until at last through a gap in the hills we saw a short straight line on the horizon and a blitter below it. Then we knew we had reached the sea and the end of the road.—J. Ramsay MacDonald, in "Wanderings and Excursions."

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

The Blue Asbestos.

Blue asbestos, which occurs only in South Africa, is a better non-conductor of heat than ordinary white asbestos.

ISSUE No. 26—'25.

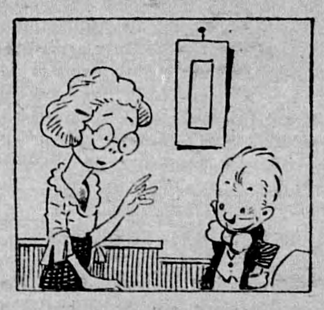
TO SUIT THE NEEDS OF THE SMALL BOY.

The small boy's suit for play wear may be both practical and manly when fashioned on the lines of the model pictured here, which is made of tan and navy striped duro. It has a round flat collar, and fastens in the centre front with buttons and button holes. The back is plain with a drop-seat, and the set-in sleeves may be long or short. The legs are loose at the knees, and the upper and lower patch pocket trim the front. No. 1319 is in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards 32-inch material, or 1⅝ yards 89-inch; short sleeves require ⅛ yard less. Price 20 cents.

Home sewing brings nice clothes within the reach of all, and to follow the mode is delightful when it can be done so easily and economically, by following the styles pictured in our new Fashion Book. A chart accompanying each pattern shows the material as it appears when cut out. Every detail is explained so that the inexperienced sewer can make without difficulty an attractive dress. 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.



Its Habitat.

Teacher—"Where is the emu found, Bobby?"

Bobby—"Mostly in cross-word puzzles, Miss."

Flowers and Gems for the Year.

January, Snowdrop, Garnet; February, Primrose, Amethyst; March, Violet, Aqua marine; April, Daisy, Diamond; May, Hawthorn or apple blossom, Emerald; June, Rose, Pearl; July, Poppy, Ruby; August, Water-lily, Sardonyx; September, Morning-glory or golden-rod, Sapphire; October, Aster, Opal; November, Chrysanthemum, Topaz; December, Holly, Turquoise.

Before marriage a man may declare himself unworthy of his sweetheart's love, and after marriage spend two-thirds of his time proving it.

June on the Merrimac.

Here cant forgets his dreary tone,
And care his face forlorn;
The liberal air and sunshine laugh
The bigot's zeal to scorn.

From manhood's weary shoulder falls
His load of selfish cares;
And woman takes her rights as flowers
And brooks and birds take theirs.

The license of the happy woods,
The brook's release are ours;
The freedom of the unshamed wind
Among the glad-eyed flowers.

We walk on holy ground; above
A sky more holy smiles;
The chant of the beatitudes
Swells down these leafy aisles.

Thanks to the gracious Providence
That brings us here once more;
For memories of the good behind
And hopes of good before!

—Whittier.

Minard's Liniment for burns.

Mock Mahogany.

When desiring to stain light-colored wood a good mahogany color, a method that produces the best results, while at the same time requiring only one coat of the stain is as follows:

Before applying the stain, procure some permanganate of potash. Dissolve this in enough water to make a good rich reddish brown shade, and apply it to the wood with a clean brush. When dry, apply mahogany stain or stain and varnish combined. If a very silky finish is desired, use both stain and varnish, then very gently rub down the varnish with fine sandpaper or powdered pumice, afterward applying a coat of liquid wax as a final finish. This use of the permanganate of potash as a first coat furnishes a good body color.

Raising the lid of a new receptacle for cigarets intended for home use starts a music box to playing a tune.

TORONTO OFFERS BEST MARKET FOR
Poultry, Butter, Eggs
We Offer Toronto's Best Prices.
LINES, LIMITED
St. Lawrence Market Toronto 2

High School Boards and Boards of Education
Are authorized by law to establish
INDUSTRIAL, TECHNICAL AND ART SCHOOLS
With the approval of the Minister of Education.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS, MANUAL TRAINING, HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, Vocational Schools and Departments. Copies of the Regulations issued by the Minister of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN
Earn money—and get it every week. Sell fruit trees, flowering shrubs, shade trees, hedging, roses and evergreens. Outfit furnished. Old, established firm has an attractive proposition for man or woman of good standing and energetic.
E. D. SMITH & SONS, LIMITED,
Winona, Ontario

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 write the Superintendent.

SIMONDS CANADA SAW COMPANY LTD.
SIMONDS MACHINE KNIVES
SIMONDS SAWS
11

This Washboard will wear for Years

IT'S so strong you could stand on it without doing it any harm. The rubbing surface is heavy SMP Pearl Enamel, positively smooth as glass, but unlike glass, *it cannot break!* And it won't wear out, like zinc. The back is heavily re-inforced with wood. It's a washboard that will last for many years, and remember, it is SMP made.

The Sheet Metal Products Co. of Canada Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Edmonton Vancouver Calgary
211

SMP ENAMELED WASHBOARD