# Be Sure To Say "SALADA" GREEN TEA

T71

**It is by far the most delicious. Ask for it.**


# 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 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.

David followed at once. He talked trivialities until they were back again in the house.

then. She was afraid of David; his

Mary escaped to her own room new friendliness toward her made her afraid. Something in the steady kindliness of his eyes seemed to pierce the mean little deceptions of her heart, and leave her ashamed.

"But it's not as if I were trying to get anything for myself," she argued with her conscience. "I only want to be here in Nigel's home for a little while, for just a few days. I will be quite willing to go away then."

She tried to comfort herself with this assurance; but she felt miserable as she went down to lunch.

It seemed as if everyone must know, as if the very servants knew that she was an impostor; even the eyes of the faded portraits that lined the room seemed to be looking their contempt and condemnation at her; she could not bear to meet their cold, steady gaze.

She was roused from her thoughts to the sound of David's voice; he was speaking to Miss Varney.

"I heard from Monty Fisher this morning. Aunt Florence, I wish you would write to Miss Fisher, and ask them both down here for a week-end." He turned to Mary. "Have you ever met Fisher?"

Mary tried to find her voice, but it seemed to die away in her throat; she moistened her lips nervously.

After a moment:

"You mean Mr. Fisher, the solicitor?" she faltered.

"Yes; he is my best friend. He used to see to all Nigel's affairs for him."

"I have met him—yes."

"A very nice young man," said Miss Varney. "A great favorite of mine. I will certainly ask them down."

Mary felt as if she must burst out laughing.

What a short-lived paradise here was to be, after all. She knew that Fisher would recognize her at once—knew that she could hope for nothing more once he saw her there installed as Nigel's widow.

A desperate idea of appealing to David not to ask them rushed into her mind. But what reason could she give? It would only arouse his suspicion at once; and, besides, if Fisher were his best friend, how could she hope that her secret would be kept?

David was speaking to her.

"Have you met Miss Fisher, too?"

"No—oh, no—no, I haven't!"

"I don't think Mary would care for her at all," Miss Varney interposed decidedly. "She isn't in the least like her brother. I can't tolerate dressed-up dolls!" David laughed.

"Oh, come, dear, she isn't as bad as that. And Monty thinks the world of her."

Miss Varney said "Humph!" She looked at Mary, and shook her head.

"You wait till you see her," she admonished, "and then tell me who is right, David or I."

Mary did not answer. When lunch was ended, and David rose to leave the room, she made some excuse and followed.

The desperate idea of appealing to him was still lingering in her mind. He had been so kind to her that morning—surely if she asked him not to invite the Fishers down for the present—But what excuse could she give? What reason that would be adequate?

She stopped outside the diningroom door with a feeling of utter defeat. David, hearing her steps, turned. He came back a little.

"Do you want me?"

"No, only—"

He hesitated, then came wholly back.

"Would you like to go out? There is the car. I shall be only too delighted if you will come."

He was well aware of the restlessness in her eyes. Some new feeling of chivalry in his heart made him long to help her and comfort her. He had never before met a woman who so appealed to him as this one.

"If it wouldn't be bothering you," she told him. "But I am afraid it would be."

"Nonsense! Run away and put your bonnet on."

She laughed outright at that.

"I don't wear a bonnet—yet."

"Don't you? I'm sorry." He laughed with her. "Hat, then—is that better?"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

A RESPITE.

He stood looking after her as she ran up the stairs. When she came down again he was waiting in the hall. He wore a big coat and a soft hat; a fur-lined cloak hung over his arm.

"This is for you," he said, seeing her glance at it. "It's cold motoring even on a warm day, and the wind is chilly this afternoon." He wrapped it round her, laughing when he saw how much too large it was for her slim figure.

"It's beautifully warm," she told him.

Miss Varney came to the door to see them start.

"Be very careful now," she admonished David. "No accidents."

She looked at Mary.

"I never will go out in the car myself," she said. "And I'm always in dread that something will happen to David. Oh, no, I know you're not a reckless driver, my dear"—as he ventured to protest. "But it's the other people on the road who are reckless. Don't you let him drive too fast, Mary."

The car started smoothly away. Mary leaned back in the luxurious seat beside David, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment. She would not think of anything unpleasant; she determinedly thrust all shadows of the future behind her.

"Are you enjoying it?" asked David. He looked down at her smilingly.

"I think it's lovely! I've never been in such a big car before."

"I'll teach you to drive some day, if you would care to learn. It's quite easy when you know how."

"I don't believe I could ever learn."

"Nonsense!" He moved a little nearer to her, pointing out the various brakes and handles.

"When we get into a quieter road we will change places, and you shall try."

She assented eagerly. About half a mile further along he stopped.

"Now you take my seat."

He sat with one arm behind her, his hand on the wheel, ready to control it; he showed her how to use the electric starter. Mary gave a little excited cry when she felt the car moving forward under her control. David laughed at her.

"You look like a child with a new toy," he said. "Turn the wheel a little more to the left—we're too much at the side of the road."

Her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed when he turned her back to her own seat.

"I can't allow you to drive through the village," he said. "Besides, you haven't got a license. We shall have the police after us." He leaned across and tucked the rug warmly round her; there was something so intimate and friendly in the little action that Mary felt suddenly as if she had known him all her life.

Once again the desire came to her to speak about the Fishers. She stole a shy glance at him; he was looking at her.

"Well?" he encouraged.

She sat up suddenly.

"I wonder if you would think it very strange if I were to ask you something?"

She was surprised at her own daring and the steadiness of her voice.

"Try me and see," he suggested.

She looked straight ahead of her down the little quiet road, with its handful of cottages and tiny shops.

"It's only—only—I wonder if you would mind very much if I asked you not to—to invite Mr. Fisher down here just yet?"

She caught her breath. Beneath the fur rug her hands were clasped together tightly.

David did not answer for a moment.

"You don't like him?" he hazarded then.

She shook her head vigorously.

"Oh, no—no, it isn't that! He has always been very nice to me. But if

She looked straight ahead down the little quiet road.

you don't mind very much—just while I am here. Oh, I know it sounds dreadful of me to ask such a thing."

"What do you mean—'just while you are here'?" he questioned.

She did not look at him.

"Because I sha'n't be here long, of course; only for a little while. I couldn't stay here very long; it wouldn't be right."

"Why not right?"

"Why, indeed? Her heart echoed the question mockingly.

"Because," she said faintly, "oh, because—" And then stopped again.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARY'S REQUEST.

There was a little silence. They had left the village behind them now, and were out again on the high road, between broad hedges.

"They shall not come if you don't wish it," said David presently. "I will tell my aunt."

But now she had got her own way she was frightened.

"Oh, I don't want you to put them off because of me! They are your friends; it can be no concern of mine if they come." She was breathless and agitated. "Oh, I hope you are not offended!" she pleaded.

He smiled.

"It takes more than that to offend me. I am glad you asked me to put them off; it shows that you don't feel as if I am quite a stranger. I am very glad!"

When he spoke again, it was entirely irrelevant.

"When will you have your next driving lesson?"

(To be continued.)

## After Every Meal

It doesn't take much to keep you in trim. Nature only asks a little help.

Wrigley's, after every meal, benefits teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

*A Flavor for Every Taste*

C613


ISSUE No. 27—'26.

## Sentence Sermons.

The World Gives Us—Our opportunities, but we must make our own decisions.

—Time, but we must improve it.

—Plenty of material, but we must work it up.

—The right to live, but we must earn our living.

—Plenty of acquaintances, but we must find our friends.

—Many things to enjoy, but we must cultivate the power of appreciation.

—More in exchange for dependability than for cleverness.


## 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.

1312

A STRIKING PLAID COAT.

Whether one travels afar or remains at home, the plaid coat is the coat of the hour for every hour of the day. It is informal enough for jaunts and journeys, and smart enough for town and tea. It's one of those simple designs that are so easy to wear, featuring the Lanvin flare from shoulder to hem, and a tailored collar to be fastened high, or turned down. The patch pockets are trimmed with a buttoned tab, and the set-in sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. No. 1312 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material; lining 3½ yards 36-inch. Price 20 cents.

At the very moment you are making selections for vacation wardrobes, for the season of sports, and for general summer wear, you will find a charming assortment of fashions from which to choose your requirements, in our New Fashion Book. There are many adaptations of Paris models, picturing the accepted, the definitely smart thing that will endure. The patterns are accurate and every detail is explained, so that if you have never sewed before you can make without difficulty an attractive dress. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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**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.**

**Well That Explains It.**

"Well, I'm glad that you managed to only squander one dollar to-day. But tell me how was that?"

"It was the last dollar I had."

## Acceptance.

As it's given to me to see,
I have come to this conclusion:
Telling God what ought to be
Is impertinent intrusion,
So when I get down to pray
I just ask for what is best
And the strength to face the day
And the faith to meet the test.

As I run my own life through,
'Spite of all the pains I'm taking,
I'm ashamed to sit and view
All the blunders I've been making.
I've so bungled my affairs,
Doing what I thought was wise,
That I've ceased to put on airs
And I fear to criticize.

All my boasted judgment seems
But a hodge-podge and a jumble,
I have spoiled so many dreams
That I should be very humble,
For the gain I thought was good
Often turned out very bad,
And the loss, when understood,
Brought what small success I've had.

As it's given me to see,
I have come to this conclusion:
Telling God what ought to be
Is impertinent intrusion.
Since I cannot wisely run
All these small affairs of mine,
Surely I am not the one
To resent the will divine.

—Edgar A. Guest.

**Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.**

## The Answer.

Few things in nature are more touching than the confidence which some politely nurtured children repose in parental wisdom. Even in the books that are especially designed to make them wise, the little people cannot always be sure of turning to the page that will enlighten them. But they ask father with an assurance that he knows almost everything, and when he is frank enough to confess an ignorance in any particular direction it is likely to take them by surprise.

We who are older and consider ourselves wiser are forever interrogating the infinite and putting to it the riddle of the universe without finding an answer. Yet we go on in the faith that in order to live aright it is not necessary to have every problem immediately solved. Dr. Samuel Johnson said that there are many doubts that do not deserve to be cleared; and the pity of it is that so much time is spent in hazy speculation that should be given to action. We must ask questions; progress begins with the endless curiosity that the child manifests. There is no education without interrogation. But when we cannot receive the full and satisfactory reply and the mystery of life remains opaque and impenetrable, that is no warrant for discouragement nor for a refusal to play our valorous part in a universe where our finite minds forever grope amid uncertainties.

Let us therefore not be disheartened by all that we do not know nor repine because we cannot tell ourselves why a sacrifice is asked of us or a particular burden is committed to our feebleness to carry. Though now we see through a glass darkly, some day we shall understand and shall know as we are known.

## That Youthful Feeling.

Youth, the elusive, is what every woman seeks to hold against the strong pull of the years. Some succeed, others don't. There is an art in preserving those youthful looks, and few women really possess it.

Perhaps the most important aid to preserving youth has nothing whatever to do with beauty parlors or cosmetics. The first essential is a happy mind; this means that the woman who would look less than her actual years must cultivate happy, care-free thoughts. Nothing ages like worry; it is the King of the Wrinkle-makers.

Perfect health makes for beauty. Therefore scrupulous attention to physical fitness is the next essential. Some women in the later thirties and forties acquire that vice of middle age—a love of good things to eat. This tendency must be curbed. But this does not mean that the youth-seeker should "bant." To fight Nature when Nature intended you to have a full figure is to court disaster.

Some women imagine that they can defy every law of health and buy youth in the salons of the beauty specialists. The best they get is a poor imitation. Nothing can take the place of plain food, outdoor exercise, adequate sleep, and a happy disposition.

When you sleep the little soldiers of youth are at work repairing the ravages of time. Give them plenty of opportunity to do their work well. This may involve refusing invitations. But what is a dance missed compared with a year dodged?

**Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.**

## The Good Day.

When the Golden sun he knelt
On the far horizon's brim,
Casting off the cloaks of night,
At my bed I bowed with him.

Said my prayer, and, as he rose,
Rose up, too, and went my way,
Fed the beast and cleaned the byre,
Bent my back above the hay.

When at noon full hot he paused,
Then I spread my cloth, and ate
Meat that had its life from him
Meat and fruit from his estate.

Rose refreshed, and took my scythe,
Toiled until, as dusk drew nigh,
Passing hence, the moon his bride,
Held her glowing monstrance high,

Bade me see him still, then, blessed,
Sent me home with joyous tread,
Where the two dear hands I love
Poured the wine and brake the bread.

—Henry Howarth Bashford.

**Don't Get Enough Sleep.**

Eight or ten hours sleep are necessary if you wish to keep fit and live to a good old age. We crowd into our days three times as much as our grandparents did, and the strain of modern life is far greater, yet it is doubtful if we take as much rest as they did. That may be the reason more die of heart disease than of anything else. In bed the labor of the heart is reduced one-half. A man who has had a strenuous day's work under modern conditions, should sleep his eight or ten hours if he wishes to keep his youth and keep his arteries elastic.

**North to Go South.**

If you look at one of the flat maps of the world which you will find in most geographies, you will decide that the shortest air route from London to New Zealand is over Geneva, Bagdad, Bombay and northern Australia. Now get a globe and do a little measuring. You will find that the shortest line is almost exactly over the North Pole. To travel southeast you would begin by going due north!


## "Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

**A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding**

*Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting*

Costs little but always effective


## Drawing the Crowd.

"Oddity is the best policy," seems to be the most recent slogan of the Japanese shopkeeper. This is especially true of the small shops that have sprung up all over Tokio since the earthquake of 1923.

One shop claims to give the highest discount for cash purchases. The sign reads, "Tabe (Japanese socks) at a hundred yen a pair, with ninety-nine yen off for cash."

A fruit store goes by the name of "Fighting House." When the proprietor was asked what the connection was between fruit and fighting he answered that the word "fight" always attracted a crowd, and the crowd might as well gather in front of his shop as anywhere else.

Discounts are announced nearly everywhere; but one man decided to be different, so he said: "Absolutely no discounts here. You pay through your nose." The results, he claims, are exceptionally good.

**Bright Beasts.**

"The elephant is noted for its intelligence."

"And the skunk for its common scents."

**The Measure.**

Little Betty, who was staying in the country with her grandma, went to the fowl-house to se if there were any eggs. She returned in a few minutes, looking very disappointed.

"No eggs this morning, grannie," she said, and added, "except the one the chickens measure by."


## Don't Wear Out Your Clothes with Rubbing

*Use* Rinso

Simply dissolve Rinso (25 seconds).

Put into the wash water—

Put in the clothes.

Soak two hours, or more.

Rinse—

And that's all.

Hours of time saved—

Gloriously clean, white clothes.

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