All Grocers Stock
"SALADA" TEA
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
T33
If you want something better—try it.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's 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. Mary is happy in her new home. Dora Fisher wishes to marry David. She calls at Red Grange and becomes jealous of Mary.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

She had worked herself into a thoroughly bad temper by the time she got to London; it was raining a little, and Dora hated rain. She took a taxi the whole way home, and kept the man waiting while she went into the house and demanded the fare from Monty.

He had just finished his dinner, and rose from the table, smiling with pleasure at sight of her.

"Well, dear?" He genuinely loved and admired his sister. He bent to kiss her, but she turned him a cool cheek.

"Have you any money? The taxi man is waiting."

His hand went at once to his pocket.

"How much?"

She told him, and was quick to notice his frown.

"It was raining, and I hate rain," she complained petulantly.

"You might have taken the tube half way; you know we really can't afford to have taxis everywhere."

"Don't be so mean!" She took the money without a word of thanks, and gave it to the maid, then she came back, tossing her hat and gloves on to the sofa. "I suppose the dinner isn't fit to eat, and I'm so hungry."

"I didn't expect you, or I would have kept it back. Tell the maid to bring you something. I thought you might not be home till the last train; I should have come to Euston to meet it."

"They didn't ask me to stay, and I'm sure I didn't want to."

"Did you see David?"

"Yes; he seems engrossed with Nigel's wife; they'd been out in the car together all the afternoon. I don't know what in the world you meant by calling her pretty."

"I think she is—or was—in a common sort of style."

"She's not—not in any sort of style! Pasty-faced thing."

Monty laughed.

"Don't be a cat, old girl; you're too good-looking yourself to grudge anyone else a small share."

"Well, I hate her—I hate the way she's got in with David and Miss Varney. I hate her ways—oh—" She broke off exasperatedly.

Monty lit a cigaret. He knew his sister very well indeed in this mood, and always took refuge in silence.

Dora broke out again suddenly.

"I thought you said she had red-brown hair?"

"So she had. Has she changed the color then, or what?"

"She! She'd never trouble enough about herself to want to change the color. It's just ordinary mouse-brown."

"Humph! Then she has changed it, or else it can't be the right girl you saw," he chaffed her.

"Don't be such an idiot!"

She dropped into a chair, turning her back to him. As a rule she was quite good-tempered, but the afternoon had thoroughly upset her.

Monty smoked on imperturbably. Once he ventured to whistle a snatch of song. Dora rounded on him instantly.

"Oh, do shut up! A lot you care what happens to me! A lot you care if I'm happy or miserable!" She began to cry shallowly.

Tears of sheer temper they were, but Monty thought she was really unhappy. He was sufficiently fond of David Bretherton himself to believe that he was the type of man a woman would adore. He came round to where Dora sat with her face hidden in a lace handkerchief, and put his arm round her shoulders.

"My dear girl, don't! I hate to see you so upset! What in the world has happened? Can I help at all? You know I'd do anything in my power."

She pushed him impatiently aside.

"Oh, leave me alone!"

She looked up at him with resentful eyes.

"You ought to have persuaded David not to have that wife of Nigel's down there; you ought to have guessed what yould happen. She's just worming her way in with everybody, and already they are beginning to wonder how they managed before she came."

"Miss Fisher wants you to stay with her in town."

"My dear child, isn't that just what I did try to do? Didn't I tell David? Didn't I do everything in my power?"

"You ought to have insisted that some other arrangement was made."

"Now you're talking sheer rubbish! I'm not David's keeper. Surely he has a right to please himself?"

Dora began to cry again, but this time Monty was unmoved. He had had enough of it. He got up and walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TIME, THE HEALER.

When David got back to the Red Grange he found Miss Varney alone in the drawing-room. She noticed the quick way in which his eyes roamed round the room as if in search of someone else.

"Where's Mary?" he asked abruptly.

"I really don't know, dear; she was here a moment ago."

Mary had slipped away when she heard the sound of the car in the drive; she did not feel as if she could face David again just then. Whenever she thought of her own impulsive words she felt as if her whole body were blushing.

What must he have thought of her? What moment of madness had made her say such a thing?

She had loved Nigel—and David was Nigel's brother.

But, though as yet she did not realize it, it was strange how lately Nigel had begun to fade into the background of memory. She would have indignantly denied it had anyone told her that it was so, but the fact remained, nevertheless.

Perhaps she had never loved him as deeply as it was in her nature to love; but he had been her one and only romance, and the tragedy of his death had lent a halo of beauty to his whole life.

Married to him, she would always have adored him, but in spite of herself her whole feeling towards him had unconsciously changed since his marriage.

Even to the broken-hearted, Time is a wonderful healer, and there is no truer saying of all the many penned by the immortal bard than that "Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

And Mary was still young. She was beginning already to lose the wan, careworn look that had thinned her face when she first came to Red Grange. The quiet, healthy life, free from trouble, had done wonders for her; she slept well and dreamlessly, and woke full of energy, looking forward with almost childish anticipation to the simple events of the day.

Learning to drive David's car had given her tremendous pleasure; it was something so different from anything she had ever experienced—something so exciting.

David was speaking of the car when, a little later, she came into the room.

"Dora only just caught her train. The engine was running badly; it would hardly take Deacon's Hill at all—" he swung round sharply at the soft sound of the opening door.

Mary did not look at him as she came forward, but was painfully conscious of her quick heart-beats and flushing cheeks.

She sat down beside Miss Varney, and took up a book.

"Well, are you ready for another lesson in the morning?" David asked her.

He was determined that somehow she should be made to look at him, and speak to him; he wanted to meet her eyes again, but Mary did not raise them.

"I think it will be wet to-morrow," she said.

He laughed.

"What difference can that make? There is a hood to the car. And it was raining yesterday when we went out."

"Was it?" She felt strained and unnatural with him; she wished he would go away or sit down. He looked so tall and overpowering as he stood there, and she was so painfully conscious of his gaze bent upon her.

Suddenly:

"Miss Fisher wants you to go and stay with her in town," he said deliberately.

The words had the desired effect. Mary raised her eyes at once.

"Oh, I couldn't! I don't want to be rude, but I'd so much rather not."

"You don't like her?"

She flushed.

"Oh, it's not that. I think she's simply beautiful, but—oh, I'm such a bad one at making new friends."

"You made friends with us easily enough, my dear," said Miss Varney affectionately.

Mary could think of no reply. The book had fallen from her knees; she stooped and groped after it at the same moment in which David bent to pick it up for her, and their hands touched.

Mary drew hers away sharply, and there was a little additional color in David's face as he laid the book down on her lap.

The silence was unbroken save for the click, click of Miss Varney's knitting needles.

"I am going to show you over the old part of the house after dinner," David said suddenly. "You said you would like to see it, and there is a moon to-night."

She looked up interestedly.

"What has that got to do with it?"

Everything. The old wing looks only its best by moonlight."

"Oh!"

"And the ghost always walks by moonlight," said Miss Varney.

Mary clasped her hands rather tightly in the lap of her frock.

"Perhaps we shall see her, then," she said, with forced lightness.

Miss Varney shook her head.

"In my opinion she never existed, my dear. I've never seen her, and I very much doubt if anyone else has. Dear me—not dinner already?"

(To be continued.)

"'Bid Me Not!"

Ruth, aged four, found grandma reading and upon inquiry was told she was studying her Sunday-school lesson. "Teach me my Sunday-school lesson, grandma," she said. So grandma taught her to say, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A few days later Ruth's mother went upstairs to make the beds. The air was very cold from open windows, and Ruth was told to remain below. After a time Ruth called, "Mamma, I'm coming up."

Mother explained it was very cold and Ruth might become ill and she must remain below. But Ruth persisted and started to mount the first stair.

Mother heard the tiny step, came to the top of the stairs, and said, "Ruth, I forbid you to come up."

At this Ruth stamped her foot, and with flashing eyes her outraged self retorted, "'Bid me not! Such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

There are fully 1,000 separate islands and islets in the British Isles.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

SLENDER LINES FIND FAVOR.

The rich designs of the bordered materials form decided trimming features in themselves. Cut to slip on over the head, and with a convertible collar that may be fastened high, this distinctive-looking frock for daytime wear is developed in bordered crepe of graduated polka-dot pattern. A single large tuck in front of each shoulder gives easy fulness over the bust, and the long full sleeves are gathered into narrow wristbands. There are two large patch pockets, and a narrow belt is worn at the low waistline. No. 1197 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3¼ yards 36-inch, or 3⅛ yards 40-inch, or 2½ yards 54-inch bordered material, as pictured. 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.

A Dead Airman.

May's tapestry of green and gold
Was hung about us fold on fold,
Where, in the copse, the cuckoo calls,
A scented arras on the walls
Of space and time, that held us close
As bees are garnered by the rose.
And we two, walking in that wood,
Had half forgot the mire and blood.

(Forgive us, you who sleep in France!)
We half forgot, and then some chance
Or some stern angel led the way
Through quiet fields to where he lay
Broken, beneath his broken wings,
Dead, who had known but twenty Springs,
Still, where a million pulses beat,
Face downward in the young green wheat.

That wreckage, gaunt and angular,
Had flashed above us like a star
An hour before. Its course was done;
Finished; and one more woman's son
Had cast the cloak so dearly bought,
With patience and in travail wrought
For nine long months, worn twenty years,
How gally! Now Fate's awful shears
Had rent it, and the naked soul
Slipped out at once.
To see life whole
One needs good eyes, but only God
Can so view death.

—Moray Dalton.

Minard's Liniment for insect bites.

Soldier-Poet's Resting Place Uncared for on Lonely Island.

Of a million British war graves scattered over the battlefields of Flanders and France and the Near East, practically the only one uncared for is that of Rupert Brooke, the English poet killed at Gallipoli, who wrote the lines:

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's one corner of a foreign field
That is forever England."

Only just now has the attention of the British public been called to the astounding fact that isolated on Scyros, a lonely island in the Ægean Sea, the poet's grave is not among those maintained by the War Graves Commission. England might still be unaware of the neglect of Rupert Brooke's resting place if it were not for the approaching St. Barnabas pilgrimage of relatives of the men who died on the Gallipoli peninsula.

Make the Hardest Day the Easiest

Rinso takes the hard work out of washday.

With Rinso you just soak the clothes for a couple of hours, or overnight, rinse and hang out.

No more cutting up of soap and smearing over the clothes. No more rubbing.

Rinse the clothes clean with RINSO.

Rinso
The New Kind of Soap

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

R-470

The Little Green Pasture.

It was full of sunshine, with tree shadows on the grass, singing birds and wild rose perfume; and except for beauty, I do not know why it was at all. And it would not be right to remember the little green pasture without the tree frogs, cockle burs and bumble bees. Every rail-fence corner was a castle, with stake and rider towers and walls. The crickets played their fiddles there and we were sure the June bugs danced, and it was there the bob-whites hid their nests.

I will take you along the narrow path that ran the longest way across the little pasture, and if you can be a little boy or a little girl for a while, we will run. So down the path we go, from the front yard gate past the stile and hitching posts—you in front and me behind—and all the time the silver leaf tree keeps turning its green and silver leaves just as fast as we run. We cross the little hollow and what a thrill it give us, but on we go, past the quiet pond resting in its shady banks, clear down to the bars—and there is the great yellow road with the hackberry tree at the top of the hill — the road that leads out to the world, to far-away cities that glitter with mystery, across rolling plains and glowing deserts, to where mountains as high as the sky slope down to the widest of oceans and ships sail away on the sunset.

Long since I have traveled that road and it has no backward turning, but in fancy we are children again in the little green pasture. It is a summer evening now and the sun has just set behind the deep, dark woods across the road, the whippoorwills are calling and we chase the lightnin' bugs as they go glimpsing by. White clouds, slender and feathery, trail across the sky. I call them angels but you, of course, know better.

Nancy is coming down the path. I would rather sleep on the sheepskin under the elm trees just inside the gate, but she will carry me to the house and to bed.

Keep Untreated Lumber Away From Moist Ground

In verandas the important thing is to keep untreated lumber from contact with the moist ground in order to prevent rot.. If the lumber to be used depends largely upon locality, the designer usually has no choice. What has been said in reference to material applies also to verandah floors. Such floors may be made 17-16 inches thick to advantage. They should be laid in white lead. It is important to slope the flood properly to insure quick drainage.

Soap improves with keeping, so it should be bought in large quantities. Before storing it, however, cut the bars into convenient pieces, for this is most easily done when it is soft.

Nocturne.

The earth: still heavy and warm with afternoon,
Dazed by the moon.

The earth, tormented with the moon's light,
Wandering in the night.

Full moon, moon-rise, the old, old pain
Of brightness in dilated eyes.

The ache of still
Elbows leaning on the narrow sill.

Of motionless cold hands upon the wet,
Marble of the parapet.

Of open eyelids of a child behind
The crooked glimmer of the window-blind.

Of sliding, faint, remindful squares
Across the lamplight on the rocking-chairs

Why do we stand so late,
Still fingers on the moonlit gate?

Why do we stand
To watch so long the fall of moonlight on the sand?

What is it we cannot recall?

—Archibald MacLeish.

BICYCLE BARGAINS

New and slightly used, $10 upwards. Transportation prepaid. Write for Price List.
PEERLESS BICYCLE WORKS
188 Dundas Street West, Toronto

Poultrymen!
Can YOU answer these 5 questions?

How soon after hatching should chicks be fed?
What would you feed laying pullets to stop them "going off their legs?"
What feed makes chicks mature rapidly?
Why should very little meat and bone feed be given breeding stock?
What feeds contain the vitamine that prevents chicks from having rickets?

The correct answers to these questions are worth many dollars to you—yet you can get them absolutely FREE. The Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has prepared a booklet, "Poultry Feeds and Feeding", which reveals in simple language the secrets of successful feeding. Tells the best and most economical diets for fattening, a high egg yield, rapid growth, etc. Saves you money in feeds, and brings you bigger profits. Remember, you only have to write, and the Government send it absolutely FREE!

Write for these other free booklets, too

Write for the "List of Five Hundred Publications", listing government bulletins on all sorts of farm subjects, such as "Fall Litters for Winter Pork Production", "The Candling of Eggs", "Milk Drinks", etc. Cross off the ones you want, tear out and fill in this slip, and mail it post free to:

Publications Branch
Dominion Department of Agriculture,
Ottawa

Name.....
Post Office.....
R.R.No.....
Province.....
F-19

SMP "QUALITY"
Look!
You will see this trade mark in hardware stores everywhere. Every utensil so labelled is fully guaranteed for long service and satisfaction by
The Sheet Metal Products Co. of Canada Limited
Montreal Edmonton TORONTO Vancouver Winnipeg Calgary
210

Carry it always with you!
WRIGLEY'S
Keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen and digestion good.
Great after smoking
After Every Meal
C214