You Should Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

T74

when you want a change. It's delicious.

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

ELARES TEMPER STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE.

This frock, although of tailored genre, diverges from severe simplicity in a rather interesting way, introducing a one-sided effect. Plain fabric makes a smart flare at the left side of the skirt, and harmonizes in tone with the background of the bordered kasha, chosen to develop this chic frock. The collar is convertible, and the front closing is of the new diagonal type, long folding revers ending in a pointed tab. The back is plain, and the tailored sleeves are finished with trim little cuffs. No. 1294 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 5½ yards 39-inch, or 4 yards 54-inch material. 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 10c 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.

Keep Young with Rinso

Your doctor will tell you the old-fashioned wash-day is one of woman's greatest foes.

Strained backs, ugly hands, jangled nerves and short tempers—all come from the everlasting rub-rub-rubbing on the ancient washboard.

The modern way is to let Rinso do the work.

Change the hard work of washing to just rinsing.

Simply dissolve Rinso in the wash-water, put in the clothes, soak for 2 hours or more and just rinse.

Let Rinso do your next washing.

Made by the makers of Lux.

Change washing into just rinsing

R-452

No. 36—25.

Adequate, Suitable, Right.

Dresses for Cinderella
Of silk and satin and cloth,
Are not a patch on the bat's umbrella
Or the powdered fans of the moth,
Or the frog's green jumping breeches,
Or the leopard's costume, which is
A dazzle of spots like a veiled design,
Or the zebra's marvelous dazzle of line,
Or the gibbon's gloves, or the tufts of hair
Grown in the boots of the polar bear,
Or the penguin's snowy vest,
Or the cockatoo's white crest,
Or the morning coat which the wagtails know,
Is always de rigueur and never de trop,
Or the lamb's white woolly pants,
Or lumbering elephants'
Gray overalls that almost might
Be skins, they fit so exactly right.
Never too loose or tight,
Never too heavy or light,
But absolutely,
O so minutely
Adequatel suitable, right.

—Geoffrey Dearmer.

Missing 200 Years, Oxford College Gate Found

Balliol College, Oxford, England, has found a gate belonging to the college which was lost 200 years ago. The gate is probaby the oldest in England, being built for Balliol in the year 1288, according to the purchase record in the college books. For 500 years generations of belated students kicked the gate's timbers to get in after hours, then in the latter part of the eighteenth century the gate was missing after the quadrangle was remodeled.

It is now discovered, its oak panels well preserved under a hundred coats of paint, and has been re-purchased by a group of graduates and given to the college. Although still capable of service, the gate will not be used but kept as a relic deserving rest.

It Is More Important—

—For a girl to do her own thinking than to do her own sewing.

—For a man to be a successful father than a successful premier.

—For a firm to pay decent wages than big dividends.

—For a preacher to tell us where we are going than where we came from.

—For a college to build characters than to build winning teams.

—For a book to be wholesome than for it to be daring.

—For a town to safeguard the morals of its youth than their food supply.

Friend of Humanity.

A man who did a great and useful work in putting the world's literature into books at once attractive and moderate in price died in England recently. His name was J. M. Dent, and his famous "Everyman's Library"—prototype of several other similar undertakings—contains nearly eight hundred titles and has sold to the extent of twenty million copies. More than once he has printed books the sale of which did not seem likely to meet the cost of publication. "If it's a good book," he would say, "and students want it cheap, they should have it, profit or no profit."

Seeing.

I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eye of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way . . . Some scarce see nature at all . . . You certainly mistake, when you say that the visions of fancy are not to be found in this world. To me this world is all one continued vision.—William Blake.

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

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. A letter comes to Mary from Dolly saying that she and her husband are safe. Monty Fisher tell David that Mary is not Nigel's widow. David says he has already found that out.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"You know your own business best, of course," he said, with an effort. "But it is my duty to warn you that you are doing a very foolish thing. What has become of Nigel's widow, then?"

"I have no more idea than you have. I have never seen her in my life."

Bretherton laughed a little.

"Don't look so worried, Monty. I'm not a child. I think you can trust me to manage my own affairs. Believe me, I've a very good reason for doing what I am."

"The woman's an adventuress! It's a scandalous affair!"

Fisher flushed up as he spoke. He had never known till now how much he would have liked to see his sister married to David. He was shrewd enough to guess that it was not mere curiosity that had prevented David from turning Mary Furnival out of the house.

Miss Varney came into the room just then, and put a stop to further conversation. Her first question was for Mary.

She glanced at Fisher apologetically as she spoke.

"It's extraordinary how I miss the dear child if she is out of the room for long," she said. "It's wonderful how she has grown to be part of our lives, isn't it, David?"

David did not answer, and Miss Varney went on:

"But, of course, you know her well, Mr. Fisher. You saw a great deal of poor Nigel, didn't you?"

"Not a great deal. And—I think I only met his wife once or twice."

"Well, you will see a great deal of her now if you come to Red Grange," the old lady went on innocently. "It is my sincere wish that she makes a permanent home with us."

Fisher did not answer. He was wondering what Mary would do now she knew herself discovered. He had read aright the pleading in her eyes. He almost wished that he had said nothing yet to David; it might have been useful to have kept a friendly side turned to both of them.

When Mary came in to tea he made himself particularly pleasant to her. He said that he hoped she would take advantage of his sister's invitation, and come to stay with them in town.

"Dora will be pleased to have you," he said; and wondered directly afterwards what made him say it.

He knew perfectly well that Dora never cared at all for her own sex; he remembered distinctly what she had said about Mary.

Mary thanked him, but neither refused nor consented; she only spoke when she was pointedly addressed.

"You are very quiet, my dear; have you a headache?" asked Miss Varney solicitously.

"No—I don't know. Perhaps I am a little tired."

Involuntarily she raised her eyes to David; he was looking at her steadily.

The color rushed into her face; she bit her lip.

What did he know? she wondered. What had Fisher said to him, if he had said anything? She could not believe that he knew the truth as yet; she was sure that if he had done so he would have turned her out of the house then and there.

And Dolly was not dead, she had not gone down with the Multane, as she had believed; there was not even that excuse for her to offer.

Well, it would soon be over and done with! These weeks at the Red Grange would soon just be a dream that had been dispersed by the searching light of day; she would go quietly away that night without a word of farewell.

And perhaps then they would forget and forgive her, remembering that she had only lived there, taking nothing but her food and a bed to sleep in.

No doubt they would call her an adventuress. The name brought a quivering smile to her lips, she felt so unlike an adventuress. At heart she was just a lonely woman who had dared to steal a breath of happiness which was never rightly hers.

She roused herself and tried to talk to Fisher. She wanted to keep him at her side when the others had gone; she wanted to find out what he knew, and what he had told David.

Fortune favored her. David was called to see one of the gardeners, and Miss Varney went with him; and she and Fisher were left alone.

CHAPTER XLII.

"WHY DID YOU DO IT?"

With the soft closing of the door, Mary started to her feet. She felt somehow desperate; the strain of the afternoon had worn her nerves to fiddle-strings. There was a bright spot of color in either cheek as she faced the man standing so quietly on the hearthrug.

"Well?" The word seemed forced from her; her breath came chokingly.

Fisher met her gaze calmly.

"Well?" he echoed.

She broke out stumblingly:

"Have you told him? What have you told him? Does he know that I am a cheat—an impostor? What have you told him?"

There was a momentary pause. Fisher's eyes had never left her face; he could see that she was terribly agitated. A sudden idea came to him.

"I have told him nothing," he said deliberately.

She groped backward for a chair, and dropped into it, half laughing, half sobbing.

"Oh, I am so glad! I have been so afraid! Oh, I am so glad!"

Fisher bit his lip. In spite of himself he was sorry for this girl. She was not like the ordinary type of adventuress—out to get all she could; there was something simple and homely about her, something that filled him with a sort of pitying remorse.

He wished he had not rushed off to David so readily; even though David had already known, he need not have precipitated matters quite so hurriedly. He went forward, and laid a hand on Mary's shoulder.

"Why did you do it?" he asked curiously. "You're not the sort of woman to want money. I can't understand you."

She lifted her face from her arms; there were tears on her cheeks; her voice trembled as she answered him.

"I don't know why I did it. I was lonely, and—and I didn't want them to know about Dolly."

"Dolly! What about Dolly?" he asked sharply.

Mary dried her eyes fiercely; she was ashamed of her tears, ashamed that this man might guess their real cause. She knew that she felt no remorse for what she had done; she knew that her only grief was the thought of leaving David. She was ashamed because it was so, ashamed that she who had once loved his brother, should now care so much—much more for him.

She could not tell Fisher that she had first come to Red Grange because she had wanted to be in Nigel's home. It seemed now as if that had never been a true reason; she stumbled on with her halting explanation.

"Dolly married again. I thought you knew. Didn't you know? She married when—when Nigel had only been dead a few days, and I was so ashamed for her. I didn't want David—Mr. Bretherton—to know. And when he came to see me I let him think that I—I was Dolly. I never actually told him so, but somehow he seemed to take it for granted, and then—then, when he asked me to come here—" She stopped; she could not go on.

"Then—where is—Mrs. Nigel?" Fisher's voice sounded incredulous. Mary had a feeling that he did not believe what she had told him. She answered him hesitatingly:

"She went to the Argentine with her husband. She went in the Multane."

"The Multane! The Multane was lost at sea?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens!"

He pressed the subject no further; he concluded that Dolly and her husband had gone down with the ill-fated ship.

"And so—so you thought you were safe?" he said.

Her eyes flashed angrily.

"I don't understand you. If you think that I meant to try and take Dolly's place here forever, if you think that I wanted to steal what was hers, you are wrong—quite wrong. I have taken no money at all from Mr. Bretherton; I should never think of doing so. But—oh, I think I just wanted to live the life they lead for a little. I've always been so poor, always had to rough it—"

Her voice broke.

Fisher moved away. It annoyed him because he felt so sympathetic. It made him feel as if he had behaved like a coward—striking at this woman behind her back.

"And what are you going to do now?" he asked.

She let her hands fall desolately into the lap of her black frock.

"I don't know. I shall have to go away. I never meant to stay for long, even if you hadn't come and recognized me."

"You mean that you will tell David the truth?"

She gave a little cry.

"Oh, no, no! I couldn't!" There was a sharp protest in her voice. "I thought I would just go quietly away somewhere. Oh, I could never tell them. They have both been so kind to me!"

Fisher walked away from her to the window. He stood looking out into the darkening garden for a moment. Suddenly he turned, and came back.

"You know where you can find me, if ever I can be of help to you," he said abruptly.

She looked amazed. The ready tears rushed to her eyes.

(To be continued.)

Red-Letter New Testament.

Bind up three hundred pages in a book,
Typed large for wondering childish eyes to claim
And wear it in your pocket where none look
Upon your treasure in morocco frame;
Print all the Master's words in crimson ink
And you will see how very few they show;
But on the least of all their phrases think—
The seed of beauty thousand-fold shall grow.

I am the Light of the World. If ye believe
Ye may remove this mountain to the sea,
All things ye ask in prayer ye shall receive.
Lo, I am with you always. Follow me.
And, if it were not so, I would have told,
Oh, these are words with more than edge of gold.

—Isabel Fiske Conant in Christian Science Monitor.

As Usual.

"Couldn't find the house of that telephone girl I had a date with."

"How's that?"

"She gave me the wrong number."

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Successful Hunter.

Ole, in the county courthouse, stammeringly asked for a license.

"Hunting license?" asked the clerk.

"No," replied Ole. "Aye bane hunting long enough. Ay want marriage license."

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

"Dog Days."

What are the "Dog Days?"

Beginning on July 3 is the period supposed to be the hottest of the year, and which in ancient astronomy was associated with the rising of the Dog star.

Astronomy and religion being then closely connected, it was thought that the pestilences and drought of vegetation often occurring at the period in the heats of Italy could be warded off by propitiatory offerings to the god of the star, and red dogs were, therefore, sometimes sacrificed.

From this old belief has survived our modern "Dog Days,' 'though the term is often confused with the hot period during which dogs used to be supposed to be especially subject to madness.

Her Great Discovery.

He leaned back in his chair and regarded the teacake with a contemplative frown. Then he picked it up gingerly between thumb and forefinger, as if weighing it.

His wife looked very stern, but did not speak.

Her husband tapped the cake on the edge of his plate. Then she did speak.

"I suppose you're making fun of my cooking?"

"No, my dear," he answered. "Unwittingly, perhaps, you have made a great discovery."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," came the answer, "that our future is assured. Though not much of a success as a cake, this thing is an absolutely splendid substitute for a rubber heel!"

The surface of the earth contains 55,000,000 square miles of land and 141,000,000 square miles of water.

Every Woman Deserves One

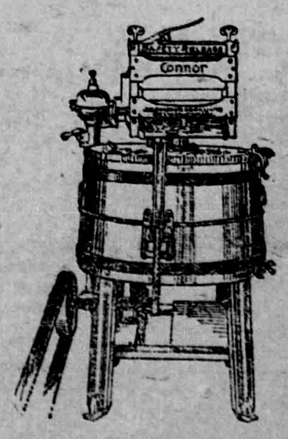
The SMP Roaster is a fine time saver. You put the roast or fowl in the oven. The roaster does the rest, bastes, roasts to perfection. It roasts with very little shrinkage, thus saving dollars every year. None of the tasty meat juices are lost; all the rich flavor is retained. Besides you can buy cheaper cuts, for it makes cheap cuts taste like choice ones.

The close fitting cover keeps all the cooking odors and the grease inside the roaster—the smell of cooking doesn't fill the house, and the oven is kept sweet and clean. Best of all, it cleans out in a jiffy after the roasting. These are splendid vessels. Price 85c. to $3.50 according to size and finish. Sold in all hardware stores.

SMP Enameled ROASTER

204

CONNOR POWER WASHER MODEL 26



SOLVES THE WASH DAY PROBLEM on the farm. Belt it to any small gasoline engine.

We sell you this machine on the condition that it must satisfy you.

1. IT MUST SATISFY you on its capacity to wash the finest clothing without injury.
2. IT MUST SATISFY you on its capacity to wash the dirtiest clothes absolutely clean.
3. IT MUST SATISFY you on its improved aluminum agitator that forces the soapy water through the clothes.
4. IT MUST SATISFY you on its elimination of hand rubbing.
5. IT MUST SATISFY you on its large four position wringer that will wring from the rinsing or blueing tub while the machine is doing the washing.
6. IT MUST SATISFY you on its quiet, smooth running.
7. IT MUST SATISFY you in everything you expect in a Power Washer.

If it does not, return it to us at our expense and we will refund you the purchase price, $70.00.

If your dealer does not sell this machine, order direct from us.

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