Superb in Flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T86

Every cup is a new delight. Ask for it.

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 tells David that Mary is not Nigel's widow. David says he had already found that out.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"I will tell you my thoughts if you will tell me yours," he said.

She tried to laugh.

"I don't know what they were; they were not worth hearing, anyway."

"Tell me, and let me judge."

But she would not.

"Then I will return good for evil, and tell you mine," he said humorously. "I was thinking that I should like to go on driving like this forever—with you."

Silence! Mary wondered if he could hear how her heart was beating; it seemed an eternity before she could find her voice.

"I am afraid the petrol would give out," she said flippantly.

She hated herself for the tone to which she had forced her voice, but she was afraid of the trend the conversation was taking.

She shivered a little. David looked down at her.

"You are cold. Shall we go home?"

She wanted to say "No," but she said "Yes."

Out here in the moonlight it was hard, very hard, to remember everything she had got to remember, everything she had got to force herself to do during the next little while.

David turned the car about without another word.

When they reached the Red Grange, he held out his hand to help her to alight. He gave a concerned exclamation:

"Your fingers are like ice! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I am not cold. I—oh!" David had lifted her hand to his lips.

There was something passionate in their gentle touch, although he released her instantly. She stood in the darkness, trembling and afraid.

David took a step towards her.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked.

"No, no, of course not! Why should I be?" But her voice was shaking as she spoke.

"You need not be," he said again; "you need never be—whatever happens."

He stood back, and Mary went on into the house.

"But he does not know—he does not know!" was the bitter cry of her heart. "Oh, David, David!"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE TELEGRAM.

When Monty Fisher reached home that night, he found Dora waiting up for him.

She was half asleep on the drawing-room couch when he opened the door; and he stood for a moment in the doorway looking down at her with tender admiration.

What a perfect mistress she would make for the Red Grange! Jealousy for her sake filled his heart as he recalled his conversation with David that evening, and the dangerously quiet way in which he had championed Mary's cause.

He had thought the whole matter carefully over since coming up in the train, and looked at from every point of view he could only see one explanation of it all.

David was in love with Mary.

Comparing the two women—his sister and that other—it seemed almost an absurdity that any man could prefer the quiet, almost subdued charm of the one, against the dazzling beauty of this woman lying half asleep in the shaded light of the room.

He went across the room softly, and, bending, laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Dora!"

She started up with a little stifled exclamation.

"Monty! At last! I thought you were never coming. I've been waiting up for you. Well"—she looked up at him with a sort of querulous suspicion in her pretty eyes—"well, did you see David and the wonderful sister-in-law?"

"Yes."

She seemed not to notice the curtness of his reply; she rose to her feet,

"I—oh!" David had lifted her hand to his lips.

pushing back the ruffled waves of her golden hair.

"A very extraordinary thing happened this afternoon," she said.

There was a suppressed excitement in her voice; she did not look at him as she spoke.

She walked to the mantelshelf and took a folded paper that looked like a telegram from behind a photograph frame; she unfolded it and handed it to her brother.

"This came this afternoon; it is for you, but I opened it, as I thought it might be important. What does it mean?"

Fisher took the paper: it was the copy of a cablegram from a town in the Argentine:

"Please ask David Bretherton cable me two hundred pounds. Letter explaining follows.—Dolly Durham."

He read it through with a mystified face.

"Who in the world is Dolly Durham?" he asked blankly.

Dora shook her head; her eyes were very bright and excited.

"I don't know at all; your own clerk, Mr. Evans, brought it down from the office as you were not there. He thought it might be important, he said." She paused, then: "Monty, are you sure that you don't know who she is?"

"My dear child, what a question! I've never heard of anyone of that name in all my life. There is some mistake, of course."

"You mean that you think it is someone David knows—someone he perhaps met when he was abroad?"

There was a sharp note of inquiry in her voice. Monty laughed.

"My dear child, David is the last man in the world to give any woman the right to demand money from him like this. Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Because," said Dora deliberately, "Mr. Evans knows who she is if you don't."

Fisher stared at her blankly.

"Evans! What on earth are you driving at?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He knows. I could see by his face that he knew. I asked him, but he would tell me nothing—he will tell you."

"I'm sure you are mistaken. How could he know? He has only been in the office a few weeks, and he knows nothing of David's affairs."

But Dora was obstinate.

"He knows about this. I saw it in his face; it was impossible not to have seen."

"You are imagining it."

"I believe you know more about it than you will tell me. I hate being treated like a child. If this woman is anything to David—"

There was a suggestion of angry tears in her voice.

"Dora, I give you my word of honor that I have never heard of the woman, and I don't believe that David has either."

She laughed scornfully.

"Your word of honor! I wouldn't give a fig for any man's word of honor."

She walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

CHAPTER XLVI.

GONE.

Monty was relieved; he had dreaded being bombarded with questions as to what had happened down at the Red Grange. This sudden strange incident had given him a little respite at least. He sat down with the cablegram still in his hand.

Dolly Durham! The name savored to him of the music hall. He wondered if, after all, Dora was right, and this woman were someone whom David had met during his travels.

But it was useless to speculate; he put the paper carefully away, and went to bed.

But sleep did not come. He lay awake wondering what was the meaning of it all—and what David intended doing about Mary Furnival.

Would Mary marry David if he asked her? And did he mean to ask her? He could find no solution to the riddle.

David had acted so differently from what one would have expected of him; there was a personal soreness in Fisher's heart. Was this woman to be allowed to come between their friendship?

He tried to keep the conversation away from the Red Grange during breakfast the next morning, but Dora was insistent.

She asked a hundred questions about David. She asked how Mary had looked, and how she had behaved.

Fisher answered them all awkwardly; he wanted to spare her until he was sure of the truth, and yet he wanted her to know of his suspicions.

He said that Mary had had very little to say.

"She was always a quiet retiring sort of woman," he added, rather lamely.

Dora laughed.

"Yes, I know the kind; nothing to say when there is anyone in the room, but when she is alone with David, she makes up to him for all she is worth."

"Dora! She couldn't 'make up' to anyone, as you call it, to save her life."

"Oh, couldn't she! That's all you know! Those quiet, good-looking sort of women are always the worst. Well, what did you do? Why don't you tell me?"—impatiently.

"We didn't do anything. I was there such a short time. David drove me to the station in the evening."

"Alone?"

"No. Mary came, too."

Dora sneered.

"She would! She knew it meant a drive back alone with him."

Fisher made no answer. His sister pushed her plate angrily away; passionate tears stung her eyes.

"I hate her! She's trying to take my place."

"She could never take your place; you are so utterly different."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Li-Po.

In the days when the Venerable Bede was writing church history in Northumbria, and Charles Martel hammering Saracens at Tours, and Leo the Isaurian smashing images in Byzantium, the intelligent Chinese were writing poetry. And when, just a thousand years later, a selection was made from the still surviving verse of this Tang dynasty (seventh-ninth centuries A.D.), even the anthology included nearly fifty thousand poems in nine hundred books (which may teach our sorely tried generation that others have suffered even worse); and of the twenty-three hundred poets there enrolled, the greatest was LiPo.—F. L. Lucas, in "Authors."

Love.

Faith, law, morals, all began,
And end in Love of God and Love of Man. —Pope.

In Dry Canada

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still quenches thirst, cools the parched throat and by its delightful flavor and refreshment restores the joy of life. CG36

After Every Meal

ISSUE No. 38—'26.

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To An Unknown Lady.

"You say you saw her only once. What struck
You so? Perhaps the novel gown she wore."

"Transparent, lustrous white embraced her neck,
And then a circle-winding fold below
Of scarlet sheen, despite a dainty head
Light-tipped with softest gray. As for the rest—
It matters not, save that it suited her
And blended with her love of lines and hues.
She was enrapt in thought—a picture that
A Stuart would have brushed with eagerness.
I never saw a face so sweetly filled
With shining restfulness that overspread
Her heart and eyes; and as she slowly read
Such tender smiles played gently round her mouth,
Like little waves of joy that sweep within
A lily pool upon a summer day."

—Martha Hardy Trimble.

An Ancient Battle.

Modern battlefields have been terrible scenes of slaughter, but in ancient days a battle was a battle and the side that won promptly killed everything in sight, unless slaves were needed.

The great battle that cut short the ambitions of the Persians to run the entire known world was fought in Plataeae, in Boeotia, in 479 B.C. One day in that year Xerxes left three hundred thousand soldiers there under General Mardonius, a great Persian general. His idea was merely to frighten the lives out of the Greeks by this enormous display of fighters.

But the Greeks were not easily frightened and they marched up with fewer than one hundred thousand warriors and spent the whole day letting blood.

At dusk only eight thousand Persians remained alive, and these eight thousand scooted from the field of blood.

The enthusiastic Greeks chased them as long as daylight lasted and as a result only seven hundred men, of all the three hundred thousand, lived to get home and tell the tale.

On that same day the great Persian fleet was sunk and Persia has kept quiet ever since.

Persia Has One Railroad.

The United States possesses 40 per cent. of the world's railroad mileage. Persia, on the other hand, boasts only one railroad.

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A tusk, 7 ft. long, belonging to some pre-historic animal, has been unearthed in a cave in the Isle of Portland, England, quarries.

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YOUTHFUL AND SLENDERIZING IN LINE.

Tailored simplicity distinguishes this slenderizing frock of figured silk foulard. A long straight line is contributed by a full-length underpanel, and a fold of plain color material forming revers, meeting at the waistline and ending in an inverted plait. The one-piece sleeves are smart when left loose at the wrists, but the pattern provides a dart to make them fit snugly. An all-round belt fastens with double buckles at the centre front. No. 1101 is a frock that will inspire the most intense satisfaction in women who require a slenderizing style, and is in sizes 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust. Size 44 requires 8½ yards 36-inch figured material, and 1½ yards plain contrasting. 20 cents.

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IT was an extra fine piece of crepe—

It was never laundered with anything but Lux and lukewarm water—

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Although every housewife uses soda, there are not many who know where this valuable substance comes from.

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The deposit is several inches thick; under it is a plentiful supply of water, but it is impregnated by sodium carbonate in the same way that the Dead Sea waters are full of salt. So thick is the surface crust that it is possible for a person to walk on it.

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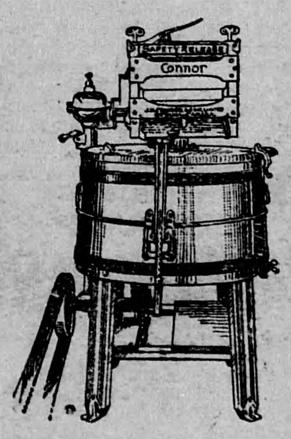

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