Test it Yourself!

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

T90

Write Salada, Toronto, for free sample.

FRINGE IS SMART.

The striking use of fringe is one of the charming features of this new model. Quite individual, too, is the cross-over arrangement of the collar, the ends of which are held in place with buttons. The dart-fitted sleeves are finished with buttoned tabs, and a narrow tie belt assists in creating a blouse effect at the low waist-line. The foundation of this frock is in one piece, the fringe being set on in rows one above the other. No. 1393 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material; 4⅜ yards fringe seven inches wide. 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. 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.

The Dawn at Sea.

The stars grew pale in the cloudless sky before the uprising of the sun, while the last vapour lifted a white wing from the sea, and a dim spiral mist carried skyward the memory of inland dews. The whole wide wilderness of ocean was of . . . azure aflame with gold and silver. . . .

The morning twilight wavered, and it was as though an incalculable host of grey doves flew upward and spread earthward before a wind with pinions of rose; then the dappled dove-grey vapor faded, and the rose hung like the reflection of crimson fire, and dark isles of ruby and . . . amethyst and pale gold and saffron and April-green came into being; and the new day was come.—Fiona Macleod.

WRIGLEY'S

satisfies the desire for sweets, helps make strong healthy teeth, removes particles of food from teeth crevices, and aids digestion. So it is a wonderful help to health.

CG37

ISSUE No. 39—'26.

The First Scarlet Maple.

It flared out from the deep green of the surrounding woods like a burst of flame. The foliage of the whole landscape was heavy with an August richness, full of quiet. The green leaves wore a quiescent air, an atmosphere of deep repose like soft draperies in a quiet room. Against this background the scarlet maple rang out like a bugle call. It shivered with an arresting beauty in its sharp contrast.

In every locality there is always a maple that turns red before there has been any sign of frost. It is as though Autumn had lit the torch which should set te whole countryside aflame with trilling beauty; or had prepared a palette of colors ready to be plashed over woods and fields. About the same time there comes, in the late afternoon and evening, that perfume of frost in the leaves; that first odorous breath of autumn, cool, pungent, deliciously penetrating, filters up from bush and fern. Like the first red of the maple it comes before any of us are conscious of even the faintest breath of frost, and we are roused to a fresh appreciation of the beauties of crimson and gold.

After the long languorous days of summer, all green and blue, the first scarlet of the maple comes shrill and brave like the music of fifes in the morning.

It almost seems as though summer were all soft curves. Trees all in varying shades of green are softly and roundly outlined, everywhere the thick luxuriant foliage melts and subdues angles into billowy indefiniteness. The white fleecy clouds of summer are round and soft looking. But with the first breath of autumn this changes; a splash of red here and of gold there, and hedge and woods are marked sharply and clearly with long angles and straight brush strokes. The breeze that all summer has rolled along quietly, suddenly straightens out briskly and carries an invigorating tang as sharp and clear as a drawn line. And though your apples are still clinging to the trees, and your nuts are still milky in their green husks, you can detect a faint, far-away odor of ripened apples and nuts and dying leaves, the first hint of the fine, full autumn flavor. In that breeze is the remembrance of old roads all carpeted with crisp leaves; of fields stretching level under a sky that is sharp and clear; of banks of sweet fern with great glowing plumes of sumac rising above them. Then the first scarlet maple is like the shout of a trumpet, its imperious summons calling you to all these things, and you step out a little more briskly toward the fields and woods and the sumac.

A Sure Sign.

Fish—"I see the spring fishing season has started."

"By the Skin of My Teeth."

The expression, "I escaped by the skin of my teeth," used, say, when a pedestrian has just dodged a motor-car by a hair's breadth, is often regarded as pure slang, and many a boy has been rebuked by his very proper maiden aunt for using it. Yet it is taken direct, with the change of one small preposition, from the most literary book in the Bible, that great poem of "the ways of God with man," that we know as the Book of Job.

It occurs in chapter xix., verse 20, that reads: "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." It is a forceful metaphor, because the teeth have no skin, and thus it carries the idea of the closest shave imaginable.

Job is referring to the fact that all his family have perished and all his riches have flown away, and that he himself is not only in dire poverty, but in very bad health as well. The only thing left to him is his life, and even that is so full of misery that it is hardly worth retaining.

The coldest period of the day is usually a few minutes after sunrise. This is due to the fact that when the sun first strikes the earth it causes the evaporation of a chilling moisture.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves unhappy. 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 and sails for America with him.

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 takes her to live at Red Grange with his aunt. Monty Fisher tells David that he knows that Mary is not Nigel's widow and David says he has already found that out.

Monty's sister, Dora, wants to marry David. She is jealous of his attentions to Mary and seeks revenge.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

He tried in vain to comfort her, but he realized what she shut her eyes to—that she had never had a place in David's regard beyond one of ordinary friendship; that she had never been anything more to David than any other woman of his acquaintance.

He went on with his breakfast in silence. Dora dried her eyes viciously.

"You don't care what happens to me. You don't care if I am a miserable old maid all my life."

The description of herself was humorous. Monty smiled in spite of himself.

"Don't be silly! You've only got to look in the glass to scare that bogy away. Why, you might marry almost any man you know."

"I want to marry David." The tears flowed again.

It was not that she had any love for David, but that she always obstinately wanted the thing beyond her reach.

Monty went off to the office with a heavy heart. There were troublesome times ahead, he was sure, and, manlike, he hated trouble. He liked life to be peaceful and smooth sailing. He could gladly put up with monotony to secure peace.

The sight of Evans in the outer office made him think of that mysterious cablegram. He called the young fellow into his room, and told him to shut the door. He indicated the paper which was lying before him on the table.

"Do you know anything about this, Evans?"

The young man flushed.

"No, sir."

It was obviously a lie. For a moment Fisher was nonplussed.

"You are quite sure of that?" he asked again quietly.

This time there was no answer. Fisher looked at him with reassuring eyes.

"You have nothing to be afraid of, Evans," he said kindly. "My sister tells me that you saw this message yesterday, and that she gathered from your manner that you knew something about it. Is that so or not?"

"No, sir; I know nothing."

"Very good. You may go."

The young man went slowly away.

When the door was shut Fisher took down the telephone receiver and asked for the Red Grange number.

There was some delay in getting connected; and when at last he was told he was through, it was one of the servants who spoke at the other end of the wire.

"Mr. Bretherton is very much engaged, sir, but I will tell him."

"Tell him it is important. My name is Fisher.

There was another delay. Then David's voice, urgent and oddly excited, spoke:

"Is that you, Monty? Have you any news for me?"

"News? What do you mean?"

Fisher was mystified.

The answer came impatiently:

"I thought you might have heard of her. I thought perhaps she might have communicated with you."

"She! Who? I don't understand. Who are you talking about?"

There was the faintest hesitation. Then:

"I'm speaking of Mary. She's gone! She left my house last night. If you can come down, Monty—"

"I'll come by the next train."

Fisher slammed up the receiver.

CHAPTER XLVII.

NOT NIGEL'S WIFE.

He sent a hasty note round to Dora, saying that he had been called away on business, and in less than an hour he was speeding on his way back to the Red Grange.

A chauffeur brought the car to meet him. They were all very upset at the house, he explained—Mrs. Nigel was missing.

They could not understand it; they were afraid there had been an accident.

Fisher made no comment. He hardly knew if he were glad or sorry that Mary should so have taken the law into her own hands.

He supposed that it was his recognition of her that had frightened and driven her to take this step. In spite of himself he felt sorry. He could not quite believe in the accusation he himself had made that she was an adventuress. He had always known her as so quiet and unassuming.

David met him at the door. He looked pale and rather stern. The two men shook hands silently. Both were conscious of the curious eyes of the servants.

David led the way to his study, and shut the door.

"You may as well tell me anything you know," he said abruptly.

His voice sounded strained. He looked like a man who is keeping an iron hand on snapping nerves.

"I suppose you spoke to her yesterday. She recognized you, of course."

"Of course. I—I said very little though, and she certainly did not know that I had told you—"

"You told me nothing more than I already knew."

"As it happens, no."

"And you can suggest nothing? You don't know of any place she would be likely to go to?"

"None at all. Nigel always said she was singularly friendless."

David made no comment, but his hands gripped each other hard behind his back.

Fisher was watching him sympathetically.

"She left no note, no word of explanation?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. But her bed had not been slept in when the maid went to call her this morning, and she had gone."

"She can't have gone far, and someone must have seen her—there are so few people round here. Someone must have noticed her."

"The guard at the station did. He spoke to her. She went up by the first train—the seven-ten. She told him she was going to London."

"She may come back this evening."

David turned sharply away.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DOLLY'S LETTER.

"You know as well as I do that she will not come back," David said.

There was a little silence.

"If we could only find Nigel's wife," he went on, with a sort of rage in his voice, "we might get to know the truth of it all! Do you think it would be of any use to advertise for her? I know so little about her. I have even forgotten her name."

"Dolly," said Fisher, quickly, and then stopped.

For a moment he stared at David's tall figure and averted face; then he

"I suppose you spoke to her yesterday."

thrust a hand into his pocket, and drew out a folded cablegram. He crossed to where his friend stood.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

David turned. He glanced at the paper carelessly, then with increasing interest:

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

The eyes of the two men met.

"Well?" said Fisher.

David shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all double Dutch to me," he said shortly. "What is the meaning of it? Where did you get it?"

"It came to the office yesterday. That is all I know."

David looked annoyed.

"It's a mistake, I should think. I don't know any woman of that name."

Fisher folded the paper absently.

"Dolly was the name of Nigel's wife," he said quietly.

The two men stared at each other for a moment without speaking.

"I don't know why I think it is she," Fisher said then. "I have no reason at all for supposing so beyond the name; but if I am right, that would explain somewhat why she asks for this money. She would consider it more or less her right. She was that kind of woman."

"But the name Durham, man?"

Fisher laughed cynically.

"Probably she has married again already. I was always expecting to hear something of the kind."

David seemed hardly to be listening. He was pacing up and down the room restlessly.

"Of course, nobody knows the truth of this affair," he said suddenly. "They all believe that Mary is really Nigel's widow. I have not told them anything. I don't wish them to know anything."

"As you please, of course. And if there is anything I can do—"

"You can try and find her for me. You lawyer chaps know the ropes, and I don't."

David's voice changed suddenly. He laid a hand on Fisher's arm with something of his old affectionate manner.

"Find her for me, old fellow. I'd give anything in the world to have her back again!"

Just for an instant Monty hesitated. His thoughts flew to his sister as he had last seen her, flushed and angry, with the tears in her eyes.

She was nothing to David. If he had believed before that she was, he could no longer doubt the truth now, and suddenly his hand went up to meet his friend's.

"I'll do my best," he said.

* * *

At lunch-time Miss Varney appeared. She had evidently been crying very much. Her voice quivered as she appealed to Fisher with tears in her eyes to help them.

"If I only knew that she was safe and well I should not mind so much," she said over and over again. "But one hears such terrible things nowadays. The poor darling may have lost her memory, or been taken ill, or a hundred and one things."

David smiled rather sadly.

(To be continued.)

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.

Rinso The New Kind of Soap

Rinse the clothes clean with RINSO.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

R-479

The Barter.

I have sold the farm where my youth was spent,
And my days of wisdom and glad content.
And my friends have come to rejoice with me,
For at last they say, I am truly free.
But I know full well, though I may not tell,
I have sold the beauty that fed my heart.

I have sold the spaces of azure sky
Where the winged clouds went in cohorts by.
I have sold the fields that the sunshine blest,
Where the wild wind played with the grasses' crest,

I have sold the groves, and the fairy coves,
And the placid pond where the lilies grew.

I have sold the flowers of a thousand hues
That have welcomed me in the morning dews,
And the tender music of bygone days
When the sweet birds sang me their roundelays.
I have sold the oak that memories woke
And the trustful love of my creatures dumb.

I have purchased ease for my weary hands,
And the way before me hath no quicksands,
But my eyes are seeking the scenes they know,
And my heart is sick for the long ago
When across the sheen of my acres green
Were inscribed in beauty the thoughts of God.

—Elma C. Wildman.

Ferric Chloride Discovered As Poison Ivy Preventative

Poison ivy meets its match in the iron compound known as ferric chloride, according to a new booklet on the toxic weed by Dr. James B. McNair, which is being issued by the Field Museum of Natural History. Dr. McNair discovered in the course of exhaustive researches on the chemical nature of ivy poison that this substance is rendered insoluble and thus made harmless by chemical union with iron.

A number of soluble iron salts are effective against poison ivy, but Dr. McNair has found ferric chloride to be the most suitable. His treatment calls for a mixture of one part by weight of ferric chloride with ten of alcohol and ten of water, to be washed on the skin and allowed to dry there before one goes into places where poison ivy grows and also after such possible exposure. This, it is claimed, will entirely prevent the development of ivy poisoning in the great majority of cases.

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

Words.

What mysterious things are words, mere syllabled breath, invisible shapes of air, sound sculptured by the deft tools of tongue and throat, and lips into architectures more enduring than steel and stone! And yet these flimsy forms are the golden causeways thrown up between man and man and between ages far separated by the gulfs of time so the growing spiritual and intellectual traffic of all the centuries may move silently over them.

A word vanishes in the utterance, and yet nothing of man's creation lasts so long. Words have rebuilt empires where swords had destroyed them; and modern man in nothing more truly exemplifies the essential worth of civilization than in the pride and affection with which he regards effective forms of words nobly uttered and geared into what he believes to be the truth and justice and right as they exist in the nature of things.

All our great institutions are built upon words. Charters and creeds and laws are nothing until firmly set within the "syllabled battlements of sound." We do not trust a man until he has "given his word" and no contract is binding to the full until it is "put down in black and white"; that is to say, the agreement is not a valid instrument until the words have the validity of a clear and fixed expression.

We have a way of thinking still that the sword has been man's great and effectual fighting tool, but the pen is mightier than the sword because the pen is armed with swords.

The great battles of the ages have been word battles, in which wit and eloquence and understanding have struggled against error and ignorance. Words are great thoroughfares that bring all times and places into communication. They are inventions of peace and not of wars, the sublime means by which men arrange armistices and agreements and not clubs to maul each other with over their differences. That is a great sentence in the Gospel which says: "In the beginning was the word."

The Man in the Moon.

The face, or disk, of the moon is brighter in some places than at others. The dark spots are so arranged as to represent the eyes, nose and mouth of a man, and the whole disk represents the face of a human being. So the moon appears to us, but people in other countries claim that they see other things in the moon.

The Tartars behold "a woodcutter, bearing on his back a huge bundle of wood, and supporting himself with a staff." The Japanese say that they see a rabbit, in a sitting posture. His long ears stand erect and before him is a large mortar.

In his forepaws he holds a pestle, and is generally busy grinding rice. But the telescope shows that the dark spots are really huge mountain craters, for the surface of the moon is about as uneven as that of the earth.

Uncle Sam's Souvenirs.

The majority of the Americans going home this year after a holiday in Britain take with them at least one old brick! This sounds an amazing statement, but upwards of one thousand charred bricks have disappeared from the ruins of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, which was recently destroyed by fire, says an English magazine. The greater part of these bricks have been removed by souvenir-hunters.

It has been suggested that a fee of a guinea or so should be charged for the privilege of taking away one of the remaining bricks, so that a sum may be raised to aid in the building of the new theatre.

Both "Old."

Wife—"There was a poor woman here to-day after old clothes for her family."

Husband—"Did you give her any?"

"Yes, I gave her that 10-year-old suit of yours and that dress I bought last week."

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Become a Beauty Specialist

TORONTO HAIRDRESSING ACADEMY SHOWS YOU HOW

Classes now forming for Spring term. Write for Booklet describing various courses.

Branch School, 137 Barton Road, HAMILTON, ONT. TORONTO 5, ONT.