Have You Tried "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T36

It is in a class by itself. Ask for it.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUBY 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.

When Mary sees Monty at Red Grange she fears exposure and runs away. David starts out to find Mary.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

For now she knew that it had not only been her imagination that David was unusually attentive to Mary; that it was a reality—that in all probability David was in love with her!

In love! With that white-faced, silent woman? She ground her teeth savagely. She should never have him! She would prevent it if it cost her everything she had!

So that was the truth, at last! This woman was not Nigel's wife, but an adventuress who had schemed for her place!

She paced her room half the night; she would marry David whatever happened; she would be mistress of Red Grange in spite of this white-faced interloper!

She did not trouble herself with details of the story; she never gave Nigel's real wife a thought; all that mattered to her was to prevent Mary getting the man she herself wanted.

Monty glanced anxiously at her when they met at breakfast, but apparently she was smiling and unruffled. She made herself charming to David; she spoke to him sympathetically, as if she understood without being told that he was unhappy and in trouble; she tactfully left the two men together as soon as the meal was over.

But they went out of the house almost immediately. David could not rest, he said; he must be up and doing; every moment of delay gave Mary a better chance to get away.

But there was so little they could do. He followed Monty about the whole morning, doing everything that was possible; his first outburst of anger only came when Fisher said, smiling:

"Now we can only sit down and wait patiently."

David caught up the word with passion:

"Wait? When anything may be happening to her! Surely there must be something we can do! I can stand anything but this inaction. You don't know how I blame myself. I ought to have guessed what she would do."

Fisher protested.

"I am to blame, if anyone. It was I who drove her away."

David dismissed the thought; he had been to blame, and he alone, he told himself.

He had had his chance that last night when he and she drove back together from the station; he might have told her, then, that he knew all there was to know; he might have told her something else, too—that he loved her, and that because he loved her, he could forgive everything.

But the moonlit hour had passed; he had let it slip through his careless fingers; and now it was too late.

He left Fisher at his office, and went off alone. He felt that he must walk—walk, to outstrip the giants of remorse and anxiety that shadowed him.

Mary was somewhere in London—of that he was sure; perhaps one day he would come face to face with her when he was least expecting it. A little thrill warmed his heart.

How fast he would hold her if that day ever came! She should never escape him again.

But it is only in dreams, or between the pages of romance, that such things happen.

CHAPTER LI.

A CHANCE MEETING.

Dora was left to a solitary lunch. She had ordered an especially dainty meal, thinking that David would be there to share it with her; but he did not come, and she ate it alone.

Monty had purposely kept him out, she told herself resentfully; Monty was working against her, not with her; she could not understand how it was that he had changed so; once he would have tried to get the moon for her had she wished for it.

"I was just thinking about you! Oh, you poor dear!"

It was a lovely afternoon; and after dragging out a restless hour on the chance of David returning, she went out.

As a rule she went straight to the West End, and spent her time amongst the shops; but to-day somehow she felt out of tune with her old world.

She remembered, with a little shiver, how heavily she was already in debt; in her heart she had always been sure of "pulling things off," as she called it, with David; once she had even been tempted to give her future marriage with him as a security. David was so rich; as his wife, she could have everything she wanted.

She wandered into the park, and sat down on a seat under the trees.

Spring flowers filled the beds, and birds sang in the branches overhead.

Children played and shouted to each other on the soft grass. The world seemed a very beautiful place to them, in its new spring dress of green.

But Dora sat with her eyes moodily downcast, and let its beauties pass her unheeded.

For almost the first time in her life it seemed as if she was to be denied her heart's desire; hers was not the nature to take a disappointment calmly, even philosophically.

What was the use of being beautiful if beauty could not win all one wanted? What was the use of beauty if one could not suitably adorn it?

David was the richest man she knew; Red Grange alone was worth making sacrifices to win. She had built so many castles for the future, dreamed so much of all she would do when she reigned there as his wife; it seemed a thousand times more desirable now that in all probability it would never be hers. She started up impatiently and walked on over the soft grass.

All her life she had never been thwarted; she would win now—she would!

She raised her head with a fierce gesture of defiance, and saw Mary Furnival coming through the sunshine towards her.

The two girls were quite close together, or it is possible that Mary would have turned back; but recognizing that it was too late, she stood her ground.

Dora Fisher was a quick thinker; in an instant she had decided upon her plan of campaign. She went forward with hand outstretched.

"I was just thinking about you! Oh, you poor dear! Whatever will you do?"

Mary had flushed when she first saw Dora, but she was pale enough again now; even her lips looked white.

"I don't understand you. I—I—" she faltered, and broke down.

"We know everything, of course," Dora went on, in her soft, silky voice. "David is staying with us now; he came up to us directly. Oh, I am so sorry for you!"

The words sounded genuine enough; her beautiful face was full of sympathy.

She gave Mary no time to answer, but went on:

"David is simply furious, of course. He won't listen to reason at all, though Monty and I have both done our best for you. He simply won't believe that you just did it on the impulse of the moment. He talks as if you were some horrid adventuress. As if it were true! Why, I liked you from the very first moment I saw you!"

"He—he is furious—with me?"

CHAPTER LII.

DORA'S PLAN.

"You know what the Brethertons are," said Dora—"such a proud lot! I suppose he hates to feel that he has been deceived. I suppose he is angry for Nigel's sake, too."

"He has every right to be—there is no excuse to be made for me. But I never meant to stay; it was only—only that I just wanted to see the Red Grange again."

Mary hardly knew why she defended herself to this girl; instinctively she distrusted her; but she was longing to hear something of David. Already it seemed years since she last saw him; already her heart was crying out for him.

"You poor dear!" Dora still held her hand; she patted it soothingly. "You need not be afraid that I shall tell him I have seen you; I wouldn't think of telling him. I have never seen him so dreadfully angry before." She cast her eyes down effectively. "And I know him prety well," she added, softly.

Mary's heart gave a little throb of pain. This girl was so beautiful! She realized it afresh as she looked at her now.

David had denied once that she was anything to him. Miss Varney had denied it, too—but was it true?

She drew her hand gently away.

"I am afraid I must be going."

Dora gave a little protesting cry.

"But I want to help you! Don't you believe I am your friend?"

"You are very kind, but I don't think I want any friends. All my life I seem to have done without them, except—" She broke off with sudden tender memory of Nigel; he had been a kind friend to her.

"But you will want them—I am sure you will!" Dora urged eagerly. "And if you will trust me, I am sure I could help you. You don't seem to understand that David is looking for you because—oh, perhaps you don't know that what you have done—impersonating someone else, I mean—is punishable by law."

Mary stared at Dora Fisher with a fast paling face; for a moment she could not speak—then she tried to laugh.

"Punishable by law! Oh, no, surely not! I haven't robbed anyone, I haven't taken anything that didn't belong to me. Oh, it surely isn't—"

"My brother tells me it is—he ought to know. But you need not look so afraid—I am not going to tell them that I have seen you—they never need know."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

"May I Marry?"

A bureau for dispensing free medical advice to those contemplating matrimony has been established at a Berlin municipal clinic.

A doctor attends to examine applicants in order to ascertain whether they are free from disease, either hereditary or contracted; and in a fit state to marry. Certificates are issued recommending them, according to their physical condition, to proceed with their wedding plans, to postpone them, or in some cases to abandon them.

No charge is made for this service and applicants are not compelled to follow the advice given.

In Russia there are several farms where horses are bred for making violin bows from their hair.

Big Money for Ford Owners

Selling Eclipse Shock Absorbers, Spring Controls and Lubricator. Write for particulars.

The W. G. ASTLE SALES Co.
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BORDERED MATERIALS ARE SMART FEATURES OF THE NEW MODE.

The mode for bordered fabrics finds expression in this simply designed one-piece frock of kasha flannel. The new wide belt favors double buckles for fastening, and is worn at the top of the hips. The convertible collar is fashioned of the border, as is also the tiny vestee, pocket and narrow cuffs, to which are gathered full sleeves.

No. 1301 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch bordered material; or 3¾ yards 39-inch if made of plain material. 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.

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

IN RADIO, YES, THIS IS A BATTERYLESS YEAR!

Judging from public demand and the report from the various Radio Shows in the United States and at the Canadian National Exhibition, the tendency in radio this year is undoubtedly towards Batteryless Sets. The real and only truly batteryless set is, of course, one that uses the raw alternating current in the tubes direct from the light socket—in which batteries are totally eliminated from the set—and it so happens that the only real set of this character that is exhibited this season is a Canadian achievement known as the Rogers Batteryless Radio.

This set exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition probably attracted the most interest of any Radio, including many from the United States. Not only is it a Canadian development, but with over a year's steady progress behind it and now entering on its second year it has proven an undoubted success. The 1927 Models of the Rogers possess every convenience, including single-dial control, super-power amplification, volume control, metal-shielding and elimination of the aerial in most cases, in addition to the total elimination of all batteries.

A very interesting book entitled "Evidence" containing letters from owners of Rogers Batteryless Radio Sets throughout Canada, can be secured by anyone on request to the Q.R.S. Music Company of Canada, Limited, 590 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Worlds' Rarest Stamp.

Stamps worth £3,000,000 will be on view at the International Philatelic Exhibition, which opens in New York on October 16th, and will be the greatest ever held in the history of stamp collecting.

The last international exhibition was held in London in 1923, and on that occasion the stamps exhibited were insured for £2,250,000.

Among the valuable stamps which will be shown in New York is the rarest stamp in the world—the one-cent 1856 British Gliana, black on magenta, which was sold in 1922 for £7,317.

New attractions in the exhibition will be an enlarged class devoted to air mail stamps, including those used on air messages during the Paris siege of 1870, and the Przemysl siege of the Great War; a class for historical and educational collections, arranged to illustrate art, plant and animal life, history and biography; and a special class for Government exhibits, in which will probably be shown the processes used in the engraving and printing of stamps.

The judges, like the exhibitors, are drawn from all the countries of the world, and there are on the jury representatives of Japan, Mexico, Brazil, and South Africa.

Starlight.

The sun has made its circle in the blue,
A-dazzle from the fiery pathway spent;
Torn clouds on the horizon heap awry,
Pale glimpse of day reflected in each rent.

Gray sky becomes a netting of deep jet
As, sifting through the meshes, speeds the light;
A quivering glow through every bight appears.
Such are the stars this silver sable night.

—Julia Cogswell Frankle.

The Traveler and the Poet.

A traveler in an Eastern land
Saw dirty Arabs, filth, and grim disease.
A poet, walking at his hand,
Saw carpets, jewels, robes and broideries.

—N. G. Luker.

The World's Great Need.

Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art:
That thou may'st consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy.
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart;
And comforters are needed much
Of Christlike touch.

—A. E. Hamilton.

Throw away the Washboard—Use Rinso

THE old-fashioned wash-day is gone. With it has gone the everlasting rub-rub-rubbing and ugly hands, lame backs, frazzled nerves and short tempers and a soapy odour all through the house.

Instead you use Rinso and *part* of a morning for the weekly wash.

You change the hard work of washing to just rinsing.

Just soak the clothes a couple of hours or overnight in Rinso suds, rinse, and that's all. Simple. Efficient. Time saving. Labour saving.

Don't try to do another washing without Rinso. Twelve leading washing machine makers say "Use Rinso".

Made by the makers of Lux

2-459

There's a Treat

for you and your children in the Peppermint sugar jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside.

Utmost value in long l-a-s-t-i-n-g delight.

WRIGLEY'S aids digestion and makes the next cigar taste better. Try it. CG35

AFTER EVERY MEAL