Insist Upon "SALADA" GREEN TEA

It has the most delicious flavour. Try it.

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. Mont's sister, Dora, is jealous of David's attentions to Mary. Dora meets Mary by accident and asks her where she is living. Mary refuses to tell.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"You are very kind." Mary was conscious of a feeling of strong antagonism towards this beautiful woman; she would have much preferred her enmity to this sudden pretended friendship—for that it was pretended she was sure. For the second time she made a little movement to go, but Dora again stopped her.

"You will at least tell me where you live. You will let me be your friend?"

For a moment the eyes of the two women met, then Mary drew back, her face flushing.

"You don't really wish to be my friend—you don't really like me. Please let me go."

The other laughed mockingly.

"You are very candid, and not very charitable, are you? Some day you will be sorry."

Mary made no answer; she turned and walked away.

Dora stood looking after her with a chagrined face; the idea came to her to follow and see where this girl lived, but she shrugged her shoulders and dismissed it.

After all, what did it matter to her? She cared nothing so long as she could keep David from discovering where Mary was.

* * *

At dinner-time that evening she told David and Monty that she had something very interesting to tell them; she looked at David archly as she spoke.

"I met someone when I was out this afternoon, someone you are very interested in." There was a distinct challenge in her voice. "Guess who it was."

"Mary," said David. The name came so naturally to his lips—just as if it had always been there—just as if she were always in his thoughts.

Dora laughed to hide her chagrin.

"Yes, it was." Her eyes rested on his hand; she saw how suddenly it had clenched. She went on, with deliberate cruelty.

"She looked very well and happy, I thought. She stopped and spoke to me; she asked after you, David."

His lips moved, but he did not speak.

"Was she alone?" Fisher asked.

Dora laughed meaningly.

"Well, that's rather telling, isn't it? But—well, no, she was not! David, I'm afraid you've been horribly taken in by her. It is a shame!"

"I don't understand you." Bretherton's voice was cold. "If you really saw Miss Furnival, perhaps you can give me her address?"

"I am sorry—I am afraid I can't. I asked her for it, but she refused; she doesn't want to have anything more to do with any of us. It's perfectly obvious! I really think it will be kinder to leave her to herself."

David looked at Fisher. The latter spoke rather impatiently:

"Whom was she with. You say she was not alone?"

"My dear Monty, I really don't know." Her beautiful eyes met his without flinching. "She did not introduce him to me, but I understood from what she said—and what she left unsaid—that she was going to be married to him."

There was a little silence; David laughed suddenly, lifting his wineglass.

"Well, here's good luck to them both," he said in a queer voice.

He deliberately changed the conversation. It was he who did the entertaining throughout the remainder of

He stared when he saw the two at the window.

the meal. Monty had never seen him so talkative; he looked at him anxiously from time to time.

Afterwards, when he caught Dora alone for a moment in the hall, he held her hand fast when she would have pulled away from him.

"Is that the truth—about Mary Furnival—or did you make it all up?" There was something stern in his voice.

Dora wriggled free.

"Perfectly true that I met her, perfectly true that I asked her for her address and she refused to give it to me."

"And the rest—about the man?"

She laughed provokingly.

"Have you ever heard the saying that all is fair in love and war?" she asked. "My dear Monty, mind your own business—that's my advice to you."

She went on into the drawing-room. David was there standing by the window, at which the blind had not yet been drawn.

There was a pale moon riding aloft in the dark sky. It shed a faint light on to the Fishers' small garden; it made David think of the Red Grange and that last drive he had had with Mary.

He cursed himself now for not having told her then that he knew all about the pitiful little secret she was guarding so jealously. After all, what had it been beyond the yielding to a sudden sentimental impulse?

He seemed to understand her so well, and to sympathize with her loneliness, and realize the sudden gap his brother's death had left in her life.

Apparently Nigel had been her only friend. Imagination had pierced the story for him; it was only that he could not find a place in its complete whole for Nigel's wife.

Where was she? What has become of her? Had that cable which Monty had received really been from her? and if so, how had she got to the Argentine, and why?

He was trying to puzzle it all out in his tired mind when Dora came into the room and stood beside him.

The faint light from the moon fell on her beautiful face and graceful figure. She looked like a dream princess, he thought, with reluctant admiration, as he turned to speak to her.

She smiled up into his eyes, and something in the sweep of her long lashes made him think of Mary with a sickening heart-throb.

Was this story true about her coming marriage? Had she indeed only played her own game with them all along—been only a common adventuress, as Fisher had hinted from the first? He could not believe it.

In all his life no woman had ever caused him a single pang until now. He hated it because now he could not sleep or rest for thinking of her—for wondering where she was and what she was doing.

CHAPTER LIII.

SAVED FROM AN IMPULSE.

The woman at his side spoke in her soft voice.

"What a lovely night, David! It makes one feel quite sentimental, doesn't it?"

Her soft skirts brushed his feet—the scent of her hair seemed to fill his senses.

For a moment he looked away, and tried to believe that it was Mary standing beside him; that he had only to put out his hand to take hers—only to turn his head, and meet the shy sweetness of her eyes.

When a man is in love, and unhappy, even the sympathy of a woman for whom he cares nothing is sweet. David might have said or done anything during the next few minutes had not Fisher saved the situation by walking into the room and switching on the electric light.

He stared when he saw the two at the window.

"Sorry. I thought the room was empty."

He caught the scowl on his sister's face, and wondered if he had interrupted anything of much moment. He came forward awkwardly, and made some platitudinous remark about the weather.

He would have gone away again, only he knew that it would look too pointed. He flashed a whimsically smiling apology at Dora.

Afterwards she raved at him.

"He would have asked me to marry him if you hadn't come blundering in! You really are a perfect idiot, switching on the light in that manner. I believe you are deliberately trying to spoil my chances."

She broke into the usual storm of tears.

"Just when everything was going so well. I believe in his heart that he really does care for me."

Fisher listened unmoved.

"If he does, he can find a time and place to tell you so, without any assistance from me," he said dryly.

She stamped her foot.

"I think I am beginning to hate you!" she stormed.

Fisher walked out of the room.

His sympathies were all with David. Perhaps he realized at last something of Dora's shallowness and utter selfishness.

He passed a restless night, wondering how he could help him; he did not for a moment believe Dora's story of having seen Mary with a man. He would have liked to tell David that he did not believe it, only it seemed so impossible to give his own sister away.

That promised letter from the Argentine seemed to be their only hope of ever solving the whole mystery; but it was cold comfort to look forward to another month of waiting before the mail could possibly arrive.

David went down to the Red Grange for the week-end. It was so lonely, Miss Varney complained to him in one of the many letters she wrote. "Nobody knows how I miss that poor child. David, why can't you find her? Is London so very easy to hide in?"

Apparently it was, David thought wretchedly, as he went off home to try and cheer her up; in his heart he was beginning to think that Dora had been right, and that Mary did not mean or wish to come back to them any more.

"I have done my best," he told Miss Varney, as she rushed to the door to meet him, and ply him with questions. "The only thing is to believe that she does not wish to see any of us again, dear, I am afraid."

"I don't believe it!" said the old lady. "She loved being here. She loved us all."

(To be continued.)

In Dry Canada

WRIGLEY'S

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. 42—'26.

The Largest Windmill.

The largest windmill in the world is operated in San Francisco, Cal., to pump water into large reservoirs, from which it is distributed all over the pleasure ground of Golden Gate Park. It has a main tower 200 feet high, made of concrete. Each sail is 100 feet long and there is an automatic device for setting the sails. The maximum horsepower developed by the windmill in a fairly strong breeze is said to be about 100.

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Minard's Liniment for bruises.

Sheffield Plants Begin Razor Blade Output

Sheffield steel manufacturers in their efforts to cut into the Armerican safety razor blade trade are now turning out millions of blades every week. One firm alone employs 1300 workers and produces more than a million blades weekly. It is making preparations to double its capacity within the next few months.

In his annual report, Sir Gerald Bellhouse, chief inspector of factories, says that for some years Sheffield has been supplying a good proportion of the steel for the manufacture of safety razor blades in the United States, but of late the Sheffield manufacturers have been exerting themselves to produce the actual blades themselves for Britain's share of the world trade in this particular line.

Pengoe, New Hungary Currency.

The latest addition to the new money units is the Hungarian "pengoe." The purpose of the pengoe is to eliminate the big figures in the almost worthless kronen notes. Thus a 1,000,000-kronen note is equivalent to 80 pengoes.

Tapping a Rubber Tree.

This is an art that requires a delicate touch and sure hand. Contary to general opinion, the ordinary rubber of commerce is not the sap of the rubber tree, but is a fluid called "latex," found between the corky outer bark and the hard, thin, inner tissue that incases the trunk of the rubber tree.

Tapping means cutting the tree so that its latex will ooze out and be caught in a cup properly placed. One of the best methods of tapping is a diagonal cut extending a third of the way around the tree. These cuts are made with a razor-like knife of special construction, whose blade is so thin that 20 slashes can be made side by side in an inch of bark. The latex does not flow through the tree like sap, but is found in cells. Tapping in most localities may be done daily, but not to such an extent that the vitality of the tree will be weakened. Trees that have been tapped too heavily for a time improve after a few days of rest.

Javanese women are among the best tappers. Javenese men are more suited to tapping work than the Chinese, but the Javanese women are better than either. It is in the heavy work of clearing the jungle for planting thatthe Chinese are most at home.

All work is "task work." Each worker starts off each morning with a certain amount of work to be done, and as soon as he has finished he is through for the day. The tappers are through their tapping work by noon. The tapper's "task" is usually 450 trees. In collecting the latex, the cups are emptied into metal milk-cans, and when this work is finished each worker takes his cans to the collecting sheds and the latex is weighed. Each tree yields from one-third to one-half an ounce of latex each day. Half of this weight is rubber, making the annual yield of real rubber from each tree three or four pounds.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Bridges.

Founding a constant grandeur
On inconstant sand,
Bridges hurdle rivers
And land.

Surly, their perfect sinews,
Under long duress,
Hold a crouching posture
Motionless.

Beams arch high, and girders—
The Z-bar, the truss—
That we may cross laughing,
Oblivious.

That there is a river
Blackened by the night,
Where a mighty shadow
Glistens white.

—Marion Strobel.

500 Luther Descendents Meet.

There are 608 living descendants of Martin Luther, and 500 of them gathered at the annual reunion and memorial services of the Luther family at Eisenach. Although Luther had six children, and four survived his death in 1546, only two had offspring. The ancestry of 537 is traced to Dr. Paul Luther and the remaining seventy-one to Margaret Luther.

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Going to Emmaus.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them with a kind engaging air
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up a broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

—Cowper. "Conversation."

World's Largest Organ May Play Soon on Radio

Canadian radio fans soon may hear from the Daventry station, Liverpool Cathedral's organ, which has just been completed at a cost of about $175,000. It is said to be the largest organ in the world.

The instrument has five rows of keys, 22 draw knobs, 168 stops and 10,934 pipes. It is pumped by electro-pneumatic action, the mechanism being driven by motors with thirty-five horsepower. The size of the organ is such that there are seventeen telephones from vairious parts of the instrument for the workmen to communicate with the assistant at the keys during tuning.

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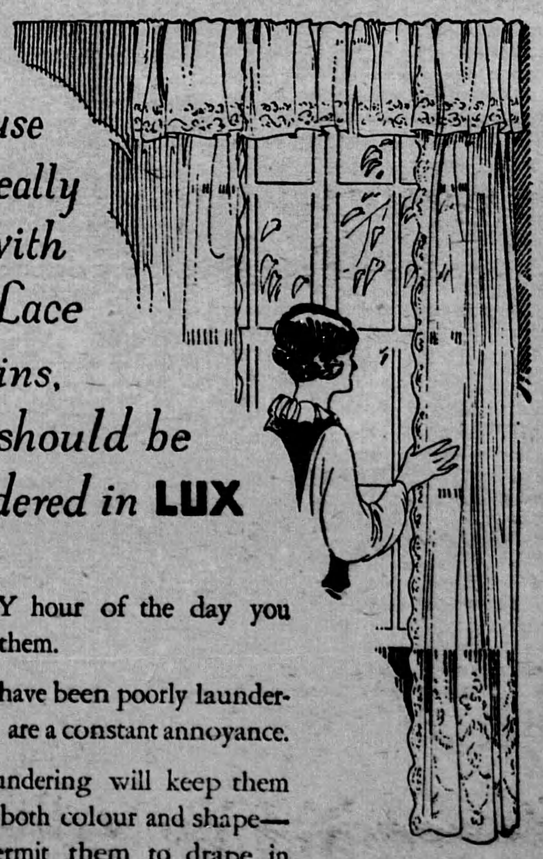

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