Full of Flavour "SALADA" TEA

T57

So why accept exhausted bulk tea.

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.

Mary is happy in her new home until Monty Fisher exposes her to David. Mary disappears. David asks Monty to help him find her. Monty is sorry for Mary and tries to help David find her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

David turned away.

"Perhaps we flatter ourselves too much," he said.

He felt restless and unhappy at the Red Grange. He had wished to be there, and yet now he was back once more, he felt that he would give anything to be in London again.

Down here in the country one was so out of touch with things. Any day Fisher might have news of her, and then it would mean an elapse of hours before he, David, could be communicated with and anything could be done.

* * *

He was back in town again on the Tuesday. He went straight to Fisher's office.

"Have you any news for me?"

But there was none. Monty tried to say what he had been thinking for the past fortnight.

"Give it up, David—she'd come back if she wanted to. She must have recognized the advertisements I have had inserted."

David set his jaw doggedly.

"I mean to find her, if it takes me a year. I mean to hear the truth from her own lips before I give in."

There was a tap at the door. A clerk entered with letters.

Fisher ganced up.

"Put them down, Evans; thank you. You need not wait."

But the young man still lingered.

"There is one, sir, not meant for this office, I think."

He indicated a thin envelope on the top of the others.

The name at the head of the address had caught his eye when he was sorting them—"Miss Mary Furnival," and beneath it Fisher's office address.

Mary Furnival! The name of the girl he had so romantically met in the omnibus the night the Multane went down. He had thought about her so often since, and wondered if he would ever see her again. It had given him a little stab of pain to so unexpectedly see her name written there.

Fisher glanced at it, and for a moment his eyes flashed into excitement. Then he said quietly:

"Oh yes, thank you—that will do." He looked at the young man curiously as he left the room. He was sure now that Evans knew something of Mary, or of Nigel's wife. He had felt sure of it all along, even when Evans had denied knowledge of that cable.

When the door closed, he pushed the letter over to David.

"This may help us," he said.

David snatched it up.

"For Mary! Why—I shall open it, of course."

He slit the flap agitatedly, and drew out the contents. They were badly written, and smeared as if with tears.

Dear Mary—I have written to you ever so many times, and never had one answer. It is unkind of you, considering all that Nigel and I did for you when we were first married.

I am in dreadful trouble, as I told you in my last letter. My husband is so ill—they say he will never be well again—and nearly all our money has gone. I ask you to see David Bretherton for me, and find out if he would not do something for us. I think he might, as he got rid of me cheaply.

What did you do with the money you got for the contents of the flat? I would not ask you for it, but I must have money somehow—we want to come home and we can't unless someone will help us.

Robert is brokenhearted that he should have brought me to this. He says over and over again that it would have been far better for me to have remained Nigel's widow than have become his wife. He doesn't know my precious brother-in-law, does he? I might have starved for all he would have cared! But you used to be kind Mary, so do be kind now, and try and help me. If only I could come home! It's so dreadful being out here amongst strangers, and with no money.

Please cable me if you get this safely. I am sending it to Mr. Fisher's office, as no other address seems to find you.

Your miserable, unhappy,
Dolly.

That was all. David finished reading it to the end, then he turned back, and looked at the address.

Fisher was watching him silently.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's from the woman Nigel married. She has evidently married again." There was a sort of grimness in his voice; the lines of his mouth looked hard.

"Read it—read it for yourself," he said.

He pushed the letter across.

"She seems to have very strong ideas about me. I cannot believe that she got them from Nigel."

"I always said she was no good. Nigel made the mistake of his life when he married her. Poor boy!"

CHAPTER LIV.

There was a little silence while Fisher read the letter.

"We know better how we stand now, at least," he said more cheerfully.

David brought his clenched hand down on the writing-table before him. There was a ring of passion in his voice.

"But it doesn't tell us where she is, man," he said. "It doesn't tell me where to find her."

Fisher hesitated. Presently:

"If you don't mind, I'm going to send for that clerk of mine," he said impulsively. "Don't say anything—just sit there and listen." He rang the bell at his elbow.

Evans came into the room.

"Yes, sir."

Fisher indicated the torn envelope on the table before him.

"About this letter, Evans," he said slowly. "This letter addressed to Miss Mary Furnival—do you happen to know anyone of that name?"

The young man's face flushed.

"I did, sir—yes!"

"You mean that you no longer know anyone of that name? Don't be afraid, Evans. You may be able to help us very considerably—Mr. Bretherton and myself—if you will be straightforward and tell us all you know."

The young man glanced at David.

"It isn't very much, sir," he said then, almost resentfully. "But one evening—some weeks ago—the night the Multane went down it was, I sat next to a lady in the omnibus going home, and we got into conversation. I spoke of the boat having gone down, and she almost fainted—she said she had friends on it. She seemed very upset." He hesitated, flushing nervously.

CHAPTER LV.

"Yes—go on," said David.

"I took her home, sir. She was in deep mourning, and looked too ill to be allowed to go alone, I thought; and she asked me if I could make a few inquiries for her—about the list of passengers. She wanted to know if her friends were saved. I asked her to tell me their names. First of all she said that a Mrs. Nigel Bretherton was her friend, and afterwards she corrected herself, and said that she was a Mrs. Robert Durham. I didn't think much of it at the time—it was before I came into your office, sir—but afterwards, when there used to be letters and business to do for Mr. Bretherton here, it struck me as being a strange coincidence."

"Yes—and you never saw this lady again?"

"Yes I did, and she told me that her name was Mary Furnival. I—I went to see her once." He looked apologetically at David; perhaps he guessed something of the true story. "But afterwards she said she was going away to stay with friends for a time; she wouldn't let me know her address, though I asked for it. But I saw it—I saw it quite by chance on a label tied to some of her luggage."

He stopped once more. Both men looked up eagerly.

David Bretherton spoke for the first time.

"And what was the address?"

"The Red Grange, Selmont, —shire. But—but that isn't all, sir. There was a name above it, and the name was 'Mrs. Nigel Bretherton.'"

* * *

Mary Furnival had never been so utterly wretched in all her life as when she found herself back in London once more and quite alone.

When she woke the first morning in the small, stuffy room which she had rented from a landlady of former days, she lay still for a moment, listening to the rumble of passing traffic with a feeling of utter forlornness.

"Yes—and you never saw this lady again."

It was so different to the Red Grange. She had only to shut her eyes to picture the big, sunny bedroom, the dainty furniture and rose curtains, the wide sweep of lawn and garden outside the window.

Oh, to be back here again! To know that when she opened her eyes she would find that this last night had been nothing but a dream—a bad dream from which she had wakened forever!

But there was the ugly little room, with its venetian blind in which several laths were broken, the bright-colored oleographs in their cheap frames, the painted chest of drawers and rickety washstand.

This was her home now. She had only been an interloper in that other. She had never really had any right there. It was only what she deserved—to be turned out of her paradise.

She knew that she would have to look out for work again at once. She had spent most of that quarter's small income on the few things she had had to buy before it had been possible to go to the Red Grange.

Work! Office work and drudgery! How she had grown to hate the very sound of it in the past happy weeks!

(To be continued.)

Run! Get Some 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

Do Not Imagine—

—Other People are the cause of all your troubles.

—You would be happy if you lived in some other town.

—That every one has a grudge against you or they will have.

—That the only difference between you and the big success is the chance you had.

—You can fool your small boy with big talk.

—That being honest is going to hurt your chances in a good cause.

—That you can fool other people as easily as you fool yourself.

Hope for the Race.

My hope for the human race is bright as the morning star, for a glory is coming to man such as the most inspired tongues of prophets and poets have never been able to describe. The gate of human opportunity is turning on its hinges, and the light is breaking through its chink; possibilities are opening and human nature is pushing forward toward them.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

VERY SMART FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

This chic little frock will be worn with delight by any little girl, and may be made of plain flannel for schooltime wear, or in any of the new daintily flowered material for dressier occasions. The dress opens at centre front, and has flared side sections. Long sleeves are gathered to narrow cuff-bands of contrasting material to match the round collar and belt at sides. No. 1342 is for girls in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material; or 1¾ yards 54-inch. 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 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.

"Tell It Not in Gath."

In spite of its origin, this is probably one of the commonest catchphrases in the world. If a golfer, for instance, were to foozle his drive or miss an easy putt, he might say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning. "Don't tell the other fellows!" If an English actor, temporarily out of a job, were to be discovered by an old friend busking on the bench, he would say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning, "Don't breathe it in Maiden Lane!"

The saying is Biblical in its origin, the first to utter it being David in his lament on the death of Saul and Jonathan at the battle of Gilboa. Saul had been jealous of David for years, although Jonathan, his son and heir, was David's most devoted friend. David, being a fugitive, had settled with a handful of faithful followers at Ziklag, a small town in the country of the Philistines.

It was here that the news was brought to him that Saul had fallen upon his own sword, after being wounded by the Philistines, and that Jonathan was dead also. He broke out into one of the finest requiems ever uttered:—

How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askalon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. . . .

Askalon was a seaport of the Philistines, and Gath was an inland city of some importance in the same corner of Palestine.

Indian Summer.

Faint blue the distant hills before,
Yellow the harvest lands behind;
Wayfarers we upon the path
The thistledown goes out to find.
—Margaret Sherwood.

Came in Style.

Burke—"Congratulations, old man! A boy or a girl?"

Watson—"A girl, but she's got a boyish haircut."

Going On.

We live in a world that is going on. Our language is full of words which mean rest and pause and stop, but they are all outlawed by fuller information. Science has reached its most bewildering and appalling concept in the idea of motion—everything on the move. Sun and moon and stars, all sweeping on with majestic stride, the earth revolving on its axis, swinging in its yearly orbit around the sun, and with the great solar family of which it is but an inconspicuous member proceeding forever in some still farther trek across the boundless fields of space.

Turning from the astronomic immensities, the microscope has examined the molecule, the atom, the electron; and they all speak the same language—going on. Life is motion, and the guess is now abroad that motion is life. At all events, things which once seemed to be solid and sterile and dead are now known to be vividly and actively astir; the rock and the ore of steel and the huge bulk of the mountain—all resolve themselves into motions of incredible velocities. In the long view, the hills are as fluid as the waves of the sea.

And the mystery of it and the wonder is that while all the multitude of things singly and individually appear to have their beginnings and their ends, the whole, of which they are the perishing ingredients, remains. The soldiers drop out one by one, but the army marches on; the trees fade and fall, but the forest continues; nations, empires, generations tread upon each other's heels and vanish, but the human race goes on. So great, indeed, so vast, so incredibly magnificent, is this awful succession and continuance of the far-spread universe of things and forces, that the mind of man quails before it and can form no adequate conception of it.

And here appears another mystery: For us humans the way of health and strength and all the fidelities seems to lie in this same path—go on. To falter, to stop, to fall into futile doubts and misgivings, to palter with destiny, to compromise with action, to hesitate, to sidestep the onward urge—we ourselves call every such hesitation and reluctance weakness, failure, death.

One of the women Channel swimmers said a remarkable thing: "When you put your mind to go, you go. The moment you say 'I am cold, I had better stop,' you are through." The universe seems to be organized into some compelling omnipotence whose ruling slogan is: "Go—keep going."

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Earth's Hard Heart.

According to a scientist, Dr. E. D. Williamson, who has just concluded a series of exhaustive investigations into the subject, the Earth is built on a principle similar to that of the old-fashioned metal-cored golf ball, with the addition of several layers of a lighter substance and a very thin surface crust.

The metal core of the Earth, according to this authority, is pure iron, or an alloy of iron and nickel, having a thickness of not less than 4,200 miles. The distance from the outer edge of this core to the surface is about 1,750 miles; this is divided into three layers. Next to the core itself is a mixture of iron and rock, extending to within 800 miles of the Earth's crust. On top of this is a layer of rock similar to that scattered about the surface, but containing a much larger proportion of magnesia. The surface crust, about thirty-five miles in depth, consists almost entirely of granite.

This new knowledge of the Earth's formation has been obtained mainly through studying the velocity of earthquake waves as they pass through the earth, as well as by an investigation of the contents of meteorites, which are generally accepted as being similar in composition to that of the earth.

The Strait of Dover varies in depth from 36 feet to 174 feet.

"A Stylish Dress for 15 cts!"

It helps a lot when a woman is wise to home dyeing. Old, faded dresses made the new colors of the hour. Just as perfect as any professional dyer could do it—if only you'd use *real* dye.

It's easy to Diamond Dye dozens of things, and do wonderful tinting of underwear and all dainty pieces. Using true dye is the secret. You can Diamond dye all your curtains and covers, scarfs and spreads; any material, and right over other colors. So easy, it's fun!

FREE: ask the druggist for the Diamond Dye Cyclopedia for suggestions and easy directions; actual piece-goods color samples, etc. Or the big illustrated book, Color Craft, free, write DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N3, Windsor, Ontario.

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A little Lux goes so far and it works so safely that millions of careful housewives use Lux for the whole family wash.

L-536

The Admiral's Herring.

Superstitions still cling to the Isle of Man herring fishery. The oldest fisherman in the fleet, the vice-admiral, must eat the first herring of the season.

The opening of the season is inaugurated by the Bishop of the Isle. He blesses boats, nets, and crews in turn. "Three" is the fisherman's unlucky number. When the fleet leaves port, no third boat may pass the harbour mouth. To "cheat the devil," the second and third boats are lightly lashed together till the harbor mouth is cleared.

Fishing for herring may go on until the first new moon before Christmas.

In all Manx churches a special clause is inserted in the Litany. This clause is the work of Bishop Wilson, who, knowing how much the islanders depended on the success of the herring fishery in his day, ordered these words to be said in the Litany: "That it may please Thee to restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea."

Manx officials on their installation in office swear to execute the laws of the island as straightly as the "herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

Don't Pity Yourself.

—Because your friends are deserting you. Find out why.

—Because the newspapers do not mention you. Perhaps they are kind.

—Because you are not in style. Perhaps you are out of debt.

—Because you are not rich. Think of the worry you are missing.

—Because you are not in the limelight. Be thankful for a little privacy.

—Because you have to work. What would life be without it?

—Because you are not beautiful. At least you can wear a beautiful smile.

Grape Famine.

A serious grape famine has been caused by the recent heat wave over southern Europe, and in Spain it will be the shortest crop on record.

Homeward Bound for CHRISTMAS

Old hearts will beat more quickly; old eyes will shine with happiness when YOU go home. And what a joy it will be for you, too, visiting the scenes of childhood days and meeting friends of other years!

Make arrangements now to go home this Christmas on a liner of the Cunard or Anchor-Donaldson Canadian Service. The voyage will be an unforgettable pleasure. The ship's comfortable appointments and the courteous, intelligent interest taken by every member of the staff in your well-being make your journey a real joy.

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***Dec. 11 from St. John N. B.**

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