Very Fine Quality "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T87

Truly satisfying—only 43c per ½ lb.

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.

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.

But Mary was no weakling. After the first moment of anguish she faced the future resolutely. She had managed to keep hserself before. Well, she would do it again. The only possible thing was to shut out the past, bolt and bar the door of her heart against memory, and be prepared for whatever might come.

She spent the first day tramping from office to office in search of work, but the result was discouraging. In spite of the war and the consequent shortness of men, there seemed no place for her. Many times her name and address were taken.

"We will let you know if we hear of anything."

The same old answer, the same old excuse with which she had so often been put off before!

She got back to her room at night tired and dispirited. The day had seemed endless. Her feet ached with tramping the pavements. Surely it was only a dream that she had ever walked the velvety lawns of the Red Grange and driven with David!

She had kept her thoughts resolutely from him so far, but now, alone and wearied, the memory of him came surging back to her.

How he must hate her now if he knew everything! And, of course, he did know—Monty Fisher would have told him. How he must hate her!

She spread her arms on the little round table, and laid her head on them.

The Red Grange! It sounded to her very much as the name Fairyland must to a child—as something wonderful and unreal, something of which one only hears and never dares to see.

And yet once she had been there. Once, for a few short days, she had had her peep at paradise. Nothing could take that from her. She would always have the memory to hug to her heart.

It was on the second day that she met Dora Fisher and came back choking and afraid. Something in the other girl's insolent beauty had set fire to the smouldering jealousy in her heart.

David would marry Dora! In spite of all he had said, she believed that he would. Dora would go back to the Red Grange as a happy wife, whilst she—Always the world had turned a cold shoulder to her—always her place had been in the shadows.

She hardly gave a serious thought to Dora's last words. She did not really believe that David was thinking of punishing her for what she had done.

And, after all, what had she done? Deceived him—yes. But he was in no way the loser for it, unless one counted the few happy drives she had taken with him, the few nights she had spent under his roof, the few meals she had taken at his table.

If she had been the adventuress they would all think her, she would not have been satisfied with that. She would have wanted money and clothes, and perhaps jewels.

The tears rushed to her eyes as she thought of Miss Varney. The old lady had been so good to her, had been genuinely fond of her, she was sure. Would she, too, now hate her, as David assuredly would?

She tried to eat the tea the landlady brought for her, but the thick slices of bread-and-butter and the cheap tin tray, with no dainty linen cloth to hide its ugliness, brought a lump to her throat. It was absurd, so she tried to argue.

She rose resolutely from the table. She felt that she would go mad if she stayed any longer in this room with its stuffiness and ugliness.

She took her hat, and went out.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE WHEEL OF FATE.

The streets were dark and uninteresting, but there, at least, she could breathe and move. No four walls hemmed her in. The horrible feeling of being in prison vanished.

A batch of soldiers swung past her in the road singing cheerily. Their boots were thick with dust. They looked tired, but their spirits were high. She thought of Nigel. Once he had been one of them—he who was now sleeping almost forgotten somewhere in France.

Mary caught her breath. "You?" she said.

As she turned a corner a young man coming quickly in the opposite direction ran against her. He apologized, raising his hat. They were close to a street lamp, and by its subdued light each saw the other's face.

Mary caught her breath.

"You?" she said.

Young Evans colored to the roots of his hair. For a moment he could only stare at her. Then he put out his hand.

"I was beginning to think we should never meet again."

He had been thinking of Mary a moment since; he had been thinking of her ever since the morning, when he had been called into Monty Fisher's office, and been questioned about her. And now here she was; now they were face to face again. He held her hand in a glad clasp. His heart was thumping wildly. He broke out again, stammering a little.

"I never thought we should meet any more. I am so glad to see you."

Mary did not know what to say. She had liked him during their brief acquaintance; he had been kind to her. But there was something now in the expression of his eyes, the tone of his voice, that bewildered her. She drew her hand away nervously.

"The world is such a small place, isn't it? It's wonderful how people do knock up against each other."

She would have turned and left him had it been possible, but she knew it would be unkind and discourteous. Evans rose to the occasion.

"Will you come somewhere and have a cup of coffee with me? I've been working late at the office—"

He broke off, remembering that Fisher's last words to him had been about this girl. He shook the memory aside; he did not want to remember it now.

Mary assented; she was really glad to have met a friend. She followed him into a restaurant close by.

Evans ordered coffee and some cakes.

"I haven't had my tea yet," he said, meeting her eyes. "I am hungry, if you are not." He leaned a little closer to her.

"And how are you after all this long time?" he asked.

It really did seem a long time since they had met, though in reality it was but two or three weeks. His interested eyes realized that she looked pale and unhappy.

He longed to ask her what was the truth of all this mystery; why David Bretherton was searching for her so eagerly; what she was to him. But a feeling of jealousy kept him back.

Bretherton was rich—whilst he—Of course she would never look at him! He was only a poor clerk.

Mary answered, smiling faintly, that she was quite well. She did not want to talk about herself. She tried to turn the conversation into other channels. She questioned him about his work; she talked about the war. She talked feverishly about every other subject under the sun, and yet—after all, Evans' conversation came back to herself.

"And where are you living now? Not in the same flat?"

"Oh, no; I left it a long while ago."

It seemed a long while—though she knew it was but a few weeks.

"But you are still living in London?"

"Oh, yes!"

He colored a little at her evasive reply.

"You don't want me to know where."

She looked distressed.

"Oh, please don't think me unkind! It isn't that; but—but I haven't time for friends. I know you think it horrid of me—especially when you were so good to me."

"I only think what is nice about you."

He spoke the words with clumsy sincerity. He kept his eyes on his plate. His heart was pounding under his office coat. He would have given anything had he dared put out his hand and lay it over her own; but something restrained him.

She was not for him—this girl with the sad face and sweet eyes; he knew that, even while he knew, too, that he loved her.

There was a little silence. Suddenly he looked up.

"If you spoke quite honestly, you would say that you do not wish to see me again," he said.

Mary colored.

"I should not! I have so few friends; but you don't understand."

He stirred his coffee vigorously.

"Perhaps I understand better than you think," he said at last slowly. "Perhaps—" He broke off. "Someone was asking me about you to-day," he added after a moment.

"About me?"

"Yes. Mr. David Bretherton."

He heard the little catch in her breath; saw the way her hands clasped each other convulsively

"David Bretherton? How—how do you know him?"

"He is a great friend of Mr. Fisher's. I am in Mr. Fisher's office."

"Oh!" There was something afraid in the little ejaculation. "How did he know you knew me What did he ask you?"

"He is looking for you everywhere: he hoped I could help him find you."

Mary did not answer. She was remembering what Dora Fisher had said—that David was furious—that he would never forgive her—that he meant to see that she was punished for her deception. She remembered, too, the story Miss Varney had told her of the Gray Lady at the Red Grange. David was a Bretherton.

(To be continued.)

Good taste and good health demand sound teeth and sweet breath.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum *after every meal* takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way—by clearing the teeth of food particles and by helping the digestion.

The result is a sweet breath that shows care for one's self and consideration for others—both marks of refinement. Ask for CG38

WRIGLEYS

ISSUE No. 44—'26.

Census Not Large.

Visitor—"Do you think the government will find the census of this town large?"

Disgusted Native—"No—the people of this town haven't half the senses they were born with."

I Believe in Loyalty—

—To my town, for that is where I make my living.

—To my government, for without it I would have no liberties.

—To my friends, for they forgive me most.

—To my home, for it gives me most.

—To my church, for it has taught me most about God.

—To my conscience, for I have to live with it.

—To my God, for to Him I owe everything else.

Generally Is.

"Madame, if you'll buy the car we'll put your initials on free."

"Oh, it's not the initial cost. It's the upkeep."

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

PRACTICAL AND DECIDEDLY NEW.

This little dress of attractive design for daytime and schooltime would be equally effective if fashioned of figured or plain material with contrasting collar and set-on vestee. An inverted plait in centre front gives the necessary fulness, and the sleeves may be long and gathered into narrow wristbands, or short. A belt fastened with a buckle in front is placed at top of the hips. No. 1303 is in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch material; or 2⅛ yards 39-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.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Canada a Good Country.

In a recent letter to the Edmonton Board of Trade, L. W. Anderson, of Bittern Lake, Alberta, who came from Nebraska in 1905 with only $100 in cash and now owns a 512 acre farm fully equipped and worth several thousand dollars, told why he is satisfied with farming in Canada.

"Among the principal advantages of farming in Western Canada is that the highly productive land will yield more wheat, oats, barley and other crops per acre than is common in Nebraska," states Mr. Anderson. "Land in Western Canada is still low priced and taxes are low compared with those paid in the United States. My taxes on each quarter section of 160 acres are only $40 per year and there is no personal property tax on farmers' property.

"There are fairly good roads throughout Western Canada and they are getting better every year. Most farmers drive a motor car and they drive all the year round except on a few odd days in the winter. All the essential modern conveniences are to be found on the farms in Alberta and the other western provinces of Canada, including good schools, telephones, rural mail delivery and radio.

"Canada is a good country for a man with little capital getting a good start in life," concludes Mr. Anderson in his letter.

Provide Unity of Background.

The ceilings, walls and floor should in each case form a unity of background. As to the relationship of ceiling, walls and floor, we must be guided by nature.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby — Best for You

No Boiling — No Rubbing Just Rinse with Rinso

A package of Rinso is a package of miniature soap bubbles.

You simply dissolve for 25 seconds the tiny bubbles in hot water, soak the clothes a couple of hours, or overnight, rinse them well in clean water and—that's all.

Result—clean, sweet-smelling clothes, hours of time saved and the hand work changed to just rinsing.

Rinso dissolves the dirt, you rinse it out.

You will never know how easy it is to do the washing until you've used Rinso, the greatest time and labour saver the housewife has ever known.

Rinso

Made by the makers of Lux

R-457

Be Swift to Praise.

"Well done!" Two words so swiftly said, and yet they fall like summer rain,
Are to the hungry spirit bread; the soul quite parched revives again;
And hope returns that once was fled and energy flows through each vein,
When those two words, "Well done" are said.

The song unsung no comfort brings; a violin is surely naught until the bow caress the strings.
Of what avail the unspoken thought? 'tis but a bird clipped of its wings.
Oh, lips! There are such simple ways you can enrich another's heart!
Withhold not then the words of praise for kindly words so oft impart
Fresh sunshine to the drearest days.

Always have I been much impressed with how much goodness may be wrought;
How hungry hearts are fed and blest just by a timely, spoken thought!
Just by "Well done" said with true zest! And often lest my lips forget,
I whisper that one simple phrase, as fragrant as sweet mignonette.
Oh! lips of mine, be swift to praise!

—Wilhelmina Stitch.

Relief.

"How can I keep my feet dry?"

"Try our pumps," replied the bright shoe clerk.

Campana's Italian **BALM**

After washing it keeps the hands beautifully white and smooth

To prevent chapped hands

Use **SIMONDS SAWS** and **Machine Knives**

SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LTD.
MONTREAL
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Democracy.

A Rolls-Royce drove up to the football field of the private school, and a very important-looking woman called out to a little fellow in uniform: "Will you please call my son, Master Agernon?"

In just a moment there was a shout: "Hey, Skinney, your ma's here!"

Not Lost.

Jack—"So Bill is engaged."

Dick—"Yes, another good scout lost."

Jack—"Oh, no; simply Miss placed."

Drive Slowly at Bridges.

Automobilists should drive slowly at bridges and at culverts. A bad rut or stone in the road may throw the machine against the structure.