Discover For Yourself "SALADA" GREEN TEA

T77

To drink a cup is a revelation. 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.

Mary is happy in her new home until Monty Fisher exposes her to David. Mary runs away. She meets an acquaintance named Evans, who tells her that David is searching for her. Mary becomes frightened and thinks David is very angry.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

No doubt he could be just as harsh and severe as that ancestor of his who had turned a woman and child into the snow to die.

She shivered a little.

Evans looked up. The drawn, strained look on her face went to his heart.

"What—what did you tell him?" she asked.

He half shrugged his shoulders.

"I knew nothing. How did I know where you were?"

"No—no, of course not." She spoke half to herself. For the moment she had forgotten his presence; she was back again in the moonlight with David, listening to his voice:

"You need never be afraid of me—whatever happens."

Had he really meant that? and if so, why had she not had the courage to take him at his word, and make a clean breast of the whole miserable deception?

He might have forgiven her then; he might have found it in his heart to make excuses for her.

But now—a little pang of fear convulsed her. She looked at Evans tremulously.

"You won't tell him you saw me? Oh, promise that you won't tell him!"

"I will promise anything you wish—anything."

She thanked him brokenly. There were tears in her eyes, but she brushed them determinedly away.

What a strange turn of the wheel of Fate this was, that had brought them all together again! Would she ever really be safe from discovery?

She loved David, but she dreaded his anger. She would rather have died, she told herself, than face him now.

She had let her coffee get cold. Evans gently drew her attention to it.

She drank it off hurriedly. She was glad when they were out in the night again. It was past eight o'clock then; she stopped at the end of the road.

CHAPTER LVII.

IN HOSPITAL.

"I must be getting back. Don't think me rude if I ask you not to come with me."

"But I shall see you again? You will let me see you again."

She hesitated; she wanted to say "No," but his pleading eyes checked the refusal.

After all, he had been good to her, and she badly wanted a friend. She tried to temporize.

"If you will tell me your address, I will write to you."

"You will forget to when I am gone."

"I will not. I promise I will see you again."

He took a little pocketbook from his coat, tore out a flyleaf and wrote something on it.

"You promise me? You will keep your promise?"

"Yes."

She did not even glance at what he had written. She put it away in a little bag she carried.

"And now I must say good-bye."

She shook hands with him hurriedly. She was anxious to be rid of him now. She stepped off the path without looking where she was going, to cross the road. It was very dark just where they were standing. She never saw a taxicab bearing swiftly down upon her, till Evans shouted.

"Look out!" and then: "Oh, my God!"

He made a dash forward to snatch her back, but it was too late. Mary was only conscious of a confusion of shouts and noises, and flashing lights, and a dull, sickening pain, before she

"Look out!" And then: "Oh, my God!"

went down—down—into bottomless blackness.

Evans was out in the road in an instant, and kneeling beside Mary's prostrate figure.

She was lying on her back—one arm bent beneath her—her face upturned.

A crowd gathered instantly. It is remarkable where the people come from when an accident occurs. A moment since the road had seemed curiously empty of pedestrians; but now— Young Evans looked round with a sort of impatient anger at the crowd of curious faces staring at the unconscious woman.

A policeman had arrived, and he was making the usual copious notes; the taxi-driver had left the wheel of his car, and was standing, pale and shaken, on the curb.

"She stepped right off the path under the cab," he said, over and over again, agitatedly. "I sounded me horn, but she never looked where she was coming. It weren't my fault, now, were it, sir?"

He appealed to Evans, who was kneeling at Mary's side.

The young man looked up, and shook his head. "No. I think it was her own fault; she didn't look where she was going."

He had raised Mary's head on his arm; someone in the crowd had unpinned her hat and removed it. Her hair had become uncoiled, and fell heavily over his shoulder.

"Is she dead? Do you think she is dead?"

Evans put his question fearfully. He had never seen anyone look so white in all his life; her hands lay with such inert helplessness on the hard pavement.

The policeman shook his head ponderously.

"Does your heart, no—stunned a bit, that's all. A friend of yours, is she?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Then you can give me her name and address."

Evans looked confused.

"I don't know her address—her name is Mary Furnival." He hesitated, then added: "I haven't seen her for some time till this evening; we met accidentally. I don't know at all where she is living."

"She'll have to go along to the hospital."

Capable hands lifted her into the taxi. Evans watched them unhappily. They seemed to handle her so roughly, he thought, with a little shrinking pain in his kind heart. He was relieved when the policeman told him he must come along, too. He held her hand during the short ride to the hospital. Once! when the guardian of the law was looking the other way, he bent his head and gently kissed it.

Supposing she were dead! Or supposing she were to die! He could not bear to think of it. He wondered what David Bretherton would say, could he know. He knew that it was his duty to tell him, and yet—there was something so sweet in knowing that for the moment, at least, he was Mary's only friend.

In the hospital they took her from him. People came and asked him a string of questions. The bare cleanliness of the building got on his nerves; he would hate to die in a hospital—he hated the idea of leaving Mary here amongst strangers.

They left him alone in a small waiting-room for what seemed an eternity. Presently a young man who looked like a student came back to him. He held something in his hand.

"We found this on Miss Furnival," he said. "There is an address written at the back. Do you suppose it is her own address, or would it be the address of her relatives.

He held a little locket to Evans.

The young man took it hesitatingly. The case was opened, and a roughly printed amateur portrait of David Bretherton looked up at him from beneath the oval glass.

He turned it over mechanically. At the back was written:

"Taken at the Red Grange, Selmont."

For a moment he did not speak. His mind was in a whirl, a bitter feeling of jealousy was stabbing his heart.

She must care for David then, or she wouldn't be wearing his portrait. He raised his eyes to those of the man watching him.

"She used to live at the Red Grange, but that is some time ago. Her friends have left there now."

It was a deliberate lie, and he was bitterly ashamed of it the moment it was uttered. But he wanted so desperately badly to have Mary in his care and keeping for a little longer. If the Brethertons knew where she was, and what had happened, they would come at once and claim her, even if only in a spirit of unfriendliness.

The young doctor accepted the explanation.

"You don't know if she has a mother—or anyone, then?" he asked.

"No." Evans was glad to be able to answer this question truthfully, at least. He did not know; he knew nothing about her beyond the little she had told him and the very little he had inadvertently discovered.

"Is she—is she badly hurt" he asked anxiously.

The young man shook his head.

"There is a slight concussion and minor injuries—that is all I can tell you at present. If you can, call in the morning."

Evans' heart sank.

"You will not let me see her tonight, before I go?"

"I am afraid not. She would not know you, anyway; she is quite unconscious."

Evans went away unhappy and crestfallen. The lie he had told about the Red Grange worried him. He was naturally very straightforward. All the way home he was haunted by the fear that Mary would die.

He would have to tell the Brethertons then, and they would never forgive him.

He spent a wretched night; he never slept a wink. He was haunted by the memory of Mary's white, unconscious face. If she died, he would never forgive himself or be happy again.

He was up with the dawn, and round at the hospital at an absurdly early hour.

There was no favorable news for him.

(To be continued.)

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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

ISSUE No. 45—'26.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

Every Man Must Rely—

—Upon his friendliness for all the friends he will ever have.

—Upon his will efforts for all the money he will ever earn.

—Upon his ability to serve for his true worth to the world.

—Upon his own prayers if he expects to make the acquaintance of God.

—Upon the life of usefulness, not the lines of his palm, for his good fortune.

—Upon his wisdom rather than upon belief, for proof of his religion.

2-26

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

AN ATTRACTIVE BOUFFANT MODEL.

This dainty frock, though simple to make, would be very chic if fashioned of taffeta, moire, or velvet. The two-piece skirt is gathered to a fitted bodice opening at the left side and the novel use of ribbon, either of matching or contrasting color, gives an added note of charm. No. 1376 is for ladies and is in sizes 34, 36, and 38 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material; 2½ yards 8-inch ribbon. 20 cents.

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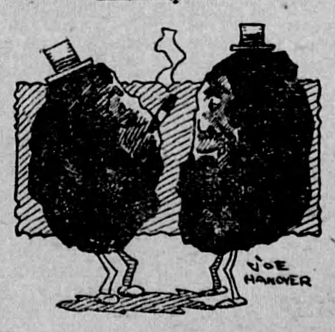

How Sad.

1st Lump of Anthracite—"Miss Coal didn't make a very good marriage, I hear."

2nd Lump of Anthracite—"No, she married a common old lump of Bituminous!"

Awaking.

Dawn came sharp and chill with red clouds on a faint green sky and drops of water on every leaf and blade. A breeze blew over the garden, dropping dew and dropping petals, shivering over the drenched paddocks, and was lost in the sombre bush. In the sky some tiny stars floated for a moment and then they were gone—they were dissolved like bubbles. And plain to be heard in the early quiet was the sound of the creek in the paddock running over the brown stones, running in and out of the sady hollows, hiding under clumps of dark berry bushes, spilling into a swamp of yellow flowers and cresses.

And then at the first beam of sun the birds began. Big cheeky birds, starlings and minahs, whistled on the lawns, the little birds, the goldfinches and linnets and fan-tails flicked from bough to bough. A lovely kingfisher perched on the paddock fence preening his rich beauty, and a tui sang his three notes and laughed and sang them again.—From "Prelude," by Katherine Mansfield.

A cow's hide produces thirty-five pounds of leather; a horse's only eighteen pounds.

At the Gates of a Seed Farm.

Have you ever seen a field, unending,
Of onions only, out in bloom,
The balls of broken snow and stems of silver
Thick above black-muck loam
In the perfect field of a garden-seed farmer
Where not a weed finds room?

Such a field is as beautiful as an oat-field ever;
More even its heads than a formal garden grows;
Less fanciful than mustard showering above
With its yellow-petaled snows;
And more orderly, the endless matched-up furrows
Of undeviating rows
Than any other farm shows.

In August I have seen a mile of onions
Blossom out and stand
Like a bleaching mesh of broken snow and silver
That a weaver has planned.

—Martha Webster Merriehew.

When Kings Bowed to Cooks.

Cookery nowadays is not regarded as quite so important a matter as it was centuries ago; and though huge salaries are earned by some famous chefs we do not hear of any of them being distinguished in the way they were in the days of old.

In olden times kings have bowed down before cooks, and after a good dinner have granted to them even a part of the kingdom.

William the Conqueror bestowed upon the inventor of a particularly delicious soup the Lordship of the Manor of Addington, with its revenues and honors. Henry VIII. gave to a certain Mrs. Cornwallis a noble house and tenement in London — Sugar Loaf Court—because she had made and presented to him some fine puddings; while the Emperor Charles V. showed his homage to the inventor of pickled herrings by making a pilgrimage to his tomb. Pickled herrings, by the way, were a delicacy much recommended as a stuffing for turkeys.

In the Middle Ages the head cook of a feudal castle was a personage of considerable importance. He gave his orders from a chair raised on a platform, which commanded a view of his subordinates. He held in his hand a large wooden spoon, the insignia of his office. With it he tasted the various dishes designed for his lord's table, and with it also, using it as a rod, he corrected the gluttony and idleness of those around him.

A good cook will always take his profession with becoming seriousness, but Vatel, a French cook who lived in the seventeenth century, carried his chagrin too far when he committed suicide because, at a banquet given by the Prince of Conde to the French king, the lobsters ordered for the sauce ordained to be eaten with the turbot had not arrived.

Cereme, another illustrious French cook, received from George IV. a salary of $5,000 a year. In spite of this salary, he resigned his post at the Court of England because, like many another artist, he could not bear the cold and gloomy English climate.

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

Europe's First Houses.

Workmen excavating near Lake Zurich have unearthed the remains of Lake dwellings which date back to the Stone Age, more than 7,000 years ago. Stone axes, spears, and domestic utensils are among the objects found.

The Swiss lake dwellers were revealed to the world in 1853 by a great drought, when the waters in the lakes and rivers of the country fell many feet below normal level, and so far as is known they are unique of their kind in Europe. The structures which supported the wooden platforms on which the dwellings were built are made of strong piles of tree trunks driven into the bottom of the lake.

A combination of clay and wood was used in the construction of the lake huts, and the floors of the huts which were above the water line were made of large slabs of stone bearing inscriptions of the Stone Age in hieroglyphs.

Perhaps.

"Two cows is in the field," said a teacher to a class of boys, indicating the writing on the blackboard. "Now, that sentence is wrong. Can any boy tell me why?"

One youngster sought to help her out of the difficulty: "P'raps one of them are a calf, miss!" he suggested.

Keep Young with Rinso

Your doctor will tell you the old-fashioned wash-day is one of woman's greatest foes.

Strained backs, ugly hands, jangled nerves and short tempers—all come from the everlasting rub-rub-rubbing on the ancient washboard.

The modern way is to let Rinso do the work.

Change the hard work of washing to just rinsing.

Simply dissolve Rinso in the wash-water, put in the clothes, soak for 2 hours or more and just rinse.

Let Rinso do your next washing.

Made by the makers of Lux.

Change washing into just rinsing

R-452

Autumn is Passing.

Autumn is passing on and icy northern winds
Even now, with chilling wintry keenness blow;
King Frost will soon take charge of mother earth
And change her garb to that of ice and snow.

The trees are bare, the flowers are long decayed,
The birds have taken their songs to warmer climes.
But we remain through dreary months to dream
Of sunny days in former summer times.

'Tis well that seasons thus should come and go,
And summer skies give place to those of grey,
Just as we find that tears and sorrows add
More value to the joys of yesterday.

—George Beattie.

Offering Shelter.

A farmer hurried to chase a small boy out of his wood lot, where the youngster was picking posies.

"What are you going to do with those flowers?' he called.

"They're wild ones, aren't they?" replied the boy.

"Yes, but—"

"Well, I just thought I'd like to give a few of them a good home."

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