Scientifically Packed

"SALADA" TEA

T59

As free from dust as tea can be.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY 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 runs away. She meets an acquaintance named Evans, who tells her that David is searching for her. Mary is run over by a cab and is taken to a hospital.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The nurse, a kind-faced, elderly woman, told him that Mary's injuries were more serious than they had at first supposed.

"Her friends ought to be told," she said, a trifle curtly. "If you know where they are, it is your duty to tell them."

Evans answered with some show of temper. He said he knew no more than she did, that he had no idea where she was living, or with whom.

"And you are no relation yourself?"

"None—I am only a friend."

Her face softened a little at something pathetic in his voice and eyes.

"Well, I'm sorry," she said more kindly, "because I am afraid she is in a very bad way."

"You mean that she will die?"

"Oh, I don't say that; but the doctor seemed very dissatisfied this morning. Perhaps you can call again during the day."

Evans said he certainly would do so; he went to the office with dragging steps.

He sat, neglecting his work, staring before him with worried eyes. The girl typist who worked next to him asked once or twice what was the matter. Evans roused himself with a start.

"Nothing—nothing."

But he could not keep his mind on his work. Once, when he was taking down letters for Fisher, his mind wandered, and he forgot to answer; Fisher spoke to him sharply.

"Where in the world are your thoughts, Evans?"

In the lunch-hour he raced back to the hospital.

Mary's condition was unchanged.

He dragged through the long day drearily, and evening saw him once more anxiously inquiring for her. This time the answer was more grave.

"She is not so well."

He went away, feeling horribly guilty. If she died, the Brethertons would never forgive him. If she lived! Well, if she lived, she could never be anything to him; he was but laying up trouble for himself whatever he did.

He walked about the streets till it was quite late. He had had no tea, but that he forgot. He was amazed to find that his steps had led him to the Fishers' house. He found himself standing outside, staring up at its lighted windows.

He walked past, and came back again reluctantly. Should he go in or not? He shrank from doing so, and yet—

He hesitated, with his eyes on the brass knocker, that gleamed in the light of a street lamp directly opposite.

Suddenly he squared his shoulders resolutely, walked up the steps to the front door, and rang the bell.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FOUND.

David Bretherton was in the drawing-room with Dora Fisher when the bell went pealing through the house.

He had spent a boring evening. Monty had had work to do, and was in his study; and David had been left to Dora's care.

She had done her best to get up a flirtation with him. She had sung sentimental songs one after the other in the drawing-room, where artfully shaded lights threw up her beauty to wonderful advantage.

David sat in a big chair in the shadows, and listened. At least, she supposed he was listening, but, as a matter of fact, his thoughts were far enough away.

Where was Mary? Day and night he thought of her, and wondered and worried.

Now and then, when the plaintive voice and music at the piano ceased, he roused himself with an effort, and said, "Thank you—thank you very much," in an absent sort of voice.

Dora was piqued; she rose from the piano stool with a little petulant movement.

"I believe I bore you; I don't believe you like music."

David protested quickly that he did. He sat up a little from his lounging position, and tried to make conversation; but Dora was discouraged; she had expected a better reception from him; his evident effort to talk to her irritated her; she answered him shortly and snappily.

In her heart she was beginning to despair of ever making a conquest of this man. It was her first failure, and she bitterly resented it.

What was he made of, she asked herself angrily, that he stood so aloof from her? She did not realize that when a man cares deeply for one woman all the wiles and seductions of another will pass him harmlessly.

Perhaps both were really thankful when a diversion was created by the evening past; a maid brought the letters and gave them to Dora.

She sorted them through carelessly.

"Only one for you, David. It has been sent on from the Red Grange."

She looked at it curiously as she spoke; she handed it over to him with evident reluctance.

"May I open it now?" asked David. His voice sounded more awake. He broke open the seal without waiting for permission.

Dora watched him covertly. She saw the quick little frown that creased his brow; the sudden start he gave.

"Anything exciting?" she asked archly; but he did not seem to hear her.

CHAPTER LIX.

MARY IS DYING.

He was reading the sprawled handwriting eagerly:

"Dear Mr. Bretherton—I suppose, as I have never seen you, I must not call you 'David,' though we are brother and sister. Poor Nigel told me so much about you that I really feel as if I know you, although we have never met.

"Well, you will guess by this that I am Dolly—his wife! I am writing to you because I have nobody else in the world to help me, and I am in great trouble.

"After Nigel died, I married again; I dare say you know that by now; Mary Furnival would have been sure to tell you. She was kind to me, but she liked Nigel beter than she ever did me. I have written to her several times since I left England, but she has only answered one of my letters. I suppose she was angry with me for marrying again; I am afraid you will be, too; but my husband begged me so hard—he was fond of me before ever I met your brother. I am telling you this frankly, in the hope that you will forgive and help me.

"Robert is ill now—so ill that he cannot work; and the little money we had is nearly gone. Sometimes I feel that perhaps it is a sort of judgment on me for marrying again so soon.

"I sent you a cable yesterday asking you to help me and shall wait anxiously for your reply. Please, please, for Nigel's sake, be kind to me, because, after all, I was his wife, and he did love me.

"Your unhappy sister-in-law,
"Dolly Durham."

Bretherton read it through to the last line without comment. He hated the tone of the letter; the half conciliatory, half defiant attitude galled him. When he reached the end, he sprang to his feet.

"If you will excuse me, I must see Monty at once."

Dora gave a little chagrined laugh.

"I hope it isn't any bad news. I—"

It was just then that young Evans rang the front door-bell.

The servant came into the room as David was leaving it.

"A young gentleman to see you, sir, please," she spoke to David. "He said it was most urgent. His name is Evans, please, sir."

"You have known it all along! I knew it!"

"Evans!" David echoed the word at first blankly, then with increasing interest. "Evans, I will come and speak to him."

He made a hurried apology to Dora, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Young Evans stood in the hall. He looked nervous and ill at ease. When he saw David, he began an apology for disturbing him.

"Not at all; come in Mr. Fisher's study; perhaps you will not mind his being present."

Evans did not mind in the least. He was conscious of a great sense of relief now he had burned his boats. He wished he had done this before; he knew it would have been utterly impossible for him to have gone through another night such as he had spent after leaving the hospital.

David led the way into Fisher's room.

"Sorry to disturb you, Monty. Evans has come up to see me—it's important, he says. May we come in?"

Fisher swung round in his chair.

"By all means. Sit down, Evans."

But Evans remained standing. He looked at David when he spoke.

"I wanted to tell you that I know where Miss Furnival is, sir."

Monty Fisher sprang to his feet excitedly.

"You have known all along! I knew it!"

Evans' eyes flashed, but he answered quite respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, sir; I knew nothing about it all until last night. I met Miss Furnival quite by chance, and—" He paused, turning again to David: "I—I am sorry to say that she met with an accident, sir."

David had not spoken; but now he broke out agitatedly:

"An accident! Where? When? Why didn't you tell me before?"

His eyes were fierce, but Evans stood his ground manfully.

"Because she was afraid of you, sir; because she made me promise not to even tell you that I had seen her; but now—when she is so ill—perhaps dying—"

"Dying!" The word was half a groan. David took a quick step forward; he caught Evans' arm.

(To be continued.)

Don't Wear Out Your Clothes with Rubbing

Use Rinso

Simply dissolve Rinso (25 seconds).

Put into the wash water—

Put in the clothes.

Soak two hours, or more.

Rinse—

And that's all.

Hours of time saved—

Gloriously clean, white clothes.

Made by the makers of Lux

R-460

ISSUE No. 45—'26.

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

1440

PLAITS OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF NEWEST FROCKS.

Charmingly simple and smart is this daytime dress that presents the vogue for skirt fulness in the inverted plaits in front and is attached to a bodice with front closing in the becoming coat effect, while the back is plain. Long tight-fitting sleeves are finished with trim little cuffs, and a narrow belt fastens at the back. No. 1440 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3½ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch material. 20c.

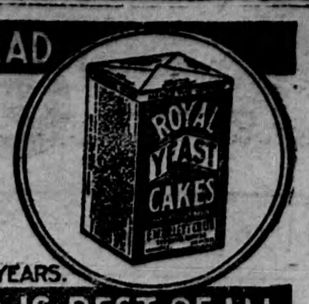
The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. 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.

BAKE YOUR OWN BREAD

ROYAL YEAST CAKES



STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS.

HOME-BAKED BREAD IS BEST OF ALL

Tree in a Hat!

The cedar of Lebannon is not common in England even to-day, and less than 200 years ago there was not a single tree of this species in Europe. A celebrated botanist, Bernard de Jussieu, visited Palestine in 1737, and was struck by the stately appearance of the trees on Mount Lebannon. He selected a tiny sapling, and, for lack of a better "pot," filled his hat with the native soil, planted his young cedar, and brought it away.

Voyages were slow in those days, and the botanist's vessel was driven out of its course by gales. Even the drinking water became scarce, and there would have been none for the precious plant had not the botanist shared his ration with it. He was in danger of a serious breakdown in health when the ship arrived at Marseilles, but the tree still lived.

The Excise authorities then made trouble, thinking that Jussieu's jealous care of his hatful of soil meant that it concealed some dutiable article. He was ordered to empty it, but he pleaded so hard, and described so graphically the hardships he had endured for the sake of his botanical specimen, that at last he was allowed to go ashore.

The sapling was planted in the famous Jardin des Plantes in Paris, grew to gigantic proportions, and became one of the sights of the city. It grew to a height of 80ft., and continued to flourish for a century.

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

The Mind Awakened.

Whatever arouses and wakens the mind, and causes it to forget itself and generously give its attention to matters outside itself—that is education. Whatever stirs it from its sleep or its indolence or its prejudice or its timidity or its indifference—that is education. Whatever "leads it out" into new fields and broader interests and opens up larger vistas—that is education. Whatever makes it keenly aware; whatever makes it conscious of its own powers and inspires it to use them; whatever encourages it or calls to it to exercise them—that is education.

A Dream.

I dreamed a dream, a passing dream,
'Twas wondrous as Aurora's blush,
And radiant as shining sun,
Which tints the cheeks with rosy flush;
Its gentle music in the heart
Was sweeter than the breeze's song;
'Twas combination of all joys
For which the human heart doth long.

Its step was like the falling snow,
So quietly it won the heart,
And sat upon its throne within,
To be, of life, the higher part.
This sweetest dream which comes to me
Is constant as the stars above,
And fills the heart with sweet content;
It is the white winged angel love.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

Montreal.

Dear Friends:

You take no risk with your Dyeing or Tinting if you use "Dy-o-la Dyes". Same Kind of dye Professional Dyers use. Send for Booklet.

Yours sincerely,

May Cummins

Service Dept.

Johnson-Richardson Dep. T. Limited.

After All That.

"And at her request you gave up drinking?"

"Yes."

"And you stopped smoking for the same reason?"

"I did."

"And it was for her that you gave up dancing, card parties and billiards?"

"Absolutely."

"Then why didn't you marry her?"

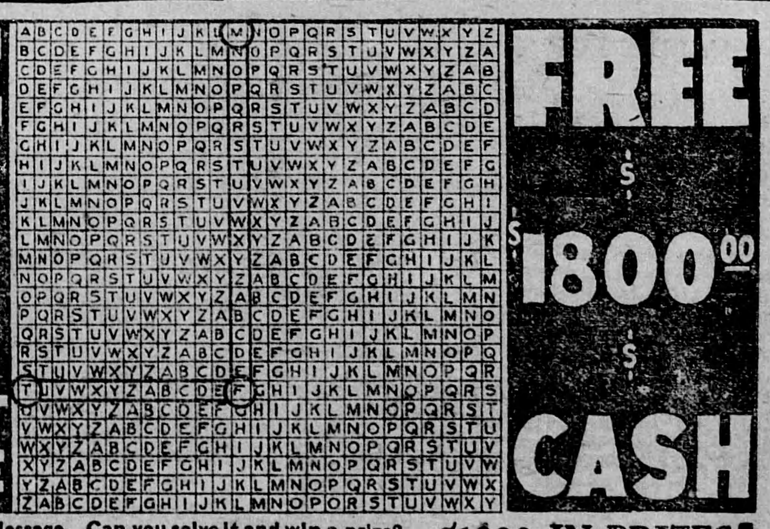
"Well, after all this reforming, I realized I could do better."

Lost and Found.

Sympathetic Lady—"Are you lost?"

Tommy (in tears)—"No, but I've found a street I don't know!"

FREE AUTO FOR SOLVING THIS SECRET MESSAGE



FREE $1800.00 CASH

Here is the Secret Message. Can you solve it and win a prize?

MYB TRMMR RA QFOFZRS TXUUN XN NFMXNAFDMXRS RO TRSBH OBALSCBC

Follow these directions to solve the message:
(1) MBY in the secret message stands for THE.
(2) Take first letter of secret message. This is M. Find it in top line of chart above. Move straight down to F. Now from F move to extreme left of chart. The letter there is T. This is the letter you are looking for. Now take Y. Find it in the top line of chart. Move straight down to F. Then to the extreme left. The letter there is H. This is the second letter you are looking for.
(3) In the same way find out what each letter stands for, each time going straight down to F and then to extreme left.

EVERYONE WINS A PRIZE

The entry gaining nearest 500 points will get the beautiful Whippet Overland Sedan. Cash prizes from $300 to $5.00 will also be awarded to the twenty next best entries. Besides this every qualified contestant will receive a valuable surprise gift. Be neat and careful. Comply with the rules.

DO NOT DELAY

Send your answer to-day. As soon as the judges have examined your entry we shall notify you how many points they have awarded you. We shall then ask you to show a few Paragon Products to your friends and neighbours. That is all you will need to do to qualify your entry and make you eligible for the highest prizes. For any further efforts you may make to introduce Paragon Products we shall pay you extra. Send your entry to-day. Do not lose this opportunity.

1st Prize Automobile	$1,000.00	5th Prize Cash	$75.00
2nd Prize Cash	300.00	6th Prize Cash	50.00
3rd Prize Cash	175.00	7th Prize Cash	25.00
4th Prize Cash	100.00	8th Prize Cash	10.00

9th to 21st Prize, Each.....$5.00

A Valuable Prize to Each Qualified Contestant.

WIN THIS CAR

OVERLAND WHIPPET SEDAN, LATEST MODEL

PARAGON KNITTING & TEXTILE MILLS

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$1800 IN PRIZES

We are giving these magnificent prizes just to further popularize Paragon Products. These products are sold from mill to consumer from catalogue and personal representatives. This direct service to your home saves you money and has become extremely popular. We wish, however, to acquaint more people with this service, so that more homes may take advantage of Paragon quality and values. "GET THE PARAGON HABIT." There is a Paragon Product for every member of the family.

RULES OF CONTEST

1—Write your answer plainly in ink. In the upper right hand corner put the name of this paper; also your name and address, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Use only one side of paper putting anything else you wish to write on separate sheet.

2—Contestants must be 15 years of age or over.

3—Employees of Paragon Mills, or their friends will not be allowed to compete.

4—Entries will be judged and points awarded, as follows: 40 points for each word of the message correctly solved, making a total of 400 points; for fulfilling the conditions of the contest, 70 points; for neatness, style, and general appearance, 20 points; for handwriting, 10 points. Thus the highest number of points possible to obtain is 500, and the nearest to 500 points takes first prize.

5—The committee of judges who will make the final award is composed of three gentlemen prominent in the public life of Toronto. They have no connection whatever with this firm and their services in this contest are purely voluntary. Their names will be made known to every contestant.

6—The last day of the contest is April 30. Entries should be sent at once.

7—Each contestant will be sent a copy of the Paragon Knitting Catalogue FREE and will be asked to select therefrom Eight Dollars' worth of Paragon Products, to introduce amongst friends. This is not a sales contest. The only qualifying condition is fulfilled upon completion of the above requirements. Everybody's opportunity of winning is equal.

Jump of the Lion.

The average man can jump only about once the length of his body, but a lion can jump two or three times its length.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.