Impartial Experts Say

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T32

is the finest 'Orange Pekoe' sold.

Laugh and the World Laughs With You

BY MORGAN JOHNSON.

PART I.

The wind whirred up, letting in a flood of hot, June sunlight from Jermyn street.

"Tea and letters, sir!"

"Ri', Grayson!"

Richard Severance—popular dramatist and author of "The Eclipse," then in its tenth edition—lay and dozed, listening semi-consciously to the familiar swish of his filling bath. Then, sharp and insistent, like the flick of a quirt, came a shattering thought—this was another fresh day out of his meager quota of ninety!

He sat up with a jerk, his mouth twisted whimsically.

"Grayson, do you remember that day when the Boche caught us at Vlamentinge?" he demanded inconsequentially.

Grayson, stolid and prosaic, gaped, almost dropping in his startled amazement the trouser press he was manipulating.

"Very well, sir," he said gravely, "a nasty mess it was!"

Severance grinned.

"Well, instead of depositing an insignificant chunk of iron in my calf, welcome though it was from a Blighty point of view, why didn't Providence finish me off, there and then, along with the other poor devils? Why—" He broke off, grinning with fresh relish at his man's face. "But I was forgetting you haven't heard the brave news, Grayson?"

"No, sir," Grayson's voice grew frosty, and, having in his own mind arrived at a successful solution of the problem that was troubling him, he fixed his master with an accusing eye. Severance shook his tousled mop of black hair.

"No, you old sinner, you're wrong. I deny the soft impeachment. I did not come home with the milk this morning. No, the fact is"—reaching out to a silver box, he extracted a cigarette and lit it, puffing leisurely—"yesterday I was informed upon the best medical authority in Harley street that my days are numbered. Three months, the old sphinx gave me, three short months, a mere matter of 2,000 fleeting hours, Grayson!" He cocked his head quizzically at his man. "Now, what would you be inclined to do about it?"

Grayson gasped. Used as he was to most of Severance's sudden eccentricities, this last fairly took away his breath.

"Do you mean you're seriously ill, sir?" he stammered.

"Yes, sir," Severance grinned as he noted the abnormal hoarseness in his man's voice.

"Grayson!"

"After breakfast I want you to go down and get a list of sailings for Egypt. Oh, and Grayson——"

"Yes, sir."

"For God's sake, stop blubbering. I'm not cold mutton yet!"

He shaved leisurely and dressed himself with fastidious care. Once he stopped to examine his reflection with calm, judicial severity. Upon the whole it was not the face of a weakling; the lean jaw was inclined to be pugnacious, and successfully counteracted the recklessness of the whimsical eyes. Severance, however, was displeased.

"You're an ugly devil!" he apostrophized brutally. "That pike jaw looks well, and just about kept your head above water over in France, but this proposition is a little different * * *" Breaking off, he frowned thoughtfully.

He went in to breakfast whistling a cheerful little air, nodding reassuringly to the strangely shy Grayson, who stood waiting to whip the silver cover from the crisp bacon and eggs.

"H'm, Grayson, they're reducing the army. Geddes is cropping lustily. All our soldier friends will soon be out of a job. You'll also be sorry to hear that Miss Hakon, a noted society belle, has succumbed to the drug habit—"

Lifting his head, he gazed with narrowing introspective eyes at the sunlit window. "I hadn't thought of that. What about drugs, Grayson—an easy path to Avernus in all conscience! No? Well, perhaps you're right. De Quincey and Poe between them made the horrors a little too realistic——"

Grayson, features working, could contain himself no longer.

"Sir," he burst out, "I can't bear to hear you go on like this. I—" He subsided into an embarrassed silence at Severance's mocking grin.

"You funny old owl, Grayson, what else do you expect me to do? It's bad form to be melodramatic in the twentieth century; but, of course, if it is essential to your well-being to see me blubber like a hysterical woman, I'll—No? I thought not. If in future then I appear to view my—er—approaching demise in a jocular light, rest assured that it is the best way, since by it I keep both my self-respect and yours. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone.' Grayson. Take it from me—the old fossil who said that knew what he was talking about!"

Under his master's mordant wit, Grayson stiffened like a ramrod and feverishly busied himself at the sideboard. Severance resumed his breakfast and leisurely perusal of the Times' agony column.

It was while buttering a slice of toast that the great idea came. He thumped the table exultantly, electrifying the frayed nerves of his sorely tried man.

"Got it, Grayson!" he cried. "Got it in one, by Jove!"

"Your uncle, Miss Valerie, was eccentric, but so far as the law is concerned, he died in full possession of his faculties."

Mr. Winter, senior partner of the venerable firm of Messrs. Winter & Sparvell, Ely place, put the tips of his broad fingers carefully together and beamed benevolently over his tortoise-shell spectacles at the young girl opposite.

Valerie Fenwick, fresh and dainty, looked like the spirit of June incarnate against a background as dry-as-dust folios and musty low reports.

The delightful vision at that moment was scowling most horribly.

"It's ridiculous, Mr. Winter, it's cruel!" she asserted. "I don't want to get married; uncle must have been out of his mind to make such an idiotic condition. I'm only 22, and I want to enjoy my life before—before——"

"Of course, my dear, of course," agreed Mr. Winter, heartily. "It's only natural you should. As an old man with just a little of the June wine bubbling in his veins, I should say, let it go hang. But as a lawyer, my dear, what I must say is: £60,000 is not lightly to be thrown away!"

As this slice of worldly wisdom sank in, the little white teeth dented the red lips in an agony of indecision.

"I wouldn't have believed it of him," she said at last, in a low, suppressed voice. "To put such a clause in a will is monstrous. Why, Mr. Winter, it means that I have to find a—a—husband, inside two months or else——"

"The money goes entirely to charity," gravely finished Mr. Winter, nodding his head, mandarin-fashion. "I have gone into the matter thoroughly, and from a legal standpoint, Miss Valerie, I can see no way out. The only defence I can make for your uncle is that, probably, as your guardian, he felt himself responsible for your future welfare."

"This is the twentieth century!" cried the girl scornfully. "Girls know how to look after themselves nowadays. Besides, I've not yet met any man whom I'd dream of tying myself up to! There's Roddie Feverel, for instance. I like him; go to dances and theatres with him, but——"

"His family, my dear, are almost on the rocks!" Mr. Winter unprofessionally let this piece of information slip with a dry cigale-like chuckle.

The pretty head, under its broad velvet hat, nodded seriously.

"Yes, he told me; but Roddie's not the sort to go money hunting. No—" she sighed, blue eyes misted—"he's nice, but I couldn't marry him. There's not one, Mr. Winter—absolutely no one!"

Mr. Winter, with little stabs of his gold fountain pen, was fashioning an enormous arabesque upon his blotting pad. Mr. Winter, in his school days, had been an arabesque fiend, and the habit had clung to his gray hairs—at once the envy and despair of emulative office boys. He shook his wise old head at youth's impetuous finality.

"There are such things, my dear," he murmured, "as marriages of convenience. Perhaps—" His eyes suddenly began to gleam behind their moonlike slabs of glass. "Ah! just a moment!" He twinkled cheerfully at the puzzled interrogation of the girl's delicate eyebrows, and touched a little button set into the table ledge. A bell buzzed faintly in the distance.

"Jones," he called as the door opened. "Bring me a morning paper."

Valerie lapsed into roguish laughter.

"It sounds as if you were going to advertise me, Mr. Winter!"

Mr Winter, however, with corrugated brow, was busy running a podgy finger over the paper. Pricked by the curiosity of Eve, Valerie came across to peer over his shoulder. The finger stopped halfway down the "agony" column.

"Listen," said Mr. Winter, impressively, and read:

"'Gentleman, aged 27, unmarried, sentenced to death by his physician, seeks distraction. He is prepared to consider any adventure, danger or risk which will occupy his thoughts during the three months remaining to him. Write in confidence to Box No.—'"

"Oh, how horrible!" cried the girl, impulsively. "It sounds so cold-blooded!" Wide open with surprise, the blue eyes turned upon his. "But, Mr. Winter, what on earth has this got to do with me?"

"Everything I hope, my dear," observed Mr. Winter, placidly. "This gentleman, I trust, for a financial consideration, will provide the marriage of convenience that I was just speaking of!"

(To be continued.)

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.

ISSUE No. 4—'27.

A SMART TAILORED BLOUSE AND NEW SKIRT.

Very smart is the tailored tuck-in blouse of English broadcloth shown here, having a centre-front opening, long sleeves gathered into wrist-bands, a patch-pocket and shaped collar. There is an applied yoke at the back, but this may be omitted if desired. No. 1509 is in sizes 16, 18 years, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 38 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material, or 1⅜ yards 54-inch. Price 20 cents the pattern.

Plaid flannel fashions the skirt having two inserted godets in the front. There is a hip pocket at the right side in the back, and a cuckled belt is run through loops. This skirt is fitted 2 inches below the normal waist line. Purchase ladies' pattern by hip measurement. No. 1505 is for ladies and misses and is in sizes 16, 18 years, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Size 30 requires 1⅞ yards 39-inch material, or 1½ yards 54-inch. Price 20 cents the pattern.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. 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.

CARNIVAL AND THEATRICAL COSTUMES FOR HIRE

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE

MALLABAR · Costumer

TORONTO 456 SPADINA AND WINNIPEG 344 CUMBERLAND

A Centenary Celebration.

A large committee of the Senate, Board of Governors, staff and students of the University of Toronto is at work on preparations for the celebration of the University's one hundredth birthday on October 6th, 7th and 8th of this year. In 1827 King George IV. granted a charter for the establishment of a university in what was then known as Upped Canada. The name was at first King's College, but in 1850 was changed to the University of Toronto. It should be noted that the term "Toronto University," which is sometimes used, is not at all correct. The real name, if one goes back to the Latin inscription on the tablet in the first building and takes into account the intentions of the founders, would be "The University of Ontario at Toronto."

Now, in 1927, in the reign of George V. (another king of the same name as he who issued the charter) the Provincial University of Ontario is one hundred years old. A new and up-to-date history of the University is being written. At the celebration the ancient charter will be read.

To notify all living graduates and to invite them to come to the centenary celebration will be no small task; as there are twenty-two thousand of them scattered all over the globe. Those who can do so will come back for a few days because, like one's home, one's university is regarded with a special sort of affection that never dies.

"Gold Coast" a Garage as Wembley Passes On

The glories of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley have fast faded under the hands of the contractors. One of the contractors summarized the position this way:

"The Palace of Beauty is now lying on one of the new arterial roads; Ceylon is a coach-building factory in London; Nigeria is a garage in Preston; the Gold Coast is a garage in Huddersfield; Palestine will soon be a laundry in Glasgow, and West India a factory at New Malden; East Africa has become a furniture factory at Letchworth and Sierra Leone an Irish restaurant in County Waterford.

Non-Skid Teachers Aplenty Eager to Work on Rocky Isle

Seventy-three school teachers are not afraid of crooked King Island, nor of falling off its steep, rocky sides. Some weeks ago Jonathan H. Wagner, bureau chief of the government schools in Alaska, advertised for a non-skid teacher in the Bering Sea outpost.

The isle is just a rock pile in the ocean. There isn't a level spot on it except at the very summit, a site picked for the new schoolhouse. White folks fall off the island unless they wear skin mocassins. Wagner has received applications from twenty-three states, Canada and England.

Minard's Liniment for chapped hands.

Nicer Cakes!

Cakes baked with Purity Flour keep fresh for three or four days. Purity is a vigorous, "dry" flour that absorbs and holds more water or milk. Tasty cakes, rich pies, and large, light buns and bread are always yours when you use

PURITY FLOUR

Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. 263

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.

Immigration to Canada.

Ottawa.—Immigration to Canada for the eleven months of the calendar year 1926, ended November 30, amounted to 130,569, according to a recent statement issued by the Department of Immigration and Colonization. This is an increase of 61 per cent. over the same period of 1925, when the total immigration was 80,904.

For the month of November immigration to Canada was 7,721, consisting of 2,471 British, 1,311 from United States, and 3,939 from other countries. The total immigration in November, 1925, was 5,323.

Canadians who had gone to the United States intending to make their permanent homes there and who returned to Canada in November declaring their intention of now remaining permanently in Canada amounted to 3,286. The total of such returned Canadians since April 1, 1926, is 45,312.

Premier's Job Loneliest In World, Says Baldwin

The Prime Minister of Great Britain has the loneliest job in the world, Stanley Baldwin told the Unionist Association of his constituency at Worcester.

"I cannot share my ultimate responsibilities," he said. "I am in the position of the captain of a ship on the bridge who has to look far ahead with much knowledge that is hidden from the crew. Whether I have done my work well or ill, time alone can be the judge. The Prime Minister must possess his soul in patience and must harden himself against daily criticism.

"'It has been said of me that I am getting tired and rattled and even feeble. You may take it that I am, that the Prime Minister is often tired and that he may have been feeble, but that he was never rattled."

After making these confessions to his constituents, Mr. Baldwin went on to defend the policy of the Conservative government. Many persons, he said, had accused him of not giving labor a square deal. He thought it a far more serious thing that labor did not get a square deal from its own leaders.

According to an official announcement of the Department of Municipal Affairs of Saskachewan there are in that province at the present time 7 cities, 80 towns, 367 villages, 301 rural municipalities and 4,698 school districts.

Not righteousness by means of government, but government by means of righteousness.—Archibald Robertson.

The British Navy is now the weakest of all the leading navies so far as submarines are concerned.

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

High School Boards and Boards of Education

Are authorized by law to establish

INDUSTRIAL, TECHNICAL AND ART SCHOOLS

With the approval of the Minister of Education.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS, MANUAL TRAINING, HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, Vocational Schools and Departments. Copies of the Regulations issued by the Minister of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

WIN New 1927 Chevrolet Car $1200.00 in PRIZES

Solve this Great Mystery Message

"WREAWLLE HOES WRAE LENGRO"

The other day, Mary Anderson was upstairs mending her stockings because her boy friend was calling that evening. The mailman gave little Willie a parcel for Mary. Her brother was always full of fun. He was inquisitive to see what the parcel contained. It was a surprise package of beautiful "Wearwell" stockings with a note on top. Willie wanted to play a joke on Mary, so before giving her the parcel he wrote the note over, jumbling the words written in the message.

HOW THEY DECIPHERED IT

Mary was overjoyed with the wonderful stockings, but she could not read the mysterious message. Her Pa and Ma wanted to know what the message meant but Willie would not tell them. He told them the message contained four words, each little group of letters representing a word. Then place the letters of each word in their proper position and write down the sentence. In order to help them he told them the first word was "Wearwell." Can you help the Anderson family read the message? Decipher the Mystery Message and send your answer right away to compete for the big prizes.

350 POINTS WINS FIRST PRIZE

The magnificent and valuable prizes in this contest will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. The entry gaining 350 points will win first prize. (See rules). Be neat and careful. Comply with the rules and be sure of a prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST

Greatest advertising offer ever made—Chevrolet Coach and Hundreds of Dollars in cash given. Someone will get this Car. Why not you?

We are giving away this automobile to advertise our business. We will give this latest improved Chevrolet Coach to some one who answers our advertisement. You may be the lucky one. Just think! You may win this wonderful enclosed car—the ideal car for summer and winter use. You never had an opportunity like this to win for your very own a big new, Chevrolet Coach! Send your answer today.

This is an advertising contest its aim being to make more friends and further the popularity of Wearwell Hosiery, sold from mills through personal service representatives direct to you. Thousands of Canadians already know and wear Wearwell Hosiery, but we want to reach thousands more that may become acquainted with Wearwell Quality and Wearwell Values in pure silk, silk and wool and pure wool hosiery for every member of the family.

FIRST PRIZE
1927 Chevrolet Coach
Value $910

2nd	Cash	$150.00
3rd	"	$60.00
4th	"	$25.00
5th	"	$10.00
6th, 7th, 8th, 9th		$5.00 each
10th, 11th, 12th		$5.00 each
13th, 14th		$5.00 each

SEND YOUR ENTRY TO-DAY

When your answers are received we will write and tell you how many points you have gained towards the prizes, and will ask you to allow us to send you a few sample pairs of Wearwell Hosiery to show to a few friends who will gladly become Wearwell Hosiery users as a result. This is a simple and easily fulfilled favor, involving little time, and need not cost you a cent of money, and will qualify your entry to stand for the highest prizes. We agree to pay you extra for every effort you put forth in furthering the sale of Wearwell Hosiery.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Write your answer on one side of the paper, using pen and ink. In the upper right hand corner put your name. State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Use a separate sheet for anything other than your answer to puzzle, name and address. Do not send fancy drawn or typewritten answers. 2. Contestants must be 15 years or over. Employees of Wearwell Hosiery Company, friends or relatives of employees and anyone connected with the Company are not allowed to compete. 3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three answers to the puzzle but only one can be awarded a prize. If different members of a family compete only one prize will be awarded in a family or household. 4. The final awards will be made by a committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm. Their names will be made known to all contestants. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 350 points which is the maximum will take first prize. 40 points will be awarded for each correct word in the Mystery Message 75 points for general neatness, appearance, spelling, punctuation, style and handwriting of entry, and 115 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contest closes May 30th, 1927, after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be sent promptly. 5. Each competitor will be asked to show samples of Wearwell Hosiery to a few friends or neighbours who might become users of Wearwell Hosiery as a result. For this service the Company agrees to award you in addition to any prize you may win in the contest. THIS IS NOT A SALES CONTEST. EVERYBODY'S OPPORTUNITY OF WINNING IS EQUAL.

FIRST PRIZE
Chevrolet Coach
Value $910

WEARWELL HOSIERY CO. Dept. 71 76 York Street, Toronto, Ontario