A Trial Will Convince!

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T34

Is not equalled by any other tea.

"Say It With Flowers"

BY SOPHIE KERR.

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

John Thomas Long, Jr., otherwise known as "Red," helps support his mother and crippled father by working at odd jobs round the town. His industry leads old Judge Gordon to give him the opportunity of studying law in his office. Judge Gordon finally gets him a job as clerk in the town hotel, so he may have more time to study. "Red's" boyhood girl is Ellie Treadwell. The judge promises "Red" a partnership in the law business. Arthur Boardman comes to town from the city to run his father's business. Boardman has a car, good clothes, a taking way with the girls and is good looking. He has a letter of introduction to Ellie's father, and meets Ellie. Red gets jealous.

PART IV.

"Red," said Ellie gently, "you musn't talk like that. Arthur Boardman's nothing to me, and you know it; but he's a decent sort, and he's a stranger in town and his father sent him to mine, and I can't be rude to him, just for a silly little whim of yours."

She was perfectly reasonable, but I couldn't stand it.

"Very well, Ellie," I said. "I've said my last word. If you prefer him and his 'Say it with flowers' to me, you're at perfect liberty to choose. I thought you had a little more character than to be carried away with a chap whose best recommendation is that his father's got money—but I see you're like all the other girls."

It wasn't the end of the dance, but we were near the side, and she let go my arm and walked away from me, with her head up and her cheeks on fire. I didn't follow her. I picked up little fat May Allaband, who's always a wall flower, and finished the dance with her. Presently I saw Boardman and Ellie dancing together.

"They look fine together," said May. "All dressed up like that. He's giving her quite a rush, I hear. It's a wonder you put up with it, Red." That was May's idea of perfect tact. No wonder she was a wallflower.

When that first dance was over I went up to Boardman and I said, very politely:

"Would it be too much trouble for you to take Miss Treadwell home tonight? My father isn't well, and I'm anxious to leave early. In fact, I don't think I ought to have come at all."

"Surely, I'll do it," he said. And with that I went out to the cloakroom, got my hat, and went home. I thought he could tell Ellie, and—well, I kept telling myself I didn't care what she thought, or said, or did. I was through.

Now, in a town like ours nothing can happen out of the way that isn't noticed and commented on, and so the story of the trouble between me and Ellie about young Boardman was buzzed about pretty freely the next day and from that time on. I never said a word, but plenty of people spoke to me about it—remarks ranging from jocoseness to serious attempts to be sympathetic. I wouldn't talk to any of 'em. I had just three places to go, and in one of 'em you could find me at any time: home, the hotel, or the judge's office, and in every place I was hard at work every minute.

But I knew what was going on. Ellie went motoring with Boardman every other evening or so. And he was up there all the time he could spare from the mill—and it was considerable, for he was an awful lightweight when it came to business, and the manager was only too pleased when he was out of sight. And he had things sent down from the city for her—music, and books, and candy, and lots of flowers.

My mother heard the gossip, of course, and she saw that I didn't go to Ellie's any more on Sunday night. She didn't say anything to me—my mother knows me pretty well—but she kept cooking all my favorite dishes for me, and trying to feed me up with the things I liked the best. If I'd been able to laugh at anything, I think I might have laughed at her notion of healing my broken heart with waffles and spiced peaches and almond sponge cake. But, believe me, I needed feeding up. I was losing weight right along.

They talked so much about work being an anodyne in trouble. It isn't—not in trouble like mine. I flung myself on those old law books, and I studied like a son of a gun, but there wasn't a minute of the time that Ellie's brown eyes didn't look out of the page at me, and when I wasn't just crazy to go round to her house and beg her to make it up.

It did one thing for me, though. When I went to take my bar exam I rode through with flags flying. And the chief examiner wrote a letter to Judge Gordon and congratulated him on having prepared me, and said such nice things about me that the old judge rumbled with joy.

But it was dust and ashes to me. Here I'd expected to be the happiest fellow in the world when I got admitted to the bar. It didn't give me a thrill. Even leaving the hotel and taking my place in Judge Gordon's office and having everybody come around and wish me good luck, and tell me how proud of me they were—and our folks in town were mighty kind—why, I hardly took any interest in answering them with any proper gratitude. Oh, a girl can smash a fellow up completely, when she tries.

That was a long, hard winter, the longest and hardest I ever lived through. There was Ellie going to the dances and the movies and the socials with Boardman, and people wondering if they were engaged, and there was I, keeping away from everything and everybody except my work.

Time and time again I longed to speak to her, to tell her how I felt, to beg her to let me come back on any terms. But I was afraid to. And I was proud, too. I kept thinking to myself and wondering if there wasn't some way—some way that would be different — something that would catch her a little unawares and maybe give me a chance. But I could never plan anything.

Along in the early spring old Mr. Palliser from Winton Nurseries came through, taking orders on shrubbery and fruit trees, and so forth, as he does every year. Of course, he came to see Mother and me, on account of our garden, and we ordered some double Japanese lilacs, and a Grandiflora magnolia, and some other little things, and as I was turning over the pages of his catalogue the name of a plant caught my eye. And right then and there I had my big idea.

I said nothing then, just paid for what we'd ordered and let Mr. Palliser go on to the next house, but that evening I went down to the hotel and saw him again, and ordered two of the plants whose name I'd seen in the catalogue.

The old fellow laughed.

"You must be thinking about getting married," he said.

"I'll have to find a girl first," I told him.

When the weather broke and it was time to make the garden, our bundle of shrubbery came, and I took it out back and unpacked it. It was a Saturday night, and I heeled in everything but the two little plants I'd ordered secretly. There they were, dry little runts, with a label nearly as big as they were. They looked like nothing at all. I stuck 'em in an old wash boiler in the woodshed, where Mother wouldn't find 'em, and went in and ate my supper.

Upstairs I went after supper, and shaved and dressed in my best—not a dress suit, but being with Judge Gordon, I'd been able to get something that didn't look like a candidate for a cornfield scarecrow, at least. I had a necktie that Ellie had crocheted for me two years before. I put that on for luck.

I went downstairs the back way to keep out of Mother's sight—Mother's so darned clever in guessing what I'm up to without a word being said—and I hunted the little wrapped-up plants out of the wash boiler and hot-footed it across town. It was so early that I figured Boardman wouldn't have time to be at Ellie's yet, even if he was coming up that evening.

Well, sir, my hands shook, and I was all hot and cold when I rang the bell. Mrs. Treadwell let me in. She's a nice woman.

"Why, Red Long!" she excaimed, hearty and kind. "You're a sight for sore eyes. Come in, do. Step into the parlor. Ellie'll be right in."

She turned on a light, and kept talking retty fast about how was my mother and father and how pleased she was about my being with Judge Gordon, and stuff like that. I don't know what I answered, or if I answered at all.

Then she went out, and after a few minutes Ellie came in. I hadn't sat down. I just stood and looked at her. We didn't either of us speak.

At last I held out my foolish-looking little package.

"I've brought you something," I said. "Do you want it?"

She stepped over toward me and reached out her hand and took it.

"That is—" she began. And then she read the name on the label:

"Matrimony Vine."

And what do you suppose she did? Women are the strangest creatures and do the oddest things. She looked up at me and she burst out crying, and by that time I was holding her tight in my arms, and—and—everything was all right, forever and ever!

(The End.)

"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'll 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.

Diamond Dyes

Make it NEW for 15 cts!

ISSUE No. 10—'27.

Why Not Make a Service Wagon.

If the attic stores a light, sturdy, four-legged stand, a fine service wagon may be had at little or no cost and only a little carpentry. This is especially true if the article is an old-fashioned washstand with a frame around three sides, a towel rack at one end, a drawer at the top and either a drawer or platform about six inches from the floor.

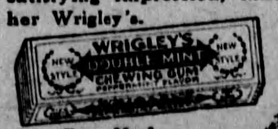
Drill holes in the legs for easy-moving casters, or better still, attach small wheels. A cleat may be nailed across the front, or entirely around, if there is no framework about the top. The towel rack makes an efficient handle; if it is lacking, a similar pusher may be made. A clever carpenter would see possibilities in a discarded baby carriage handle, but the amateur might find this difficult. The drawers will be utilized for crumber, extra napkins and silver.

A coat of paint or varnish then converts the attic relic into that which every woman wants.

A Pebble was the Cave Man's Candy!

It kept his mouth moist and fresh on his hot, rocky road. Calling on his sweetie, he took her a smooth, white stone!

Today, to make a lasting, satisfying impression, take her Wrigley's.



After Every Meal — After Smoking Too!

CH20

Our New Serial.

Louis Joseph Vance has written more than a score of novels. None surpasses "Alias the Lone Wolf," a startling and enthralling romance of adventure and mystery which begins in this paper next week. Don't miss the first installment of this thrilling tale.

THE BOLERO DRESS IS SMART.

This bolero dress is decidedly smart, yet quite easily fashioned. The skirt has inverted plaits in the front and is joined to a front bodice, while the back is in one piece. A bolero is attached at the side seams and falls in graceful folds in front, and the long sleeves are gathered to wrist-bands. A wide girdle fastens with a buckle in front. Contrasting material is effectively used for the shaped collar and bodice front over which the bolero opens. No. 1476 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material, or 2½ yards 54-inch, and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The garments illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. 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.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

A bargain, so called, in cheap bulk tea, isn't worth what you pay for it.

Book Shelves in An Archway.

In a house containing an open archway, the framework of which is rather wide, a splendid place may be secured for books by opening up a little of the narrow inclosed space at each end of this archway and having tiny shelves put in for books. The bright-colored volumes, visible from both rooms, provide an interesting and harmonizing note.

In a small house where space is valuable, this plan is especially good, for it makes it possible to do away with some of the bookcases or bookshelves otherwise necessary in some room.

Try the "Sleep Box."

The old-fashioned mother's method of soothing her fretful child to sleep by softly singing to it has given modern scientists a new notion for dealing with insomnia. They have decided that a low crooning or humming sound is the best cure for this troublesome modern malady.

So a "sleep box" has been perfected, fitted with an electrical device which reproduces the low humming noise made by a swarm of bees.

The machine continues to produce these sounds for a little over half an hour, after which it gradually becomes silent. It is claimed that the most stubborn case will have succumbed to the spell of slumber long before the half hour is up.

Minard's—the dependable liniment.

$100.00 in Cash Prizes

To Boys and Girls for

Essays on Canada

OPEN TO SCHOLARS IN PUBLIC AND SEPARATE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGIATES — NO ENTRANCE FEE—NOTHING TO SELL—RULES OF CONTEST SIMPLE.

The publisher of this paper, in co-operation with a number of other publishers of weekly newspapers, will distribute thirty-six (36) cash prizes to boys and girls for the best essays on Canada. The object of this contest is to stimulate interest in this wonderful country of ours, and to help the boys and girls of to-day, the citizens and leaders of to-morrow, to appreciate better the tremendous potentialities of Canada and to get some vision of that future greatness which fortune has undoubtedly marked out for this the most important dominion in the British Empire.

The Prizes will be as follows:

First Prize $20.00.	Next Three $5.00 each.
Second Prize $15.00.	Next Ten $2.00 each.
Third Prize $10.00.	Next Twenty $1.00 each.

Every boy and girl who reads this paper has a chance to win one of these prizes. Read all you can about Canada, her early history, both French and British; study her progress from a Crown colony to her present position of political equality with the Motherland; visualize her future. Then decide from what angle you will deal with your subject and write your essay in 1,000 words or less.

(Contest Closes April 16, 1927).

RULES OF CONTEST

All scholars not over seventeen (17) years of age whose parents or guardians subscribe for one of the papers carrying this announcement may enter the contest.

Essays may deal with the subject from any point of view, but must not exceed 1,000 words in length.

Paper of foolscap size must be used, and writing appear on one side only. Neatness will be considered in making awards.

All manuscripts submitted become the property of the publishers. Send essays to Canada Essay Editor, in care of this paper.

The following information must accompany each entry:—Name of contestant, Age, Address, Name of School, Name of Teacher, and each essay must bear the following certificate signed by parent, guardian, or school teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this essay is the sole work of (name of scholar) and that (he or she) is not over seventeen (17) years of age."

Further Details Will Be Given Next Week.

Without Medical Examination

Select Male Risks, ages 15 to 45, may obtain insurance up to $2,500 without Medical Examination.

For Example

A man of 30 may obtain our "EXCEL" Policy, payable after a fixed time, for $2,500, at an annual premium of only

$44.90

Mail This Coupon To-day

EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO.
EXCELSIOR LIFE BLDG., TORONTO 2
Please send me particulars of your EXCEL Policy.
Name..... *Age*.....
Address.....

Faith.

Dark are the pines' long shadows cast
By the drooping flame of day,
Icebound the meadow and the marsh
Which mark my homeward way,
Yet in the faith of other years
I am assured that soon
Springtime will strew my path with flowers
And I shall tryst with June.

—Anabel Barber.

Kill warts with Minard's Liniment.

To Split Infinitive.

A writer who has come to the defense of the split infinitive, says: "'He failed completely to understand' and 'He failed to completely understand' mean different things. We must split the infinitive to express certain meanings." But has he forgotten that one can say, "He failed to understand completely"? We don't think a split infinitive an unforgivable sin, but it is English in negligee, rarely necessary, and usually unattractive.

Success.

The secret of success is often inquired for, and here it is: it is not in gifts, or human learning, or exceptional opportunities, or in earthly advantages, but in a heart consumed with the flame of ardent, holy, heavenly love.—Gen. William Booth, quoted in "Echoes and Memories," by Bramwell Booth.

Golfer Fishes Up Pearl.

An oyster containing a $500 pearl was fished up from a Scottish river by a girl golfer who was searching for a ball that had fallen into the water.

Parrot Who Loves Liberty.

An Australian parrot in the London Zoo has gnawed his way out of eighteen cages in three years.

The human heart makes ten beats per minute fewer when the body is in a lying position than when upright.

SAVE MORE CHICKS! STOP RICKETS AND DEATH LOSS

Dead chicks are money lost—so are sick ones. If you want early broilers, if you want big, strong chicks, and full broods—give them the Ultra Violet energy rays of the sun by putting them under Glass Cloth through the inside months. This is the greatest health treatment your chicks can have, and it is a tremendous money maker.

EARLIER TOMATOES, TOBACCO, FLOWERS, ETC.

They thrive amazingly beneath Glass Cloth, because it permits "all" the sunlight to enter. Stronger, hardier, growth—easily transplanted—quickly sold at big profits. 45 per cent. less danger from frost. No special frame required. 65c a yard 35" wide. From your dealer or direct. We pay postage, sent C.O.D. "Beware of substitutes."

ECONOMY INCUBATOR—140 egg size, $17.75, delivered. Canada's Greatest Value. Canadian Made.

Keep this ad. George Wood Mfg. Co., Dept. 10, Rebecca St., Toronto 3.

Fuller Flavour!

It is the selection of rich, western wheats — the finest grown on the prairies — that gives extra flavour to bread and buns, and extra richness to cakes and pies, made from

PURITY FLOUR

Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. 264

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