A Few Drops

Up Each Nostril Quickly Relieve

Stuffiness of Catarrh

Specialized Medication Works Fast Right Where Trouble Is!

Soothing relief from stuffy, painful distress of acute catarrh comes fast as Va-tro-nol spreads through the nose, reduces swollen membranes—soothes irritation, relieves congestion, helps flush out cold-clogged nasal passages. Makes breathing easier—try it! Follow directions in package. **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Young John and his brother went to see their sister yesterday and then the three of them went by bus to Hamilton. I expected John to com: home very happy after his day out. He was anything but! Laugh—I couldn't help it. In a very disgusted voice John said — "By hooky, I wouldn't live in the city if you paid me. I'd darn well go crazy. The noise . . . and people just shoving you around . . . nobody caring about the other fellow . . . and all I did on the bus and streetcar was keep gettin' up to give some woman a seat. Boy — am I glad to be home . . . talk about a headache!"

Thinking to placate him somewhat I mentioned that supper was waiting for him. "Do you want it now," I asked, "or would you rather get your milking done first?"

"Naw — I don't want supper yet — I'll go out to the cows first, where I can be quiet and move myself around without getting someone's elbow in may face. Gosh sakes, it'll be a long time before I'll want to go to the city again."

Poor John—two or three hard earned dollars gone west and all he got out of it was a headache.

What a mercy it is we don't all think alike — if we did there would be a lot more round pegs in square holes.

* * *

I suppose this wintery winter has been quite a hardship to a lot of people — I mean in having to stay home more than usual. And why should it be? Surely we put very little value on the place we call home if we find it a hardship to stay in it for two or three weeks at a stretch. What is the matter with us that we are always wanting to go places and see things? We, who have so much more of this world's comforts and conveniences in our homes than did our parents and grandparents in their day and age.

* * *

Already there is some talk of a forty-four week for post-war industrial workers — and no doubt farmers would have to fall in line to a certain extent — or go without hired help. Less work . . . more leisure. But in heaven's name, leisure for what? What on earth would people do with their time? If everyone were expected to give a certain number of hours each day to voluntary activities that would take up some of the slack—and after the war relief work in Europe will surely be a grim necessity. But if leisure is used almost entirely for pleasure then dear help us! After all pleasure is not by any means dependent upon leisure in a sense of satisfaction ot work well done. Or is that old-fashioned?

Oh well, maybe I am trying to cross my bridges a little to early. After all, leisure right now is an unknown quantity. At least it is with us and no doubt you find it that way too.

Is it a date? Then you'll want to make yourself this adorable dirndl. Pattern 4936, with the dreamy drawstring neck. Easy to make.

Pattern 4936 comes in Junior Miss sizes 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18. Size 13 takes 2¾ yards of 35-inch material.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St., West, Toronto. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

Now Bring Me Buckley's STAINLESS WHITE RUB To Give MOM DAD and ME Quick Relief from COLDS 30c AND 50c JAR

Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

1. What should one do when meeting some friend you have not seen for a long time, or when being introduced to some one, and your positions are such that it is very awkward to shake hands?
2. What is the proper form to use for sending out birth announcements?
3. Should a woman check her wraps when she is entering a hotel dining room?
4. Isn't it rude for a man to take a girl to a dance, and then dance with other girls for four or five consecutive dances?
5. If the host is carving the meat at the table, should he cut enough for everybody before serving anyone?
6. What is required to make a child well-mannered?

ANSWERS

1. A good rule to follow is never to attempt to shake hands when it is extremely awkward to do so. 2. This may be done by letter, telegram, or telephone. 3. No; a woman retains her coat and hat. 4. Yes, very rude. A man, when taking a girl to a dance, assumes full responsibility for her and should not dance with another girl unless he knows that his companion has a partner. 5. Yes. 6. Only two things are required; perseverance and patience.

Gladiolus Thrips

Experimental evidence has shown that insect enemy No. 1 of the gladiolus, the gladiolus thrips, is unable to hibernate out of doors in Canada. Only the thrips carried into storage on the corms survive. This fact accentuates the importance of treating all gladiolus corms by one of the several approved methods before the corms are set out in the garden in the spring.

RETRENCHING, LENA?

Lena, pure-bred foxhound who won fame last year with a record litter of 23 pups, seems to have taken all that talk about production cutbacks pretty seriously. She's pictured above with her latest crop, numbering only 10, which were born recently in the Coast Guard Armory at Hartford, Conn.

The Jade God

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER XI

Landon, who had never forgiven him for the result of the wager, turned back reluctantly and unlocked his door. Once inside the room, Banks shut the door and leaned his back against it.

"See here, Archie," he said hoarsely; "that fellow—that wager fellow, I mean—he's an ex-convict; he's committed murder!"

Landon stood still. He had nothing to say, but he felt the blood pounding in his brain. He had hated Mark, but not for an instant had he imagined this!

Banks went on to elucidate his statement, to add a little color to it.

"Killed his old uncle fifteen years ago; that's why it's sort of forgotten—feeble old man," he explained breathlessly; "knocked him on the head with a brick or something like that; a perfectly beastly murder!"

Landon folded his arms and straightened himself a little. Still he said nothing, and his fixed stare disconcerted Banks.

"Look here old chap," he said nervously, "it's a bally kettle of fish; what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" Landon's face reddened. "I'd like to hang you, for one thing," he replied bitterly. "It's that fool wager! As for this fellow—" his lips tightened—"I'll see to him!"

"D'you know Fosdick says he's making love to Pamela Rod—"

"Shut up!" Landon snapped. "You leave her out of it; you've done enough!"

"Oh, if you're going to foist all the blame on me!" Banks began angrily, but he got no further; Landon thrust him out into the hall, locked the door of his apartment and started downstairs on a run.

* * *

He was aware of Teddy's angry sputterings behind him, but he took no heed. He found the taxi waiting outside and commandeered it. He had found out, in the early stages of the affair, where Mark had his lodgings; he ordered the taxi there now, and threw himself back into the corner of it to think. He had seen Mark's first meeting with Pamela Rodney, and he had been utterly unprepared for the rush of his progress. Landon, a product of social conventions, a dandy of the ballroom, but fully determined to marry Pam, the heiress, had never dreamed of making love to her with eyes that had the kindling flash of Mark's. He could not. He had not the power or the will of a man who had suffered.

* * *

Such love burns like a flame. The flame had caught Pam, as fire touches the lovely wings of a butterfly and brings it down to earth. Landon, looking on, knowing how and why he had brought them together, raged at the thought. He was helpless, too. If he told the truth, Mrs. Lynn would certainly exclude Mark altogther, but she would just as certainly exclude the man who had made the wager. While Mark stayed away from the house he had breathed more freely; he had begun to believe that his threats had taken effect. Then, by accident he had seen him emerge from the tearoom with Pam and had leaped to the conclusion that they had met often. The thought had maddened him; he was furiously jealous, and an ill-advised, ineffectual attempt to warn Mrs. Lynn had only made Pam equally angry. Then Landon, possessed, as he felt now, by some demon of ill luck, had put his fate to the touch on the spot and asked the girl to marry him. He had been refused too absolutely to leave any hope at all. Pam was a modern, she took the matter calmly and gave him a flat answer.

"I don't like you well enough, Archie, to begin with," she had said, "and you're not the kind of man I'd marry anyway. You've never done anything in your life but play tennis and dance and make yourself agreeable. I've done about the same things. We'd bore each other to extinction. No, thank you!"

She had not said it sweetly either, because she was so angry that her cheeks were pink and her eyes flashed. Landon choked down his anger without accusing her of being in love with that "wager fellow," as Teddy Banks had called Mark, but, none the less, he knew she was, and he vowed vengeance—not on her, but on the man. He had been in this state of mind when Teddy broke in on him with his shocking revelation. Landon felt like shouting; it was fearful thing to introduce him, but he could lose no more by that than he had already. He had lost Pam! Very well, then; she would know before the sun set that she had to give up her convict!

* * *

Landon, sitting tight in the jumping taxi, laughed bitterly, with a kind of ghoulish joy. It was not until the vehicle stopped at the door of a dingy brown-stone front, that it occurred to him to be afraid of the consequence—physically He remembered suddenly the terrible grip of Mark's hands in the smoking room; but not even that could deter him; he was at a white heat.

"The convict!" he thought, "the murderer—making love to her!"

Jealousy and something deeper, a kind of brute fury, carried him up the steps to the door. But he met only disappointment. The landlady herself answered the ring. Mr. Grant had gone—sent his luggage away, paid her and left an hour ago or more. Landon leaned against the doorpost, white to the lips. It was no part of his plan to lose the triumph of his knowledge; to beat down the law-breaker!

The woman, seeing his face, grew anxious.

"Did you want him for anything particuar, sir?' she asked.

"I—I heard—just today—that he'd been in jail!"

Landon nodded. "Served a term for a murder."

* * *

She uttered a frightened exclamation and then shook her head. "To think of it! And him such a nice young man, too!"

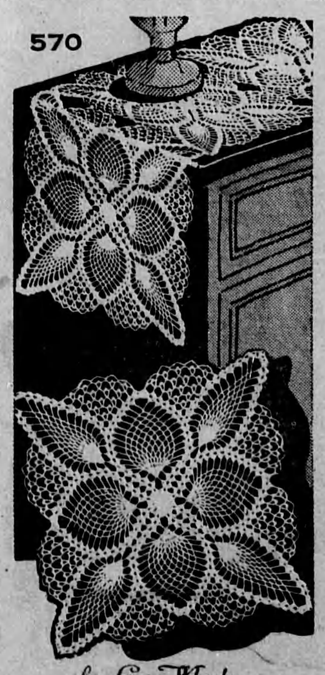
"You're sure he's gone." Landon panted—his anger was not assuaged by this escape.

"He said so, sir; going west, he told me; didn't say where," she added, "but I think—Nebraska."

Landon glanced at his watch. The Chicago flyer had not left yet. Could he make it and get at him at the station? He rushed the taxi there at full speed and made it before train time. He stood a long time at the gates, waiting, searching the crowd with his eyes. But there was no sign of Mark.

Then the gates clanged shut. He had seen the last traveler embark and Mark had not gone. He stood awhile staring at nothing. He stood awhile staring at nothing. Where was he? Landon lifted his white face and stared at the station clock. It was nearly six o'clock. An instinct, an intuition or just pure unadulterated jealously, seized him; he went out and got another taxi. As he entered it he was startled by a sound like a pistol shot. His nerves jumped, but it was only a motor-car back-firing. He leaned forward and gave Burleson's address to the driver.

(To Be Continued)



You can use this crocheted square (12 inches in No. 30; 16½ in., in string). Join a few for scarfs or covers, or use singly as a doily.

A crocheted square that adapts itself to every room in the house. Pattern 570 contains directions for square; stitches; list of materials.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Friday Special! WAR STAMPS 25¢ at your GROCER'S

"SALADA" TEA

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Lesson 9—March 4

Jesus Teaches Forgiveness

Matthew 18:21-35

Golden Text—For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.—Matthew 6:14, 15.

* * *

Peter enquired how many times shall a brother sin against us and still be forgiven. Peter must have thought seven times would be sufficient for anyone. Not only seven, but seventy-times seven Jesus replied. This may have only been a figure of speech, but regardless, there should be no end to the forgiving of a brother who may trespass against us.

Jesus illustrates his message by referring to the Kingdom of Heaven, as an earthly kingdom. The king checks up on his servants. Each servant has to give an account of his stewardship. Likewise each Christian shall be called upon to stand and give an account of his life's service.

* * *

This particular servant was typical of each sinner who is unable to pay the price of his salvation. The servant was commanded to be sold, with his possessions, to help pay the debt. The sinner is cast into the Lake of Fire.

The servant fell down and worshipped his king pleading for mercy and forgiveness. The servant was forgiven as is everyone who comes to the Savior seeking pardon for his sins.

The servant soon forgot the King's goodness towards him, and went out without mercy seeking those indebted to him. How often is this the case with those who have found help from the Lord in time of trouble. The debt here was only a trifle compared with what he had been forgiven, but still he demanded payment.

* * *

The servant uttered the same petition as this tyrant had uttered when pleading before his Lord. We would have expected this man to show a spirit of forgiveness after he had been forgiven. However, he did not show any mercy and had the debtor cast into prison.

Those who were familiar with the circumstances were sorrowful and reported the matter to the king. The King was wroth with his servant for the attitude he had taken after receiving mercy at his hands. Without mercy he was delivered to the tormentors until he could repay.

So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you if ye from your hearts forgive not everyone his brother their trespasses.

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Your feet may be so swollen and inflamed that you think you can't go another step. Your shoes may feel as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and torture; you'd give anything to get relief.

Two or three applications of Moone's Emerald Oil and in a few minutes the pain and soreness disappears.

No matter how discouraged you have been, if you have not tried Emerald Oil then you have something to learn. Get a bottle today at all druggists.

Milady May Wear Stockings Of Steel

Stainless steel hosiery may compete with nylons after the war, says Walter Tower, president of the American Iron and Steel Institute.

The industry also plans to market colored steel which would reduce the cost of paint jobs in automobile factories, Mr. Tower said.

"Probably the most spectacular new product which some steel executives mention as a possibility is stainless steel hosiery", he said.

"Some companies already are producing stainless steel wire comparable to silk or nylon threads", Mr. Tower pointed out.

"You have heard of suits made of milk, ties of glass fibre, so why not, they say, stockings from steel?"

Count Them

A quartz crystal cut for the direct control of a 20-meter wavelength in radio transmission must oscillate or vibrate back and forth mechanically 15,000,000 times per second.

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