In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA"

TEA

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

H538

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Cont'd.)

"Three bags of nuggets! Eh?" repeated Peter Garvock, with the vivid interest of an eager school boy. "Representing how much?"

"Between forty and fifty thousand pounds. We took it down to Dawson and had it assayed and carefully put away, then we came back here——"

"Wasn't he excited over it?"

"No—only rather like a man who had got rest for his soul at last. He said we'd spend the summer here, and get back to civilization, possibly to Europe, in the fall. But from the day he found the find he began to decline in health. The lung trouble came back in full intensity. I've had the doctor out several times. Finally he took to his bed and yesterday he died."

Rankine's steady voice broke in his throat, and he turned his head away.

"It's a queer experience, Peter, for a man to be shut up in such solitude, with a soul drawing near to the other side! Allery was without fear. He talked of it as the great adventure, beside which everything else paled. And he died last night as peacefully as a child, with his cheek on his hand, and a boy's smile on his face."

When that Rankine picked himself up and walked away a few steps; and Garvock let him go. It was wonderful the understanding that was between these two from that moment henceforth. The past, with all its bitterness, was wiped out as if it had never been.

Presently Rankine came back and sat down again.

"Allery hasn't a relation living in the world; and he himself said, hardly a friend. He has left me everything, he says, and his wishes were as sacred as if they had been set down in black and white by any lawyer! As a matter of fact, his will was made by the man in Dawson, a lawyer. He knew the uncertainty of my life, Peter, and the risk of my leaving Stair behind to come here. It was the last thing he did before he fell asleep. He said it was the thing he had been born into the world to do."

"Are you going back to Stair a rich man, after all?"

"A rich man as far as money is concerned, Peter, but a poor man in other respects, for I'll never look on his face again! He's been through the jungle, and in New York I touched the rock of an ocean of human misery. But I'd go through the whole of the last two years cheerfully if it would bring Allery back! He gave me a few instructions about the kind of folk I was to help as I had opportunity. Like me, he has been on the roundups, and the lumber camps, and he knew that it is not always the working poor that most need the helping hand. I'll never be able to go back and live in idleness at Stair! Never again, Peter. Life has shown me too much."

"The first thing you have to do is to get back to Stair," said Peter, "and hear what the women-folks have to say. And I am wondering how soon I can get back to Dawson to send Carlotta a cablegram. Won't you come back with me and sleep at the rest-house to-night?"

Rankine shook his head.

"I won't leave him till he is under the sod, Peter. And that will be to-morrow. The Presbyterian minister will come out from Dawson, and we'll bury him close by. He chose the spot. Then I'll leave him to the music of the Klondyke till the great silence enfolds him in its bosom."

Garvock, a little awed, in truth, stood back and looked at Rankine's spirited face. For the time being, he had not much thought to spare for Carlotta, but was loyal in his fealty and love to the friend who had lifted him from despair.

Garvock knew that he was in the presence of a greater thing even than the love between man and woman—the deathless love of a man for his friend!

"I like to see him, Alan."

"Come, then," said Rankine, and led the way to the door of the shack.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LOVE CLAIMS ITS OWN.

Carlotta, with two letters on her knee, sat on the terrace steps at the back of Stair on the morning of a glorious twelfth.

For the first time within the memory of man, no gun was out on Barassie Hill, the shooting tenant having gone, and the laird of Stair being far away from his own demesne.

Three months' complete rest had undoubtedly helped Carlotta, had taken away the wan look and the sharp outline from her face, filled the curves once more, and restored all the waste which two years' incessant and exacting work had made.

The call to action had come again, and in her hand she held the contract for her winter's work.

It had nothing to do with Graham Madox, with whom the rupture was complete. Carlotta was sorry for it, and further was conscious of an odd reluctance to sign the document, though it was generous in all its provisions, and there was not one condition embodied in its elaborate page which she could desire to alter.

Having made the stupendous effort, she felt, somehow, as if she had come to the end of her resources.

Presently, when Judy came to her she found her with knit brows, set lips, and stormy eyes.

"This ought to go to-day, Judy, and something inside of me refuses to sign it!"

Judy nestled down on the grassy step by her side.

"Then wait till the inspection comes! Is there any hurry?"

"The man must not be kept waiting, for he wants a holiday himself, and is going to Marienbad the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Marienbad isn't the end of the earth! Put it by till to-morrow. Do you know this is the first time in Stair history there hasn't been a gun on the hill? Let us get one, Carlotta, and go out and kill something!"

Carlotta hardly smiled, though she loved the bizarrie of her sister's mood, and usually entered into them with full zest.

"I think it is very selfish of Claud and Cicely not to have come," went on Judy discontentedly.

"But they are coming next week—"

"Too late. They should have been here yesterday. It will be like keeping Christmas a week into the New Year! Well, here comes Baddeley. Now I wonder what she wants?"

It may be said here that Ann Christy and Mrs. Baddeley had shared, all the summer, the housekeeper's sitting-room at Stair, and were the best of friends, despite sundry discussions, which sometimes waxed a little acrid, regarding the relative merits of the Scotch and the English. The common bond between them was love for her who was now mistress of Stair, and surely never had there been a dearer one!

All the county knew now that the famous Margaret Tenterden was wife to Alan Rankine, or perhaps, his widow. And on the whole the county behaved well. Judy had simply entrusted the secret to Bobbie Sanderson, and instructed him to spread it abroad as it ought to be spread; and Bobbie had come up to high-water mark. But the pity and the sadness of it all reigned down his bright spirit, because personally he had small hope of Alan's ultimate return. Though he was honestly glad that Peter Garvock should have risen so remarkably to the occasion, he did not believe that he would ever find Alan, much less bring him back.

Mrs. Baddeley's thin, eager face wore a very odd expression as she advanced towards the ladies, addressing herself to her own mistress.

"Pleased, I'm sure, Madox in the library."

"Mr. Madox?"

Carlotta and Judy stared at one another in amazed silence.

"This is very strange, but on the whole I think I'm glad, Judy! If I'm going back to the stage I would rather go with Graham Madox. This thing will never do now. Take care of it till I come back, and if I am more than twenty minutes come after me, for I shall need you."

Carlotta made constant and frank demands on her sister-in-law's time and devotion, and the rendering of such services as were in her power made Judy's allegiance to Carlotta complete. Together they had taken the tangled affairs of Stair in hand, and Carlotta's quick imagination and wide sweep of view, allied to Judy's strong common sense and practical application thereof, had mightily astonished Mr. Samuel Richardson and even caused him to change his mind regarding the business ability of the sex.

Judy sat down on the grassy slope after Carlotta went, and with her chin in her hand, pondered on the strange fate that had cast their lot together and added such a unique and vivid nugget to the history of Stair.

Carlotta's hope and courage were invincible, and although no word of Peter Garvock's success of return had come to them, she simply rose up each morning saying it was all right, and that things might happen any day.

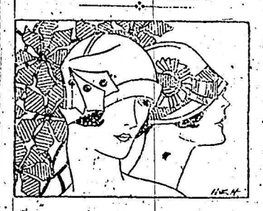
Judy had caught the invincible spirit too, and though her face was thoughtful at that moment it was not sad. She was thinking of what this visit of Graham Madox might mean, and that probably the middle of September or early October would see Carlotta once more domiciled in London.

The Professor and his wife had gone for a long-planned excursion to the Black Forest, and were expected at Stair to spend the latter part of that summer.

Judy wondered in the depths of her practical soul whether it would be possible to find a six months' tenant for Stair, and determined to speak of it to Carlotta that very day. But she must first wait until she heard the result of the interview with Madox. Personally Judy had always liked Madox, and had admired his treatment of Carlotta, and forgiven him for making love to her.

The coolness between Carlotta and Madox had arisen from her refusal to take the chief part in a play Madox had written especially for her. For this decision she had given no reason, even to Judy; she had simply said she did not care for it and would not take it. Madox, keenly sensitive, as most of the writing fraternity—especially in the dramatic world—are, had resented it; and Carlotta, a little worn and fretted in spirit by the long strain, had seized the opportunity to break away.

(To be concluded.)



Gave Him the G. B.

Sophie—"So Miss Passay has given her lover the grand bounce?"

May—"Yes; he made the mistake of writing her a poem and calling it 'Lines On My Sweetheart's Face.'"

Commercial Mind.

A country minister was talking to one of his flock, who ventured the opinion that ministers should be better paid.

"I am glad to hear you say that," the minister said. "I am pleased that you think so much of the clergy. And so you think that we should have better stipends?"

"Yes," said the man. "Ye see, we'd get a better class of men."

Reindeer Milk in Bricks.

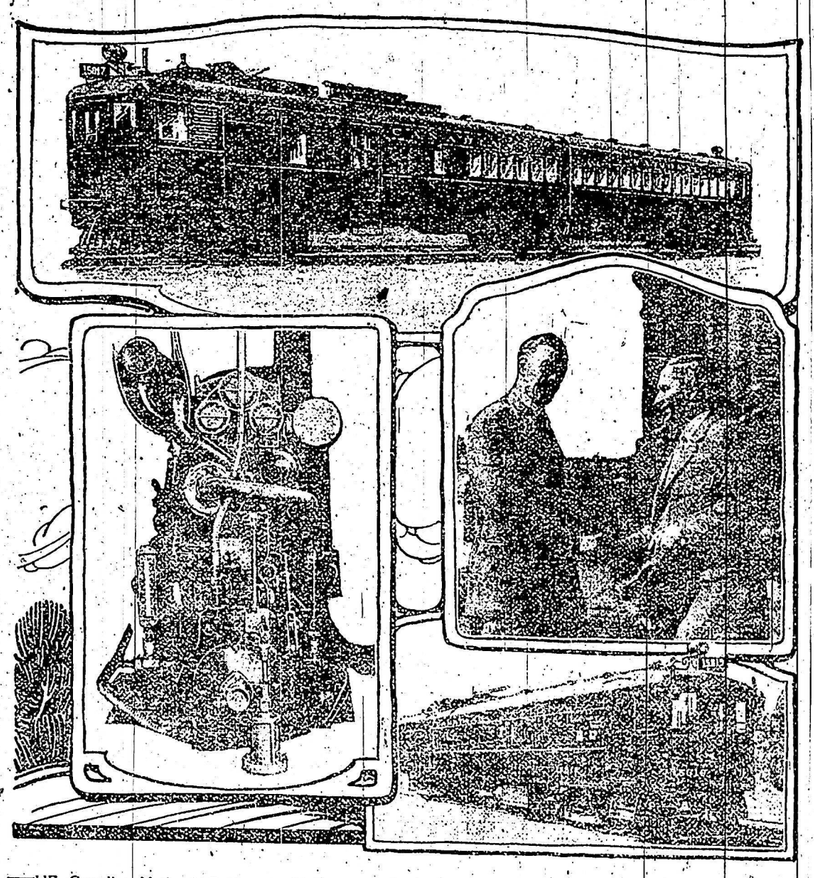
Reindeer milk is delivered in Alaska, in the form of frozen cubes, equal to a quart or a pint.

Europe's Largest Glacier.

The largest glacier in Europe is the Jostedals Brae, in Norway.

ISSUE No. 42—25.

Canadian National Oil Electric Cars.



THE Canadian National Railways have put into service an entirely new type of motive power which may go far towards solving two of the most serious problems steam roads are facing, namely, high fuel costs and the competition of motor bus and lorry on the public highways. The oil electric car is the name given to this new method of locomotion and its creation is due to the mechanical officers of the National Railways who conceived the idea and carried it through. Relatively speaking, the principle behind the power which drives the car, is simple. In one end of the car is located a light fuel oil engine operating on the Diesel principle and this engine drives an electric generator which provides the energy to move the car. The engine is started by a small electric motor operated from storage batteries and these batteries are, in turn, recharged by the generator when it begins to function, so that the cycle of performance is a close approach to perpetual motion.

Two sizes of cars have been built, the large or articulated type and a small type. The top photograph shows the large type, consisting of two bodies resting on three four-wheel trucks, the ends of the two bodies being attached to the centre truck in such a way, by a safety locking pin, that the rear car is able to swivel sufficiently to take the curves. This car has a total length of 102 feet and can accommodate 126 passengers. In the lower left hand corner is a photograph of one end of the fuel oil engines, used on these cars. On the right Mayor J. H. Balharrie of Ottawa is seen shaking hands with Mr. C. E. Brooks, Chief of Motive Power of the Canadian National Railways, on the completion of the first trial run of the large car from Montreal to Ottawa. Below is a photograph of the small car which has a passenger carrying capacity of 56. Both cars have roomy baggage ends as well.

An idea of the possibilities of these cars is to be had from the performance of the small car during a test trip from Toronto to Montreal. The mileage between those points is 334 miles. The fuel consumption of the small car on the trip cost $3.50 and lubricating oil 48 cents, or a total fuel cost of $3.98. To have operated a steam train of similar passenger carrying capacity, even with the most economical type of locomotive, would have entailed a fuel cost of at least $66.00. The ability of these cars to produce speed when required was demonstrated during the test run of the large car from Montreal to Ottawa. The trip was made in two hours and fifteen minutes actual running time or at an average rate of 52 miles per hour.

Both cars shown in the photograph are now in service. The large car is in local service on Canadian National lines out of the Tunnel Terminal between Montreal and Ottawa. The small car is in local service between Hamilton and Guelph, Ontario.

Just soaking in it loosens all the dirt—saves you the hard work of rubbing

R-83

Surnames and Their Origin

FILMORE

Variations—Filmur, Fullmer, Fulmer.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A locality.

More anciently this family name had the variations "Fylmere" and "Filmour," but these spellings apparently have disappeared completely in recent generations.

A quite plausible argument that this name is of Celtic origin and that it was developed from the words "filea," meaning a bard, and "mor," meaning great, has been advanced from time to time, the argument being that some ancient ancester of the Filmores was a "famous bard."

But the theory does not stand up in the light of research, which shows first, no evidence of Celtic origin, and second, that there were so many "famous" bards among the Celts of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland that it would have meant little for a man to refer to his ancestry in such vague terms.

But in the speech of the Saxons "fille" meant fertility as applied to the land, and "mere" meant either a lake or a moist section of ground. It is easy to see, therefore, that the combination of these two words might easily have been applied by the Saxons to many spots in England as local names, and indeed there are records to be found of several places so named. Quite naturally the surnames arose as indicating residence at or near such a spot.

MacNIDER.

Variations—MacNiter, Weaver.
Racial Origin—Scottish.
Source—An occupation.

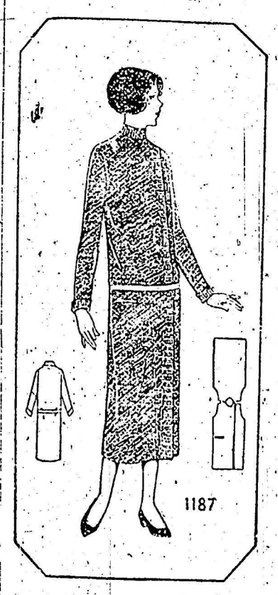
Here is a family name which comes from Scotland, and though purely Gaelic traces back to an occupational origin. Family names of this description were extremely unusual among the Gaels of Ireland. But in Scotland though they are by no means general they are occasionally met with.

Spelled in the Gaelic fashion, this family name is "Macan-fhigheadair." At least, that's the nearest you can come to the Gaelic spelling with the English alphabet, and the Gaelic speaking Scot would pronounce it so that to your English-trained ears it would sound something like "Macanniader" with the accent on the "nia." Take a pronunciation something like this and put it on careless English tongues, and it does not take long to make it MacNider or MacNiter.

The meaning of the name is "Son-of-the-weaver," and it appears to be found only among those who claim

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns by Sarah Bryan



THE STRAIGHT AND SLENDER MODE.

Long tight-fitting sleeves and the high neck are important features of this new fall frock which follows the straight and slender mode, and buttons fit the side front from the high collar to the hem. Fine repp fashions this model, which relies on its handsome trimming braid to lend distinction. The front and back are cut in one-piece, and a set-in pocket is conveniently placed at the right side. The diagram shows the simple design of No. 1187, which is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years, or 34, 36, and 38 inches bust. Size 18 years (or 36 bust) requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch, or 3 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Home sewing brings nice clothes within the reach of all, and to follow the mode is delightful when it can be done so easily and economically, by following the styles pictured in our new Fashion Book. A chart accompanying each pattern shows the material as it appears when cut out. Every detail is explained so that the inexperienced sewer can make without difficulty an attractive dress. 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.

Sentence Sermons.

No Man Makes Progress Until he has chosen some great objective in life.

After he becomes satisfied with his own work.

Whose ideals are not constantly in advance of his achievements.

Whose profits are made at the expense of principles.

Whose self-respect is lowered by the work he does.

Who is constantly at war with his conscience.

Who depends upon influential friends more than personal endeavor.

There are more cattle in England and Wales to-day than there were before the War.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS Are Earned Each Month

I Know Because I Pay It!

No matter where you live you can work for me. If it is money you want, read this.

HOW would you like to earn extra money without leaving your home without neglecting your other duties? Not by canvassing or selling, but in a pleasant, private way right in your own home!

Even though you have no actual need to earn money, wouldn't it be very pleasant to sit down this afternoon or this evening and in an easy restful way turn your spare time into dollars?

Here Is What You Do

With a simple hand knitting machine you knit wool socks for me. I pay you cash for the knitting—so much a pair—and I keep you supplied with the yarn that you use. I sell the socks my workers knit to wholesale firms here in Toronto—Hundreds of thousands of pairs. I have immediate sale for every pair that I can possibly get.

Experience Unnecessary

Each worker learns from a set of simple, clear instructions. They work as much or as little as they please, filling in the hours that best suit their convenience. Of course the more socks they knit, the larger their pay-cheque.

These Workers Are Happy With Their Earnings

I have over one thousand letters in my office written by men and women who are only too glad to tell others of their success. I only wish that I could print them all for you to read! Think how pleased Mrs. George Poole of Ontario must be that she sent me her name four years ago. Here is part of her last letter: "I have had my machine over four years, since taking up the work I have never been without money. As we live three miles from town I have always wanted a car, and now I have one which my Auto Knitter is paying for. Last winter I cleared $525.00." And part of a very interesting letter from Mrs. James Shaw, also of Ontario, reads as follows: "We have had our machine three years. Last fall from October until two days before Christmas, it brought me in $400.00." While most of my workers are women, hundreds of men find it profitable to turn their spare time into dollars. Listen to Mr. Arlington Fraser, who lives in a small Ontario town: "I was a little afraid of starting as I had never seen a knitting machine, but with the help of the instructions it was easy. I have only had the machine five months and I have made $325.00 in my spare time." When you read these simply written records of what others are doing, is there any reason why you cannot do the same?

C. W. CHADBURN
PRESIDENT

Beautiful Booklet Free

W. Chadburn, President,
The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co. Ltd.,
Dept. 1
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Chadburn:
Without the obligation on my part, please send me your free illustrated booklet explaining your plan of Knitting Hosiery at Home.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

WRIGLEY'S

AFTER EVERY MEAL

affords benefit as well as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.

The World Famous Sweetmeat, untouched by hands, full of flavor.

2125