

It Has Proved a Revelation

—To Millions of Tea Drinkers

"SALADA"

Rich in Flavor — Absolute in Purity.

Sealed Packets Only . . .
Black—Green or Mixed

B 486

TRY IT!



(Copyright)

CHAPTER XXIV—(Cont'd.)

"I understand now. When you went away from me, it was myself alone I considered. I was hurt and worried, and made a martyr of myself. If I had thought more of you, all would have been well. This time I think I—I have thought a little more of you. It was to get at you and not myself that I wanted to see again. So I saw again. I let go of myself and reached out for you. So now—why, everything is quite clear."

She raised her head.

"Clear, Peter?"

"Quite clear. I'm to go back to my work, and to use my eyes less and my head and heart more. I'm to deal less with statutes and more with people. Instead of quoting precedents. There's work enough to be done God knows, of a sort that is born of just such a year as this I've lived through. I must let go of myself and let myself go. I must think less of my own ambitions and more of the ambitions of others. So I shall live in others. Perhaps I may even be able to live a little through you too."

"Peter!" she cried.

"For Covington must come back to you as fast as ever he can."

"No! No! No!"

"You don't understand how much he loves his wife."

"Please!"

"And, he, poor devil, doesn't understand how much his wife loves him."

"You—you!" she trembled aghast—"you wouldn't dare repeat what I've told you!"

"You don't want to stagger on in the dark any longer. You'll let me tell him."

She rose to her feet, her face white.

"Peter," she said slowly, "if ever you told him that, I'd never forgive you. If ever you told him, I'd deny it. You'd only force me into more lies. You'd only crush me lower."

"Steady, Marjory," he said.

"You're wonderful, Peter!" she exclaimed. "You've—you've been seeing visions. But when you speak of telling him what I've told you, you don't understand how terrible that would be. Peter—you'll promise me you won't do that?"

She was pleading, with panic in her eyes.

"Yet, if he knew, he'd come racing to you."

"He'd do that because he's a gentleman and four-square. He'd come to me and pretend. He'd feel himself at fault, and pity me. Do you know how it hurts a woman to be pitied? I'd rather he'd hate me. I'd rather he'd forget me altogether."

"But what of the talks I had with him in the dark?" he questioned.

"When he talked to me of you then, it was not in pity."

"Because," she choked, "because he doesn't himself as I know him. He—he doesn't like changes—dear Monte. It disturbed him to go because it would have been so much easier to have stayed. So, for the moment, he may have been—a bit sentimental."

"You don't think as little of him as that!" he cried.

"He—he is the man who married me," she answered unsteadily. "It was—just Monte who married me—honest, easy-going, care-free Monte, who is willing to do a woman a favor even to the extent of marrying her. He is very honest and very gallant and very normal. He likes one day to be as another. He doesn't wish to be stirred up. He asked me this, Peter: 'Isn't it possible to care without caring too much?' And I said, 'Yes.' That was why he married me. He had seen others who cared a great deal, and they frightened him. They care so much that they made themselves uncomfortable, and he feared that."

"Good Lord, you call that man Covington?" exclaimed Peter.

"No—just Monte," Marjory answered quickly. "It's just the outside of him. The man you call Covington—the man inside—is another man."

"It's the real man," declared Peter.

"Yes," she nodded, with a catch in her voice. "That's the real man. But—don't you understand?—it wasn't that man who married me. It was Monte who married me to escape Covington. He trusted me not to disturb the real man, just as I trusted him not to disturb the real me."

Peter leaned forward with a new hope in his eyes.

"Then," he said, "perhaps, after all, he didn't get to the real you."

Quite simply she replied:—

"He did, Peter. He does not know it, but he did."

"You are sure?"

She knew the pain she was causing him, but she answered:—

"Yes. I couldn't admit that to any one else in the world but you—and it hurts you, Peter."

"It hurts like the devil," he said. She placed her hand upon his.

"Poor Peter," she said gently.

"It hurts like the devil, but it's nothing for you to pity me for," he put in quickly. "I'd rather have the hurt from you than nothing."

"You feel like that?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes."

"Then," she said, "you must understand how, even with me, the joy and the grief are one?"

"Yes, I understand that. Only if he knew—"

"He'd come back to me, you're going to say again. And I tell you again, I won't have him come back, kind and gentle and smiling. If he came back now,—if it were possible for him really to come to me,—I'd want him to ache with love. I'd want him to be hurt with love."

She was talking fiercely, with a wild, unrestrained passion such as Peter had never seen in any woman.

"I'd want," she hurried on, out of all control of herself—"I'd want everything I don't want him to give—everything I've no right to ask. I'd want him to live on tiptoe from one morning through to the next. I'd begrudge him every minute he was just comfortable. I'd want him always eager, always worried, because I'd be always looking for him to do great things. I'd have him always ready for great sacrifices—not for me alone, but for himself. I'd be so proud of him I think I—I could with a smile see him sacrifice even his life for another. For I should know that, after a little waiting, I should meet him again, a finer and nobler man. And all those things I asked of him I should want to do for him. I'd like to lay down my life for him."

She stopped as abruptly as she had

begun, staring about like some one suddenly awakened to find herself in a strange country. It was Peter's voice that brought her back again to the empty room.

"How you do love him," he said solemnly.

"Peter!" she cried, "you shouldn't have listened!"

She shrank back toward the door.

"And I—I thought just kisses on the eyes stood for love," he added.

"You must forget all I said," she moaned. "I was mad—for a moment!"

"You were wonderful," he told her. She was still backing toward the door.

"I'm going off to hide," she said piteously.

"Not that," he called after her. But the door closed in front of her.

The door closed in front of him. With his lips clenched, Peter Noves walked back to the Hotel des Roses.

CHAPTER XXV.

So Long

When Peter stepped into his sister's room he had forgotten that his eyes were open.

"Beatrice," he said, "we must start back for New York as soon as possible."

She sprang from her chair. Pale and without his shade, he was like an apparition.

"Peter!" she cried.

"What's the trouble?"

"Your eyes!"

"They came back this morning."

"Then I was right! Marjory—Marjory worked the miracle!"

He smiled a little.

"It's wonderful. But, Peter—"

"Well?"

"You look so strange—so pale!"

"It's been—well, rather an exciting experience."

She put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"You should have brought the miracle-worker with you," she smiled.

"And instead of that I'm leaving her."

"Leaving Marjory—after this?"

"Sit down, little sister," he begged.

"A great deal has happened this morning—a great deal that I'm afraid it's going to be hard for you to understand at first; and yet, after all, it's merely a question of fact. It isn't anything that leaves any chance for speculation. It just is, that's all. You see, you—both of us—made an extraordinary mistake. We—we assumed that Marjory was free."

"Free? Of course she's free!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Only she's not," Peter informed her. "As a matter of fact, she's married."

"Marjory—married!"

"To Covington. She's Covington's wife. They were married a few weeks ago in Paris. You understand? She's Covington's wife. His voice rose a trifle.

"Peter—you're sure of that?"

"She told me so herself—less than an hour ago."

"That's impossible. Why, she listened to me when—"

"When what?" he cut in.

(To be continued.)

Fares Paid for Farm Help.

To provide help in haying and harvest, the Trades and Labor Branch of the Ontario Government will pay the going railway fare of persons who agree to work on a farm for at least 3 weeks. The worker has, however, to pay his return fare. The maximum distance for which this free transportation is given is 300 miles.

It is understood also that the Quebec Government has arranged with the railways for reduced fares for farm laborers.

Cream Wanted

We are in the market for cream all through the year. We pay the HIGHEST market price. Our plant is right up-to-date. In business since 1906. Drop us a postcard for particulars.

Mutual Dairy and Creamery Co.
743-5 King St. West
Toronto

Steamboats built in England for use on a tropical river have been provided with means for spraying their cabin roofs with water to cool them by evaporation.

WILLIAMS

New Scale PIANOS



THE example of the late Queen Victoria in selecting the Williams New Scale Piano has been followed by many of the world's most renowned musicians. This fact has caused it to be known as the Choice of the Great artists.

Louis XV Model, \$550.00

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA ONT.
Canada's Oldest and Largest Piano Makers

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



Many women look older than their years largely because they do not take proper care of their complexions. Ingram's Milkweed Cream will keep you looking younger than you are. It keeps the complexion clear and colorful. It keeps the skin soft and in a healthy condition because it has a distinctive therapeutic effect. It tones up the delicate skin tissues. Two sizes, 50c and \$1. For thinness of the nose and forehead try Ingram's Veilvoila Souveraine Face Powder. It is so fine and delicate in texture that you can scarcely detect it yet it stays on and effectually conceals the minor imperfections of complexion and hides perspiration, 50c. A full line of Ingram's toilet products including Zedenta for the teeth, 25c, is at your druggist.

A Picture with Each Purchase

Each time you buy a package of Ingram's Toilet aids or Perfume your druggist will give you, without charge, a large portrait of a world-famed motion picture actress. Each time you get a different portrait so you make a collection for your home. Ask your druggist.

F. F. Ingram Co., Windsor, Ontario (94)

REDUCE CANADA'S FIRE LOSS.

This is the Only Way to Cut Down Insurance Tax.

Failure to understand the real place and function of insurance is the most powerful obstacle in the way of fire prevention work. The average man figures that, when a building burns, the only loss is the difference between the actual value destroyed and the amount of insurance carried. Insurance does not restore property that is burned, nor obviate the loss entailed. It merely distributes the loss over many individuals instead of allowing it to fall upon the owner alone. The insurance company is merely a collecting and disbursing agency for the policy holders. It collects from those policy holders enough money to pay the loss plus a sufficient amount to cover operating expenses, including the ordinary dividends on capital stock.

Excessive fire losses necessitate excessive insurance rates. Low fire losses will, in time, bring about reduction of rates. In the long run, this rule works out inexorably. Every man who prevents or helps to prevent fire is indirectly reducing the cost of insurance. Every man who causes fire by carelessness or neglect is helping indirectly, but none the less surely, to increase the cost of insurance for both himself and his neighbors.

Even the man who has nothing to insure pays his share of the cost of fire. The manufacturer carries insurance on his goods in process of manufacture and in storage. The wholesaler and retailer likewise carry insurance upon their stocks. Be it a loaf of bread or a pair of socks, by the time the article has reached the consumer a dozen insurance premiums have been paid upon it, and the amount added to the price. The fire loss, is therefore, nothing more or less than a tax upon the public which, in some form or other, they are sooner or later compelled to pay. There is no escape except by a reduction of the fire loss itself. Better construction, the elimination of carelessness and the prosecution and prompt conviction of incendiaries are matters of direct and vital importance to every man, woman and child in Canada.—J. G. S.

It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman

Comfort Lye

Canuck BREAD MIXER

MAKES BREAD IN 3 MINUTES

Eliminates all guess work. Makes light, wholesome bread, rolls, etc., without trouble. Saves flour and helps conserve the Nation's food supply.

Convenient, quick and clean—hands do not touch dough.

Delivered all charges paid to your home, or through your dealer—four loaf size, \$2.75; eight loaf size \$3.25.

E. T. WRIGHT CO.
HAMILTON
CANADA

\$2.75 and \$3.25

"Safety First" in Preserving

Don't take chances with your preserves. Protect them from mold and fermentation with Parowax, the air-tight seal.

Parowax on preserving day means happiness on opening day. The preserves come out with all their original flavor and freshness.

Melted Parowax poured thinly on the jelly glasses does the trick. Air can't enter. On fruit jars, adjust cover and dip in the melted liquid.

Parowax is odorless, tasteless, and absolutely pure. Sold in inexpensive 1 lb. and ½ lb. cartons. Your grocer or druggist has it.

IMPERIAL OIL, LIMITED

Branches in All Cities.

Parowax