

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.



Music in the Nation's Life.

Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which at times leads us to the very edge of the infinite, and bids us for the moment gaze into the far off and the eternal. It is sometimes deeply mysterious and strangely innate. No tribe, however low and degraded, has ever been found which has been indifferent to music. It is said that even the African pygmies are innately musical. Nature is full of music. The wind sweeps across the meadows, and in minor key touches the pine tree and the cypress. The mountain brook sings its song on its way to the sea, and the birds are vocal with their Creator's praise. Yet it is not in nature itself save through the chords it reaches in the human soul. Music is from within the mind and heart of man. As such its powers are beyond comparison and its influence beyond measure. It enters into man's soul, in his joys and his sorrows, his hopes and his fears.

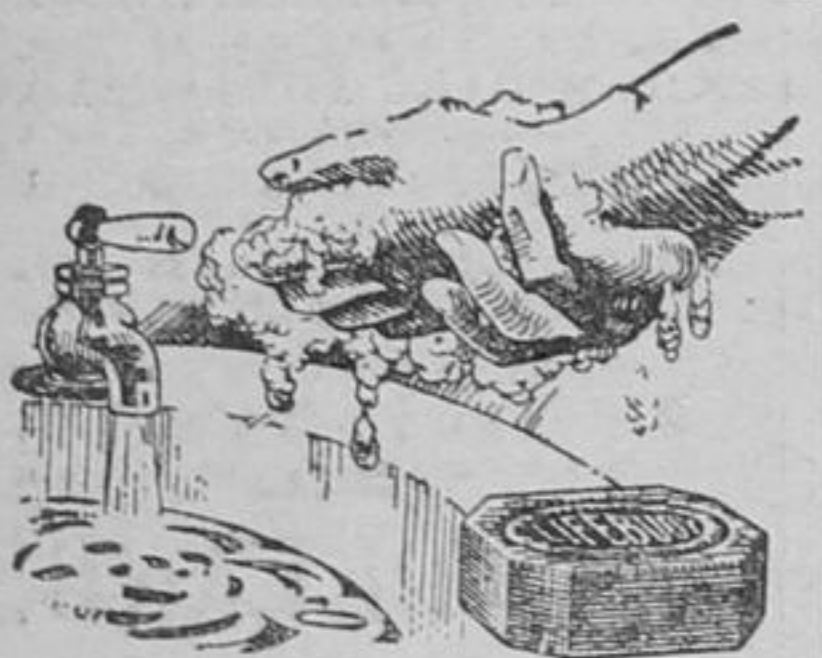
Music gives expression to the joys of the wedding feast, it interprets the soul's grief as man stands at the open grave. He lifts his heart to the Eternal God in hymns of praise, and pleads for forgiveness in the Miserere of penitence. The development of this precious gift and talent we should covet for every child in home, and church, and school.

The home is the centre of a nation's life. The cornerstone of the state is the hearth stone. What a wonderful influence good music has in the home? It gives a spiritual atmosphere which forms an unconscious nurture to the unfolding life of the soul. Let us bring therefore into the home the best of music. Each child should be taught to play some instrument.

Why He Hesitated.

"If you're not feeling well, why don't you go to your doctor? Can't you trust him?"

"Oh, yes, I can trust him; the trouble is he is not altogether willing to trust me."



Dusty hands are germ-carriers

Everywhere, every day, the hands are touching things covered with dust.

Countless times those dust-laden hands touch the face and the lips in the course of a day.

Consider—dust is a source of infection and danger.

Lifebuoy Protects

Take no chances—cleanse your hands frequently with the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy contains a wonderful health ingredient which goes deep down into the pores of the skin, purifying them of any lurking infection.

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A CLOSE SQUEAK

BY THE HIRED MAN.

PART I.

I wasn't supposed to know a thing about it. A hired man is supposed to let all the family affairs of his Boss slide in one ear and out the other; but sometimes things stick before they get through and then it makes a real uncomfortable like feeling, especially as the right kind of a hired man never discusses these things with other people, any more than the right kind of a doctor discusses his patients' affairs with other people. I'm going to see if some of that uncomfortable feeling can come out through my fingers and then when I've written it all down, I'll just burn it up and nobody will be the wiser.

To begin with, I've loved the little Missus ever since I first set eyes on her—but Lord bless you! she has never suspected it and never shall; a grasshopper does not presume to chirp its love to a star but I suppose there's no law to hinder it from adoring at its own respectful distance or from carrying wood and water which the moon very conveniently forgets.

I'll never forget the day the Boss brought her home. Raised in the East she was, and knew exactly as much about life on a big wheat ranch in Kansas as one of our fat Berkshires knows about a fox-trot. But she was that pretty and full of life it made you feel good just to watch her, and the way her eyes followed the Boss with that I'd-die-for-you look, made you feel that he had won things while in college, far more important than football.

She brought her piano with her and the way her fingers flew over the keys was wonderful. She used to sing evenings, too, happy little melodies that kept ringing in your ears long after the Boss had gone to bed and her curly head was buried in a magazine.

We had always had Old Nancy in the kitchen but the Boss allowed there wasn't any use to keep her any longer. It seemed to be that way about 'most everything—the Boss presented the pros but the cons were not presented. The little Missus she just took things in her meek way that made me wonder why on earth the Boss couldn't have shined up to Dutch Sally down the road, or anybody that was capable of sitting down on him, occasionally.

She came to the ranch in the spring; at the end of the year her subscriptions expired to the magazines she had brought with her. The Boss decided it wasn't necessary to renew them—with all the housework she wouldn't have much time to read anyway. She didn't seem to mind so much for she was always busy then, crocheting filmy lace or sewing on some little white things that were tucked into her workbasket whenever I came around. I've always wondered if the Boss would have been different if the baby had lived. Anyway it looked to me like she needed it for company, more than the angels did.

After it was all over, that tired, sorry look in her eyes was enough to make you hunt for your bandana—that is, anybody but the Boss. He never seemed to notice it at all and, as the months went by and he expected more and more of her, the sorry look went away and a glinty, sort-of-defiant look came in its place. And how she did work! I would never have believed such a little mite could have accomplished so much—cooking for all the help, raising chickens and making butter. I used to churn for her, evenings, after my day's work outside was done; she grew to expect it of me and the Boss didn't object. In fact, the Boss seemed to have forgotten everything except that the Almighty Dollar was around the next corner and he might not get there in time to catch it. Some men are like that.

Things drifted along this way for a few years. When you're raising wheat in western Kansas, it's a sort of gamble like any other business; sometimes you lose entirely, sometimes you win. The Boss struck two lucky harvests, which with his big acreage meant that he was a rich man but he never seemed to know it; he worked harder than ever, and expected his help—and the little Missus—to do the same. He worked his men like dogs; never was able to keep them more than one season; only one reason in the world was big enough to keep me there—the fact I stated in the beginning concerning the grasshopper and the star. It was a rather pale little star these days. We didn't have any more music; she was always too tired. There wasn't any women close by for her to neighbor with and the Boss thought a woman didn't need to know how to run a car—what was the use, when he always did the going to town.

One boiling July day we were cutting alfalfa in the east field. Even if we were wheat growers, we always raised the alfalfa to feed the mules. The Boss never cared for tractors—said a team of good, old-fashioned, stubborn, spunky, ornery mules beat 'em all. We had been having plenty of rain and the growth was rank. I don't know just how it happened but anyway, my sickle snapped, so I tied the mules to the fence, and went to the barn for an extra. There was a little pump-room opening off the back porch where the Missus kept her ice-box and in that ice-box was always a pitcher

of fresh buttermilk with a glass handy. There's nothing so good on a hot day as a swig of ice-cold buttermilk—and she always said that was my wages for churning. I took my time to it; the buttermilk was good and I was tired. I had just finished the second glass and was sitting there on a box trying to decide whether I wanted a third, when somebody knocked on the kitchen door. It was rather an apologetic knock and I thought, "I'd better keep still, it might be the preacher from town." But the next time it was sharp and quick, as if to say, "You might as well let me in—if you don't I'll come again tomorrow."

Before I could get to my feet after the second knock, the Missus was at the door. They couldn't see me but I heard a stifled sort of gasp and just one word, "You!" A deep voice answered, "I'm not a ghost! You don't need to look like that! Aren't you going to ask me in!"

"Do excuse me! I'm so surprised I've forgotten my manners—but—this porch is the only cool spot to-day; let's just sit here in these rockers."

Now if I'd had a lick of sense I'd have got out right then and there. But I was so flabbergasted over the Missus being so upset, and anyway, wasn't but a minute till I couldn't get out.

"And how's Pinny?" Seemed like that was an old nickname. She didn't answer right off, so he went on, "Still pinning things up, Nell?" His voice was laughing and kind like.

"No, Tom, I quit pinning things up long ago—see the proof?" and I knew she was showing him the patch on the sleeve of her faded housedress. Her shaky little laugh was a decided failure. "We've been hearing wonderful things about Dr. Thomas Wilson; please tell me more!" she went on, clearing her throat a bit.

"Nothing to tell," in a quiet, matter-of-fact way. "Been knocking around the world a bit since the war; just now I'm on my way to Denver to consider an opening there. And how has the world treated you? Forgive me for asking but—are you happy, Nell?"

A cold, scornful little voice answered, "Happy! I've forgotten the meaning of the word!"

"Pinny! Is it so bad as that?" "It is so bad," came the deliberate answer, "that I have no dread whatever of the next world—if there is a hell, I'll be excused; I've had mine here!"

Doctor Tom jumped up and began to pace up and down that porch like he was walking on a wager. And there I sat on that box, feeling like the fool I was and hoping I wouldn't sreeze.

After a bit he asked, "Doesn't your piano help any?"

She answered in a hard tone, "Jerry" (that's the Boss) "thought I might put in my time to better advantage, so I raise chickens instead."

After he'd walked a mile or so further, "No children, Nell?"

"We had one but the Lord didn't let me keep her," and here all the steel went out of her voice—it was just plain misery. "Oh, Tom, why couldn't I have kept my baby? Jerry thinks there isn't time for children but I want them! I even get out my big doll sometimes when I'm all alone—you remember Arabella? I couldn't tell this to another soul in the world but I've told you things ever since mud-pie days. You used to—care!"

The heavy footsteps stopped abruptly. "Yes, I used to care, Nell! And I've lived long enough since then to have learned pretty thoroughly that the world is too small and life too short, for some things ever to be forgotten." A long honk from the driveway reminded the man that he only had a limited time between trains. Evidently he had told the chauffeur to remind him if he stayed too long.

"I may go to-night," he said hurriedly, "and I may—stay over a few days. If you—if there's anything on earth I can do for you, call the Oxford."

"When you're gone, Tom, I'll want to kill myself for saying what I have—but I was especially blue when you happened along. Forget it!"

"No, Pinny I can't forget it; neither can I forgive the—beast. . . Well! . . . good-bye. . ." and he was gone.

I waited till the coast was clear then slipped out to the barn and on to the field.

"Been making a sickle?" called the Boss.

"Not exactly. There's a mule on this farm that is headed straight for Trouble—with a capital T."

"Old Jack jumped the fence again, eh?"

I was busy with the sickle and didn't take the time to say just which mule it was.

The next morning the Boss told me I'd better crank up the go-bill and take the sickle to town and have it fixed, for no telling when we'd need it. I went several blocks out of my way to go by the Oxford, hoping I might get a squirt at the doctor man. I felt it in my bones that he wouldn't go on to Denver just yet.

While I was waiting for the sickle, I took the flivver over to the garage, as it had developed a bad case of the

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thumps. I had my head stuck inside the hood, alongside of the mechanic's, trying to locate the trouble, when I heard a deep voice in the office asking about a car. I decided all at once that I was mighty dry and went to the cooler in the office for a drink. I'll have to admit that the Boss had this here "Tom" beat for looks—if he was carried and rubbed down like the doctor. But such eyes! He gave me one casual-like look as I went in but that one made me feel that he knew all about me, from my old straw hat to the hole in my sock! The little Missus needn't have told him she wasn't happy—he would have known all about it the minute he looked at her. When he drove off, I thought, "You're not the only guy that knows things without being told—I'll bet I know where you are going and you didn't tell me either!"

When I got home, I noticed a track in the drive-way—a tire with a tread like the ones on the car the doctor drove out of the garage.

(To be concluded.)

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

WHEN MAKING JELLY.

Use a tea strainer to remove the scum that forms while jellies and preserves are cooking. The fine wire of the strainer catches the scum but allows the liquid to run through, hence no jelly is wasted. Try the tea-strainer method and you will be quite ready to discard permanently the old way of taking the scum off with a spoon.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

CRISP SALADS.

I use the cloth sacks that sugar and salt come in to keep celery and lettuce crisp. The sack is wrung out of cold water, the celery or lettuce put in it, the whole is placed in a paper sack and then it goes into the refrigerator. Green vegetables handled in this way will keep fresh several days if the cloth sack is wet occasionally.

GERMAN MONEY for sale—100,000 marks, 25c; 500,000 marks, 90c; one million marks, \$1.25; ten million marks, \$6.50. Specialty Import Co., (Dept. 3-w) 3 W. Dundas St., Toronto

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