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# "SALADA"

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## APPEARANCES

BY JAY GELZER.

### PART III.

Cullen Beck, remembering more exciting amorous passages in his St. Louis days, sighed.

Patty Jessup, he told himself fretfully, was thin, and he preferred plump girls. And Patty manifestly lacked spirit.

His heavy chin sank upon his breast, in the warmth of the blazing fire, he drowsed comfortably.

Patty Jessup, her face flushed, and her eyes bright with tears, slipped at length from the circle of his careless embrace and went out to where Joel Beck smoked stolidly outside.

With a little sob she sank down beside him.

Joel dropped his pipe.

"Whar's Cullen?"

"Asleep."

"Cullen's jes' tired," consoled Joel Beck gently. "Shouldn't wonder but whut he's plumb tuckered out."

"Hit's more than that," said Patty almost inaudibly.

Remembering the candy produced as an afterthought, Joel was silent. Together they watched an autumn moon rise above the mountain top and float in a pool of silver light.

"Reckon I'll hev the last o' the cotton in shortly," hazarded Joel.

Patty Jessup murmured something indistinctly.

Joel sighed.

Little Patty—so nearly his own wife!

Days followed in which Cullen lounged contentedly in the sunshine upon the steps before the cabin, collarless, unshaven, vest unbuttoned over what was quite frankly a paunch; or departed, a battered felt hat low over his eyes, with a fishing rod and a can of worms. Rapidly he reverted to the soft, slurring speech of the backwoods mountaineer.

Once, awkwardly, Joel tried to broach the subject of his prospective return to Cullen.

"When ye figger on goin' back, Cullen?" he asked bluntly.

A slow, dark flush invaded Cullen's averted face.

"When I've wore out my welcome!"

"Sho' now!" placated Joel. "I didn't mean no harm, Cullen."

Cullen's resentment faded. Raptly studying the twin mountainsides, he proceeded to make a strange remark.

"Reckon Pap must hev had consid'able of a time, with Maw forever hounding him," he observed negligently.

Astounded by such blasphemy, Joel uttered a feeble defence of Maw's diligence.

"Somebody hed to drive Pap—ter git any work out'n him."

"Work!" scowled Cullen. "Sounds

like Uncle Keating. Hit's all he thinks of! An' thar's more in livin' than work, Joel. Sometimes a body jest likes ter sit an' think."

"Ef everybody jes' set an' thought, folks'd starve," pointed out Joel reasonably.

"We raise more'n we need," declared Cullen restlessly. "Thar's fish ter ketch an' rabbits ter shoot an' honey ter find. An' Maw's got more quilts'n she kin ever use now. Paw worked hisself plumb out so 't Maw 'd hev quilts a-plenty!"

"Cullen," said Joel sternly, "thar's somethin' I want ter talk erbout: You bin spendin' too much time down at May Gowdy's place sence ye came back. Tain't fair ter Patty!"

"Patty's skinny," shrugged Cullen moodily. "An' I like 'em fat an' sassy. That May Gowdy—" he gesticulated inarticulate praise.

A quietness invaded Joel's manner. "You an' Patty air tokened. An' Patty's waited three years now."

"But how's a man goin' ter know at twenty whut kind o' female he'll want at twenty-three?"

"I'm twenty-five," said Joel. "An' I've known ever sence I kin remember that I wanted Patty Jessup."

"Then whyn't ye marry her? May Gowdy suits me better."

Joel Beck trembled, a haze blurred his vision. Cullen was scolding Patty Jessup.

"Patty Jessup's got her mind set on you!" he returned thickly. "Reckon ye got ter keep yore word, Cullen."

Their eyes caught and held.

"Well," yielded Cullen, sulkily, making good his escape.

Lacing a broken bit of harness together with stout twine, Joel wondered if Patty knew of Cullen's attentions to May Gowdy. Likely she did, news circulating freely in the Valley. Likely that was why Patty Jessup's eyes had frequently of late borne traces of tears.

Maw would prefer May Gowdy. A strapping, broad-hipped, full-breasted girl. May had a lively way with her.

Patty Jessup, it seemed, did know about Cullen and May Gowdy. He found that out that very evening, when he encountered her outside the cabin, staggering under a load of firewood.

"Whyn't ye let Cullen tote that wood?" he demanded hotly. "Cullen's gittin' too lazy ter live! He's allers bin lazy but he's worse'n ever now."

Patty allowed him to take the wood.

"Cullen's a Beck," she returned startlingly. "Only yore Maw cain't see hit 'cause o' his looking like the Keatings. But ye cain't allers go by appearances. You—you're the Keating o' the family, Joel."

Joel gulped astonishment.

The Keating of the family!

"Joel," said Patty Jessup suddenly. "Did ye know Cullen's courtin' May Gowdy?"

Joel stammered with pity.

"Why, Patty—"

In the faint glow of the stars, he saw Patty Jessup's small head go up proudly.

"I hain't carin'," she said. "Hit wuz all a mistake, my bein' tokened ter Cullen. Livin's powerful hard fer wimmin in the mountings, an' I hain't strong. Reckon I kinder figgered Cullen 'd be able ter give me an easy life, him lookin' so much like a Keating an' all; reckon hit's powerful hard fer a girl ter know jes' why she likes a man sometimes! But Cullen, he ain't goin' ter be able ter take care o' no-buddy; he ain't thet kind. An' besides"—her voice dropped to an excited whisper—"I'd rather hev you, Joel!"

It seemed to Joel Beck in that moment that he had not heard aright. Himself, with his lame leg and his lack of Cullen's charm and his resemblance to the shiftless Becks?

"Patty—?" he implored.

Patty Jessup crowded closer, her face raised to his.

"Joel—Joel! Were hit jes' the promise ye made ter Pap"

An immense tenderness wet his eyes as he dropped the wood and drew her close.

"Oh, Patty, honey—" he whispered.

He did not in the least resent her previous preference for Cullen. That was the natural, instinctive reaching out of her weakness for security, and it was her very weakness which especially endeared Patty to him.

Then with vexing distinctness the old problem of Cullen's return came back to frt him. He could not, he decided, endure waiting an instant longer to know the cause of that ambiguous return.

Putting Patty aside almost sternly, he strode across the hard ground purposefully.

To Cullen, lounging before the fireplace, he put insistent question, Maw coming to listen.

"Ef ye didn't come back fer Patty, Cullen, whut ever air ye hyar fer?"

"Hain't I got a right hyar?" demanded Cullen violently.

Maw Beck interposed, quiet and forceful in her black calico.

"Answer Joel, Cullen."

Cullen weakened.

"I hain't never goin' back!" he flung at them. "Cities—I hate them. An' anyways, Uncle Keating sent me back. He says ter tell ye ter send Joel ef he ain't cut off 'n the same piece o' cloth."

"He says—" Cullen paused briefly.

"Uncle Keating says I'm a Beck all through. He says there ain't no goin' by appearances!"

There followed a brief silence during which it seemed to Joel that Maw aged before his eyes.

"Uncle Keating said—that?" she inquired at last.

Cullen nodded sulkily.

"Reckon hit's true," he acknowledged. "I like doin' jes' whut Pap did—huntin', fishin' an' jes' settin'."

Spectulatively she allowed her eyes to rest upon her older son, the image of his shiftless father.

"Joel's the Keating o' the family," informed Cullen suddenly. "Only ye never c'd see hit, Maw."

"Joel's done right smart with the farm," brooded Maw aloud. "Mebby hit's true whut Uncle Keating said erbout appearances."

Patty Jessup's hands fluttered up toward her throat in a gesture of agony.

Instantly Joel knew what she was thinking.

Another lover was to vanish over the thin strip of road leading to the outer world, this time never to return.

But Patty needn't be afraid. He would never forget Patty!

His eyes met Maw's imploringly. Would Maw give him his chance? Would Maw spare him, knowing beyond mistake that Cullen could never take his place on the farm?

Maw spoke at last with surprising gentleness, the old prejudice entirely wiped out of her tone.

"Reckon ye better go, Joel. Ye've worked right sry on the farm and I reckon hit's yore due, son."

Instantly the deep-buried restlessness came alive in Joel, all the old throbbing demand for new conditions of living and new problems to wrestle with. His whole being flooded with a mighty emotion of joy and release. He had no slightest sense of fear of the world outside which had worsted Cullen.

Characteristically he choked down his emotion, accepting his release casually.

"I'm takin' Patty with me," he accepted quietly.

And he saw, with the old stab of tender pity, that Patty's hands relaxed their agonized clasp and a glory came into her gentle blue eyes.

(The End.)

### Wembley's Monster Organ.

The monster organ at the British Empire Exhibition is one of the most amazing instruments in existence. It contains 3,000 pipes ranging from 32 ft. in height to 3 ft. 8 in. It has five manuals with 75 stops, and over 85 miles of electric wire have been used in connection with its pneumatic action.

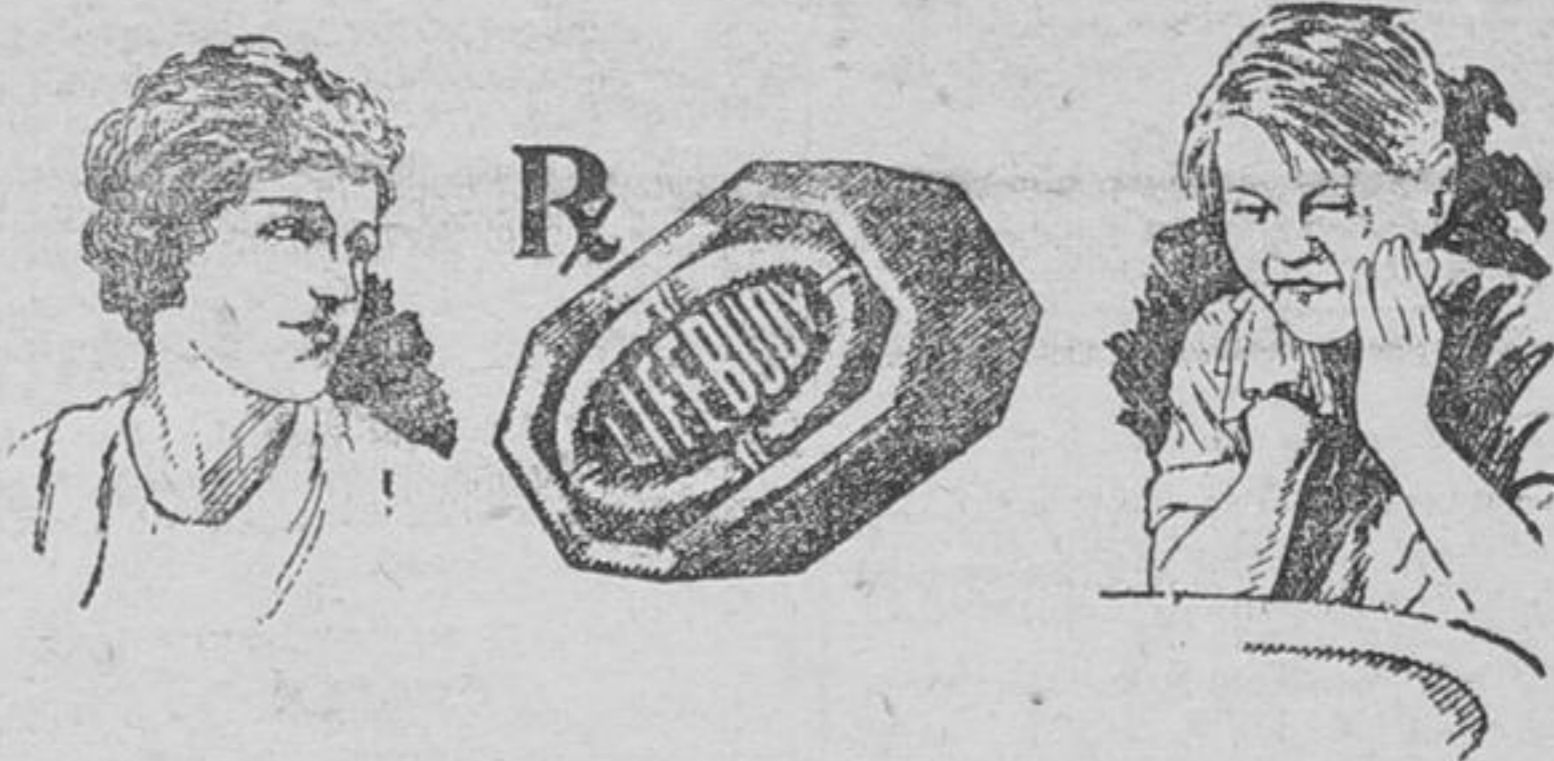
It can be heard perfectly all over the Stadium, even in its quietest moments, and its tonal effects are excellent. The reed stops, trumpets, and tubes are on very heavy wind pressure, so that it will be possible to produce a special fineness of tone and quality.

For its size it is a very sensitive instrument. An organist will be able to get out of it remarkable varieties of touch.

### New Uses for Common Substances.

A little salt added to whitewash improves it. Some one in the salt business or the lime business learns of it and advertises it and thereby increases the sale both of salt and of lime. Silicate of soda added to the water in the hot-water heating apparatus of a small house is carried everywhere and precipitated on the internal walls of the pipes, where it forms a protective film against rust—a discovery that proved profitable to the manufacturers of water glass. New uses for familiar substances are constantly discovered, and a new demand for them is created.

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### Which?

"Do It Now" and "Wait a Bit" are known to one and all—

Which of them belongs to you by choice?

By their use you'll notice that your fortunes rise or fall; "Do It Now" will make your heart rejoice.

"Wait a Bit," the sluggard's phrase, with idleness imbued,

Shirks the task from which it runs away.

Cast it off, and own it not, an enemy so rude;

Start with "Do It Now" this very day.

"Do It Now" steps out the opportunity to seize.

Chance that ne'er may come your way again;

"Wait a Bit" lolls carelessly in idleness and ease,

Chance to rise may knock, and knock in vain.

Which of these belongs to you, to make for good or ill?

"Do It Now" the wise man makes his own.

"Wait a Bit" will pull you down and keep you waiting still

For Success that leaves you well alone.

### Protecting Whales.

How to protect whales from extinction is a matter to which the British Colonial Office is giving serious attention. The Arctic is already "whaled out," and the Antarctic is being intensely hunted. A scientific expedition sent out to study the question will shoot small metal darts into whales found south of the equator. They will lodge firmly in the thick blubber without causing and appreciable pain to the animals and will serve as identification marks if the whales are captured later. If it can be proved, as is hoped, that the whales return regularly to a breeding ground off the coast of Africa, it will be a simple matter to protect them.

### Which Jackanapes?

It was in the days when Germany was an empire and folk had to be careful what they said, lest they be accused of treason. A carpenter, says Mr. Israel Zangwill, was in a crowd waiting to see the emperor pass. The man had an excellent position, but he was uneasy because he had promised to meet a conceited young brother-in-law, and the brother-in-law had not arrived.

"Will the jackanapes never come!" cried the carpenter angrily.

A policeman promptly arrested him.

"But I was speaking of my brother-in-law!" gasped the carpenter, terrified.

"You said 'jackanapes'; you must have meant the emperor," replied the policeman and marched the man off.

### Decayed Teeth.

If your teeth are decayed they make poisons in your body. Be sure to clean your teeth, tongue and gums thoroughly each night and morning by brushing with a tooth-brush. Move the brush up and down and with a circular motion, as well as across the teeth. If you can do so, clean them after each meal. Fruit, especially apples, after a meal are good mouth and tooth cleaners.

Danish Flag the Oldest.

The oldest of European flags is the Danish.

### Birds in Summer.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be

Flitting about in each leafy tree;

In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,

Like a green and beautiful palace hall,

With its airy chambers, light and boom,

That open to sun, and stars, and moon,

That open unto the bright blue sky,

And the frolicsome winds as they wander by

How pleasant the life a bird must be!

Skimming about on the breezy sea,

Cresting the billows like silvery foam,

And wheeling away to its cliff-built home!

What joy it must be to sail, upborne

By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,

To meet the young sun face to face,

And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,

To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;

Lightly to soar, and to see beneath

The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,

That gladden some fairy regions old!

On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,

On the leafy stems of the forest tree,

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

—Mary Howitt.

### Woman Doctor Honored.

Dr. Christine Murrell, a distinguished medical woman of London, has been elected a member of the council of the British Medical Association. She is the first woman upon whom this honor has been bestowed.

### Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The entire coast line of the earth measures 136,000 miles.

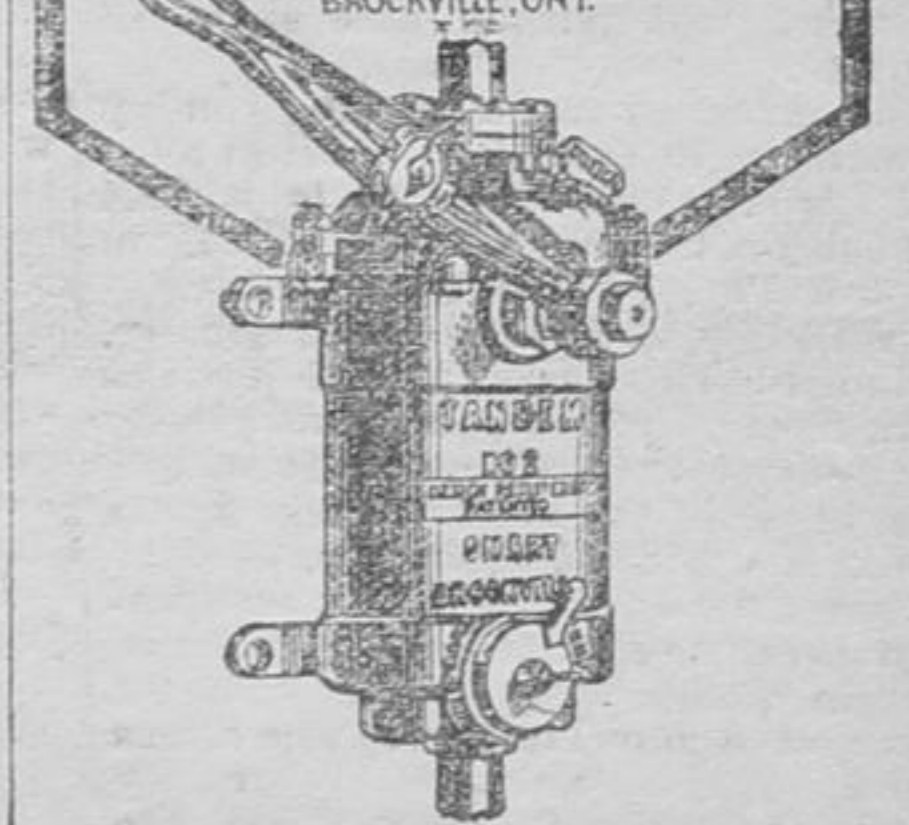
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