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A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.



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If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with immortal principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

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Jack's Adventures

BY LURA E. BENNETT.

PART III.

Maida's windows were finished, and it was mail time. Jack was nowhere to be seen.

Mr. Carleton received a letter from his wife. "Your mother is coming on the 5.35 to-night, Maida. You will meet her?"

"Gladly," she answered. "My, won't it seem good to have mother home?" Her father agreed that it would. "I will have Jackson clean the car, I think," she added, but no Jackson answered her call. However, the sound of the dinner-horn brought him.

"Where were you when I called, Jackson?" she asked, as they were sitting down at the table.

"Really, I do not remember. I have been cleaning the barn."

Mr. Carleton glanced from one to the other, and noticed that the young people never looked at each other.

"I peeked into the pantry cupboards this morning and I thought they looked rather bare," said Mr. Carleton. "You had better start early enough to visit the food shop, and lay in a new supply."

When the meal was over, Mr. Carleton laid \$11 by Jack's plate. "I always pay my help on Saturday," he said, with a humorous look in his eyes.

"Thank you, sir," answered Jack, "and, Mr. Carleton, if it isn't objectionable to Miss Carleton, have I your permission to ride into town? I wish to make a few purchases," he added, fingering his money—the first he had ever earned.

Mr. Carleton laughed, but the reference to his permission, raised Jack considerably in his estimation. "Fix it up with Maida. I have no objections."

"Who is going to fix up what, with me?" the girl asked, as she entered the room.

"May I accompany you to town?" Jack inquired, his eyes full upon her.

"Under one condition. That you clean up the car a bit," she replied, but would not meet his eyes. With an undefinable feeling, Jack went to do her bidding.

That Saturday morning, Big John Allen felt that he could stand it no longer. He was really worried about Jack, so he went to see Dudley Martin. "I say, Dud, do you remember where you lost Jack?"

"I surely do, Mr. Allen," answered Dudley. "It was—"

"Look here, Dud," he interrupted. "You busy to-day?" Dudley shook his head and Mr. Allen continued: "Will you take me out there? Perhaps we can find some trace of him."

"Certainly I will," returned Dudley. "It will be a good chance to try out my new roadster. I'll stop at your house in half an hour." Mr. Allen hurried home.

"Dud and I are going to see if we can find some trace of Jack," he told his wife.

"Oh! John, I am so glad," she said. "Really, I have been terribly worried."

"Do not be surprised if we do not return to-night," he said, as he waited for Dudley. "If I learn anything, I will telegraph. There is Dud," as a horn sounded three times.

It was nearly one o'clock when Dudley began to slow down. "We are just about to the place where Jack deserted me, while I went back for gas," he said, and shortly after, brought the car to a stop.

Mr. Allen got out of the machine and walked about. He looked across the fields at the large white farmhouse. "Suppose they could tell us anything?" he asked.

"I hardly think so. Better go back to the town. Jack would not bother to go to a farmhouse."

It was just then that Maida called to Jack. "It is time to get ready, Jackson."

As he was going to the house, he looked across to the main road, and saw a car standing in the identical spot that Dudley's had stood, when he, Jack, had deserted. Two men were walking about. "That spot must be 'hoo-doo'd,'" he thought, and entered the house.

Jack found his one fine shirt, beautifully laundered, lying across the bed. "The little wonder," he whispered, as he picked it up. His clothes, brushed and pressed, hung in the small closet.

There was a wonderful darn in the toe of one of his silk socks.

He went downstairs feeling absolutely satisfied with his appearance. Maida was waiting for him, looking very trim and dainty in her white dress.

"I must owe you more than thanks for the wonderful condition in which I found my wearing apparel," he said, as they climbed into 'Liz.'

"I am afraid I should have been ashamed of you, had something not been done to them," she answered, as she pulled the self-starter. "Really, you left your clothes in a regular heap; and by the way, you wear very expensive clothes for a 'hired man.'"

"Well-er-I-you see, they were given to me," he stammered.

"Oh! they must have belonged to a millionaire," then her attention was centred on the road ahead.

Secretly, Maida felt proud of the tall, muscular, nice looking, well-dressed young man beside her. And, just as secretly, Jack felt proud of the daintily clad, attractive, brown-eyed girl with whom he was riding.

Town was reached, the purchases were made and stacked in the car.

"What shall we do to pass the time until your mother comes?" Jack asked. "Could we go to a movie?"

"Yes, if we cared to," she answered, so "we" headed for the theatre.

Big John Allen had dexterously questioned many different people in that town, in regard to his son, but no one knew. "I shall ask in this store, and if I can learn nothing here, I will telegraph his mother," he told Dudley, who was patiently waiting for him.

"No use, Dud," Big John stated when he returned. "I've nothing to do now, but send a wire home, then we can plan something else."

It lacked a few minutes to train time when Jack and Maida left the theatre and reached the station.

While they were waiting Maida asked: "Is your name really Jackson?" Jack nodded. "Mr. Jackson?" she persisted. Again he nodded.

The door behind them opened and an elderly man entered. He stared at the couple. Casually, Jack turned, and faced—his father! Maida turned and stared from one to the other. Big John looked from his son to the girl.

Jack was the first to recover. "Hello, dad!" he said, and taking Maida's arm, led her across the room. "May I present my father, Mr. Allen, to Miss Carleton, my future wife?"

Big John gasped; Maida gasped, and her face turned a rosy hue.

Slowly John Allen extended his hand, "Glad to meet you," he said, gruffly. The incoming train claimed Maida's attention, and she left them unceremoniously.

"Well, young man!" Big John loomed. "What sort of play is this?" Before Jack could answer, Maida returned in company with her mother.

Mrs. Carleton looked sharply at Mr. Allen. "I really believe this is Big John Allen!" she exclaimed.

His face underwent several changes. "Jimmy crickets! and you are—used to be—Mary Wood. You married 'Lucky' Carleton!"

Maida and Jack exchanged glances. What did it mean?

"How came you here?" Big John's voice was cordial as he shook hands with Mrs. Carleton.

"My uncle left me his farm near here, so Luckman and I moved on," she replied. Then she turned to Jack. "And this young man?"

Big John laughed and gave Jack a resounding blow on the shoulder. "My son. Introduced this young lady as his future wife." He shook with laughter. "I accept you, my dear."

Maida had recovered and answered with some spirit: "I haven't accepted him yet."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Carleton, wondering how the young people had become acquainted while she was gone. "Where are you stopping, John?" she asked familiarly, for she had known him intimately when they were young.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, as though just recalling something that had slipped his memory. "I must wire my wife that the boy has been located. He gave us quite a fright. And Mary," he was answering her question, "I would be glad to stop over Sunday with you, if I may. I should like to see 'Lucky' again, too. Moreover, I think this young couple should be given a chance to explain their acquaintance," and his eyes twinkled as he looked from Jack to Maida.

When he returned after sending a message to his wife, it amused him to hear Jack say to Maida: "It must be milking time, don't you think?"

Big John's shoulders were shaking and Mrs. Carleton's lips were twitch-

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ing as they followed the young couple outside. Jack did not notice the spick and span new roadster that waited by the curb. Neither did he see the occupant who straightened up and leaned forward as the party drew near. "You base deserter!" exclaimed Dudley Martin, as his feet touched the curb, almost at Jack's side.

"Hello, Dud," said Jack, a broad grin on his face. "Is your gun loaded? But I say, Dud, I hope you will let me live a little longer—until a very important matter is settled." Then he proceeded to introduce the now surprised Dudley to Mrs. Carleton and her daughter.

"It is a shabby trick, Dud, to get you away off here and dismiss you, but I am staying the week end with some old friends, Mrs. Carleton and her family," said Mr. Allen.

"That is all right, Mr. Allen," returned Dudley, his eyes on Jack and Maida. "Shall I return for Mrs. Allen and Grace?"

"Not just yet, Dud. Perhaps that may happen later," returned Mr. Allen, with a grin in Jack's direction. "I'll see you Monday?"

Dudley nodded, and after a few words with Mrs. Carleton and Maida, entered his car and drove away.

The Carletons' "Liz" was pretty well packed, but they climbed in, and were soon home.

Big John watched his son with great amusement, and when Jack came downstairs in overalls, blue work shirt and heavy shoes, he haw-hawed loudly. "Laugh, dad," grinned Jack. "I don't care. I am a 'regular' farmer. I can milk, plow, and—"

"Yes," Maida interrupted entering the room dressed for her home work. "Yes, Jackson is really a wonderful 'hired man.'"

"Hired man!" echoed Big John, between roars of laughter. "But see here, Jack, I would like to know how you became 'Lucky' Carleton's hired man."

"All in good time, dad," returned Jack. "Now, those cows must be milked," and he left the room.

Maida followed him. Her thoughts and feelings were in a turmoil. "His future wife," she whispered, and blushed at the thought.

Jack watched her as she came, his heart beating madly. As Maida entered the stable door, he took her arm.

"Maida," he entreated, softly, drawing her all the time nearer. "Maida," he repeated, holding her close. "You are going to accept me, are you not?"

"Yes, I think I will, now."

(The End.)

Quite Unsuitable for Discipline.

An Irish attorney who was very lame was moved during the time of trouble in Ireland to take part in military preparations. Learning that among the various volunteer corps being raised was one of lawyers, he decided to join it.

"My dear friend," he remarked to John Philpot Curran, the Irish wit, "these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to join the lawyers corps and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said Curran. "Tut! Tut! Renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?" "For this reason," was the reply; "the moment you were ordered to march you would halt!"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

POSSESSION.

Month after month, with slow monotony,

I did the stupid tasks of every day, With scorn and pity that the world should be

Full of unending duties, dull and gray.

While all my heart was wild for wondering,

I dusted, scoured and swept with listless hands;

Was this, I thought, the best that life could bring

To youth's commands?

But now I sing all day, as to and fro

From tiny parlor to the kitchen bright,

With sparkling suds and crisp new broom I go

A shining path behind me. What delight

To pour the scarlet jelly into molds!

I love to make the slender glasses shine

Because this little house with all it holds

Is yours and mine!

—Katherine Park Lewis.



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YOU must frequently purify your skin, antiseptically, to make and keep it healthy, to bring to it a glowing beauty.

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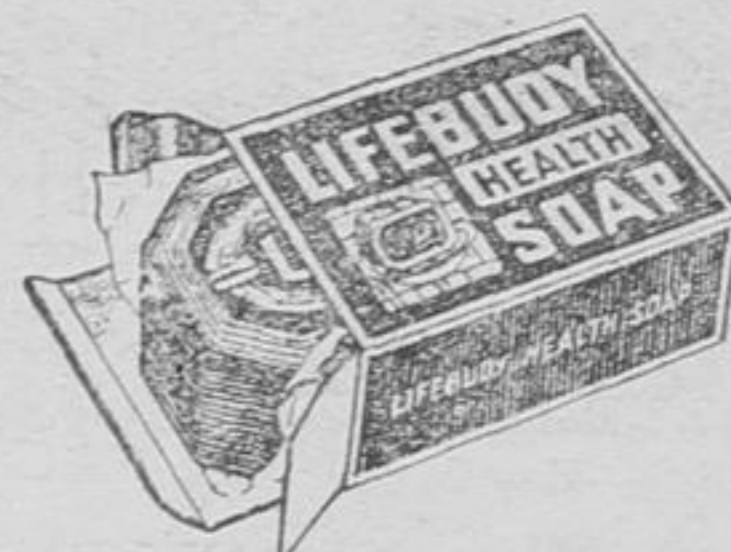
Lifebuoy protects

Its rich, copious lather releases a wonderful antiseptic ingredient which is carried down into every pore, eliminating all impurities and leaving the skin thoroughly clean and safe.

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