

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.



Piano Students Need Instruments Kept in Tune.

No greater fallacy exists in piano-dom than that a student of the piano can successfully learn to play an instrument which is out of tune.

True, one can learn the notes, play scales, practice arpeggios, and in a sort of way learn some pieces, but in doing so the ear becomes accustomed to false pitch and the musical senses consequently become dulled, distorted and dwarfed. Which brings one to the conclusion that if a pupil is to be given a fair chance to learn the piano, the instrument must be always kept in good tune.

Everyone who owns a piano should have indelibly impressed on his or her mind that a piano will not stay in tune forever, but requires periodic attention. This applies particularly to those homes where there are children studying this grand and noble instrument.

Although comparisons are odious, it is common knowledge that people who have motor cars set about almost religiously to keep their cars clean and in perfect running order. Why should not even greater care be taken of the piano? Isn't this worth thinking over?



Not Long Enough Here.
American—"You play Mah Jong, of course?"
Chinaman—"No—me no livee in America long 'nough for that."



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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HEALTH SOAP

More than Soap—a Health Habit

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The Ghost Book

BY CLARENCE MEILY.

PART III.

Fairly awake, but trembling with fright, Wombold hastily examined the object that lay in his lap. It was a large business ledger, musty, worn, and stained with time. Stamped upon its mildewed cover was the infernal monogram.

In a trance of fear, Wombold opened its yellowed leaves. His own handwriting stared up at him out of the ghostly past, over a guilt-haunted hiatus of forty years. With a thick sigh, the old man fell back upon his pillow in a dead faint.

Almost as frightened as his master, Otu ran into the hallway crying for help. He was met almost instantly by Miss Armitage, who pressed by him into the room.

"Get the housekeeper! Get some hot water!" she ordered as she saw Wombold's white face against the pillows. Otu ran to obey. In a few moments he returned with Mrs. Crane, the housekeeper, followed by one of the maids with a pitcher of hot water.

Miss Armitage's vigorous measures were already restoring a semblance of animation to the master's bloodless visage. His hands stirred feebly, and presently he opened his eyes. Mrs. Crane who had mixed a stiff dose of whiskey and hot water, brought it to the bedside, and Wombold revived under the potion; but with restored consciousness his nervous terror also began to return. He caught Miss Armitage's hand.

"Where is it?" he begged. "Where is the book?"

The girl shook her head. "Don't think of it now," she said. "Don't think of anything till morning."

"But I must think of it!" he cried. "What was it? Where has it gone? Was it the ghost of a book? Didn't you see it?" He turned to Otu.

"Sure, I see," agreed the Japanese. But by this time Wombold was babbling feverishly, paying little attention to those about him.

"Do things like that have their astral counterparts? I saw it. I felt it in my hands. Am I to be drawn back into past time where all these dead and gone things are assembled? Shall I see him there? Oh, Henry, have a little pity on me! I'll send it, Henry. I'll pay it back, every cent, with interest. Now! Now! Get Carrington! Get him on the telephone! I must send it to-night. Oh, let me alone!"

He shook off the restraining hands of the women, and would have left his bed for the telephone below stairs, if to quiet him, they had not promised to call his lawyer.

After some difficulty Miss Armitage succeeded in arousing Mr. Carrington, and induced him to come to the Wombold residence at once. By morning a draft for \$35,000, the amount of the original defalcation with interest added, was on its way to the little New England town, inclosed in a registered letter addressed to Henry Hart's widow.

In the sunny library Miss Clara Armitage was engaged in clearing out the drawers of her typewriter desk. She was softly humming a gay little tune, bright as the sunlight itself, and on her face was a queer little smile, half amused, half wistful, such as that with which sympathetic grown-ups regard the tragedies of childhood.

From the deepest recess of the bottom drawer she drew out a small package of cards, of the size and general character of business cards, but having nothing printed on them except a circle enclosing a monogram composed of the letters "H" and "F." She ran these thoughtfully through her fingers for a moment, then slipped them into her pocket, went out into the hall and mounted the stairs. On the floor above she knocked at Mr. Wombold's bedroom door. There being no audible reply, she entered.

Mr. Wombold lay in an easy chair before the window. He looked as if he were just emerging from a grave illness. His skin had exchanged its wonted healthy pallor for a tissue-like fragility, his great eyes seemed unusually sunken in his emaciated features and he was wrapped in a listless apathy such as belongs to the period of early convalescence.

Miss Armitage came forward and took a seat by his side. He regarded her vacantly, without change of expression.

"Mr. Wombold," she said. "I am going away. I have come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"Yes. I am going back to my home in Connecticut."

"What for?"

"I—I am going to be married," Miss Armitage confessed with a blush. The old man sighed.

"It goes on," he said, "just the same, doesn't it? Life, that is—it goes on and on till the end."

"Mr. Wombold," cried the girl, "I can't bring myself to go away and leave you in this condition, a prey to all these superstitious fears. You have been very good to me, and I want to talk to you a little. Won't you listen?"

He acquiesced with a listless dropping of the eyelids.

"Do you remember six years ago," she went on, "when I applied at your bank for work? I had just come from the East. I had come on purpose to find you, Mr. Wombold."

Wombold glanced at her with a vague interest.

"Find me?" he repeated.

"Yes. When you gave me a place, I tried from the first to make myself so efficient that you would make me your private stenographer. When you did that, I worked harder than ever, hoping to make myself so indispensable that you would always keep me with you. I succeeded in that, as you know. By the time you retired from business, three years ago, I had my plans all laid. I knew from little things I'd seen, like not starting anything on Friday, and avoiding the number thirteen, and so on, that you were superstitious. So I got you into the way of studying occultism and spiritualism. I was so sure of my plans that I even had these cards printed then."

She held up the package of cards. Wombold's color had come back, and his eyes took on some of their old-time brilliance as he stared wonderingly at her.

"You had them printed—those cards? What for?"

"For my plan. But, tell me first, even if nothing mysterious had happened to induce you to pay back the money, wouldn't you still be glad you did it?"

"Yes," he said strongly. "It should have been done long ago. I have wished to do it, but I was held back by pride, by the shame of confession—" "I know," she hastily interrupted. "I thought that was it. And now I want you to know that it was I who placed one of these cards by your breakfast plate last April. The story of the man who called to see you and left one of them was just a fabrication on my part. There wasn't any such man."

"But Mme. Charleroi?" he objected, in dazed amazement.

"She gets her percentage of the thirty-five thousand, never fear. It may be betraying her to tell you so, but I think you ought to know. As for that old ledger, I had it sent to me from home. It was I who came in and put it on your chest that night."

"You!" he cried. "In mercy's name, who are you?"

Her merry laugh had nevertheless a trace of tears in it as she caught his hand and answered:

"My dear old friend, I am the granddaughter of Henry Hart!"
(The End.)

Refuge in Silence.

Mrs. Scrubs, whose highly colored imagination was well known in her neighborhood, was called as a witness in a damage suit.

"The evidence which you will give to the court shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," said the clerk.

"Yes," quavered Mrs. Scrubs, now thoroughly frightened and unable to think of one word of the story she had resolved to tell—a story in which she was the heroine.

"Well," asked the judge, "what have you got to say about the case?"

"Well, Judge," she replied, "with the limitations I've just had put on me, I don't think I've anything at all to say!"

Anything to Please a Bear.

A Chinese who was visiting Jasper Park in winter, happened to glance over his shoulder and spy a huge bear sniffing at his tracks in the snow. John at once began to run, shouting back excitedly as he did so:

"You like my tracks?" I make you some more!"

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Former Barn Lot.

Once there was a fence here,
And the grass came and tried,
Leaning from the pasture,
To get inside.

But colt feet trampled it,
Turning it brown;
Until the farmer moved,
And the fence fell down.

Then any bird saw,
Under the wire,
Grass nibbling inward
Like green fire.

Mark Van Doren.

Recognition.

It is a common feeling among men to believe that one is doing work whose merit is insufficiently rewarded. We labor on, spend and are spent, and are inclined to believe that others far less valuable than ourselves are getting more than they deserve. No complaint is easier to make or more common than that of discrimination. It is a sop and a salve that cowards and sluggards apply to their dilatory, unambitious, comfort-loving souls.

Stories of business success that should stir ambition often rouse envy instead. The moral the lazy man derives is not that he ought to go and do likewise, denying himself and working hard, but that the man who rose had the breaks of the luck, and was peculiarly fortunate in finding an influential friend. It is far more comfortable to rail at fate than to go to work and stem the tide or turn the current of adversity.

The world is tired of paying fat salaries to those who do not earn them, though they loudly asseverate their claim to big pay for services not rendered. Instead it intends to discriminate and bestow its rewards on those who deserve them. Most men who do work that is worth recognition are content to "take the cash and let the credit go." They do not forever rise in place to cry "I did it!" and to trumpet their own excellence.

In fact, if a man is clamorous for praise, most of those who might give it feel like abstaining. For if he sits attentive to his own applause, as a spiteful critic said of Addison, there seems no need of adding to the self-acclamation.

Recognition in time rarely falls to come to those who are actually worthy. The world's occasional neglect is not so surprising as the frequency with which people are moved to seek out those who have done some finely exceptional thing and pay tribute to them. Nor does the praise all go to those who have spectacularly performed. Often the prizes and the honors pass to some who least expected them and are astounded to receive them. They are awarded to those who day by day fulfilled a narrow, humble round, doing the best they could and spreading the beautiful contagion of content.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

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But something can.

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OBESITY.

The human body has many uses for fat. When properly distributed it serves to relieve the sharpness of our bony angles and make us more beautiful. It is an extremely helpful agent in keeping our heat in our bodies, serving as insulation in that way. It acts as padding in our "insides" and helps to keep the kidneys, spleen, stomach and intestines in their proper locations. It fills in the chinks, generally.

But as we reach middle life the danger comes that we shall accumulate more fat than is good for our health. Without giving a long table of weights and measures I will just say that the average weight for a man of sixty-nine inches is 159 pounds, and for a woman of sixty-six inches is 137 pounds. You can judge how far you are from standard. If you are more than ten per cent. overweight give the matter careful consideration.

The chief item in reducing weight is to reduce food. If you are only trying to cut down some ten or fifteen pounds you can do it by restricting the fats in your diet, such as butter, oil and fat meat, and by severely limiting the sweet stuff that you eat.

But it is the folks in the 200 pounds and better class that are chiefly in need of reducing weight. Many a man and woman with no definite symptoms of ill health, yet a general feeling of wretchedness, would clear up wonderfully by a reduction of thirty to fifty pounds in weight.

There is only one definite way to do it. Reduce your intake. Don't try to do it too rapidly. Be content to take off three or four pounds a week. Cut the amount of your food ten per cent. When you have become accustomed to that, cut it another ten per cent. If that does not do the business the fat person is generally pretty safe in cutting it yet ten per cent. more, a few weeks later. After you have reduced the weight thirty or forty pounds you will be glad to discover that you have regained your old efficiency.

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