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A new frock of chic simplicity, suitable for both street and afternoon wear, and developed in black crepe satin with long tie and lower sleeve section of contrasting color georgette. There are gathers at each shoulder where the back comes over to join the front in yoke effect. The lower edge of the bodice front is gracefully curved and joined to a two-piece skirt flared at the lower edge. The two-piece sleeves are a new fashion note and may be gathered into a narrow wristband, or left loose and slashed at the back. No. 1351 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch material, and 3/4 yard contrasting for tie and sleeves. 20 cents.

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### HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Patterns Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Arranged in a straight line, the railways of the world would reach to the moon and back again—477,936 miles.

## There's a Treat

for you and your children in the Peppermint sugar jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside.



Utmost value in long last-acting delight.



Wrigley's aids digestion and makes the next cigar taste better. Try it. **COOL** AFTER EVERY MEAL.

1926 No. 37—28.

# HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUBY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to fight. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt. A letter comes to Mary from Dolly saying that she and her husband are safe. Monty Fisher tells David that Mary is not Nigel's widow. David says he had already found that out. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"You don't despise me, then? I—I thought—"

She covered her face with her hands.

Monty looked away from her bowed head. He would have given a great deal in that moment to have been able to recall those impulsively spoken words to David Bretherton. He was slowly beginning to realize what it was in this woman, who was not really beautiful, and not in the least smart, that had so endeared her to this quiet household.

There was something so womanly about her, something—He could not define his feelings. Impulsively he held out his hand.

"If ever I can be of use to you I hope you will ask me."

Mary laid her trembling fingers in his.

"You are very kind," she said, then turned precipitately and ran from the room.

This was her last night at the Red Grange. Already she had put together the few things she had brought with her, and packed them in a bag that bore Nigel Bretherton's initials.

It was one of his many possessions which Dolly had left behind her. She had cared nothing for the man; now he was gone she cared nothing for anything that had been his.

Mary sat down at the little writing table which Miss Varney had had placed in the room for her. She took Dolly's letter from a locked drawer and spread it out before her.

It was strange, she thought, that Dolly's letter and Monty Fisher should have come so near together. It had been wonderful: that she had been left so long undiscovered.

And any day now David might hear from Dolly. Mary knew Nigel's widow very well. She knew that money was everything in the world to her, that she would leave no stone unturned to get anything she could from David.

Her only hope lay now in flight, to get away and leave no trace behind her.

She had meant to write to Dolly, but the dinner gong rang before she had written more than a couple of lines, and she thrust the letter hastily away.

Every detail of that last dinner was stamped indelibly on her brain—the long, beautiful room, the shining silver and wonderful gowns, the paeled walls, and gleaming armor, and David, the last of all the Brethertons, sitting silent and abstracted at the head of the table.

The deplorable conversation was carried on by Miss Varney and Fisher. Mary hardly spoke, and scarcely touched the tempting dishes set before her; she felt as if every mouthful would choke her. She wondered that the emotion of her aching heart was not expressed in her face.

She was beginning to understand now as never before why Nigel had hated the ordinary suburban life he had been forced to lead since his marriage. She could sympathize now with the way his face had always lit up at mention of the Red Grange. She, who had been there but a few weeks, loved it already. How much more, then, must he have cared who had lived there all his life?

"Why do you hesitate?" he asked. There was a sharp inquiry in his voice. His eyes sought her insistently.

She roused herself with an effort; she was afraid that he might suspect something from her manner. She answered quickly:

"I will come; yes, of course I will come. I should like to."

She ran back for her hat and coat. When she came again down the stairs David was still standing where she had left him. There was something in his manner that gave her a little qualm of fear.

When the car came to the door he turned to Fisher.

"You won't mind the back seat, Monty? It's rather cold for a lady."

Mary protested she preferred the back seat; she did not mind the night air in the least.

"You don't know how to take care of yourself," David said, smiling.

He wrapped the rug carefully round her knees. Even after they had started he put out his hand once through the darkness to see if she was well covered.

"It is not summer yet, you know," he told her when she declared that she was quite warm.

There was a crescent moon in the sky. It peeped down at them shyly through the dark branches of the tall trees; it shed a faintly silvered light over the freshly plowed fields and white country roads.

David hardly spoke. Once or twice he half turned to address a remark to Fisher, but for the most part they were all silent.

When the station was reached the two men got out.

David looked at Mary.

"Won't you come and see the last of him?" he asked lightly. "It will do you good to have a little stretch."

Mary obeyed at once; it never occurred to her that David had no intention of leaving her alone for a moment. She never doubted that Fisher had spoken truthfully when he

Mary bit her lip. She had tried so hard not to remember that this was the last time she would ever drive like this with David; she had tried to forget that this was the last chapter of her so-called happiness, but something in his voice, in his manner, brought it home to her with suffocating force.

She loved him. She loved his voice, his laugh, his grave eyes; she loved everything about him; and yet—yet she had wifely deceived him, wifely lied to him.

If she only dared to tell him! In aching imagination she could see herself turning to him, hear herself speaking the sobbing confession; but in reality she sat there, her hands clasped convulsively together beneath the warm rug, grudging each flying moment, each last word.

When they neared the Red Grange she spoke:

"Need we go home just yet? It is such a lovely night, I don't want to go home just yet."

"It is quite early. We will go round the other way."

His voice was quite even, she did not see the sharp look he cast at her as he bent towards the wheel.

She leaned back beside him with a little sigh of happiness.

David spoke suddenly.

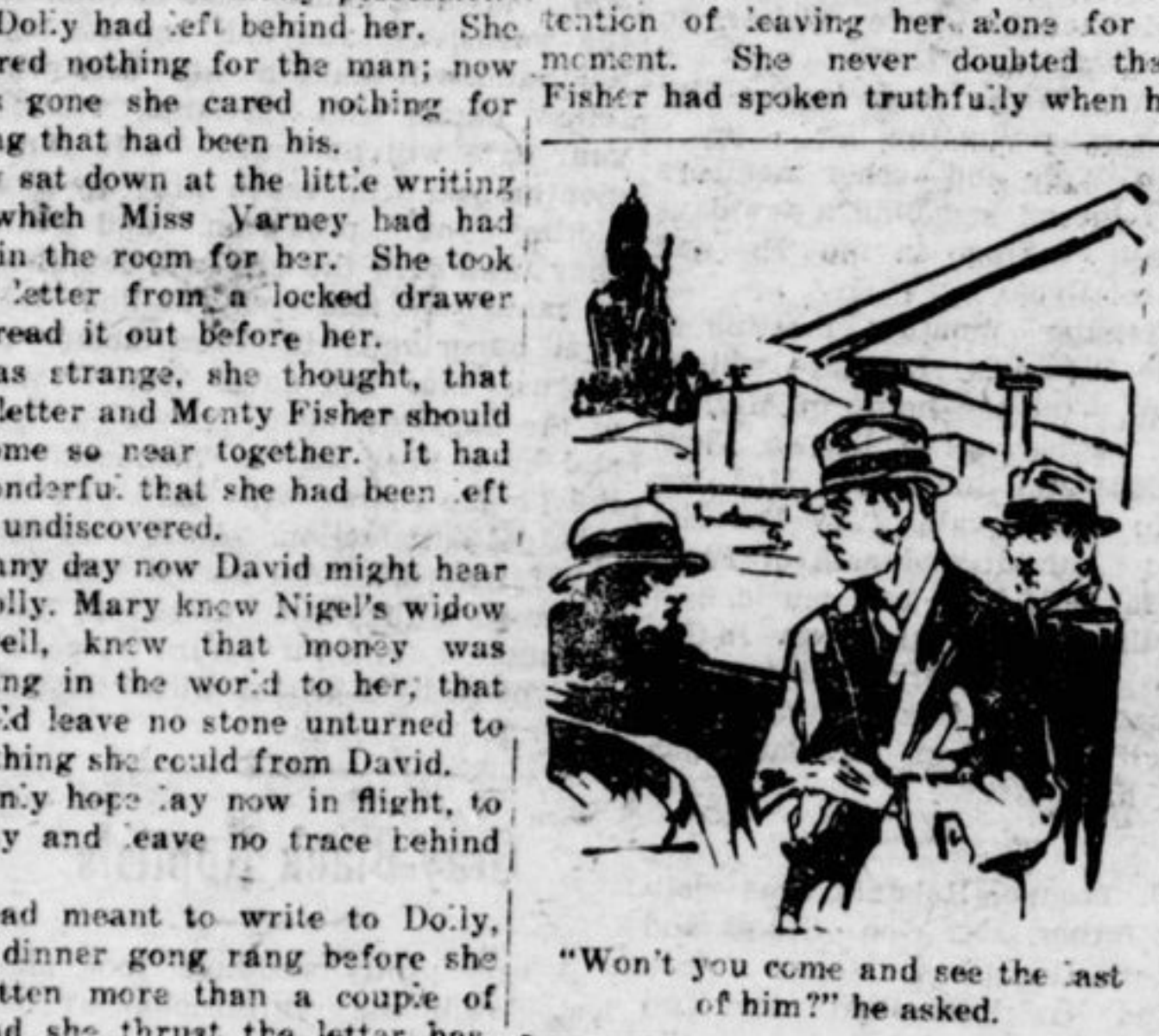
"What are you thinking about?"

She started.

"Nothing. At least, I don't know."

He turned the car round into a narrow side road.

(To be continued.)



David was frowning when they returned to the car. She saw his face for an instant in the glare of the headlights.

"Do you know Fisher very well?" he asked abruptly, as he took his seat beside her.

She shook her head.

"No. I—"

She broke off; she had been going to say that she had only seen him once before in all her life, but stopped; she knew that Dolly had seen him many times.

"No, not very well," she added, in a low voice.

David was driving the car very slowly; he looked down at her, turning his whole body a little towards her.

"What is the matter with you to-day?"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that you seem changed, somehow. Don't you like Fisher any better than you liked his sister?"

She protested indignantly.

"I suppose you will never forget that. And I do like Mr. Fisher; I think he is very nice."

"I am glad." There was something icy in David's voice; he did not speak again for some minutes, then: "So you are going to stay with them in London after all?"

CHAPTER XLIII.  
FOR THE LAST TIME.

Instead of following Miss Varney to the drawing-room she slipped away upstairs. Tears blinded her eyes as she went. This was the last evening she would ever spend in the old house. This was the shutting of the door upon her brief glimpse of Paradise.

It was only just after eight. She knew that it would be useless to attempt to leave the house for another two hours, but she finished her small preparations, hat and gloves, from her eyes, and went downstairs again.

David met her at the foot of the stairs.

"I am going to drive Fisher to the station. Will you come with me?"

She flushed up to her eyes. She knew that it would be wiser to refuse, that David's absence would give her the opportunity she wanted to leave the house untraced. But the temptation to go with him was great.

It was a lovely night. She could picture the long drive to the station through the silent country lanes, the drive back, when she would be with him alone.

CHAPTER XLIV.  
MARY IS AFRAID.

"I never thought of such a thing," said Mary. "I told you before that I cannot bear staying with strange people."

"Did you feel like that when you came here?"

"No, of course not! At least—"

She tried to take back the eager, emphatic denial, but realized that it was too late. "You were different," she added hesitantly, "you and Miss Varney."

"Thank you," said David softly.



## No Boiling — No Rubbing Just Rinse with Rinso

A package of Rinso is a package of miniature soap bubbles.

You simply dissolve for 25 seconds the tiny bubbles in hot water, soak the clothes a couple of hours, or overnight, rinse them well in clean water and—that's all.

Result—clean, sweet-smelling clothes, hours of time saved and the hand work changed to just rinsing.

Rinso dissolves the dirt, you rinse it out.

You will never know how easy it is to do the washing until you've used Rinso, the greatest time and labour saver the housewife has ever known.

Rinso  
The new kind of soap  
makes dirt out  
R-457

Made by  
the makers of Lux

Dusk in the Redwoods.

The sky is lilac, the sky is rose;  
Fainter and fainter the redwood  
glows.

The winds would be still;  
The dove is calling;  
The dusk is falling,  
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail;  
Faster and faster the colors fall;  
The winds grow still.  
The dove, is he calling?  
'Tis the soft dusk falling  
On the purple hills—  
Lost is the "I-lac, lost the rose.  
In the shadow the rabbit knows;  
The winds are still;  
The dove is dreaming,  
The love-star gleaming  
Over the darkened hill.  
John Vance Cheney, in "At the Still Gate."

For Hawks to See.

John put a scarecrow in the yard  
And used my clothes—  
He found some old, worn, shabby shoes  
That I pinched my toes—  
He took the hat so broad of brim  
From off my head—  
And put it on that scarecrow thing,  
Then shot it dead!  
Now, every time I glance outside  
I seem to be  
A shabby, old fat farmer's wife  
For hawks to see!  
—Dorothy Moore.

Lubrication is Essential.  
Never neglect oiling and greasing certain parts of the engine because of their inaccessible location.

## CONNOR POWER WASHER MODEL 26

SOLVES THE WASH DAY PROBLEM on the farm. Belt it to any small gasoline engine.

We sell you this machine on the condition that it must satisfy you.

- IT MUST SATISFY you on its capacity to wash the finest clothing without injury.
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  - IT MUST SATISFY you on its improved aluminum agitator that forces the soapy water through the clothes.
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- If it does not, return it to us at our expense and we will refund you the purchase price, \$70.00.
- If your dealer does not sell this machine, order direct from us.
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Manufacturers  
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Minard's Liniment for toothache.

## WHALING INDUSTRY OF PACIFIC COAST

PRODUCES 400 TONS OF BONE MEAL ANNUALLY.

African Countries and Japan Buy Large Quantities of Whale Meat Canned in B.C.

The taking of whales and the securing of by-products from their carcasses is now a recognized and well established industry on the Canadian Pacific coast. In the summer months three whaling stations are operated in British Columbia, one station being on the west coast of Vancouver Island, one at Ross Harbor situated on the south end of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the third at Naden Harbor on the north end of the same islands. During the past twelve years 7,619 whales have been taken by the British Columbia whaling fleet, the largest yearly catch being 1,198 and the smallest 187. During the year 1925, 269 whales were taken and processed.

There are signs that the whaling industry on the British Columbia coast is becoming more active and profitable. This year, for the first time in the history of whaling there, a sea-plane is being used in the prosecution of operations from the base at Ross Harbor. In the spring, too, forty experienced Arctic whalers were brought from the Old Country and engaged for work with the whaling fleet, supplementing its activities. They have been settled on small farms on the west coast of Vancouver Island, similar to the crofts they occupied in the north of Scotland, where they are able to combine the pursuit of agriculture with whaling.

Has Many Utilities.

In the old days whales were hunted for their bone and oil alone. To-day the utilization of the meat is an important phase of the industry. Though certain prejudice still exists against the use of whale meat for human consumption on the American continent it has long been favorably regarded elsewhere as an article of diet. The old American whalers regarded themselves on tasty whale scraps while on the chase and the Eskimo has long regarded the stranding of a whale on his shore as a beneficent act of providence. The Japanese have long appreciated whale meat as an article of diet, and the Scandinavians relish the flesh of the mighty mammal. In the food shortage which existed during the war years a substantial export trade was developed in whale meat from Canada to certain European countries.

The whale is a warm-blooded mammal and its flesh is exactly similar to beef with slightly coarser texture. The canned product has no oily taste and it is cheap, palatable, and easily digested. The analysis of canned whale meat has shown that its food value may be compared with that of round steak. Some time ago it was estimated that 100,000,000 pounds of whale meat could be supplied from the British Columbia coast annually at a price of about 12 1/2 cents a pound.

Export Trade Improving.

In the British Columbia whaling industry, which has been highly modernized, the entire carcass after being inflated with air is towed back to the whaling station and there stripped of its blubber and meat. The Canadian Pacific coast industry annually produces about 400 tons of whole home meal and 900 tons of meat and blood for fertilizing purposes. A small quantity of the latter is sold as fertilizer in British Columbia and the remainder is exported, principally to the United States.

Of recent years the Canadian export trade in whale products has slumped somewhat, but the present season is expected to see an improvement. The whale meat canned in British Columbia has gone in large part to settlements between Liberia and the Congo in Africa, where it is achieved a very rapid popularity and is highly regarded as an article of diet. Japan is also a very heavy purchaser. Trade figures show that in the eleven months ending February, 1926, 832 cwt., worth \$4,335, was exported. In the same period ending February, 1924, the figures were 4,396 cwt. and \$37,815. In the same period exports of whole oil, which went entirely to the United States and United Kingdom, amounted to 424,593 gallons, worth \$241,591, as compared with 781,188 gallons worth \$417,350 in the previous corresponding period.

Pointing Poplars.

Near my windows  
Every day  
Three tall poplars  
Beend and sway;  
Granting to me  
Much of strength  
Which is drawn from  
Their green length;

Pointing ever  
To the sky  
They help to keep  
My thought high.

Near my windows  
Every day,  
Three tall poplars  
Point the way.  
—Almira Richardson Wilcox.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS.

In marketing the dressed the association has made strides. Here they have shipping points and all this in the district who wish their poultry through the air. After its local sale completed there is a day and a lecture and demonstration and a morning poultry hot. The shipping days are three to four weeks after dry each member brings in dry, has it graded, weighed and loaded on the car. It has not sufficient volume filled at the post office. The shipping is done within fourteen days, beginning the days in November and later than December for the latest date for shipping must be enough so that the poultry, the Eastern markets in the holiday trade.

The overhead for shipping the pool is very low, running four cents a pound for every course, a great deal of buying, packing and loading is which is a big factor in keeping the overhead. Prices are each grade, but an initial fifteen cents a pound is made in all classes of poultry. The marketing of live brood out of farm flocks has not been as successful as marketing

## POULTRY POOL

Professor of Poultry

"Nothing succeeds like statement that might lead to the operation of such the prairie provinces of Canada. The fact that each provinces now has a poultry pool is sufficient the popularity of this marketing poultry in this province has its own of operating the pool. The fact are all the same, securing better prices and eggs.

Manitoba probably stands most successful so far as a poultry pool. The operation Marketing Association farmers' organization, led and operated by farmers' wives. This organization is a paid official, who devotes time to the work of the pool. The work of giving instruction and preparing the market and the grading on marketing days is done by the marketing officials. The government officials, business end of the pool, is managed entirely by its own members.

One of the chief features of the Manitoba egg pool in terms of eggs and effecting handling is the two forms they have—one for the producer and the other for the merchant. The operation of the merchant small towns is a big factor in the success of these pools. All members can have their eggs shipped to the pool in cases, which reduces the transportation charges considerably. The merchant pays for the eggs for them at a charge of one cent per dozen, which covers the payment of each pool. They may also receive and ship numbers, so that through drawers' contracts and the merchant's contracts it is gathered up the eggs produce every farm in a district. The merchant does not handle any he handles. All this work the egg stations located in the province.

Under the producer's membership must have enough to make up a case of twelve thirty dozen and to have his like, but his is in the merchant's and shipped to the pool in cases.

Contracts are for delivery at least once a week, and a shippable twice a week. They are shipped to the egg station by freight. The pool operates to October and three pools off during the season. The grading the first pool this season is 41 cents per dozen, which overhead and everything, signing the contract between holder in the exploitation of one dollar. The pool terminated only by the marketing agents in the province in Canada, showing a net profit of 10 cents per dozen over the cost of the system of the pool.