

Have You Tried
"SATADA"
 ORANGE
 PEKOE
 BLEND
TEA
 It is in a class by itself. Ask for it.

**HIS BROTHER'S
 WIFE**
 by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.
 The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves unhappy. When he is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He sees Dolly under the care of Mary Farnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart and sails for America with him.
 When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see his widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes her for his brother's wife and takes her to live at Red Grange with his wife, Monty Fisher. David tells Dolly that he knows that Mary is not Nigel's widow and David says he has already found that out.
 When Mary sees Monty at Red Grange she fears exposure and runs away. David starts out to find Mary.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
 For now she knew that it had not only been her imagination that David was unusually attentive to Mary; that it was a reality—that in all probability David was in love with her.
 In love! With that white-faced, silent woman? She ground her teeth savagely. She should never have him! She would prevent it if it cost her everything she had!

So that was the truth, at last! This woman was not Nigel's wife, but an adventuress who had schemed for her place!
 She paced her room half the night, she would marry David whatever happened; she would be mistress of Red Grange in spite of this white-faced interloper!
 She did not trouble herself with details of the story; she never gave Nigel's real wife a thought; all that mattered to her was to prevent Mary getting the man she herself wanted.
 Monty glanced anxiously at her when they met at breakfast, but apparently she was smiling and untroubled. She made herself charming to David; she spoke to him sympathetically, as if she understood without being told that he was unhappy and in trouble; she tactfully left the two men together as soon as the meal was over.
 But there was so little they could do. He followed Monty about the whole morning, doing everything that was possible; his first outburst of anger only came when Fisher said, smiling:
 "Now we can only sit down and wait patiently."
 David caught up the word with passion:
 "Wait! When anything may be happening to her! Surely there must be something we can do! I can stand anything but this inaction. You don't know how I blame myself. I ought to have guessed what she would do!"
 Fisher protested.
 "I am to blame, if anyone. It was I who drove her away."
 David dismissed the thought; he had been to blame, and he alone, he told himself.
 He had his chance that last night when he and she drove back together from the station; he might

her; she could not understand how it was that he had changed so; once he would have tried to get the moon for her had she wished for it.
 It was a lovely afternoon; and after dragging out a restless hour on the chance of David returning, she went out.
 As a rule she went straight to the West End, and spent her time amongst the shops; but to-day somehow she felt out of tune with her old world.
 She remembered, with a little shiver, how heavily she was already in debt; in her heart she had always been sure of "padding things off," as she called it, with David; once she had even been tempted to give her future marriage with him as a security. David was so rich; as his wife, she could have everything she wanted. She wandered into the park, and sat down on a seat under the trees.
 Spring flowers filled the beds, and birds sang in the branches overhead. Children played and shouted to each other on the soft grass. The world seemed a very beautiful place to them.
 But Dora sat with her eyes moodily forward, and let its beauties pass her unheeded.
 For the first time in her life she seemed to be denied her heart's desire; here was not the nearest to a disappointment in many even plausibly.
 What was the use of being beautiful if beauty could not win all one wanted? What was the use of beauty if one could not suitably adorn it?

David was the richest man she knew; Red Grange alone was worth making sacrifices to win. She had built so many castles for the future, dreamed so much of it, she would do when she reigned there as his wife; it seemed a thousand times more desirable now that in all probability it would never be hers. She started up impatiently and walked on over the soft grass.
 All her life she had never been

thwarted; she would win now—she would!
 She raised her head with a fierce gesture of defiance, and saw Mary Farnival coming through the sunshine towards her.
 The two girls were quite close together, or it is possible that Mary would have turned back; but recognizing that it was too late, she stood her ground.
 Dora Fisher was a quick thinker; in an instant she had decided upon her plan of campaign. She went forward with hand outstretched.
 "I was just thinking about you! Oh, you poor dear! Whatever will you do?"
 Mary had flushed when she first saw Dora, but she was pale enough again now; even her lips looked white.
 "I don't understand you. P—I—she faltered, and broke down.
 "We know everything, of course," Dora went on, in her soft, silky voice. "David is staying with us now; he came up to us directly. Oh, I am so sorry for you!"
 The words sounded genuine enough; her beautiful face was full of sympathy.
 She gave Mary no time to answer, but went on:
 "David is simply furious, of course. He won't listen to reason at all, though. Monty and I have both done our best for you. He simply won't believe that you just did it on the impulse of the moment. He talks as if you were some horrid adventuress. As if it were true! Why, I liked you from the very first moment I saw you!"
 "He—he is furious—with me?"
 "He is simply furious, of course."
 "You know what the Brethertons are," said Dora—"such a proud 'ol'! I suppose he hates to feel that he has been deceived. I suppose he is angry for Nigel's sake, too."
 "He has every right to be—there is no excuse to be made for me. But I never meant to stay; it was only—only that I just wanted to see the Red Grange again."

CHAPTER LI.
 A CHANCE MEETING.
 Dora was left to a solitary lunch. She had ordered an especially dainty meal, thinking that David would be there to share it with her; but he did not come, and she ate it alone.
 Monty had sat up; he kept him out, she told herself resentfully; Monty was working against her, not with her.
 "You poor dear!" Dora still held her hand; she patted it soothingly.
 "You need not be afraid that I shall tell him I have seen you; I wouldn't think of telling him. I have never seen him so dreadfully angry before. She cast her eyes down effectively. "And I know him pretty well," she added, softly.
 Mary's heart gave a little throb of pain. This girl was so beautiful! She realized it afresh as she looked at her now.
 David had denied once that she was anything to him. Miss Varney had denied it, too—but was it true?
 She drew her hand gently away. "I am afraid I must be going."
 Dora gave a little protesting cry. "But I want to help you! Don't you believe I am your friend?"
 "You are very kind, but I don't think I want any friends. As my life I span to have done without them, except—She broke off with sudden tender memory of Nigel; he had been a kind friend to her.
 "But you will want them—I am sure you will!" Dora urged eagerly. "And if you will trust me, I am sure I could help you. You don't seem to understand that David is looking for you because—oh, perhaps you don't know that what you have done—impersonating someone else, I mean—is punishable by law."
 "Punishable by law! Oh, no, surely I haven't robbed anyone, I haven't taken anything that didn't belong to me. Oh, it surely isn't—"
 "My brother tells me it is—he ought to know. But you need not look so afraid—I am not going to tell them that I have seen you—they never need know."
 (To be continued.)

Big Money for Ford Owners
 Selling Edipe Shock Absorbers, Spring Controls and Lubricator. Write for particulars. The W. G. ASTLE SALES Co. Bridgeburg Ont.

IDEAL fashions
 by Jean-Belle Hamilton
 Bordered materials are smart features of the new mode.
 The mode for bordered fabrics finds expression in this simply designed one-piece frock of kasha flannel. The new wide belt favors double buckles for fastening, and is worn at the top of the hips. The convertible collar is fashioned of the border, as is also the tiny vestee, pocket and narrow cuffs, to which are gathered full sleeves.

Minard's Liniment for bruises.
 The sun has made its circle in the blue.
 A-dazzle from the fiery pathway spent; Torn clouds on the horizon heap away; Pale glimpse of day reflected in each rent.
 Gray sky becomes a nothing of deep jet
 As, sitting through the meshes, speeds the light;
 A quivering glow through every bright appears.
 Such are the stars this silver Frank's night.
 —Julia Cogswell Franke.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.
 "May I Marry?"
 A bureau for dispensing free medical advice to those contemplating matrimony has been established at Berlin municipal clinic.
 A doctor attends to examine applicants in order to ascertain whether they are free from disease, either hereditary or contracted; and in a fit state to marry. Certificates are issued recommending them, according to their physical condition, to proceed with their wedding plans, to postpone them, or in some cases to abandon them.
 No charge is made for this service and applicants are not compelled to follow the advice given.

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 In Russia there are several farms where horses are bred for making violin bows from their hair.

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IN RADIO, YES, THIS IS A BATTERYLESS YEAR!

Judging from public demand and report from the various Radio Shows in the United States and at the Canadian National Exhibition, the tendency in radio this year is undoubtedly towards Batteryless Sets. The real and only truly batteryless set is, of course, one that uses the raw alternating-current in the tubes direct from the light socket—in which batteries are totally eliminated from the set—and it so happens that the only real set of this character that is exhibited this season is a Canadian achievement known as the Rogers Batteryless Radio.
 This set exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition probably attracted the most interest of any Radio, including many from the United States. Not only is it a Canadian development, but with over a year's steady progress behind it and now entering on its second year it has proven an undoubted success. The 1927 Models of the Rogers possess every convenience, including single-dial control, super-power amplification, volume control, metal-shielding and elimination of the aerial in most cases, in addition to the total elimination of all batteries.
 A very interesting book entitled "Evidence" containing letters from owners of Rogers Batteryless Radio Sets throughout Canada, can be secured by anyone on request to the Q.R.S. Music Company of Canada, Limited, 599 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

World's Rarest Stamp.
 Stamps worth \$3,000,000 will be on view at the International Philatelic Exhibition, which opens in New York on October 18th, and will be the greatest ever held in the history of stamp collecting.
 The last International exhibition was held in London in 1923, and on that occasion the stamps exhibited were valued for \$2,250,000.
 Among the valuable stamps which will be shown in New York is the rarest stamp in the world—the one-cent 1866 British Giana, black on magenta, which was sold in 1923 for \$7,317.
 New attractions in the exhibition will be an enlarged class devoted to air mail stamps, including those used on air messages during the Paris siege of 1870, and the Przemysl siege of the Great War; a class for historical and questionnaires; illustrations arranged to illustrate art, plant and animal life, history and biography; and a special class for Government exhibits, in which will probably be shown the processes used in the engraving and printing of stamps.
 The judges, like the exhibitors, are drawn from all the countries of the world, and there are on the jury representatives of Japan, Mexico, Brazil, and South Africa.

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 Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.
Minard's Liniment for bruises.
Starlight.
 The sun has made its circle in the blue.
 A-dazzle from the fiery pathway spent; Torn clouds on the horizon heap away; Pale glimpse of day reflected in each rent.
 Gray sky becomes a nothing of deep jet
 As, sitting through the meshes, speeds the light;
 A quivering glow through every bright appears.
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The World's Great Need.
 Ask God to give thee skill In comfort's art:
 That thou may'st consecrate be And set apart
 Unto a life of sympathy,
 For needy is the weight of ill In every heart;
 And comforters are needed much Of Christlike touch.
 —N. G. Luker.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Kings and Commoners.
 It is rather a curious anomaly that Socialists are among those who show the greatest personal appreciation of the Royal Family. "What I'd like to see," cried a very "Red" orator at an out-door meeting in London, "is no King at all—meaning no disrespect to the present King, of course, and willing to let him have his run out." Another Socialist met the Prince of Wales recently and announced afterwards, with some surprise, that "E was a very nice young feller."
 The Royal Family, on their side, show equal friendliness when the restrictions of office allow. The other day, at a public function, the King spoke to a Labor leader, who reminded him:
 "Last time you saw me, sir, I was in my working clothes, making shell fuses."
 The King smiled as he answered:
 "I am glad I do not often have to wear what some people regard as my working clothes—a crown and robes."
 The smile was so friendly, and the day so sunny, that the Labor man responded:
 "It would be a bit 'ot on a day like this, sir!"
 The King laughed. Henry the Eighth would have replied: "Off with his head!"

Happy Bachelors.
 As far as I can see, married life is so much worry. I am sure I should have been dead long ago if I had married. Thank Heaven I am a confirmed bachelor!
 This statement comes from the lips of Sir Harry Poland, K.C., and as he is now ninety-seven, it must be admitted to be a good advertisement for bachelorhood. He was called to the Bar before the Crimean War—and has barred matrimony ever since.
 His case is different from that of another veteran bachelor who was once challenged by a member of the opposite sex.
 "Do you mean to say," she exclaimed, "that you have never married?"
 "No," the bachelor assured her gravely, "I have never married."
 "And you have lived a happy life?"
 "Peaceful, at all events."
 She frowned.
 "Life wasn't made for peace—it was made for adventure," she retorted.
 "You ought to have married!"
 The bachelor regarded her gravely, then responded:
 "Frankness for frankness, in sixty-nine years of bachelor life, I have asked fourteen women to marry me, and they all said, 'No.'"

The Man Who Crowns Kings.
 Although the Primate of All England, the Archbishop of Canterbury—has not the great power today that his predecessors enjoyed, he is still the most privileged person in the realm after the Royal Family.
 In the table of precedence, in which is laid down the exact order of all the nobility of the country, the Archbishop follows the ambassadors of foreign countries, who take their high place as representatives of the ruling heads of their countries. Excluding these, the Archbishop comes immediately after the nephews of the King.
 He controls the Church of England, and has thirty bishoprics in his own province, his junior colleague, the Archbishop of York, who is Primate of England, having but twelve. The precedence of Canterbury over York is denoted in their titles, the Archbishop of Canterbury being Primate of "All England."

Rabbits Excavate Roman Villa.
 Rabbits have been responsible for the finding of an old Roman villa at Ashstead, near Epsom, in Surrey. In excavating their burrow they had dug out bits of tile and plaster, and archaeologists undertook more systematic work than the rabbits were capable of. The remains of a large villa were discovered with bath, corridor, and, up to the present, three main rooms. It has been found that the walls had been made of large flat with glass windows which were of a light blue color. Among objects found were coins of the reigns of Claudius, Vespasian, Trajan and Hadrian; a first century bowl which had been broken and riveted; a clay inkpot and a clay incense burner. Plenty of oyster shells and debris of bones from cooking were also found.

Throw away the Washboard—Use Rinso

THE old-fashioned wash-day is gone. With it has gone the everlasting rub-rubbing and ugly hands, lame backs, frazzled nerves and short tempers and a soapy odour all through the house.

Instead you use Rinso and part of a morning for the weekly wash. You change the hard work of washing to just rinsing.

Just soak the clothes a couple of hours or overnight in Rinso suds, rinse, and that's all. Simple. Efficient. Time saving. Labour saving.

Don't try to do another washing without Rinso. Twelve leading washing machine makers say "Use Rinso".

Made by the makers of Lux

BEACH EVIL

One of the greatest side holidays in the busy leisure morning... There is nothing doing but bring its own... the going and coming of an interesting... human adventures... in a seaside town... interests. However... morning by the beach... never be dull.
 There is the stillest... a gray mist hangs... a light thin spray... a shower, not enough... Besides, the sky is... is melting the cloud... through, even though... again into the curtain...
 The sea is... lazy trickle of waves... to leave into action... a few inches from... a little distance to... slide into the girdle... wetness of the sand...
 A fisherman is busy... boat, and the lapping... pleasantly soothing... swishes it about...
 The sea is... are coming in... obviously stirred... and white foam... hind yonder... being across the... begins! Flashes are... heap of rocks... off into the great deep... until they disappear... that close about the...
 An important...
 There are children... with father and mother... venturing to hand... watching the exciting... embarking and... action. He and his... some five summers... journey to the... the return is heralded... of "Mummy, Mummy,"... the boat for when they... One lone seagull... rocks, seaweeds and... domestic fowl; it... sleek and smooth... measured strength... on the fringe of... waters, were... while it goes winging... far, far beyond the... who are plucked back... at the end of the...
 A Man's Job...
 Another adventure... land. A two-wheeler... the cliff road and ran... to the sand; now a... of the engine... The wheels revolve... to save that of... sinking the car more... in the process, until... driver and his friend... Fishermen and other... ers begin to collect... and the children... to the cliff road... pause for an interested... my and the children... Daddy fingers; breath... the scene of action... This job, and Daddy... solution has occurred... ly, modestly, he makes... his strong arms are... of his side of the car... are finding stones;... ed to the engine;... causeway... them, a strong... In vain Mummy... road, directing... "Daddy, dinner is... man among men... of his family.
 The car is moving... more stones, m... behold, the car... end is no longer... bound thing. Out... over the cliff into... roads!
 Still Waiting...
 Hostess's daughter... ately to keep the... —"Did you ever... the curio dealer who... of Columbus—one... and the other who... Wiggins—"No, I... What is it?"
 The Drawings...
 Teacher—William... to take a note home... bring me a reply!"... William—"Sure, if... me give it to him...
 The most powerful...
 Mont Africa, Dj... throws two 1,000,0... beams, the lantern... across.
 If you could ride...
 Alpha Centauri, the... travelled at the rate... minute, you would... tion in 18,000,000 years.
 You can't get better...
 If you're getting worse... thought...

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