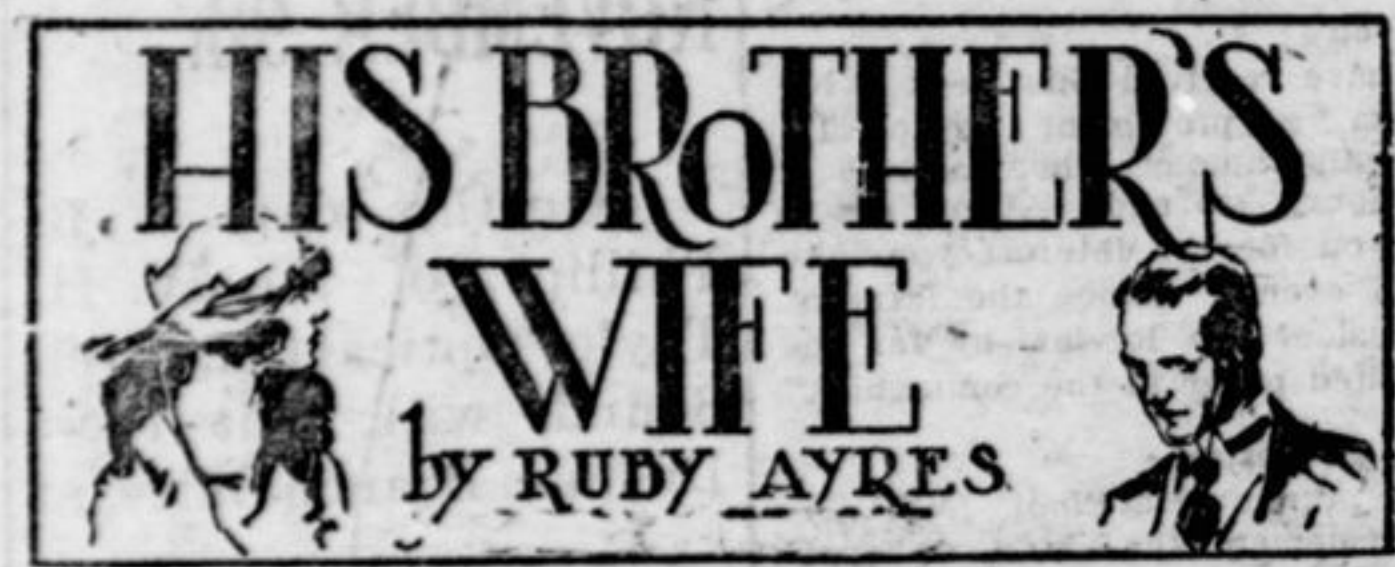


# Full of Flavour "SALADA" TEA

So why accept exhausted bulk tea.



BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves unhappy. When war is declared, Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart and sails for America with him.

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 takes her to live at Red Grange with his aunt.

Mary is happy in her new home until Monty Fisher exposes her to David. Mary disappears. David asks Monty to help him find her. Monty is sorry for Mary and tries to help David find her.

David turned away. "I wish we had never met," he said. "I wish I had never seen you." He felt restless and unhappy at the Red Grange. He had wished to be there, and yet now he was back once more, he felt that he would give anything to be in London again.

Down here in the country one was so out of touch with things. Any day Fisher might have news of her, and then it would mean an elapse of hours before he, David, could be communicated with and anything could be done.

He was back in town again on the Tuesday. He went straight to Fisher's office.

"Have you any news for me?" But there was none. Monty tried to say what he had been thinking for the past fortnight.

"Give it up, David—she'd come back if she wanted to. She must have recognized the advertisements I have had inserted."

David set his jaw doggedly. "I mean to find her, if it takes me a year. I mean to hear the truth from her own lips before I give in."

There was a tap at the door. A clerk entered with letters.

Fisher glanced up.

"Put them down, Evans; thank you. You need not wait."

But the young man still lingered.

"There is one, sir, not meant for this office, I think."

He indicated a thin envelope on the top of the others.

"The name at the head of the address had caught his eye when he was sorting them—Miss Mary Furnival, and beneath it, Fisher's office address."

Mary Furnival! The name of the girl he had so romantically met in the omnibus the night the Multane went down. He had thought about her so often since, and wondered if he would ever see her again. It had given him a little stab of pain to see unexpectedly see her name written there.

Fisher glanced at it, and for a moment his eyes flashed into excitement. Then he said quietly:

"Oh yes, thank you—that will do. He looked at the young man curiously as he left the room. He was sure now that Evans knew something of Mary, or of Nigel's wife. He had felt



Run!  
Get  
Some  
WRIGLEY'S  
satisfies the desire for sweets, helps make strong healthy teeth, removes particles of food from teeth crevices, and aids digestion. So it is a wonderful help to health.

ISSUE No. 43-28.

He hesitated, flushing nervously.

CHAPTER LV.

"Yes—go on," said David.

"I took her home, sir. She was in deep mourning, and looked too ill to be allowed to go alone, I thought; and she asked me if I could make a few inquiries for her—about the list of passengers. She wanted to know if her friends were saved. I asked her to tell me their names. First of all she said that a Mrs. Nigel Bretherton was her friend, and afterwards she corrected herself, and said that she was a Mrs. Robert Durham. I didn't think much of it at the time—it was before I came into your office, sir—but afterwards, when there used to be letters and business to do for Mr. Bretherton here, it struck me as being a strange coincidence."

"Yes—and you never saw this lady again?"

"Yes I did, and she told me that her name was Mary Furnival. I—I went to see her once." He looked apologetically at David; perhaps he guessed something of the true story.

"But afterwards she said she was going away to stay with friends for a time; she wouldn't let me know her address, though I asked for it. But I saw her—I saw it quite by chance on a label tied to some of her luggage. When she woke the first morning in the small, stuffy room which she had rented from a landlady of for-

sure of it all along, even when Evans had denied knowledge of that cable. When the door closed, he pushed the letter over to David.

"This may help us," he said. David snatched it up.

"For Mary! Why—I shall open it, of course."

He slit the flap agitatedly, and drew out the contents. They were badly written, and smeared as if with tears.

Dear Mary—I have written to you ever so many times, and never had one answer. It is unkind of you, considering all that Nigel and I did for you when we were first married.

I am in dreadful trouble, as I told you in my last letter. My husband is no longer here, and nearly all our money has gone. I ask you to see David Bretherton for me, and find out if he would not do something for us. I think he might, as he got rid of me cheaply.

What did you do with the money you got for the contents of the flat? I would not ask you for it, but I must have money somehow—we want to come home, and we can't unless someone helps us up.

Robert is brokenhearted that he should have brought me to this. He says over and over again that it would have been far better for me to have remained Nigel's widow than have become his wife. He doesn't know my precious brother-in-law, does he? I might have starved for all he would have cared! But you used to be kind Mary, so do be kind now, and try and help me. If only I could come home! It's so dreadful being out here amongst strangers, and with no money.

Please cable me if you get this safely. I am sending it to Mr. Fisher's office, as no other address seems to you.

Your miserable, unhappy,  
Dolly.

That was all. David finished reading it to the end, then he turned back, and looked at the address.

Fisher was watching him silently. "Well?" he asked.

"It's from the woman Nigel married. She has evidently married again." There was a sort of grimace in his voice; the lines of his mouth looked hard.

"I read it for yourself," he said. Fisher's letter across him.

"She seems to have very strong ideas about me. I cannot believe that she got them from Nigel." "I always said she was no good. Nigel made the mistake of his life when he married her. Poor boy!"

## IDEAL Fashions



VERY SMART FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

This chic little frock will be worn with delight by any little girl, and may be made of plain flannel for schooltime wear, or in any of the new daintily flowered material for dressier occasions. The dress opens at centre front, and has flared side sections. Long sleeves are gathered to narrow cuffs of contrasting material to match the round collar and belt at sides. No. 1342 is for girls in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch material; or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch, 20 cents.

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.

"Tell It Not in Gath." In spite of its origin, this is probably one of the commonest catch-phrases in the world. If a golfer, for instance, were to fizzle his drive or miss an easy putt, he might say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning, "Don't tell the other fellows." If an English actor, temporarily out of a job, were discovered by an old friend bumping on the bench, he would say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning, "Don't breathe it in Maffian Lane!"

The saying is Biblical in its origin, the first to utter it being David in his lament on the death of Saul and Jonathan at the little of Gibbon. Saul had been jealous of David for years, although Jonathan, his son and heir, was David's most devoted friend. David, being a fugitive, had settled with a handful of faithful followers at Ziklag, a small town in the country of the Philistines.

It was here that the news was brought to him that Saul had fallen upon his own sword, after being wounded by the Philistines, and that Jonathan was dead also. He broke out into one of the finest requiems ever uttered.

How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath. Publish it not in the streets of Askelon. Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice.

Askelon was a seaport of the Philistines, and Gath was an inland city of some importance in the same corner of Palestine.

Indian Summer. Faint blue the distant hills before, Yellow the harvest lands behind; Wayfarers we upon the path, The thistledown goes out to find.

Came in Style. Burke—"Congratulations, old man! A boy or a girl?" Watson—"A girl, but she's got a boyish haircut."

Hope for the Race. My hope for the human race is bright as the morning stars for a glory is coming to man such as the most inspired tongues of prophets and poets have never been able to describe. The gate of human opportunity is turning on its hinges, and the light is breaking through its chink; possibilities are opening and human nature is pushing forward toward them.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

## Going On.

We live in a world that is going on. Our language is full of words which mean rest and pause and stop, but they are all overlaid by fuller information. Science has reached its most bewildering and appalling concept in the idea of motion—everything on the move. Sun and moon and stars, all sweeping on with majestic stride, the earth revolving on its axis, swinging in its yearly orbit around the sun, and with the great solar family of which it is but an inconspicuous member proceeding forever in some still farther track across the boundless fields of space.

Turning from the astronomic immensities, the microscope has examined the molecule, the atom, the electron; and they all speak the same language—going on. Life is motion, and the guess is now abroad that motion is life. At all events, things which once seemed to be solid and sterile and dead are now known to be vividly and actively alive; the rock and the ore of steel and the huge bulk of the mountain—all resolve themselves into motions of incredible velocities. In the long view, the hills are as fluid as the waves of the sea.

And the mystery of it and the wonder is that while all the multitude of things singly and individually appear to have their beginnings and their ends, the whole, of which they are the perishing ingredients, remains. The soldiers drop out one by one, but the army marches on; the trees fade and fall, but the forest continues; nations, empires, generations tread upon each other's heels and vanish, but the human race goes on. So great, indeed, so vast, so incredibly magnificent, is this awful succession and continuance of the far-spread universe of things and forces, that the mind of man quails before it and can form no adequate conception of it.

And here appears another mystery: For as humans the way of health and strength and all the delights seems to lie in this same path—go on. To falter, to stop, to fall into futile doubts and misgivings, to pater with destiny, to compromise with action, to hesitate, to sidestep the onward urge—we ourselves call every such hesitation and reluctance weakness, failure, death.

One of the women Chalmers swimmers said a remarkable thing: "When you put your mind to go, you go. The moment you say 'I am going' I had better get to it." The universe is some compelling omnipotent whose ruling slogan is: "Go—keep going."

Earth's Hard Heart. According to a scientist, Dr. E. D. Williamson, who has just concluded a series of exhaustive investigations into the subject, the Earth is built on a principle similar to that of the old-fashioned metal-core golf ball, with the addition of several layers of a lighter substance and a very thin surface crust.

The metal core of the Earth, according to this authority, is pure iron, or an alloy of iron and nickel, having a thickness of not less than 4,200 miles. The distance from the outer edge of this core to the surface is about 1,750 miles; this is divided into three layers. Next to the core is a mixture of iron and rock, extending to within 500 miles of the Earth's crust. On top of this is a layer of rock similar to that of the surface, but containing a much larger proportion of magnesia. The surface crust, about thirty-five miles in depth, consists almost entirely of granite.

This new knowledge of the Earth's formation has been obtained mainly through studying the velocity of earthquake waves as they pass through the earth, as well as by an investigation of the contents of meteorites, which are generally accepted as being similar in composition to that of the earth.

The Strait of Dover varies in depth from 36 feet to 174 feet.

"A Stylish Dress for 15 cts!"

It helps a lot when a woman is wise to home dyeing. Old, faded dresses made the new colors of the hour. Just as perfect as any professional dyer could do it—if only you'd use real dye. It's easy to Diamond Dye dozens of things, and do wonderful tinting of underwear and all dainty pieces. Using same dye is the secret. You can Diamond dye all your curtains and cybers, scarfs and spreads; any material, and right over other colors. So easy, it's fun!

FREE: ask the druggist for the Diamond Dye Cyclopedic for suggestions and easy directions; actual piece-goods color samples, etc. Or the big illustrated book, Color Craft, free, write DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N3, Windsor, Ontario.

Make it NEW for 15 cts!

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

## LUX

The Height of ECONOMY

Because Lux prolongs the life of fabrics. Its use for every fabric-cleaning need is a real thrift.

A little Lux goes so far and it works so safely that millions of careful housewives use Lux for the whole family wash.



FOR YOUR PROTECTION LUX IS NOT SOLD IN BULK. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

The Admiral's Herring. Superstitions still cling to the Isle of Man herring fishery. The oldest fisherman in the fleet, the vice-admiral, must eat the first herring of the season.

The opening of the season is inaugurated by the Bishop of the Isle. He blesses boats, nets, and crews in turn. "Three" is the fisherman's unlucky number. When the fleet leaves port, no third boat may pass the harbor mouth. "To cheat the devil," the second and third boats are righteously lashed together till the harbor mouth is cleared.

Fishing for herring may go on until the first new moon before Christmas. In all Manx churches a special clause is inserted in the Litany. This clause is the work of Bishop Wilson, who, knowing how much the islanders depended on the success of the herring fishery in his day, ordered these words to be said in the Litany: "That it may please Thee to restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea."

Manx officials on their installation in office swear to execute the laws of the island as straightly as the "herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

Don't Pity Yourself. —Because your friends are deserting you. Find out why. —Because the newspapers do not mention you. Perhaps they are kind. —Because you are not in style. Perhaps you are out of debt.

—Because you are not rich. Think of the worry you are missing. —Because you are not in the limelight. Be thankful for a little privacy. —Because you have to work. What would life be without it? —Because you are not beautiful. At least you can wear a beautiful smile.

Grape Famine. A serious grape famine has been caused by the recent heat wave over southern Europe, and in Spain it will be the shortest crop on record.

Homebound for CHRISTMAS

Old hearts will beat more quickly; old eyes will shine with happiness when YOU go home. And what a joy it will be for you, too, visiting the scenes of childhood days and meeting friends of other years!

Make arrangements now to go home this Christmas on a liner of the Cunard or Anchor-Donaldson Canadian Service. The voyage will be an ungettable pleasure. The ship's comfortable appointments and the courteous, intelligent interest taken by every member of the staff in your well-being make your journey a real joy.

Christmas Sailings from Halifax: ANTONIA—Dec. 13 to Plymouth, Cherbourg and London. LETITIA—Dec. 12 to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow. Dec. 11 from St. John N.B. Ask your Steamship Agent for information or write—

The Robert Reford Co., Limited Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, St. John, N.B., Halifax.

CUNARD ANCHOR-DONALDSON CANADIAN SERVICE

## TREASURE ISLANDS

So Many Expeditions Have Searched Cocos Island That Every Landmark Has Been Moved.

"Pieces of Eight" is a cry that will bring a thrill to the heart of even the most prosaic citizen, and Cocos Island, above all others, is the name which conjures up visions of pirate gold.

Drake's Island, the Galapagos, Hispaniola, the Dry Tortugas, are all reputed to have their treasures, but Cocos exercises a fascination above them all. Perhaps it is because the last loot was buried there only a hundred years ago; perhaps it is because so many people have tried to find the hidden hoards. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that almost every year an expedition sets out with charts and picks and dynamite, hoping to lift about three million pounds and retire in affluence.

But no one is known to have yet succeeded, and without extraordinary luck it does not seem likely that anyone ever will.

Facing a Mutiny. It all started with the famous Captain Edward Davis, who was a witness at the trial of the much-maligned Captain Kidd. Dampier, Cook, and Davis, in the Bachelor's Delight, harried the shipping in Panama Bay, sacked Leon, and retired to Cocos to rot. Davis fled the place, and returned more than once. He came back after he had sacked Guayaquil with gold and jewels worth \$7,500,000 in his ship's hold, and when he left the island the vessels were empty.

That was the first heard; but as Davis afterwards received a free pardon and became a respectable landowner, as all good pirates did if they could remain long enough unchanged, he probably removed the treasure himself, and so provided for his old age.

In 1818, or thereabouts, Benito arrived on the scene and enjoyed a brief but successful career on the hunting grounds of his forbears. True to tradition, he buried his loot, and as Cocos was his base he buried it there, including over \$2,000,000 in jewellery and plate that had been entrusted to the tender care of his mate, Captain Thompson, of the brig Mary Dear, by the notables of Lima when that city seemed in imminent danger of being sacked.

Shortly afterwards Benito and all his crew, with the exception of Thompson, perished at sea.

Twenty-six years later Thompson lay dying in the house of a man named Keating, and to him he bequeathed his secret, with a chart of the island showing all Benito's hoards, three in number.

After that the hunt was up. Keating promptly sailed for the island and it is said, actually laid his hands on a hoard; but his crew mutilated and tried to get it for themselves. He failed to find the hiding-place, however, and Keating gave the whole thing up in disgust.

Rival Fortune-Hunters. Then the rumor of the treasure spread, and passing ships began to call there, simply for the sake of rumormongering. One naval captain put his whole crew of three hundred men on the island with Government powder for blasting purposes. After a week they had to give up, and the captain was severely reprimanded.

A German settler there some thirty years ago to hunt in real earnest, and as far as is known he is still looking. Expedition after expedition has set sail for Cocos, only to return empty-handed. In 1904 two parties arrived at the same time and with the same crew, and each with plenty of blasting powder. They blew up each other's excavations, brought about landslides, had at least one pitched battle, and sailed away without the treasure.

Since then various other attempts have been made to recover the lost hoards, but still the treasure remains untraced.

And the difficulties in the way of the treasure-hunters are always increasing. Every new expedition changes the face of the landscape with dynamite, so that by now even the best authenticated clue would be useless. Indeed, short of the invention of an infallible gold detector it seems that the Cocos treasure is hidden for all time.

A Mother's Love. Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows; How soon by his glad discovery shows. As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy, What answering looks of sympathy and joy!

He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word, I, s, wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.

But soon a nobler task enjoins her care. Apart she joins his little hands in prayer. Telling of him who sees in secret there!

And now the volume on her knee has caught His wandering eye—now many a written thought Never to die, with many a blushing sweet. His moving, murmuring lips endeavor to repeat.

—Samuel Rogers.

Five-sixths of Britain's fish harvest is gathered on the East Coast.

Halifax, N.S.—the rapid freezing as successful by mental Station for and fish were 24 to 40 hours.

Saint John, from Canada coast the office of the 1928, the total was from the Dominion as compared with two-eighths and \$30,100,000 August, 1927.

Montreal, the County Council houses made after the Canada out. These will be created of the Council's estate at Belmont.

Toronto, Ont. demand for train help for the last. There is also a for farm labour province.

Winnipeg, the grain elevators.

The Oppor... immigrants.

It is clear... biological... launch a... competitor in... definitely... Western... those who... with... undoubtedly... on the land... the office of... whether... and... a tribute... with the... st... is our... meet. Com... of these... with... Producing... added... her... more... possible... that... The time... forward... agricultural... is a... process... is a total... acres of... the products... each head... provide the... 5,200... stated that... increase... well... as... of... whose... started... crop... a... industry... is... Agriculture... developed... and... demand... obedience... the... suffer... price... to... rural... now... they... other... they... entered... ducts... of all... in... would... face... prices... through... labor... life... half... greatly... ingly... as... easy... will... This... has... a... is... now... in... in... all... par... prevented... years... virtual... under... what... comm... of... state... what... per... of... crop... import... recently... the... world... he... of... of... and... the... ability... all... his... turn... his... what... what... what... history... to... prices... of... the... years... which