

Have You Tried "SATADA" TEA

It is in a class by itself. Ask for it.



BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.
In appreciation of his daring in rescuing her and her companions from highwaymen.

Mme. de Sevenie had invited the man who preferred to be known as Andre Duchemin to dine in her chateau.

Duchemin accepts, despite his desire to avoid all social activities during his leave of absence from the English Secret Service. He was anxious to meet again.

Eve de Montalais, the American widow who had been one of those saved by Duchemin from the highwaymen's attack.

En route to the chateau, Duchemin pondered over the arrival in town of a strange motoring party of four men and a woman. He was able to learn only two names:

Phinuit, apparently a secretary, and the chauffeur, Jules.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.
SPEAKING OF LOVE.

In the course of two weeks or so Duchemin was able to navigate a wheeled chair, back on the little balcony outside his bedchamber windows in the Chateau de Montalais, and even—strictly against orders—take experimental strolls.

The wound in his side still hurt like the very deuce at every ill-considered movement; and this constant reminder of outlaws and violence prompted Duchemin to urge Eve de Montalais to place her jewels in safe-keeping.

Eve de Montalais laughed the charming, low-keyed laugh of a happily diverted woman.

"I surrender at discretion: I will do as you wish. I will leave Louise to take care of madame ma mere for a few days while I journey to Paris."

"Alone?"
"But naturally."

"You, a woman! travel alone to Paris with a treasure in jewels? Ah, no! I would rather steal the jewels myself, convey them to Paris, put them in safe keeping, and send you the receipt."

"What a lot of trouble monsieur would save me, if he would only be so kind as to do as he threatens."

"And how amusing if he were arrested en route," Duchemin supplemented with a wry smile.

"I am quite confident of your ability to elude the police, monsieur."

"Madame is too flattering; one is sure she is too wise to put so great a temptation in the way of any man."

"Listen, my friend," Eve de Montalais flicked away her cigarette and sat forward, elbows on knees, hands laid, her level gaze holding his. "It is true, our acquaintance is barely three weeks old; but the mask you hold between yourself and the world, lest it pry into what does not concern it, has been lowered when you have talked with me; and I have had eyes to see what was revealed."

"Ah, madame!"
"—the nature of a man of honor, monsieur, simple of heart and generous, as faithful as he is brave."

"Why did they call him the Lone Wolf, do you know?"
"I believe some imaginative Parisian journalist fixed that sobriquet on him, in recognition of the theory upon which, apparently, he operated."

"And that was—?"
"That a criminal, at least a thief, to be successful must be absolutely anonymous and friendless; in which case nobody can betray him. As madame probably understands, criminals above a certain level of intelligence are seldom caught by the police except through the treachery of accomplices."

"Still, in the end—?"
"Oh, no, madame. The Lone Wolf was never caught. He simply ceased to exist."

"I wonder why..."
"I believe because he fell in love and considered good faith with the object of his affections incompatible with a career of crime."

"So he gave up crime. How romantic! And the woman: did she appreciate the sacrifice?"
"While she lived, yes, madame. Or so they say. Unfortunately, she died."

"And then—?"
"Minard's Liniment soothes tired feet."

We Couldn't Do Without It!
—Say The Movie Stars
So say all whose work is hard after they try the delicious, invigorating refreshment of Wrigley's Double Mint.

After Every Meal and After Snoring

ISSUE No. 16—27.

"So far as is known the converted enemy to society did not backslide; the Lone Wolf never prowled again."
"An extraordinary story."
"But is not every story that has to do with the workings of the human soul? Even you—, a woman of your sort walling herself up in a wilderness, renouncing the world, renouncing life itself in its very heyday—!"
"I will explain," she said, "the sickly coiffured brown head bent low over hands that played absently with their jewels. To a woman of my sort, monsieur, life is not life without love. I lived once for a little time, then love was taken out of my life. When my sorrow had spent itself, I knew that I must find love again if I were to go on living. What was I to do? I know that love is not found through seeking. So I waited..."
"But this is not writing to my bankers, monsieur," she said in a changed but steady voice. "I must do that at once if I am to get the letter in to-day's post."

CHAPTER IX.

A BLOW FROM THE DARK.

In short, Monsieur Duchemin considered convalescence at the Chateau de Montalais one of the most agreeable of human estates.

But now an end. To-morrow the detectives commissioned by Madame de Montalais's bankers would arrive. To-morrow Eve would set out on her journey to Paris. To-morrow Andre Duchemin must walk forth from the Chateau de Montalais and turn his back on all that was most dear to him in life.

On that last night, Eve smoked only one cigarette with Duchemin in the drawing room after dinner, then excused herself to finish her packing.

de Sevenie and her maid, Monsieur Duchemin will seem lonely when I return."

"And the world, madame," said Duchemin—"the world into which I must go—, too, will seem a lonely place—a desert, haunted..."
"You will soon forget..." Chateau de Montalais."

"Forget! when all I shall have will be my memories—!"
"Yes," she said, "we shall both have memories..."

"The rich, deep voice quoted in English: 'Memories like almighty wine.'"
"She offered to disengage her hand, but Duchemin tightened gently the pressure of his fingers, bowing over it. His lips touched her hand for a moment; then he released it. She went swiftly to the door, faltered, turned.

"We shall see each other in the morning—to say au revoir. With us, monsieur, it must never be adieu."

She was gone; but she had left Duchemin with a singing heart that would not let him sleep when he had gone to bed.

Till long after midnight he tossed restlessly, bedeviled alternately by melancholy and exhilaration.

He heard the clock strike two, and shortly after, in a fit of exasperation, lighted the candle, found his book, and fumbled vainly for a cigarette.

What greater folly could there be than to want a cigarette and do without one when there were plenty in the drawing room, to be had for the taking? He rose and left his chamber.

Shielding the candle flame with his hand, he gained the drawing room as noiselessly as any ghost.

The fire had died down till only embers glowed, faint under films of ash.

The cigarettes were not where he had expected to find them, near one end of a certain table. Duchemin put down the candlestick and moved toward the other end, discovering the box he sought as soon as his back was turned to the light. In the same breath this last went out.

He stood for a moment transfixed in astonishment. There were no windows open, no draughts. An insane thing to happen to one, at such an hour, in such a place...

He turned back to relight the candle. It was gone.

(To be continued.)

The Journey.

From birth to death the pathway leads
"Nearth chancing skies of blue and gray."
How far the journey none can say.
At Heaven's gate meet all the deeds.

For some the road is long and straight,
For some the way is rough and steep,
But all must work and all must weep
And all must come to Heaven's gate.

Then why for words should friends divide?
And why should comrades change to foes,
Disputing what no mortal knows?
Why make of forms the things of pride?

The same port waits the great and low,
For all the journey is the same,
And who shall say that praise or blame
Shall come from what we couldn't know?

He wisest lives who trusts the plan
By which he treads the ways of earth.
Who gives himself to deeds of worth
And brothers with his fellow man.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Happiness.
You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it all.—Horace.

Wilson Publishing Company



A SMART DAYTIME DRESS FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

A striking effect is achieved by the use of two materials in fashioning this smart and practical dress as in View A. The skirt has inverted plaits at front and back and is joined to a yoke. There is a convertible collar, long tight-fitting sleeves finished with cuffs, patch pockets and a trim belt.

View B is the same dress made of one sleeve and edge of the yoke simply material. No. 1529 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 years requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch material, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch. View A requires 3/4 yard 39-inch contrasting, 1/4 yard less 39-inch material for short sleeves. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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 pattern; send to Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Only Good Tea Good Value.
In tea, as in everything else, you get only what you pay for. Tea of good quality is satisfying and economical—poor tea is a costly disappointment. A lot of poor quality, cheap tea is being offered to the public to-day.

Across Niagara on Stilts.
The acrobat who thrills us on the stage of the modern music hall is descended from a long and honorable line of performers. His description proves this, for the word "acrobat" is made up of two ancient Greek words meaning "to go on high."

The earliest acrobats were tight-rope performers, but as the art developed it included feats with trapezes and thrilling jumps.

Bondin was probably the most famous acrobat, and his name is still a household one though thirty years have elapsed since his death. He was a Frenchman, and the height of his career was reached when he crossed Niagara Falls on a rope 1,100 feet long stretched 100 feet above the water.

The first attempt drew a crowd of 25,000 spectators, and subsequently he repeated the feat with variations. These included crossing while blindfolded, on stilts, and on another occasion, pushing a wheelbarrow. Most famous of all his feats was his crossing of Niagara with a man on his back.

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Reconciliation.

Duncan thrust himself between "Gentlemen," said he, "I will have been thinking of a very different matter. Here are my pipes, and here are you two gentlemen who are both acclimated pipers. It's an odd dispute which one of ye's the best. Here will be a brow chance to settle it."

"Why, sir," said Alan, still addressing Robin, from whom indeed he had not so much as shifted his eyes, nor yet Robin from him, "Why, sir," says Alan, "I think I will have heard some sough rumor of the sort. Have ye music, as folk say? Are ye a bit of a piper?"

"I can pipe like a Macrimmon!" cries Robin.

"And that is a very bold word," quoth Alan.

Duncan Dhu made haste to bring out the pair of pipes. "... Then Robin took the pipes and played a little sprig in a very ranting manner.

"Ay, ye can blow," said Alan; and taking the instrument from his rival, he first played the same sprig in a manner identical with Robin's; and then wandered into variations, which, as he went on, he decorated with a perfect flight of grace-notes, such as pipers love, and call the "warblers."

"That's no very bad, Mr. Stewart," said the rival, "but ye show a poor device in your warblers..."

"Indeed, ye need appeal to nobody," said Robin. "... It's a God's truth that ye're a very creditable piper for a Stewart. Hand me the pipes."

Alan did as he asked; and Robin proceeded to imitate and correct some part of Alan's variations, which it seemed that he remembered perfectly.

"Ay, ye have music," said Alan gloomily.

"Don't now be the judge yourself, Mr. Stewart," said Robin; and taking up the variations from the beginning, he worked them throughout to so new a purpose, with such ingenuity and sentiment, and with so odd a fancy and so quick a knack in the grace-notes, that I was amazed to hear him.

As for Alan, his face grew dark and hot. "Enough," he cried. "Ye can blow the pipes—make the most of that." And he made as if to rise.

But Robin only held out his hand and the slow measure of a pibroch. It was a fine piece of music in itself, and nobly played; but it seems, besides, it was a piece peculiar to the Appin Stewarts and a chief favorite with Alan. The first notes were scarce out before there came a change in his face. ... and long before that piece was at an end, the last signs of his anger died from him, and he had no thought but for the music.

"Robin Oig," he said, when it was done, "ye are a great piper. I am not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye..."

"Ye have mair music in your sporran than I have in my head! ... It would go against my heart to haggle a man that can blow the pipes as ye can!"

Thereupon that quarrel was made up; all night long... the pipes changing hands; and the day had come pretty bright... before Robin as much as thought upon the road.—Robert Louis Stevenson, in "Kidnapped."

Going fishing—take Minard's Liniment. Very Difficult.

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—George Augustus Sala.

Spring.
First the blue, and then the shower;
Bursting bud and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
All things ready with a will,
April's coming up the hill.

Tinting Tips
Here's the secret of giving lingerie, stockings, etc., the most gorgeous tints. All tints are really colors. So use real dyes. Get an envelope of the actual dye powder at any drugstore, for fifteen cents. Do your own diluting, which saves money and gives you the exact shade you want.

Diamond dyes do perfectly beautiful tinting—in cold water. A dip, and it's done. And true dyes don't streak! Dye-tinting doesn't look weak, however delicate a tone you use; nor does it wash out unevenly. When you want the tint to be permanent, just use boiling water instead of cold!

Regular dyeing of all dress materials, drapes, etc., just as easy. Ask druggist for color cards and suggestions. Or, a wealth of ideas in full colors, in new book, Color Craft, free and post-paid; write DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N30, Windsor, Ontario.

Diamond Dyes
Dip to TINT—Boil to DYE

THE OLD RELIABLE



Use Gillett's Lye to MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP and for cleaning and DISINFECTING.

Gillett's Lye Protects Your Health and Saves Your Money.

Woman's \$75,000,000 Ranch.

The largest ranch in the world, the famous King Ranch, "down by the Rio Grande," and comprising an area of 1,280,000 acres, is to remain in the hands of a woman, the estate having been bequeathed by the late Mrs. Richard King to her only daughter.

When her husband died in 1885, Mrs. King was left to direct a vast estate that was then nothing more than a large tract of land on a border wilderness. She faced the task courageously and transformed South Texas into an area radiating prosperity. The estate is now valued at over \$75,000,000.

By the sacrifice of 70,000 acres of her property, Mrs. King obtained a railway to bring her ranch within reach of markets, and she founded several towns which now have thousands of inhabitants. She aided liberally in the establishment of schools, churches and hospitals.

She was a famous hostess, and more than once entertained Presidents and the foremost figures in American society.

The old ranch house was burned down fifteen years ago, and she built a new residence at a cost of \$350,000. It is described as the finest farmhouse in America.

When man has succeeded in making it possible to do all his work by merely pressing buttons, will Nature say to him, "Very well, I see to it that you have only intelligence enough to press a button?"

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SMP Pearl Enameled WARE

A Story.
Not long ago the pastor of our little country church preached a sermon on the theme, "Whither are we going?" And in the course of it he told a significant story.

It seems that a traveller was investigating a stone quarry where the workers were busy in long underground corridors. Beside one laborer he paused and, after watching him a minute, said, "What are you doing?"

"Ridiculous question! The laborer did not even bother to turn his head as he made the obvious answer, "Cutting stone." A little farther along, the visitor stopped by another worker and put the same question, "What are you doing?" This time the cutter turned his head with a jerk, but he did not look up as he replied emphatically, "Earning five dollars a day." Still farther, well in the dark, remote from the outer world, a third toiler was snuffing the rock, and to him the traveller repeated his foolish query, "What are you doing?" This answer, however, was different from either of the others. Turning and looking up with an exultant lift of his head, the laborer replied, "Building a cathedral."

That is a beautiful story,—Zephine Humphrey, in "Winterwise."

COLOR PLANS ADD TO HOME CHARM

Living with the wrong colors is as unpleasant as living with the wrong people. No home can have real charm, distinction or beauty without a harmonious and appealing use of color. The color plans of a home are fully as important as the architectural or furnishing plans.

In a rented house one usually has to make continual compromises with color. The exterior painting scheme is seldom interesting or individual, and often even ugly and inharmonious. The interior walls and woodwork are never quite the right background for a new furnishing plan or old furnishings. Consequently one has to make the best of a bad job.

One of the great advantages in building or owning your own home lies in the opportunity offered for color schemes which are individual, harmonious and basically right.

How many women would exchange the alluring individuality offered by the women's styles for the deadly uniformity of men's attire? A well dressed woman knows that certain colors and types of wearing apparel are more characteristic of her own personal type than others, and consequently are more flattering and distinctive.

CHOICE OF TINTS.
The majority of house exteriors suffer either from deadly uniformity or from an unsuitable or unflattering color scheme. To-day the chemical composition of paints and stains has reached such a high state of perfection that one verily has the entire rainbow to choose from, and there is no practical or artistic reason for the limitation of exterior painting schemes to a few stereotyped colors or combinations.

The colonial type of architecture lends itself to a far wider range of colors than the conventional white, buff and yellow. Cafe-au-lait is an excellent body color for a large Colonial house. A small Colonial house painted gray-blue, set amid green foliage, is indeed a delight to the eye.

The cafe-au-lait house may have ivory and green trim and a russet-purple roof; the gray-blue house may have a sage green roof and terra-cotta trim.

Stucco is closely associated with Spanish, Italian and French provincial architecture, which is essentially colorful. Stucco was never intended to be used in its gray-white state.

Grays, buffs and yellows seem to be the inevitable choice for coloring stucco houses when they are not uncolored. Very well, I see to it that you have only intelligence enough to press a button?"

The selection of the proper wall color depends on the exposure and size of the room and the type of furnishings to be used. Small rooms demand light wall colors. Rooms with northern and eastern exposure demand warm, sunshiny walls, and southern or western ones cool, refreshing walls. Harmony between the walls of adjoining rooms is also essential.

Woodwork is a highly important part of the background, and the wrong woodwork can utterly spoil the effect of a room. There are many new and delightful natural wood finishes which give distinction to modern furnishing plans, and many delightful new enamel colors have been discovered which offer a practical and pleasing change from the overworked ivories and creams.

MUTT AND KITTIE
THOSE FA JOE BRUCE BUCKS BE PROPER ME A STAND I SAID AND FU

ROOT CROPS
Some Practical By CHL

Most of us, when we think of garden, think of such crops as carrots, turnips, parsnips and rutabagas. It is true that these vegetables grow underground, form the bulk of our garden truck, and are the most important, perhaps, of the crops that can be stored and kept in periods after the actual growing season. In this article we will discuss the most practical methods of growing root crops. All of them are very hardy and most of them can be grown successfully as anything of an indoor crop.

In the first place, we will discuss the kind of soil most suited to the needs. Those kinds which have roots need deep and mellow soil. For this reason the hard clay soil, neither is the soil that is said to be best for all kinds of crops. Thorough preparation is of considerable importance. It should be plowed or spaded. All gross roots and sods are removed for best results. In field culture this is scarcely possible. We may say, therefore, preparation consists of plowing, discing deeply, and continuing work until the ground is made easy to work. A drill seed machine is desirable for planting seeds, as most of the root crops are sown in rows. It is important that the soil be firm about the seed. Superphosphate, manure and cinders are good for human consumption come under the same heading. Grow practically in the sun.

Those vegetables which have top roots need soil of considerable depth. We may mention rutabagas, parsnips, long-growing rutabagas, parsnips and French chisels. The last named is a salad in the roots are grown from sprout leaves for salad use in the winter. The carrot is a large delicious vegetable and or the winter, as it is posed to be of value in soft complexion clear and keep broilers have long known roots fed to the animals tend the coats smooth and glossy are two good reasons why to grow carrots, then.

The parsnip should be planted in the ground in a deep soil and the entire growing to perfection. A catalog we may place the or turnip-rooted parsnip. The table is not as well known serves to be. It grows in parsnip, and the roots can be distinguished from it, at dug and the tops removed grown to a considerable extent in the markets. The vegetable has a rather sweet taste, and its principle as a flavoring for soups. One packet of seed will grow a large family will need, as they are small. Like the other of parsnip, the seed are slow maturing. Better put in a few seeds to mark the rows, so that may be started before they get a foothold. French chisels are grown in the same manner.

The various varieties of the important garden crop, plant the seeds very early in spring and use the small root in summer. One desirable about best greens is the they never grow tough. By the stems get large and the considerable size, the tender and is palatable.

a kind of beet which does a root, but the leaves may be grown all summer. Now let from the heart as rapidly as once are removed. For beets, plant a small-topped like Eclipse, while for the and for caulnig, the well-trot Dark Red is the best. for winter use have lot

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