

And the hilltop gardens yield this fragrant tea.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Malcolm Finley, returning from Japan, is invited to Flower Acres, the Long Island home of Douglas Raynor, husband of Nancy, who is a former sweetheart of Finley's. Finley discovers that Raynor is in love with Nancy and is, indeed, her husband. He is shocked and dismayed, but then he realizes that he has a chance to win her back. He decides to try to win her back, and he does so. He is now her husband.

came together in a straight line of faded pink, and her thin gray hair seemed almost sentient as the canny old head wagged in understanding. "It was you I was spooning with," Finley said to her, with a glance of exaggerated reproach. "You called me your fairy prince—and then you ran off and left me."

CHAPTER III

WHO FIRED THE SHOT?

Luncheon that day was not a festive affair. Finley caught Nan alone for a moment just before they were summoned to the dining room.

"Would you rather I went home today?" he asked, briefly. "No, oh, no," she said, and a look of distress came to her face. "Don't do that! Stay—stay and protect me—something may happen."

"Sweethearting as usual?" came Raynor's caustic voice and the two started guiltily apart. Though utterly innocent in word or deed, the consciousness of their mutual feelings made them especially sensitive to the glances of Nan's husband.

"Oh, don't mind me," their tormenter went on. He slipped his arm round her, chuckling as he noted her almost uncontrollable shrinking away from him. "There, there, my beauty," and he touched her cheek caressingly, "she's a restive little filly, Malcolm, she needs a bit of taming yet."

"You don't want me too tame, I'm sure," Nan said brightly, but Finley saw the look of utter aversion in her eyes.

Nor was it difficult to understand. Though a handsome-featured man, Douglas Raynor had a pale, anaemic look that contrasted sharply with Nan's fine, wholesome color. He seemed, too, a little short of breath, though whether this meant the man

was ill or merely in a temper, Finley wasn't sure. But he did wonder if the dietitian knew her business, for, to his mind, Raynor was in need of medical advice.

At the luncheon table he was moody; now bursting into a perfect stream of chatter, then, as suddenly, lapsing into a sullen silence. He called frequently for water, draining his glass so often that Miss Turner looked at him thoughtfully. "Stop looking at me, Eva," he cried out. "I suppose water is free—if some other beverages are not."

"I haven't said a word, Mr. Raynor," the nurse observed. "You don't have to. You just roll those hot-boiled eyes of yours at me, and I know what you mean. Hatfield, give me a pitcher of water—a thermos jug of it. I will have what I want in my own house! Confound that damned clock! I never heard such a racket of ticking. Finley, what do you think of a wife who buys a noisy, clattering clock and hangs it in the dining-room wall, for no reason but that she knows I detest to hear it tick?" "Oh, no," now, Douglas, and Nan smiled bravely, "you know you wanted me to find a real old banjo clock."

But not to put in the dining-room—of all places! Hatfield, take the beastly thing down!" The butler looked at his mistress for confirmation of this order, and, as she nodded her head, he took the offending timepiece down and carried it from the room.

Finley was watching Nan, who at the moment was pouring coffee into demitasses. Her lips quivered a little, but she was calm and smiling.

ASPIRIN

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"I did—I own up—but it was in a moment of anger. I apologise."

"And take it back!" "Hah!" and Dolly made a saucy face at him. "Then I won't play tennis with you—and I don't want a game."

"Take me on," and Goddard rose to oblige her. "Glad to, I'm told you're a crack player."

"That was good of old Ezra," Finley said; "I may not get a chance with you alone again. Nan, can I help you in any way?" "No, dear; of course you can't."

Then she flushed enchantingly at the unintentional word, and said, very seriously, "We can't hide it from ourselves—I do care for you, Malcolm—I think I always have cared, but I am a wife—and, I drew herself up proudly, "I am a Caesar's wife. Never shall I fall in the most minute particular of any duty I owe my husband. I do want you to go away—and I never want to see you again—as long as Douglas lives. If he should— if anything should happen—Oh, Mal, I am at the end of my rope! I can't live with him! I can't."

"You've no idea how awful he can be—"

"You needn't live with him, Nan. Surely you can get a separation—"

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that!" Nan's horrified eyes spurned the thought. "But—oh, I don't know what I mean—only, Malcolm, I am his wife, and as

Orry, across the table, was nervously twisting the corners of his napkin into spirals. As a result of shell-shock in the war, his nerves were still in bad shape. Yet Orville Kent was not so much affected by the ticking of a clock or any material annoyance as he was by the mental atmosphere about him. And, when Douglas Raynor broke into real tantrums, Kent not infrequently rose and left the table.

At this juncture, however, they all left the table. Raynor went off at once for the confab with Miss Turner that followed every meal, and that settled the menu for the next one. Thus, three times a day Nan was sure of a half-hour's respite, and those were the only times she was sure of.

"Come, sit in the swing a moment or two, Malcolm," Nan said, her eyes emphasizing the invitation. "Me, too?" asked Goddard, very much on the watch against indiscretions. "Yes, indeed; I'll sit between you," and Nan appropriated the middle cushion of the wide swing on the west terrace.

"I can't bear that dietitian person," she said abruptly, and decidedly. "Why do you have her here, then?" Goddard inquired.

"Because Douglas thinks he's ill—or would be, if he didn't have his diet carefully watched. But I think he's less well since she came than before."

"He doesn't seem very well," Finley agreed. "Is that the reason he scolds you so much, Nan?" "I darsay. Though he's always been pettish if I cross him in any way."

"You oughtn't to put up with it!" Finley burst out. "It's none of your business, Mal," Goddard interrupted. "You've no right to speak like that."

"No, you haven't," Nan said, gravely. "Whatever he says or does, he's my husband, and therefore entitled to my respect and the respect of my guests."

"Hullo!" cried Dolly Fay, suddenly appearing before them. "Here you are, and—oh, Nan, I say, what do you think? That Fairy Prince of mine isn't a Fairy Prince at all! He's a white-washed sepulchre! A base deceiver! What do you think he did? He called me a dars! Oh, how I hate you, Mr. Finley!"

such I owe him all honor and all duty—and I propose to pay it!"

"Fine talk, my dear—but a bit hifalutin!" Raynor stepped out from the house, and came up behind the pair in the swing. "Methinks the lady doth protest too much. You can bet you're going to pay me all you so truly say you owe me. Now, Mr. Finley, as you seem to be a menace to the tranquil happiness of my home, perhaps it would be as well if you begin to think of making your farewells. I asked you down here to learn how matters stood between you and my wife. I've learned."

"But I, too, have learned something," Finley said. "I have learned how matters stand between you and your wife, and I have a remark to make—which is that unless you give me your promise as a man to man to treat her with more kindness after I am gone, than you have done during my stay here, I shall not go at once."

"That is a strange thing to say to a husband!" "It is, because you are a strange husband. Now, if your unkindness to Nan has been simply because of my presence here, and if it will cease with my departure, I will go away immediately. But not otherwise."

"Bless my soul! You presume to dictate to me!" "I do. As a friend of your wife, and as a friend of humanity, I insist upon the promise I require."

"And you shall have it. Mr. Finley, I promise you that if you will remove your presence from my roof-tops, I will at once transform myself into the most gentle, loving and kind-hearted of husbands. I will be docile, meek and mild. Can I say more?"

(To be continued.)



Rogers Batteryless Radio

HERE'S good news for those who are planning to purchase a radio soon. This popular Rogers model is now equipped with a newly-developed Dynamic Speaker, instead of the Magnetic Speaker used formerly. And the price remains exactly the same—only \$250.00 complete!

The Dynamic Speaker is generally recognized as one of the greatest recent improvements in radio. Its advantages are now yours in this beautiful Rogers Highboy model, in addition to the many other advantages of Rogers-Batteryless ownership.

Due to the remarkable development of chain broadcasting radio has become a year 'round source of entertainment and education. And—as any owner will tell you—Rogers is the ideal year 'round radio.

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310 Spadina Ave., Toronto 2

ILLUMINATION

Time, the old scribe, has just begun to pen the manuscript of Spring. These daffodils, in April's sun, Are the initial lettering.

Here, at the garden's edge, they stand, Illumination of pale gold, While grey-green rellum of this land Stands waiting patiently, unrolled! —Violet Aileen Storey.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR COUGHS, COLDS

Do you love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

Two actors met after a long interval. "What have you been doing lately?" asked one. "Well, as a matter of fact I've left the stage," replied the other. "But what made you do that?" "Well, I had a bit that I said his friend; 'The little birds told you, eh?' Well, so, not exactly, but they might have become little birds if they had been allowed to hatch."

Novel Sleeves

Novel designs for sleeves are apparent on many of the smart imported garments, both frocks and separate coats. Such treatment usually has the tendency to widen the sleeve, in an ornamental way, from elbow to wrist and to concentrate any elaboration of color or trimming on that part of the garment. This is often so accomplished on a coat by slashing the outside line of the sleeve from elbow to wrist and introducing flat inlays of differing fabric and color, starting from nothing at the elbow and gradually increasing in width until they assume the desired flare at the wrist. A single piece of sufficient width may be used, if preferred, one on each side of the opening and caught at intervals with ling-buttons or with ball buttons and loops. A similar effect for a frock is carried out by single or double plaitings encircling the wrist and following a line to the elbow, the width gradually diminishing on its journey up the sleeve.

A more-classic sleeve finish is the deep "hour-glass" cuff, with its characteristic flare at either end, separated by a narrow band in bracelet effect. Such a cuff offers a striking method of introducing contrasting color, either by its use for the entire cuff or for lining only, which, because of the pronounced flare, is sufficiently apparent to be effective. By merely opening from elbow to wrist an ordinarily tight sleeve and catching the edges together over an insert strip of contrasting color, either by the ends with bows or straps and buttons, the desired novelty of widened sleeve line as well as smart trimming detail is accomplished.

Some of the modish one-piece frocks, especially in black or navy, show an almost startling inset of color from elbow to wrist, each side of the sleeve-opening being embroidered in several shades of the contrasting color, and an embroidered hand finishing the wrist. Jade, independence-blue, flamingo and other of the brilliant colorings of the moment are interestingly featured on otherwise dark dresses. The embroidery is of the sketchy type done in wool or heavy silk, the design wandering irregularly from the edge of the sleeve on to the inset fullness. This embroidery is not essential, however, as the union of the colored section can be effected by fagoting hemstitching or ordinary seamwork. The color introduced is usually repeated in a much more simple way at the neck of the garment, or on the ends of a scarf, and should be remembered when accessories are selected.

As these novel sleeves are so easily adapted to remodeling, as well as to the combining of fabrics and colors, they are worthy of attention by the home dressmaker. The idea is especially practical where garments for the growing girl may require in the process of making over in changed and widened sleeves. The contrasting wristband and the sleeve-inset provide both these changes, not only with comparatively little work but with added modishness.

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MATCHING APRONS
Women who do their own housework whether of the kitchenette type or on a larger scale are enthusiastic over a new dress-and-apron ensemble which insures a delightfully trim and even smart appearance while engaged in one's home duties. The innovation consists of a matching apron which is rubberized and therefore easily cleaned with soap and water. The apron snaps into place on the dress to which it belongs, the attaching being done in such a skillful way as to be invisible. The snappers are concealed under pocket lapels, plait, trimming tabs or collars so that there is no outward sign of how this is accomplished. Each set of snaps is reinforced with a fabric backing so that even hastily pulling off does no damage.

These household ensembles come in most attractive colorings, both plain and printed, and the trimming details are especially becoming as well as practical, the shoulder tabs holding the detachable apron being an important feature of the model, taking the weight of the apron away from the neck and placing it on the shoulders. Solid colors are used as bindings for printed dresses and a printed apron and trimmings accompany a frock of a plain color. These dresses are especially popular in colorings that harmonize with modern kitchen furnishings, and manufacturers keep well abreast of the times in selecting those shades most in demand to carry out the desired color scheme of one's housekeeping department.

WEED
Love never will give honey for the tongue.
Nor perfume for the hair.
Love is a weed, bitter and wild and strong.
Not sweetness there.
Nor peace, nor mercy. But when it is dead
A little wind will rise
To spill the silver feathers of that weed
Like sleep upon the eyes.
—Marie De L. Welch in Poetry.

Old Lady (at the party)—"hear that your friend kissed 'at girl over there in public. Did you ever!" Nervous Young Man—"Er—no!"



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Rested nerves make all the difference. Your doctor will tell you how chewing relieves nervous tension, how the beautiful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes the mouth and tones you up. Wrigley's does much—costs little.



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Turn in The Vote of FIRESTONE Monthly's Moppy's Moppy's Moppy's Eastern Time

NICE WORDS WON'T DYE a dress or coat...

Neither pretty pictures nor colorful adjectives will dye a dress or coat. It takes real dyes to do the work; dyes made from true anilines.

Next time you have dyeing to do, try Diamond Dyes. See how easy it is to use them. Then compare the results. Your dealer will refund your money if you don't agree they are better dyes.

You get none of that re-dyed look from Diamond Dyes; no streaking or spotting. Just fresh, crisp, bright new color. And watch the way they keep their brilliance through wear and washing. They are better dyes because they contain plenty of real anilines—from three to five times more than other dyes. But you pay no more for them than for ordinary dyes.

The white package of Diamond Dyes is the original "all-purpose" dye for any and every kind of material. It will dye or tint silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye for silk or wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. Remember this when you buy. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool. Your dealer has both packages.

Diamond Dyes
Easy to use Perfect results
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How far would you go to be sure of a better Oil-?

Knowing that a better oil means smoother performance, longer life, greater economy and bigger trade-in-value for your car, you'd probably go a long way to be sure of a better oil.

That's what Imperial Oil Limited did—went all the way to tropical South America for the crude out of which to refine Marvelube.

There's lots of crude oil available right at Canada's front door. If Canada's largest and most modern refineries had been able to evolve as good an oil as Marvelube from locally available crude they would have been glad to do so. Peruvian crude made a purer, carbon-free, fuller-bodied oil—an oil that meant better lubrication—so Peruvian crude was decided upon.

The decision set a new standard in motor oils. Aircraft operators, the most particular buyers of oil, are enthusiastic about Marvelube because it has given them a longer period of operation between engine overhauls, and a greater margin of safety.

You can enjoy the same benefits in your car, and there is a grade of Marvelube that is refined to meet the exact requirements of your car. Consult the Marvelube chart at good service stations and dealers everywhere.

Marvelube

A Better oil made from Peruvian Crude

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