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ONE THING AT A TIME  
With a few exceptions (so few, indeed, that they need scarcely be taken into a practical estimate) any person may learn anything upon which he sets his heart. To ensure success, he has simply to discipline his mind as to check its vagrancies; to direct its combined energies simultaneously to a single object, and there to do one thing at a time. This is considered as one of the most difficult, but one of the most useful, lessons that a young man can learn.—Dr. Olinthus Gregory.

A doctor said very softly and sadly to an aged patient: "I am very sorry, but it would be wrong to hide from you any longer that you are a very sick man. Yes, a very sick man. Is there anyone you would like to see?" The patient nodded feebly. "Who?" The answer came in a scarcely audible whisper. "Another doctor."

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ISSUE No. 44-'29

### Dangerous Fifties

By DR. C. BROWN

There has been an unusual number of sudden deaths of apparently sound and healthy men of late, sufficient to attract public notice. It has raised anew the whole question of exercise for those of advancing years; men who have reached the peak of life at 45 to 50 and are descending the slope on the other side—as slowly as possible.

What sort of exercise and games, if any, is desirable for these is the problem I propose to discuss in a practical spirit, and in the light of modern medical knowledge.

First, there is the question of your age. There is a very ancient doctor's maxim which says that "a man's age is the age of his arteries," and it is a perfectly sound one so far as it goes.

The arteries are resilient and elastic tubes up to a variable period of middle life. After that they begin to harden and thicken, and any considerable degree of this process should, if you are wise, constitute a bar to all the more strenuous games and exercises.

"It," for example, is compulsory for the fit under the age of 35 in the Services. Over 35 it is voluntary, but is only indulged in after the M.O. has thoroughly overhauled you. And as the years roll by its practice should become less, too. Football, the most strenuous of all games, is generally given up by wise men in the early thirties.

Cricket—if you are not a bowler—may often be enjoyed till the half-century milestone as may be gentle tennis or golf, and bowls to a still later period.

But the condition of the arteries is not the only criteria of age. There are others. The state of the heart, for one. This, without being actually the seat of disease, may be fatty or flabby or both.

Clearly, a heart of that kind cannot safely stand the strain and exertion of violent exercise. Even swinging a club at golf, the presumed safe game for the elderly—is not devoid of some risk, apart from the condition of the arteries.

There are also your muscular and dyspeptic "tone" to be considered in assessing your age.

Many men over middle age lead "soft" and sedentary lives. They recline in cars, getting fresh air, it is true, but no exercise. Their muscles are flabby and their digestion none too good; for during the week they are rather indulgent to "Lige's Mary."

Then on Saturday, or Sunday, or possibly both, they walk many miles round a golf course swinging clubs violently and straining heart and arteries alike at fairly frequent intervals. This is not wise. Bowls is the more suitable game for the aged man (which is not to be taken too literally). It involves but little strain.

It is really quite illogical to say that your age is 50 (or whatever it may be) because your birthday certificate tells you this. You may be 55 or even 60 as far as these vital factors are concerned. Or, more happily, you may be only 45 or less.

This actual age can be assessed with reasonable accuracy to-day.

It is quite easy to estimate the condition of the arteries and the blood-pressure (which goes with it) and be accurately measured.

Only a doctor will estimate the "tone" of your muscles and digestion, and a heart specialist can demonstrate the actual working condition of the heart on a screen.

There is not the least difficulty in finding out what games, if any, you can safely play, and you can at the same time obtain a reasonable accurate estimate of your vital age.

This implies a thorough overhauling at regular intervals—say every six months or better still, every month.

OUR WORLD  
We view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world which we see.—W. M. Thackeray.

I find, with him to whom the tale is told, belief only makes the difference betwixt truth and lies, for a lie believed is true, and truth uncredited, a lie. But certainly there rests much in the hearer's judgment, as well as in the probable lie that makes the judgment credulous; and the reporter too must be of some reputation, otherwise strange stories detect some deformity in mind.—Feltman.

Minard's Liniment for Neuritis.

## The Affair at Flower Acres

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. Then Nancy; her brother, Orville Kent; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter the room. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate, but is forced to reveal that his claim is false. Pennington Wise, a celebrated detective, and Zizi, his girl assistant, are called to take the case out of the hands of Detective Dobbins. Dobbins and Zizi are discussing the case, Dobbins admitting that he suspects Nancy most strongly of the killing.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY  
"Well, no, miss. You see, Miss Raynor, now, she was on the stairs behind where Miss Turner was—"  
"But that was after the shot. Miss Mattie didn't leave her room until she heard the report, then she started—then Mr. Finley started from the east verandah, then Mrs. Raynor started from the west terrace—all these people started because of hearing that shot. Now, I say it could have been fired by Miss Turner, she could have hurried back into the house, and standing in that north door between the house and the sun room, she could have turned on the lights—just as we know she did—after she had killed her man."

"Well, well—now, come, you do make it sound plausible—but, no, if she had murdered Raynor, Miss Turner would never have come back here. She would have disappeared entirely—yes, sir, so she would!"

"It does seem likely," admitted Zizi, "but I wanted to show you that there was—there is a possibility of her being the criminal."  
"Oh, Lord, there's a possibility of any of those people who stood at those various doors."  
"And each one so agitated, so shocked, that no clear account can be got from any of them."

"That's so. There's Miss Turner now—want to talk to her?"  
Zizi did, and Dobbins called the nurse to them.

She was tearful but willing to answer questions. She admitted her attempt to poison Mr. Raynor, but said she didn't mean to kill him, only to make him ill and then promise to restore him to health if he would give her a large sum of money. This she had done, and the bonds she had received from him were, she said, compensation for her past ills at his hands.

She had no fears for herself, for though she had poisoned Mr. Raynor, his wife was in no position to call her to account—nor was his son, who had stolen the will. Miss Raynor was not too good for during the week they were rather indulgent to "Lige's Mary," and Miss Turner felt sure the law would not harm her even in the event of an accusation.

"But, look here," Zizi said, "if Mrs. Raynor's tablets that she gave to her husband secretly were harmless, what were they?"

"Atropine—to counteract the effect of the morphine he was taking."  
"Well, why wasn't the morphine discovered at the autopsy?"

"Because the atropine and the morphine so counteracted each other that all traces of both disappeared. They found only the arsenic."  
"And you put the arsenic that you had left in a vase in Mrs. Raynor's room to incriminate her?" Zizi's black eyes glared at the tranquil nurse.

"Not or that—I hid them there to get them out of my possession, and I

thought they'd never be discovered. I'd no idea the detectives would make such a thorough search."  
"Miss Turner"—Zizi looked straight at her—"who do you think fired that shot?"  
Eva Turner looked puzzled.  
"Honestly, I don't know," she said; "I can't help thinking it was Mrs. Raynor, yet it may have been Mr. Finley. It was surely one or the other, as I've said all along."  
"You didn't do it, yourself?" asked Dobbins.  
Eva Turner stared at him.  
"Gracious, no!" she said; "I'm scared to death of a pistol—I wouldn't touch one. I don't know how to handle firearms at all."  
Zizi looked at her curiously. All this might or might not be true.  
"Besides," Miss Turner went on, "I was in the pantry talking to the cook when the shot rang out. Cook will tell you this. Then I ran to the door and turned on the lights."  
"And saw?" said Zizi; "tell me again."  
"And saw," Miss Turner said, "and saw Mrs. Raynor going out and Mr. Finley holding the pistol. Is more needed to convict either one of those two—or both?"  
"Yes," Zizi said. "I have timed it, and I know it must have taken you at least a full minute to get from the light button. In that minute much could have happened."  
"All right," said Eva Turner, "then you ought to get those two off with a



"When I first came here I hated her."

not proven verdict. There is no possible doubt, but if it can't be proved, then they can go free, I suppose."  
"As you put it," Zizi said, slowly, "it would seem that those two, at the east and west doors, were the actors of the drama, and you two at the north and south doors—you and Mr. Kent—were the audience."  
"Mr. Kent didn't come till three or four minutes later."  
"What did you all do in the meantime?"  
"I don't know—nothing much, I think. I found Miss Raynor at my side, and I think I grasped at her, rather clung together. Mr. Finley continued to stare at the pistol—and kept on rubbing it with his handkerchief; Mrs. Raynor didn't do anything, just stood and stared."  
"You said she was going out."  
"She turned and came back, and stood in the doorway. Then Mr. Kent came and he flew to her side."  
"Without looking at Mr. Raynor?"  
"He didn't seem to—as I recollect. He rushed to Mrs. Raynor, and put his arm around her—or she looked as if she would faint."  
"You like Mrs. Raynor?" Zizi asked this quite casually.  
"I don't know," Eva returned slowly.



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"When I first came here I hated her. She was Raynor's wife—she had everything that he had long ago promised to me. You can imagine what a jilted girl feels toward her successful rival. I came prepared to hate her, but I meant no wrong to her. I came here to get satisfaction of one sort or another out of Douglas Raynor. I wanted to make him suffer as much as money, but I also wanted to make him suffer mentally and physically, both. I gave him the arsenic, in sufficient doses to scare him and to make him ill—but I didn't mean to kill him. I proposed to stop short of that. Well, then, when Mr. Finley came, I found I could hurt him by suggesting that Mrs. Raynor still cared for Mr. Finley."

"All in all I made Douglas Raynor pretty miserable and I'm glad of it. He vented his anger on his wife—but I couldn't help that. If she did shoot him—it was no more than could be expected of a woman who had borne all she could bear. No one but myself knows what awful misery that man heaped on her head. If Nancy Raynor is accused—if she is tried, I will go on the stand and testify to cruelty she received, to ignominy and scorn that was heaped on her, and to brutality unpeepable that she endured, until no jury in the world would give any verdict but full and entire acquittal. Yet even with all that, even though I pity her from my heart, I can't say I like her. We are not congenial, she doesn't like me—but my sense of justice will make me witness for her, if it ever comes to that."

"Good for you, Miss Turner," Zizi cried. "Now, will your sense of justice go so far as to answer a few questions?"  
"Certainly."  
"Then, knowing Mrs. Raynor fairly well, as you must, do you think she is a woman who would take her husband's life—no matter what he had done to make her miserable?"  
"No, I do not. But—"  
"You're going to say we can't vouch for a desperate woman. But I want your honest opinion. Aside from the facts of seeing Mrs. Raynor fleeing out of the sun parlor that night, aside from any thought of evidence—you would be surprised to learn that Mrs. Raynor was a criminal."  
"Very much surprised. She is of the martyr type. She suffered in silence."  
"She gives me that impression," Zizi said.  
"Nancy Raynor is a woman who loves very few people. She adored her father, she worships her brother—and she is passionately in love with Mr. Finley. She is friendly with Miss Mattie, but there is no real affection there."  
"Nobody could be very fond of that old maid," Zizi said, in a tone of pity rather than reproach. "And it's her

own fault—she's so prying and curious. Well, now, Miss Turner here's another question. Do you think Mr. Finley could have committed that murder?"  
"Yes, I do."  
"I thought you were sure it was Mrs. Raynor who shot—"  
"I've told you again and again I don't know which one it was! I've thought it over and over—I've pictured out the scene with both of them, and all I can say is—it was certainly one of them."  
"What about a man from outside?"  
"That man from outside is all very well if you can find him."  
Zizi had caught sight of Pennington Wise walking down the path and she ran after him.  
"Where are you going?" she asked as she caught up with him.  
"Down to the Falls," he replied, patting her thin little hand as she pushed it through his bent arm.  
"It's true," he said, "any jury would exonerate Nancy Raynor if she had shot her husband—but I want to prove that she didn't."  
"And that Mr. Finley did?"  
(To be continued.)

For Sprains—Use Minard's Liniment.

BELIEF  
If it is hard for you to believe the best in people and easy to believe the worst, you thereby disclose the worst in yourself.

SHADOWS  
The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—Lord Averbury.

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## The Tragedy of Haig

Douglas Haig walked ashore at Dover after the total defeat of Germany, and disappeared into private life. There was an interlude of pagantry, of martial celebrations, of the Freedom of Cities, of banquets and the like; but in fact the Commander-in-Chief of the British armies in France passed, as he left the gangway and set his foot on the pier, from a position of almost supreme responsibility and glorious power to the ordinary life of a country gentleman.

Titles, grants, honors of every kind, all the symbols of public gratitude were showered upon him; but he was given no work. He did not join in the councils of the nation; he was not invited to reorganize its army; he was not consulted upon the treaties; no great viceregency was at first at his disposal; no sphere of public activity was open.

It would be affectation to pretend that he did not feel this. He was only fifty-seven—full of energy and experience, and apparently at the moment when he was most successful there was nothing for him to do; he was not wanted any more.

He must just go home and sit by the fire and fight his battles over again. He became one of the permanent unemployed.

So he looked around from his small house beyond the border and saw that a great many of his soldiers and other officers were in the same plight so far as work was concerned, and that in addition many were stricken with wounds and many more were hard put to it to keep their homes together. To their cause and fortunes, then, he devoted himself.

This, though it cheered his heart, by no means—once the organization was set up—occupied his time or gave scope to his abilities. So the years passed.

People began to criticize his campaigns. There was deep resentment against slaughters on a gigantic scale alleged upon some notable occasions to have been needless and fruitless.

However, Haig said nothing. He neither wrote nor spoke in his own defense.

The next thing heard about the Field Marshal was that he had fallen down dead, like a soldier shot on the battlefield, and probably from causes that had originated there. Then occurred manifestations which rose from the very heart of the people.

Then everybody saw how admirable had been his demeanor since the peace.

There was a majesty about it which proved an exceptional greatness of character. It showed a man capable of resisting unusual strains, internal and external, even when prolonged over years; it showed a man cast in a classic mold; it recalled the heroes of antiquity and the pages of Plutarch.

Even I who saw him on twenty occasions—some of them potentially fatal—doubted whether he was not insensitive and indurated to the torments and drama in which he dwelt.

But when I saw after the war was over, for the first time, the historic "Backs to the Wall" document written before sunrise on that fateful April morning in 1918, and realized that it had been written with his own precise hand, pouring out without a check or correction the pent-up passion of his heart, my vision of the man assumed a new sale and color. The Furies indeed contended in his soul; but that arena was large enough to contain their strife.

And the greatest proof lies in the final phase of the war. The qualities of mind and spirit which Douglas Haig personified came to be known by occult channels throughout the vast armies of which he was the chief. Disasters, disappointments, miscalculations and their grievous price were powerless to affect the confidence of the soldiers in their commander.

Even the eleven years that have passed since the war ended have seen a silent but impressive enhancement in the fame of Haig. It is not for contemporaries to pronounce the successive verdicts of later generations; but already we may believe that he will rank with Wellington in British military annals, and we are sure that his character and conduct as soldier and subject will long serve as an example to all.—By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill in the Cosmopolitan.

Foster Homes

One of our Children's Aid officials took a trip through his county to enquire how various wards were getting along. Here is what he reports to the General Superintendent of the Children's Department:

"It has been a great pleasure to me to visit the foster homes of our children and find so many of them in comfortable homes; when you consider the kind of homes these children were taken from you would hardly think it possible for the majority of them to do so well. We have many foster homes in our county that I think it would be better not to visit as some of the children are so young the foster parents do not like to have agents calling and making enquiries about them. Then there is another class running from 18 years upwards who are able to look after themselves and have excellent homes. I have visited 137 homes and all except two were excellent."