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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

TOO SOON A BRIDE

By MARJORIE B. PEREGRINE

CHAPTER XII

"If Wiley is as despicable as you say," said Lawyer Henderson, "he'll find some means of publicly covering you with mud from head to foot, and there's nothing we can do to stop him." He turned to Jerry. "Have her think it over," he said. "It means blasting her career to get rid of him."

In the street, Lola clutched Jerry's arm and hung on.

"I don't care about my career, Jerry, if it means anything to you to have me free."

Tenderly, he looked down at her. "Lola, I love you better than anyone on earth, but I owe a duty to others. Mother and Dad are getting along in years. Dad isn't well. If I were to bring home a wife who had been steeped in scandal, they'd never get over it."

"You mean, you wouldn't want to marry me?"

"You know I want to marry you. Always. In spite of everything. But I'm telling you it wouldn't be fair."

"No," Lola agreed soberly, "it wouldn't." "Oh, Jerry, tell me what to do?"

"Wait," he begged. "Be patient. Don't do anything yet."

The weeks and months slipped by. Jerry had left Chicago. Lola was now featured in a radio program. Her voice became known to millions. The world was at her feet.

And it didn't matter — because she didn't have Jerry. His letters and a promise of a visit in the spring were all that she lived for. Even the thought of Chase Wiley ceased to worry her. She knew what she would do if he came again. But he never came. Sometimes she wondered why.

Then, spring came, and Jerry wrote he was coming home for a visit.

"Hurry," Lola wired. "The orchestra leaves in two weeks for New York."

He was there. Holding her in his arms. Kissing her.

"I can't bear to let you go again," he groaned.

The telephone interrupted them. Lola answered.

"Yes, this is Miss Brewster . . . The police? . . . You think you've found my purse? . . . The one stolen last fall . . . I'd forgotten it!"

She dropped the instrument back in its bracket, and turned to Jerry. "Remember the purse stolen from my dressing room last fall? The police think they've identified it in loot they got from a fence. I'm supposed to go to make sure."

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"Didn't you tell me Madelyn thought her husband was the thief?"

"Yes. I wish I didn't have to go." The purse was Lola's. She opened it. Everything was there, except her money and—

"My keys!" cried Lola. "Why on earth would anyone want to keep my keys?"

"Thieves often do," replied an officer. "They might have planned to ransack your apartment later. Ever have a robbery?"

"No," said Lola.

"You're lucky. Well, we're ready for the rogue's parade. Miss Petit is in the line-up room now. Suppose you come along."

"Poor Mad," Lola whispered to Jerry. "I hope they haven't got her."

"Then, listen in a dark room, behind an iron rail, while a parade of men went east under the merciless glare of white lights. Lola stood close to Madelyn, watching the dancer move more closely than the parade. Suddenly Mad stiffened and clutched Lola's arm.

"They've got him, Lo. Look! There's my husband."

Lola looked. Her nerves tightened like twisted wires. She looked again to be sure there was no mistake. Then she grasped Madelyn's shoulders and swung her about.

"You want to hate him?" Lola demanded. "You are sure you want to hate that man?"

"It kills me to love him," Madelyn moaned.

"Then, listen. That man is Chase Wiley. He's my husband as well as yours. Wait until I tell you what he did to me."

Jerry arranged an interview with Chase Wiley without benefit of the press. A bored officer stood guard in a doorway.

Chase bowed elaborately. "My wives," he said. "My lovely, dangerous wives. I wondered how long it would take you two to catch up with me."

Jerry spoke to Madelyn. "Say what you've got to say to the fellow before I lose my temper and punch his face."

"All I've got to say is that I am through with you," Madelyn cried to Chase, her eyes blazing, her lovely head held high. "I loathe you. I never want to see you again."

Chase laughed harshly. "How you've changed, my darling!"

"I've some to my senses," Madelyn snapped. "I want my freedom. Lola wants evidence that will prove her marriage void. Give us both what we want and we'll not prosecute you for bigamy."

"Bigamy," murmured Chase Wiley. "What nasty word?"

"Did you steal my purse?" Lola demanded, speaking for the first time.

"I needed your address and your key, my dear. The purse was quite incidental. You see, you'd given me the slip. I meant to teach you not to do it again."

Lola clutched Jerry's arm. She felt giddy. What if Jerry hadn't come home with her from Madelyn's party? "Please, Jerry, I want to go," she whispered.

Summer in New York. Tomorrow, the orchestra would scatter to the four winds for a month's rest.

"Only a year," thought Lola, as she stepped up to the microphone to sing her last song. "Only a year since I ran away from the shanty."

She suddenly blushed. The orchestra was not playing her number. It was playing "Here Comes the Bride."

Jeff's megaphone was up. "Dedicated to our charming singer, Miss Lola Brewster, who today became Mrs. Jerry Hughes."

In a state of rosy confusion, Lola accepted the storm of applause and friendly cheers which greeted Jeff's announcement. Her song was the signal for another ovation.

When it was all over, Jerry ushered her into a taxi.

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Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan



A Gift That Carries Personal Greetings

When a dear friend receives an attractive box of candies made by you in your own home, it is certainly a real tribute to your friendship. You could not send anything that would carry more personal wishes. Just to know that you made them yourself, thought of the lovely varieties and fashioned them with your own care gives them extra glamour. They can be so delicious and look so inviting. You can have as much fun and gratification making them and arranging them attractively in a pretty box as your friend will have in unwrapping them and tasting them.

There are so many delicious variations of chocolate candies that look different and taste different and yet can be made on the same occasion. Chocolate Fudge can be made plain — with nuts, with coconut, or made into Tutti-Frutti Fudge.

Chocolate Fudge
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces, 2-3 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups sugar, dash of salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.
Add chocolate to milk and place over low flame. Cook until mixture is smooth and blended, stirring constantly. Add sugar and salt and stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking, without stirring, until a small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water (232 deg. F.) Remove from fire. Add butter and vanilla. Cool to lukewarm (110 deg. F.) then beat until mixture begins to thicken and loses its gloss. Pour at once into greased pan 8 x 4 inches. When cold, cut in squares. Makes 18 large pieces.

Chocolate Nut Fudge
To make Chocolate Nut Fudge, add 1 cup broken nut meats to Chocolate Fudge just before pouring it into pan.

Coconut Fudge
To make Coconut Fudge, cook Chocolate Fudge to 230 deg. F. Instead of 232 deg. F. Add 1 can Coconut Southern Style, just before pouring it into pan.

Tutti-Frutti Fudge
To make Tutti-Frutti Fudge, add 4 tablespoons each candied cherries, candied pineapple, figs and raisins, finely cut, rinsed and thoroughly dried, and 4 tablespoons pistachio meats, blanched, to Chocolate Fudge just before pouring it into pan. Also makes 18 large pieces.

(THE END.)

Record Service Given Ontario's Children By Hospital For Sick Children

Generosity of Public Permits Care For All Regardless of Race, Creed or Circumstance

The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto is surely an institution in which every citizen of Ontario may well take real pride. Operated as practically one big Public Ward, it makes possible medical treatment and hospital care to needy children from every corner of Ontario.

During the twelve months just ended, 8,345 cot patients were served for a total of 159,747 patient days. Over 5,000 operations were performed. Over 600,000 meals were served. And the Out-Patient Department gave 84,414 individual treatments.

Every day dozens of doctors come to the Hospital to donate their time and talent in the operating rooms, the out-patient clinic and in bedside service.

It is a notable fact that the Hospital for Sick Children has one of the lowest ratios of expense per patient day among all similar hospitals in North America, despite the fact that the care of children involves so much extra service including, in many cases, pre-school training. And despite the fact that the many, many problem cases directed to this institution create extra costs over and above ordinary hospital requirements.

Over 400 of the 420 beds in the Hospital are for those in very moderate circumstances, or those who are receiving municipal relief.

The rate per day, chargeable to the patient's parents (if able to pay) or to their municipality, is fixed at \$1.75. There are no extra charges. The use of serums, modern health appliances and many other costly but vitally necessary items, cannot be provided for out of the fixed allowances for needy patients. Nor do they provide for the medicines, orthopaedic appliances, etc., supplied in thousands of cases.

Despite the fact that kiddies require especially expensive hospital care, the government allowances are the same as for those caring chiefly for adults.

The cost of serving patients is therefore \$1.00 per day more than the combined income from parents (or municipality), plus the government grant in spite of the low expense ratio and the free service of the doctors.

So, each year, the Hospital for Sick Children appeals to you for a donation to help meet the deficit resulting from its service to the needy. This deficit cannot be eliminated; in fact, it must increase if the demand for service to more and more children is to be met.

Everyone who understands the fact must want this great work to continue despite the fact that the more patients who are treated the greater the annual deficit becomes.

Remember, the Hospital receives no support from the Toronto Federation for Community Service, because patients are accepted from all parts of the province. Nevertheless, no Ontario child should be denied relief if mere money makes the difference.

Mail a donation to-day to the Appeal Secretary, The Hospital for Sick Children, 67 College Street, Toronto.

The thanks of little children will be your reward.

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Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Needlecraft Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

Chocolate Walnut Patties
1 egg white, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces, 1 teaspoon vanilla, sifted confectioners' sugar, (about 3 1/2 cups), halves of walnut meats.
Beat egg whites slightly, add water, chocolate, vanilla, and enough confectioners' sugar to make fondant that can be shaped. Roll into small balls. Flatten balls and press walnut half into each. Makes 3 1/2 dozen patties.

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THIS WEEK'S WINNER MOCK CHICKEN
Inexpensive. 3 lbs. stewing veal, placed in hot water. Allow to simmer for an hour, add finely cut vegetables. About half an hour before serving one quarter cup of well-washed rice. Remove meat, drain it and brown it in pan of bacon fat. Salt and pepper. Serve hot with stew poured over it. — Miss Marjorie Switzer, Gravenhurst, Ont.

Attention!
Send in your favorite recipe for pie, cake, main-course dish or preserves. We are offering \$1.00 for each recipe printed.

HOW TO ENTER CONTEST
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Britain's airplane factories will be busier this winter than at any other time in their history.

"I Had Crying Spells . . ."
says Mrs. Joseph Arsenault of Tracadie Cross, P. E. I.
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A-2

Rural Women Are Meeting Again

Handicraft, Music Among Outlets For World's Country-Folk

Rural women of the world have been gathering in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, to discuss their affairs. Despite the fact that they gathered 7,000 strong, under the auspices of the Associated Country Women of the World, in Washington, D.C., only a few months ago, the urge to meet again was so insistent that they came together at the invitation of the National Council of Women of Yugoslavia, which has been giving hospitality to the international Council of Women during its triennial meeting, says a story from Dubrovnik in the Christian Science Monitor.

The country women's organization owes its origin to the international Council of Women, having been drawn together in the first instance when the latter body met six years ago in Vienna. Before that time, rural women had been organized in national groups, but there had been no link between country and country.

Many things were said here about the value to the rural women of a knowledge of handicrafts. As Mrs. Baxendale of Great Britain put it, "hand work is like an oasis in a desert," and not only because it very definitely gives outlet to the isolated farm woman, working during the long winter evenings in many of the dark northern countries, but because it offers, too, a welcome release from the weight of those more urgent matters which fall to the lot of all rural women.

But handicraft is not the only outlet for country women. Frau Berta Pipin of Latvia pointed out. In her own land, Frau Pipin has for long been a member of the Latvian Parliament — handicraft plays a useful part, but there are other matters which are regarded as definite rivals to it.

In Latvia, she said, there is music and it is largely because the peasant woman sang her songs during the days of subjugation before the country obtained its freedom from Russia, that this music still exists. In Latvia today there are 7,500 folk songs.

From India came stories of hard and almost incessant oil. Mrs. Sorajini Deshpande told of work which, for the Indian woman, seems never to cease. But she told, too, of how, because the women of all the world are waking up, Indian women — despite their illiteracy — are beginning to ask questions.

Women who have for centuries never had a thought beyond their homes, she said, are now beginning to peep out and to ask why their place has been so circumscribed, and they themselves so small. It is part of the general questioning of the world.

When Is "Lunch"?

The Brockville Recorder and Time writes — After many years of hot hearing and seeing people describe a light meal which may be served at any hour of the day or night as a "lunch," we must confess to some uncertainty regarding the proper application of the term.

Nothing is more common than to have "copy" reach his office, especially from rural points, describing a meal which has been served at mid night or later, or perhaps in mid afternoon, as a "lunch." It seems to be a term which is commonly, and perhaps colloquially, applied to an collation, regardless of the time at which it may be served.

And yet the dictionary specifically describes "lunch" as "a slight repast between breakfast and dinner," and declares that the term probably comes from the old English "noon shun," the refreshment taken at noon when laborers desist from work to shun the heat.

If the dictionary is right, "lunch" can only occur between breakfast and dinner, and a meal of any kind placed before people at mid-night or later does not fall with this category.

HOME

A white road winding a green lane through—
Here a scent of primrose, there a stretch of blue,
A gold gorse bush burning on a tall hillcrest;
These will I be seeking when I turn me West.

During certain hours of the night these months of little drivers will be seen on the roads in picking their way through traffic. For, according to death lurks closer to the between 5 and 8 o'clock (October), November and than at any other time. During that period, the chances of the risk of accidents of workers crowd line, cut in and out, and to get home a minute or if each driver will reflect family would sooner have home a few minutes late than risk his own neck, another, perhaps the dis mentioned would lose a deadly significance.—Van

Apricots in Winter
During the Great War peach stones provided some form of protection gas. Now word from apricots are being grown chiefly for their stones, been found to contain a small amount of cyanide, which in the manufacture of explosives. Canned, dried or preserved apricots

FREE! BOOK ON HOCKEY
A Great Book "How to Become a Hockey Star" by T. P. "Tommy" Gorman, manager and coach of the Montreal "Maroons", profusely illustrated and containing many valuable tips on how to play the game.

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