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PAYING PARTIES.

People in the country frequently are taxed for the building of not only the church of their own particular choice but for those of other denominations which neighbors and friends are interested in. The problem is at times a difficult one to solve. Many of us have willing hearts but lean purses, so we must sharpen up our wits in order to find means to do our part.

Entertainments of various sorts offer a solution, for they bring the people together in a social way. The old-fashioned pound party, apron and necktie party, strawberry festival and oyster supper stood the test for many years and helped to build many churches, but there are newer ideas taking their place. One is a poverty party, where each guest is taxed a modest sum for every bit of luxurious apparel or jewelry that they happen to be wearing. This creates a lot of fun and the judges report on the cases and collect just dues before a modern pancake and coffee feast is served at a small sum per plate.

The initial party is perhaps newer still and may not have been tried in your particular neighborhood. Each guest has to pay an admission fee upon arrival, gauged by the number of letters in his name; five cents for capitals and a penny apiece for the small letters. No middle names are allowed to be overlooked. There is usually a punch bowl of lemonade or fruit punch, a table of homemade candy at modest prices, and if dancing is indulged in ten cents a dance is asked. This yields quite a tidy little sum and does not make an evening that is unduly expensive.

In one small town there were three churches going to be built and in order to be fair the heads got together and arranged their entertainments so that they did not clash, and each pledged to attend them all impartially, and it made the greatest harmony among the workers.

There is another point in church work that these same people cleared up and their findings are worth passing along. At each entertainment the women were asked to furnish food, cakes, pies, cold meats, and so on. Usually all such things that are not sold or eaten are wasted, so the women decided that the donors should take home anything of hers that was left.

Another idea was to have a food sale by each of the different groups on three Saturdays of the month, leaving the fourth Saturday free for all. At the sales home-made bread, biscuits, cakes, pies, mayonnaise, jellies, fancy desserts, baked beans, pickles, candies and other good things were offered at fair prices, and here again the donors took back the things of their's not sold. The sales were wonderfully popular and profitable.

An indoor picnic is a jolly affair and has one money-making feature. Each worker, matron or maid, arranges a picnic luncheon basket for two, making it as dainty and attractive as possible; then at the appointed time they are sold at auction to the highest bidder, who invites their special girls to enjoy the contents.

WRIGLEYS

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a pleasant-tasting benefit as well.

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ISSUE No. 24-24

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the wisest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXI.

Jean was lucky, for shortly before she was quite ready to start for the farm Carlo drew up at the gate in the two-wheeled cart on his way back from early market. He had a few things to leave on behalf of his master, and Jean readily availed herself of the opportunity for a lift.

There was a so-called road to the farm, but it was a long way round, much too far for her to attempt by foot, and she had been dreading the steep mule-path. Alice would have undertaken the mission of delivering Hugo's mysterious-looking letter, or it could have been sent up by a peasant or farmer's boy going that way, but Jean was too curious about it to delegate the errand to anyone else.

Besides, she was longing for a brief escape from the wilderness of stitching, through which she had been plodding, and this was a good excuse for taking it.

The cart started off at a smart pace. Carlo's idea of travel being to make the little horse gallop madly. The cart rocked from side to side, moving in a fine cloud of white dust, and Jean held on for dear life, her head bent against the wind to keep her hair from blowing off. She had no breath to spare to scold Carlo. But on the up-grade the little horse settled into a more sedate pace, Carlo leaned back with an idle whip and slack reins, and presently they merely crawled. And now they were enveloped in a black cloud, a cloud of gnats and horse-flies, infinitely troublesome. Jean fought them; Carlo and the little horse were indifferent. It was very hot, the hottest time of day, with the southern spring much to the fore.

Jean wished that she were going to Lucerne on a honeymoon, and that she had finished her interminable sewing, and that she had a little more money. In intervals of fighting the gnats and horse-flies, she did sums in mental arithmetic—her greatest accomplishment—and came to the conclusion that it would be necessary to wire Christopher Smarle for a small sum. After all it could be paid back out of Alice's little savings-bank hoard. Weddings are not everyday affairs. Close-fisted Christopher ought to realize that. Of course he did not know yet that there was to be a wedding. Perhaps he would be annoyed to hear they hadn't troubled to write to him, even though he couldn't come. Some people are so easily annoyed.

By the time the exhausted little horse crawled them up the last steep lap to the fair smiling plateau at the top, Jean was in a pink perspiration between the arithmetic and the gnats, and inclined to regard the world as a hot and excessively troublesome sphere. The little farm lay grilling tranquilly under the shimmering sun waves, not a soul, not a sound. Jean, being left at the kitchen door, entered and surprised a contented group of hens making a meal of the untidy remains of breakfast. Men's muddy boots stood about with an air of some time expecting to be cleaned. Other articles of more intimate attire had been hung to dry before a fire which had ceased to exist. Why had they not been spread in the sun? And where was Maria?

Jean called, and presently the old woman came hobbling in with a basket of newly-dug potatoes and a dead rabbit. She did not seem any too pleased to see company. Obviously this was a man's house, and feminine society had to be prepared for and was not encouraged to pay impromptu visits.

Maria said that she thought the signori were in the fir grove taking a siesta. Jean went out to the fir grove, that delightful little plantation with its odd bits of rock and floor of dry pine needles, which seemed from this lofty eminence to survey the whole world, and found Hector Gaunt and Hugo regularly enjoying themselves. With their coats rolled up for pillows they lay side by side on a slanting rock, eyes closed from the glare by old eyemasks with a pair of pipes and a half-emptied flask of Chianti and water to bear them company. "Just like disgusting tramps!" thought Jean as she approached their pleasant sanctuary.

Aloud she said: "So this is how you work!" Instantly the lazy flow of their conversation ceased, they raised themselves on their elbows, and blinked smilingly at her. "Hal-lo!" Gaunt cried. "Here's Jean. Well, this is a surprise!"

Hugo looked to be in radiant health and spirits. Already he was considerably fanned and appeared to have lost every vestige of his bad cold. He jabbed at his eye-glasses and his gaze was misty and far away as he added his greeting to Gaunt's.

"We were talking about the Seven Seas," he said, "and once when we were lost and couldn't get our bearings for three weeks. That was long before you came to Bordighera with Madame Doust. Why, Hector was quite a youngster then. But sit

down, my dear. Would you like my coat? It's not very clean, I'm afraid. We get so muddy on the terraces in the early morning."

Jean declined the coat and settled herself on a convenient boulder under an inky splash of shade.

"Here's a letter for you, Hugo. It came this morning and I thought it might be important."

Hugo reached out eagerly and attacked his eye-glasses again, giving them a very severe punch this time. "Well, now—yes, of course! I thought so. I could have told you even before I saw it. H'm, yes, yes!" The murmuring went on as he tore open the envelope and read its contents, while Hector Gaunt and Jean waited to share in his news.

At last Jean's patience wore thin. "Hugo, who is it from? Do stop that silly mumbling."

Hugo looked up mightily pleased. "You can read it if you like. Only a communication from Mrs. Egan's solicitor." "You see, I was right." She did owe me that money, and she did communicate with her solicitor as she promised; she would. I was right, wasn't I? I knew she'd pay it when I mentioned the matter. It probably slipped her mind. Ladies are so forgetful. But of course she's honest. I never doubted it for a moment. So you see I was right, wasn't I?"

He babbled on while Jean bent her astonished gaze upon the typewritten sheet. When she had finished, she handed it to Gaunt without comment, it being taken for granted that Hugo had no objection to his private affairs being bandied about.

Mrs. Egan's solicitor had written to say that acting upon her instructions he had realized securities in cash to the sum of £5,000, and placed this amount together with bonds to the value of £15,000 to the credit of Mr. Hugo Smarle, otherwise known as Mr. John Baliss, in the Fleet-street branch of Mercer's Bank, whose receipt he held, and who doubtless would communicate with Mr. Smarle. If Mr. Smarle required funds for immediate use, a wire to Mr. Herbert Dowling, manager of this particular branch of Mercer's, would result in a transfer of the sum mentioned to the Bordighera branch of the Italian State Bank.

It was almost as though Hugo held £5,000 in his hand.

Jean gazed in silent awe upon the capitalist.

How had he managed it? Why had he been so sure of getting such a huge sum from Tony Egan's widow? And here it was—here but for the asking, the matter of a telegram or two.

"You see!" said Hugo, immensely puffed. "Yes, they saw, and they wondered. Gaunt began to question. 'I suppose this is a genuine letter?' Hugo laughed and lunged recklessly at his tiresome eye-glasses.

"Bowers" read the name, Hector. Most important firm of solicitors in London. "Pon my soul, Hector, one would think that you'd lost touch with the world."

She was afraid to believe too readily. She was afraid to believe too readily for fear of future disappointment.

"And now for that telegram." Hugo got up and brushed himself free of pine needles. He was business-like and important. However flustering his mind might be on other matters, the thought of this money seemed to give it a wonderful sense of balance.

"Just in the very nick of time," he went on. "Because my poor wife is frightfully hard up, Hector. You may not have known it, but I did, and it's worried me. But, of course, after I saw Mrs. Egan I knew it was only a matter of a few days when I'd get this news. Dear me, I was afraid poor Alice might have no dowry. It's humiliating for a girl to start married life with no money of her own, and I disliked the idea of my daughter being in such a position."

A flame of anger swept Hector Gaunt's face, found a burning centre in his eyes, where it rested for a moment; they faded away.

"Actually I am jealous of this absurd little man!" Gaunt said to himself. "What does it matter if he thinks of Alice as his?"

Yet in a way it did seem to matter tremendously, although Hugo's cool assumption of parenthood simplified matters. "Hugo, like the man of the world which he most decidedly was not, had swept away all awkward barriers by the easy process of ignoring them. Wasn't it wiser? Didn't it dispose for all time of that old and painfully sweet relationship which had once existed between him—Hector Augustus Gaunt—and this perturbed little woman now known as Mrs. Carnay? Hugo had done the thing decently and thoroughly from the

beginning. It was too late to challenge him, now; too late for anything that might make life worth while.

With a shrug Hector led his guests to the omelet, the rabbit, and the cheese.

After lunch, while the little horse was being harnessed again, Hugo cleaned himself up, changed his clothes, and packed his bag.

Gaunt and Jean waited for him on the shady verandah and discussed in low tones the possible reason for Carlo Egan's remarkable action.

Indisputably there had crept into Jean's mind an unpleasant word. Did blackmail lay behind the acquisition of that huge windfall?

(To be continued.)

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Highest and Lowest. The greatest height above sea level is not so great as the greatest depth that has been probed below it. The summit of Mount Everest is 29,002 ft. high, and the ocean bed between Guam and Midway, in the Pacific, is 31,614 ft. down. Thus, from the very top to the very bottom is 60,616 ft.

Trees' Limits. The reason pine trees are so often associated with mountain scenery is because they are among the few trees that can grow at a very high altitude. Pine trees can grow at 6,200 feet, fir at 6,700 feet, but you will rarely find an ash above 4,800 feet or an oak above 3,350 feet.

Minard's Liniment for Headache. A man wrapped up in himself has a shabby cloak.

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