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HOW TO LOOK COOL WHEN YOU ARE NOT.

Intelligent care of the body is necessary at all times and each season brings its own problems. "How to look cool when you're not" is the problem which most of us face during the summer months. Cleanliness of person is of the greatest importance and in order to be clean we must bathe. Bathe in a tub if you have one; if not, a sponge bath will have to do, but the all-over bath once a day is very desirable.

A bath not only cleanses the surface of the skin, but helps to remove the dead outer skin, opens the pores and allows many impurities to escape. Because of this, I prefer the hot tub to be taken at night when free perspiration is allowed to follow. The daytime bath is usually a hurried affair, followed by the use of talcum powder in order to check perspiration; this clogs up the pores and defeats one purpose of the bath.

Sponging the body with lukewarm water has a cooling effect and is very refreshing on a warm day. Such a bath can well become a part of the afternoon toilet and can be followed by a liberal use of talcum powder in order to check the perspiration which would be so uncomfortable when dressing for the afternoon or evening.

Perspiration which is especially offensive in odor is a trial to which no one need be subjected. Very satisfactory remedies for the correction of such odors have been placed on the market. Mild cases can be relieved by rubbing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the armpits. There is a talcum powder much used by nurses which corrects body odors, but for extreme cases it may be necessary to use the stronger preparations.

With the present style of dress it is almost impossible to wear dress shields, and if the perspiration is very free under the arms a simple preparation which will check the flow is recommended.

Bromidrosis—Perspiration of the feet is most uncomfortable and is made worse if accompanied by a bad odor. This is really a disease known as "bromidrosis" and is difficult to cure. The feet should be bathed night and morning in water containing salt or alum. The stockings should be changed daily or even twice a day, and several pairs of shoes should be kept in use in order to allow each pair to be thoroughly aired and dried before being worn again. For the treatment of bromidrosis the following formula, to be dusted in the shoes night and morning: Salicylic acid, one dram; boric acid, four drams; menthol, thirty grains; eucalyptol, thirty minims; French chalk, four ounces. Rub into a fine powder in a mortar (this should be done by a druggist). One of our readers was cured of this trouble by using a mixture consisting of one ounce each of glycerine and tincture of myrrh. Rub on the feet night and morning.

Lotion for Tan—The following lotion is recommended for those who tan: Rosewater, one pint; pulverized borax, one-half ounce; lemon juice (strained), one ounce. Use lotion freely after being exposed to the sun. A broad-brimmed hat will afford protection against the sun's rays, a veil protects against both sun and wind.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From inside the safest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was years since Christopher Smarle had visited Lucerne—"Lovely Lucerne," as the guide-books so truly describe it. He had gone on a Cook's tour when quite a young man, and there was a girl in the party who had rather obscured his first view of Switzerland. He remembered the girl better than he did Lucerne. Indeed, he could not forget or overlook that girl—woman, as she was now—for she had since become Mrs. Christopher Smarle and the mother of his numerous family. How odd to think that Millie and he had once been lovers here.

There had been a storm, but as Christopher left the station the sun came out. Old Pilatus, however, wore his usual crest of cloud. The place seemed very strange to Christopher—as though he had never seen it before. For one thing, he had forgotten that there were so many hotels. Perhaps a lot of new ones had been built since his time. And, although it was so early in the season, there seemed to be crowds of people about. It was terribly confusing. Supposing that this befuddled doctor should have decided to take his bride to one of the smaller places further up the lake? It would not be easy to find them. Christopher's eyes—the chilly eyes of a somewhat cold-hearted London solicitor—dwelt indifferently upon the masses of pink and white fruit blossom which bespattered the hillsides, and cast no more than a weather-curiously glance upon the mountains. Lovely Lucerne had but one meaning for him—it was the haven of a newly wedded couple into whose port of bliss he meant to bring storm. But if he could not find them?

Having run the gauntlet of the hotel porters, he sallied forth with his funeral-looking black bag, a tall, forbidding figure, in striking contrast to the mild airs and fitful sunshine of spring. The little lake waves danced beneath his feet as he crossed the bridge opposite the station, and beyond the bridge away swirled the mad green river, in a riotous, enticing fury of sound and movement—but Christopher scarcely noticed any of it. There were the curious old wooden bridges—yes, he remembered them. It had rained a great deal during his former visit, and Millie and he had spent quite a lot of time on one of the covered bridges, following the painstaking history of the saint whose troubled life was set forth so realistically and so beautifully in long series of quaint old pictures.

Yes, and he remembered the famous Lion of Lucerne—somewhere at the back beyond the cathedral church, wasn't it? On a Sunday afternoon in August, Millie and he, and the rest of the party had paid their respects to the huge lion, carved in the face of the living rock, and since it was an anniversary of the tragedy of the brave Swiss guard who had covered the escape of Louis XVI. and the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, a band of afternoon in the fair of the old stone lion. Christopher remembered that Millie had wept and waved her handkerchief and applauded, just as though she, too, had some reason to feel sentimentally patriotic.

He had been so touched by the incident that shortly afterwards he asked Millie to marry him. But enough of this sort of thing. He shook himself free of it and settled to the business of finding a cheap but good hotel. Half an hour later he had established his bag in a hostelry which seemed to meet his requirements, and was off again to find the Ardeynes, beginning with the big hotels along the lake front.

Philip and his bride reached Lucerne very early in the morning. They drove at once to the Schweizerhof, where Ardeyne had engaged rooms, had breakfast, and then—after a bath and change—sallied forth to enjoy the freshness of the sunshine. Philip was a little more grave, a little more thoughtful than circumstances would seem to demand, but Alice took such a keen interest in everything that she scarcely noticed his abstraction. She was alive to her finger-tips and filled with the delicious intoxication which must possess anyone who enters the gates of Switzerland for the first time.

"I didn't dream it was so lovely!" she said, her hands locked together for the pain and joy of it. "Ah, why didn't somebody tell me!" "Wait until you've seen the real Alps," Philip said. "The real Alps? But surely, Philip—there couldn't be any higher mountains than these?" "There are always higher mountains," he replied, his mood heavy upon him. "She laughed heartily and shook his arm. "Wake up, you silly boy! What can you mean?" "I don't know. What was I saying? Oh, it doesn't matter. Come, my darling, let's see if we can find a boat to take us somewhere."

"Oh, Philip, that would be jolly! One of those little motor-boats?" "Yes, splendid idea." "If they don't cost too much," Alice supplemented. "I didn't think about that." He squeezed her hand. "If only money could settle all their difficulties, how simple life would be. He had plenty of money; but where was his fund of moral courage? Ebbing away rather fast—as fast, almost, as this mad little river escaped from the deep bosom of the lake. They fared forth in the little hi-

motor-boat for a long day's cruise up the lake. The boat had a gaily striped awning, and for some unknown reason flew the American flag at her stern. There were rugs and cushions, a box of chocolates for Alice, and presently a thunderstorm hurrying across the mountains at terrific speed. There was just time to put into the shelter of a fringed cave before the storm broke. The placid lake became a turbulent, wind-lashed ocean, dashed with foam and sheeted with driven rain.

The man—an Italian-Swiss—assured them it would not last long and that there was no danger. He tented them in with sail-cloth, leaving a generous space on the side where the rain did not come, so they could view the magnificent scene in cosy comfort.

Alice was not frightened by the storm, but it exhilarated and excited her. Suppose that something were to happen and they died together, Philip and she, at the very beginning of what was to have been life's long journey together? Oh! She sat close to him, sometimes letting her cheek brush his shoulder. How delicious it was; how "elemental." She laughed at herself for thinking of a word like that.

Crack of lightning and crash of thunder. But the boatman was right. In less than an hour the lightning flashed far to the north and the thunder had become a distant rumble. The sail-cloth was furled up again, and presently they were cutting across the choppy waves, rocking fearfully but enjoying it.

Lunch was had at one of the little hamlets scattered along the lower shore, and by four o'clock they had started back on the homeward journey. Alice was beginning to feel tired. Ardeyne regarded her anxiously. The storm and excitement had blanched her cheeks and cast shadows under her eyes.

"You must lie down and rest a little before dinner," he told her. "But first I'll have to send a telegram to mumsey." "I'll attend to that. I've got several to send off, as a matter of fact. As soon as I've seen you safely into the hotel I'll run across to the post-office. And you are to go straight upstairs and get a nice little nap. Never mind the unpacking. I'll help you with that later. Now, be a good girl and promise you'll do as I tell you, won't you?"

Of course she would do as he told her. It was so wonderful to have him arranging things for her. It was such a splendid, new idea having a husband to order one about. "Oh, I should just hate, not to be married!" she murmured to herself as he carefully shepherded her off the boat.

It was just a step across to the hotel. Ardeyne left her at the door of the lift and then departed to see about the telegrams. Alice went in up to their suite. There was a sitting-room, just as mumsey and she had at the Mimosa Palace, and a private bath as well. Also two bedrooms. But it was a far grander suite than at the Mimosa Palace, and now, of course, there would be no anxiety about the cost of it.

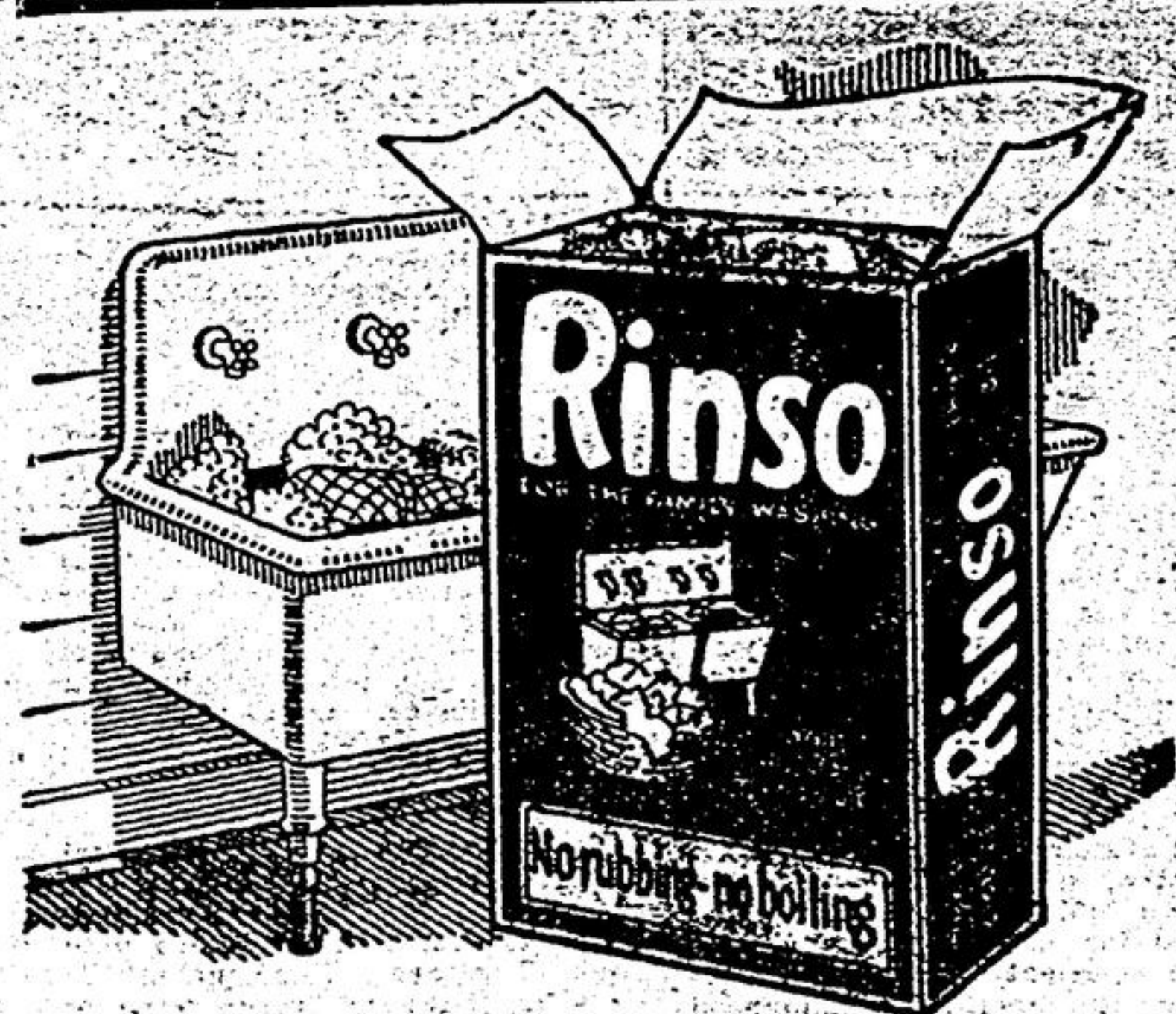
She looked about a little shyly. The bedrooms were at opposite ends. Hers was the larger. It had a very wide balcony, generously fringed with boxes of spring flowers. She was tired, but almost too excited to lie down and sleep. The unpacked trunks worried her. But, no—Philip had told her to take a nap, and a wife must obey her husband. Hadn't she promised only yesterday?

She took off her hat and coat and was just about to change her dress for a wrapper when someone knocked at the sitting-room door. It was one of the pageboys, and he had a tray on which reposed the visiting card of Mr. Christopher Smarle. The gentleman, he told Alice, was waiting downstairs. He would like to see madame.

Mr. Christopher Smarle? Alice knew the name well. It was that solicitor cousin of hers who attended to mumsey's money affairs. How odd of Mr. Smarle to turn up here wanting to see her. How did he know—? And then her heart contracted with a terrible spasm of fear. Taking no account of the limited time there had been, she thought she understood what had happened. Mumsey was ill, dying, perhaps dead, and Mr. Christopher Smarle had been telegraphed to break the news in person. "Oh, send him up!" she cried.

If only Philip were here. Would it have been better to wait until Philip came back? But no—she couldn't wait. If anything had happened to mumsey— "I must be brave," she told herself. It seemed a long time, but finally the pageboy reappeared, and now he had Christopher with him. The sight of the tall, forbidding-looking man strengthened Alice's premonition of evil!

She was so filled with apprehension that she failed to greet him properly. In effect, she dragged him inside with a lack of formality which stamped her at once, in the mind of Christopher, as the true daughter of her scatter-brained mother. "Oh, Mr. Smarle, what is it—what is it? Have you come to bring me bad news?" Christopher deposited his hat and gloves on a chair, and gave her the full benefit of his gloomy gaze. "Very bad indeed, I'm sorry to say," he replied.



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For a few seconds it seemed to Alice that her heart stopped beating entirely. Her lips were dry and cold; her face deathly white. If Christopher Smarle realized what anguish he was causing it did not trouble him; but one would hate actually to say that he was enjoying it. Possibly he did not know that cruel things gave him pleasure. (To be continued.)

The Villain.

Vincent de Frensy's landlady had been a generous soul, and he felt that some reward was due to her.

And so with fine courtesy he presented her one morning with a small sealed envelope.

"There, madame," he said, "is a present such as I would give to few. 'Tis an order, madame—an order for the pit. Come to-night and see me in my finest part, Herbert Sandbag."

That night the old lady went to the theatre and saw Vincent.

But when he returned to her house after the performance, great was his surprise to find his luggage piled up on the doostep, the door itself being barred against him.

"Madame," demanded Vincent, "what means this outrage?"

"Look here," replied the old lady; or twenty years, I've been a respectable widow-woman, and if you think I'm going to have a villain like you lodging in my house, you're mistaken. I never see such a scoundrel in all my days. Go and make it up with that young fellow you've been trying to ruin all the evening."

Jennie's Definition.

The kindergarten teacher asked her tiny pupil: "Do you know, Jennie, what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," Jennie replied, beaming. "A panther is a man who makes panth."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.



What He'd Be Called.

"He's bought a gallon of bootleg and intends to drink it. He'll be called a 'scotlaw' if he does that."

"If he does that he'll be spoken of as 'the late lamented,' I think."

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