

No premiums with Salada but finest quality instead

# "SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter DeWolfe, a wealthy young American, becomes interested in Brena Selcoss, and Muriel Benham tells him that if Brena "takes him in" he will vanish like the others. Brena tells DeWolfe that she was married some years ago in Dallas, Texas. A few years before that her mother and father had died, the father leaving her a message "not to be afraid, for if danger threatened her she would be protected." She meets Jim Hennepin in Mrs. Wilkie's boarding house. He tells her he has had a "call." She goes to St. Louis to marry him but he does not show up and has not been heard of since. Brena returns to Mrs. Wilkie's boarding house.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Mrs. Wilkie often mentioned the journey to St. Louis. She would have given Brena a week's board to know why the girl had gone, but even Mrs. Wilkie sensed some quality in this beautiful child, which made her a creature of a different species, and she never pressed her questions beyond a point where she found herself looking into the wondering, dark Selcoss eyes.

Brena herself asked twice whether Hennepin had written. She chose moments when the two other women boarded and the accountant of the Southern Pacific were at the table.

"Written?" said Mrs. Wilkie. "Written? Not he!"

"His own father, dying of Bright's, hasn't heard from him—not for three months."

Brena then set her face toward tomorrow. She might have been expected, therefore, to be startled when the past broke in upon her.

It came in the form of Compton Parmalee.

He was the head of the firm which had employed Jim Hennepin.

Parmalee was a small, wiry man, careful of his dress.

He had come to Texas from the desert country of Southern California when he was twenty-six. He knew that country well. In his years in Dallas, acting as a cotton commission man and commodity gambler, he had collected a valuable library about the whole historic Southwest, its Indian tribes, the Pueblos, the strange customs and secrets of savage men carrying some of the traits and traditions of prehistoric Aztecs, and the Jesuit missionaries.

It was said by some persons that his quiet ways were a veneer put on by some studious years in Berkeley at the University, but rumor had it that Parmalee with his rather pale, young face that made him look thirty instead of forty-three, his small, well-shaped hands, his immaculate linen, his soft voice, had once shot a man across a roulette table which he himself owned and operated.

That he was ever a man of violence is very doubtful. He was an unquivering gambler but not with his personal safety; his personal safety was his principal concern. He wore gloves on all occasions—to keep the germs

off his hand. He was always feasting contagion. He gargled. He snuffed. He sprayed. He read medical journals. He feared cancer above all things.

He loved his life so much that he had loved no woman for many years; the monopoly of this devotion excluded competition. He loved his life with an unending passion; he ruined it by fearing to lose it.

He came to call one night and told Brena that he wanted information about Jim. She answered that he should see Jim's aunt, Mrs. Wilkie, but he was not to be denied.

"You telegraphed to Jim Hennepin from St. Louis," he said. "That telegram was opened in my office. It was just your message, 'I am waiting,' and it was signed, 'B.' It took a little inquiry for me to know that this telegram was probably sent by you."

"But nearly five months have gone," "I know."

"And why now do you come to me?" "You needn't tell me anything you do not wish to tell. I assume that you arranged to meet him in St. Louis."

Brena put her hand up and felt her throat. It was hot—the skin was hot under her cold hand.

"It was a great mistake," she said in a low voice.

"The idea was marriage?" "It was my idea—if I had any clear idea."

"The dirty dog!" said Parmalee. Brena shuddered.

"Of course, if he were to meet you, Parmalee said, 'he probably told you where he was going, eh—and why?'"

"No," she said. "He only spoke of making a great sum of money, of getting it from some place."

"He did not say where?" "No. He spoke of some call—some message," said Brena.

The broker's eyes widened until they were in a staring distention.

"Ha! What more did he tell you?" "Nothing."

Parmalee sat down in a chair and stared at the carpet for a long time.

"Do you know where he is, Mr. Parmalee?" asked Brena at length.

"I have heard nothing," he answered. "Apparently after Jim had decided to take you away from Dallas this thing described as a 'call' came. There is still an unclaimed balance of a considerable sum to his credit in the office. He has gone—like this!"

Parmalee held up his small clenched fist, opened it suddenly and blew an imaginary speck of dust from its palm into oblivion.

Two days after Christmas Compton asked Brena by telephone to come to his office.

"You are sure that all you told me that night was accurate?" he said.

"Of course," she said in a tone of indignation.

"I know," said he. "But there was just one more thing. Did he leave a paper with you?"

"A paper? No, he left no paper. He gave me some money and there was a little scrap of paper in it. It had on it an arrow, drawn with ink, and a lizard drawn beside it and two words underneath, 'This sign.'"

"Well, that was nothing," said Parmalee. "Where is it now?"

"It disappeared. You haven't?"

"No. Not a word. He has gone." She was silent.

"In fact, it was not because of anything to do with it that I wanted to see you," the man said. "You will say that you know why I sent for you that you have never heard of anything like it in all your life."

Brena said nothing.

"I sent for you to tell you about myself—not about what I have been—but what I am. For I believe there is a sympathy between us that is most extraordinary—more than you know."

"I think I understand."

"It is not love," said he. "Let me make it plain that I am not deluded, that I am not in love with you. I am not old, but the passion and idealism of love have gone. No, I will not make love to you."

"No," said Brena, giving affirmation.

"Ten months ago I scraped together all my money and threw it into a final play," Compton went on. "I am now worth a little over two million dollars. I am through with business, with

trading, with speculation, with this office forever!"

"And now—" asked Brena. He laughed. "There is now left to me collecting books, travel, a kindness now and then and taking good care of my health. Can you think of anything else?"

To Brena the problem was new; she did not have a ready answer.

"I have burned out," said Parmalee. "I am ashes. You see I am not a great man," he explained. "It was necessary for me to throw all of myself into the fight—every resource I could summon. I do not smoke, do not drink. I have conserved and guarded all my sensations until—I have none! All my life—my last twenty years of life—I have promised myself indulgences of gigantic and exquisite design, and now that I can have them, this body of mine rejects them all, refuses them all. Fato laughs in my ear and says: 'You're done for. The most sensuous pleasure you shall have will be the flavor of that apple sauce you have eaten for lunch for fifteen years and will eat for lunch for the rest of your days.' Isn't this a grim joke, Miss Selcoss?"

"I do not know," said Brena unobtrusively.

He sensed her desire to go.

"Don't leave me," he said with a voice which almost broke into a low sob. "You are the only one who can understand!"

"All right," she said, astonished that she had become important to any one. "There are so many things you can buy with your money."

"Only one," he replied sharply. "And that—"

"Is you!"

She pushed her chair back from the desk with both her hands.

"You need not be alarmed," said his calm voice. "I have stated it purposefully at its worst. It is better for you to have this thought presented at first and perhaps we can overcome it later. I put it in the terms of the world will use. Dallas will say, 'He bought her.'"

But, after all, we will not be in Dallas. We will be in Pekin or in Bombay or in sight of the Pyramids or in the crags of the Norway coast. I am more than twenty years older than you are. But the interesting and important persons with whom we may dine will only say, 'He has a beautiful young wife with a free mind. Her father was a patriot of Greece!'"

Brena's face was white and frightened as if she had seen a ghost. It was enough to tell him that she knew that he spoke truly.

"I do not ask you to give anything to me except your help to make me new again," he said. "I do not ask your love. I have none to give. I cannot take you away or keep you near me without marriage. It would blast us both. But if you marry me you shall be made free whenever the day comes that you wish to go. I ask no promises."

Brena got up and stood looking out the window. To be free! To grow! To range! To know! To be emancipated from the sordid round of days!

"Do not answer now," said Parmalee. "I have said all I can. Write me."

A week later he got her letter; it was on his desk apart from the business envelopes. He tore it open and read her introductory sentences down to the phrase: "I think you are above all honorable."

Parmalee uttered an exclamation of triumph; he alone knew that she was wrong.

"I want to make my life of greater service than it can ever be here," she wrote. "I am impatient for a richer soil in which to grow. I am willing to help you, too, if I can, though it seems a little vague to me how I can do this. Therefore I assent to your plans as you stated it. Always yours, Brena Selcoss."

Not fifteen minutes had elapsed after the marriage before there came into the lives of the two a new element.

At the station they were strolling up and down and little by little his conversation fell away; he muttered a few last absent-minded words and it was gone altogether. He walked on; she kept pace with him. He walked on in silence.

Not until she heard a strange whistling noise as a sudden sucking in of breath of one who has fainted did she turn.

"You are as white as linen," she said trembling.

He wet his lips and looked at her almost snarling.

"What is this fate that follows you?" he asked.

"Fate?" "Something."

"Why? What do you feel?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"I feel fear," he said, his upper lip fluttering, "a horrible, unaccountable terror."

(To be continued.)

**Indian Coastal Shipping**  
Calcutta Englishman: The Indian attack on British shipping has throughout been viewed seriously because it is the spearhead of an attack which, if not smashed, will some day be applied to every form of British industry in India. The attitude of the sponsors of the Coastal Traffic Reservation Bill is typical of the whole-hog Protectionist with whom nationalist or political considerations—general triumph at the expense of economics. The Indian Nationalist of the extreme brand has in fact brought to a fine art the philosophy of "heads I win; tails you lose." His ideal is to let men with energy, enterprise, initiative have the honor of carrying through the pioneer stages of industry when all the risks have to be faced; when losses outweigh the profits and the profits are small. Once, however, the enterprise is assured and there are no more risks, but the certainty only of large profits, then is the time for the "sons of the soil" to come in; expropriate the foreign capitalist, or at least make the conditions so onerous that it is not worth while his carrying on.

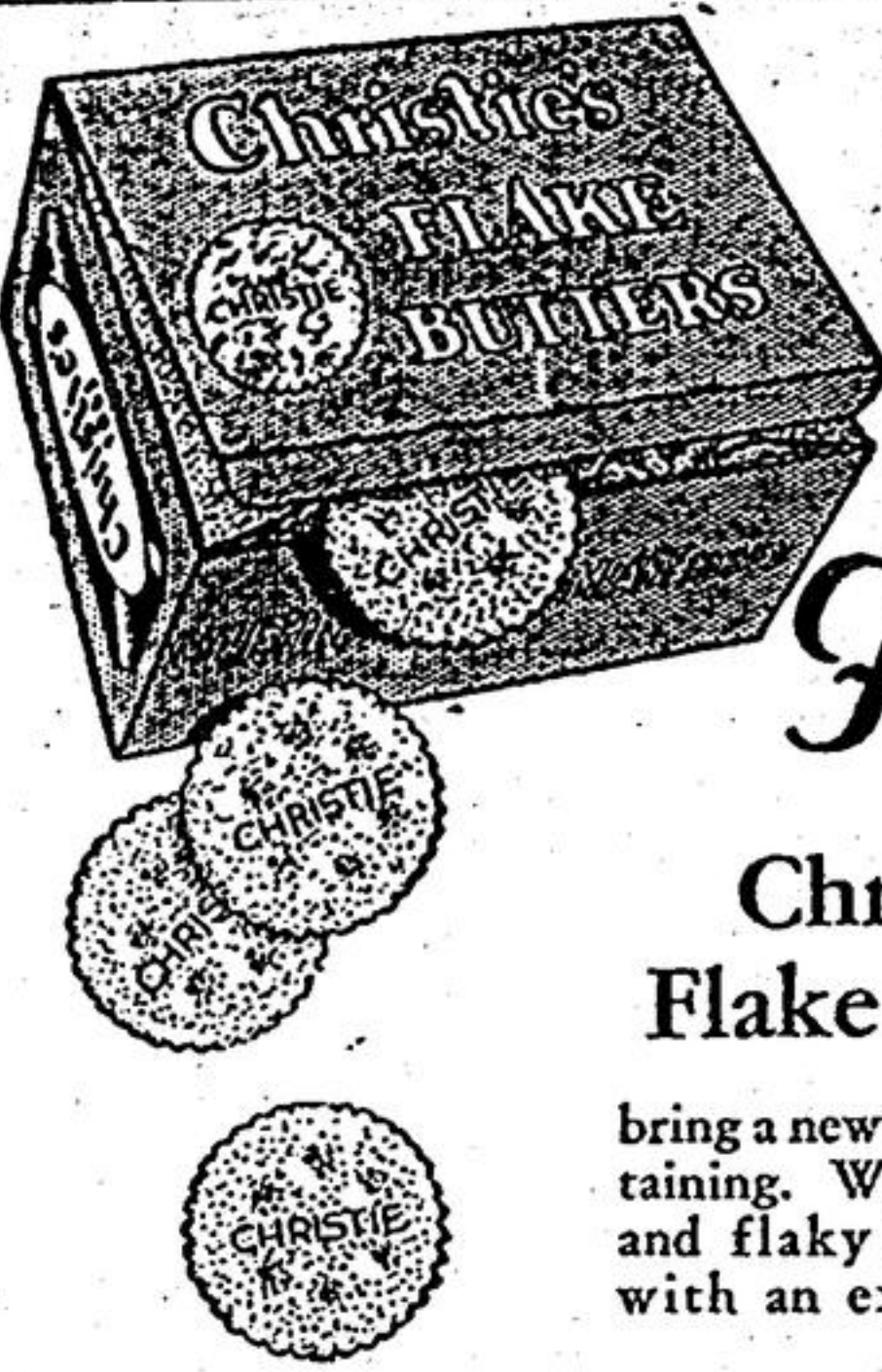
**A Come-Down**  
What splendid ideas youth instills. And how hard knocks dislodge 'em; I used to want to meet my bills, But now just want to dodge 'em.

**Not in Real Life**  
But 'twas in the sketch She loved him still; Though he was false At a vaudeville.

"There is nothing of which I am more deeply convinced than that university education is destroying civilization."—George Bernard Shaw.

It is a grander thing to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born. Orison Sweet Marden.

Minard's—50 Year Record of Success.



## Fresh Christie's Flake Butters

bring a new delight to entertaining. Wonderfully light and flaky little biscuits with an exquisite flavor.

### Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality Since 1853

**All-Empire Shops**

An all-Empire shop, the first of its kind in Britain, was recently opened in Glasgow.

This is one of the ventures of the Empire Marketing Board, which has done so much to encourage the sale of Empire products. The stock is being changed fortnightly, so that the produce of various Dominions and Colonies will be displayed in turn. Cooking demonstrations and the distribution of Empire recipes are part of the shop's programme.

Another feature is the giving away of free samples of various Empire products, further supplies of which can be obtained from local traders.

If the Glasgow shop is a success, other all-Empire shops may be opened elsewhere, one possibly in London, but at the moment of writing nothing definite has been arranged.

Minard's Will Kill Oorins.

Mary—"Going to bed, mother? Aren't you going to sit up and wait for dad?" Mother—"What's the use? I have such a cold I can hardly speak."

"Flaming youth should be encouraged and not lambasted."—Dr. Fritz Wittels.

**ANY SEASON**  
Is Vacation Time In Atlantic City

**ANY VACATION**  
Is An Assured Success If You Stay at the

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Because of standardization Richardson Cruisabouts are low in price and high in quality. Of Clear Cedar, White Oak and Mahogany. It is a vital brass fittings, a 6-cylinder 60 H.P. Gray Marine Motor gives a speed of nearly 13 miles per hour.

The new Cruisabout booklet tells all the facts on three low-priced, high quality Richardson 29' Cruisabouts.



## Richardson 1930 Cruisabouts

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Finest Sterilized Tissue. Served from compact fixture—a sanitary, dustproof Cabinet—in nickel or porcelain finish.



### EDDY'S Sterilized TISSUES CANADA'S FINEST

### Tuberculosis Lurks In Careless Kiss

Too Many Children Exposed to Risk, Says Doctor

PREVENTION NEEDED

The inveterate habit by which some people insist on kissing children is very injurious, and is one of the chief ways of communicating tuberculosis, Dr. J. H. Elliott, president of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, said Sunday night in addressing the meeting under the auspices of the Social Hygiene Council at Hygeia Hall, Toronto.

The habit prevalent in some countries of removing footwear on entering the house, held considerable wisdom, he said. The child during the first few years of his life was a floor animal and fifth carried in on the shoes from the streets was likely to contain germs of disease which might result in his illness. This was one of the most reasonable explanations of the development of colds, and yet mothers wondered how their children caught so many colds when they could not have got the infections from the children with whom they were playing.

Most children become infected with tuberculosis in childhood, Dr. Elliott said. Therefore, it was advisable for children to avoid the sick room or contact with the patient. The disease could not be inherited, Dr. Elliott stressed.

**Cattle Precautions**

Of the human and bovine tuberculosis, only the human could be communicated to adults, but the bovine bacillus claimed many victims among babies and adults. Consequently, the Dominion Government was insisting that farmers eradicate tuberculosis from their herds. Already, 130,000 infected cattle had been slaughtered, and there had been a marked lessening in the numbers of cattle with the disease.

Although there had been a distinct reduction in the mortality rate among those under 15 and those over 30 years of age, there was little change during the years between them. Many young people felt that after a day's work in the office, it was necessary to indulge in athletic activities, and many more who worked all day long spent their evenings in attending dances, both of which caused overstrain. Any physical or mental excessive strain was conducive to a weakened condition, a lack of resistance and consequent susceptibility to disease.

A cure for tuberculosis could not be effected by either medicine or a change in climate. A sensible, cheerful patient was far more apt to recover than an ill-natured, erratic one, Dr. Elliott stated, and a patient who spent some time at a sanatorium was more likely to have a chance of recovery. The great mistake in the treatment of the disease was that too few people understood the value of rest.

**Many Indigent Patients**

There was a crying need for accommodation in the province. At the present time there was need for 1,500 sanatorium or public beds. North and east of Toronto there was but one sanatorium, and that in Ottawa. Ontario's 12 sanatoriums, he stated, were not nearly enough. There had been as many as 78 patients in Toronto at one time during the winter awaiting admittance because of a lack of beds.

Disease would remain, he said, so long as patients had to be cared for in the home. It was impossible for many patients to pay \$10.50 weekly for care and of the patients in sanatoriums at present more than 63 per cent. were indigent.

The disease could not be wiped out entirely, but only by preventive measures, he said. It was mistaken economy to withhold funds from the health department, Dr. Elliott estimated that the cost of caring for the patients who died from tuberculosis in Toronto in 1923 was \$237,000. That sum spent in preventive measures would go very far, he thought.

**Wisdom in Small Doses**

The evil men do is soon forgotten by themselves. Experience is the only sure cure for inexperience.

Many a woman wants wrinkles on how to remove them. A man isn't necessarily well bred because he has the dough.

The average woman is given to small talk in large quantities. Installments make the months seem shorter and the years seem longer.

Mind your own business—unless you get paid for minding other people's. When a man begins to spout hot air it is time to give him the cold shoulder.

The younger generation quickly loses all interest, and gets rid of the capital as well.

It is said that time will tell—yet some people are always asking you what time it is.

The young man who embraces his sweetheart shows his love for her in a roundabout way.

"New York City is the graveyard of village reputations."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"A cultured mind not only appraises judiciously, but also delights in things true, just, lovely and honorable."—Henry Sloane Coffin.



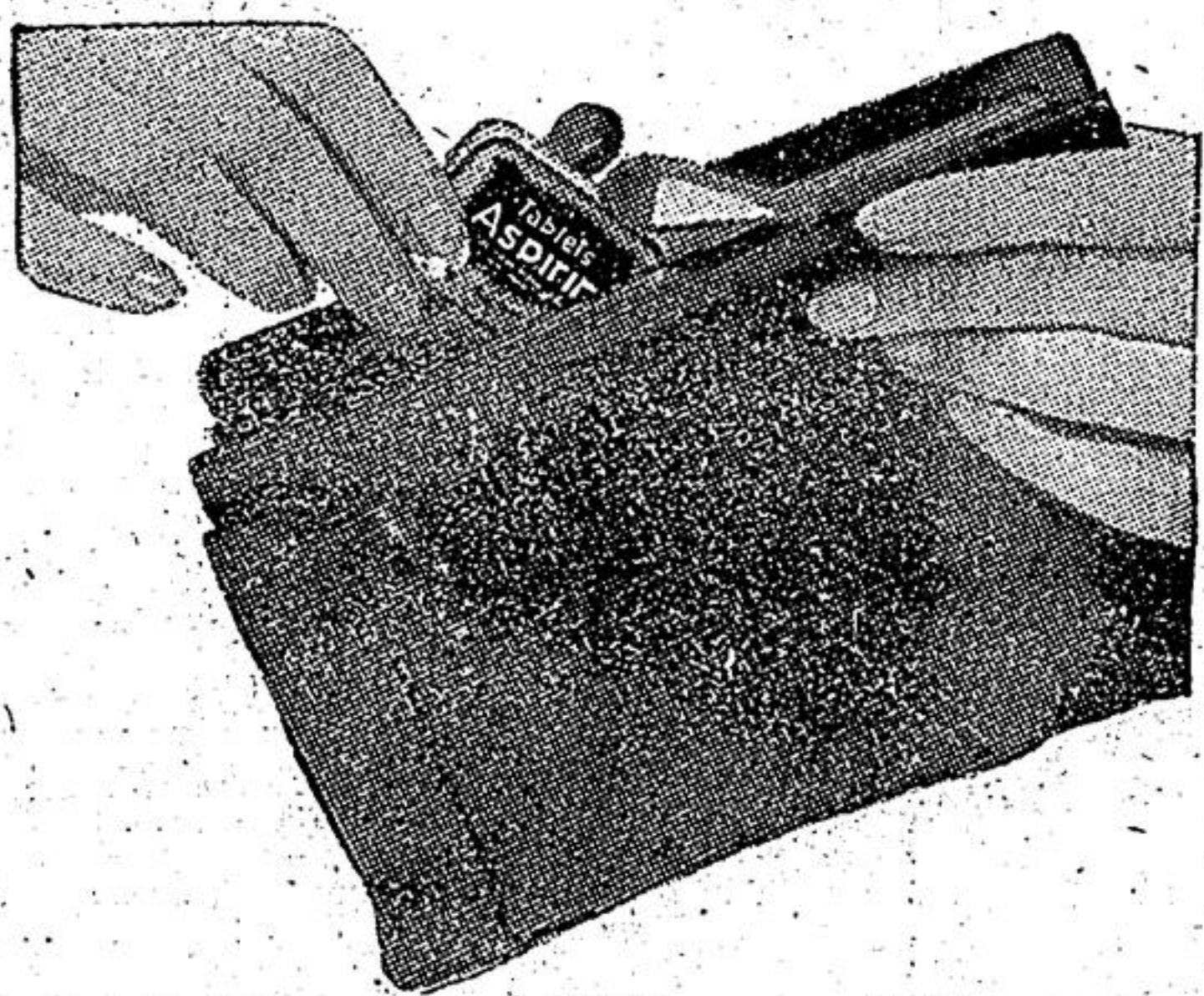
### WRIGLEY'S

When you need new energy, when you are hot and mouth is dry—pop up with Wrigley's—it moistens mouth and throat.

The increased flow of saliva feeds new strength to the blood, you can do more—you feel better.



Keep awake with Wrigley's



## Needless Pain!

People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over.

And Aspirin would bring them immediate relief!

The best time to take Aspirin is the very moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless?

Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.

You can always count on its quick comfort. But if pain is of frequent recurrence see a doctor as to its cause.

# ASPIRIN