

For Young Health Give

you should buy the best.

SALADA

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Woman's Interests

AREN'T YOU GLAD THAT—

Your husband isn't an angel? He'd be such a sorry sight in overalls. You need not submerge your mind with your hands in the dishwasher? God reserved the right of judging your neighbors and allowed you the privilege of enjoying them? The city is at last moving to the country by the radio route, and that you don't need to dress up to receive it? You have comfortable old clothes and comforting old friends? Your eyes are set in the front of your head instead of the back? There is so much more to be gained from the forward look. Life must be lived moment by moment. How very distressing it would be to have the whole day's duties descend on our helpless heads at once. Cows have the urge to stray into your neighbor's cornfield? Without their unintentional assistance you might remain forever in the dark concerning his real disposition. Christmas comes in winter instead of early spring when there wouldn't be a minute of time to prepare for or enjoy it? The Great Artist picked out the particular patch of sky nearest above your pasture bars upon which to paint the ever recurring masterpiece of the sunset?

RESPONSIBLE RUBBER BANDS.

A night's worth of rubber bands bought at a bookstore is a good investment for a housewife. When there is no suitable cover for a dish of cold vegetables or other leftovers a piece of waxed paper or a white cloth may be firmly held in place by means of a rubber band. Patch bundles of dress patterns can be put away quickly if rubber bands are used. A rubber band slipped lengthwise over the pages and back of the cook book will keep the desired place. In the work basket rubber bands confine the loose ends of darning cotton. When there are no lids to glasses and jellies must be covered with paper the use of rubber bands will save time and keep the cover securely in place. Unightly flower pots may be quickly transformed into harmonious containers by the use of green crepe paper held firmly in place by the ever helpful rubber bands.

CHEER-UPS.

In my Aunt Mollie's own closet is a shelf of what she calls tasters, and what I call cheer-ups. Aunt Mollie keeps all of the small glasses and wide-mouthed squatty bottles in which salad dressing, cream cheese, cherries, or other small quantities of food are packed. They are washed carefully and decorated prettily, and when preserving time comes they are filled with the choicest of jellies and jams against the time when a friend who is ill needs a cheer-up gift. Then wrapped in colored paper, the dainty glass, with just enough jelly to tempt the whimsical appetite of an invalid, is a welcome addition to the sick-room tray. Small bottles that hold but one small glass of liquid are filled with grade juice or blackberry cordial to make blessed the name of Aunt Mollie in many a shut-in life during the dreary convalescent days. — J. V. R.

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth. Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.



When Hearts Command

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From which the longest commandments depart."

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"And I must get back to the hotel," murmured Mrs. Carnay. "No, no, I've left poor Uncle John far too long. He'll be feeling most neglected. Ardeyne moved the table so that she could pass. 'I met Mr. Gaunt just now,' he said. 'He gave me a message for you.'"

Jean lifted her brightly inattentive glance. "Yes?" she inquired absently. "He wants you to bring your brother to see him."

"Oh, yes—how kind! Yes, I will. And she, too, hurried away. Alice looked anxiously after her. "I don't think mummy is very well. I do hope she hasn't caught Uncle John's flu. Did you notice, Philip? She doesn't seem at all herself."

"She looks a little feverish," Ardeyne admitted. "Perhaps the climate doesn't suit her, but—oh, I don't think I should say that for the last few days I've seen rather sorry Uncle John. He's made a perfect slave of mummy. He's a selfish, fussy old man. This was to have been a holiday for her."

Ardeyne inquired if she had seen much of her "Uncle John." "I haven't anything at all," she replied. "Mummy's so afraid I'll catch his cold."

"Do you—do you remember him very well?" Ardeyne was not consciously prying, but there was one thing he most certainly had to find out. "Alice laughed uncomfortably. 'I don't remember him at all. I never heard of him until mummy announced it was his name. I've wondered if it was wrong of me to say this?'

Ardeyne said just a little queer about him. Poor old mummy's just hating his being here, although she doesn't let on a word. That is, her way. But I know her so well. She's perfectly wretched and—and so on."

"My dear! And I thought—'Oh, I know. I am happy, Philip. Only—but we can't talk here. There are too many people about.' They were waiting a moment while I pay the bill, and—"

He went inside to settle for the tea, and then suggested that they take a rather roundabout course home, up behind the Convent School to the hillside overlooking Sasso and around to the back of the hotel by the Via dei Coll.

As they began to scramble up she gave him her hand. "How lovely it was in the silence of the hills at sunset, the colors soft yet vivid, the air so still that its breath was like a scented whisper."

At the top they halted and looked back. It seemed as though they were alone together in a painted dream world. Far out at sea drifted the grey trail of a steamer's smoke; some little birds piped apprehensively in the olive grove behind them; at their feet was spread a carpet of purple violets.

"Philip—you do love me, don't you?" Behind the question lay her instinctive jealousy of Carrie Egan, but nothing more. There was neither guile nor deceit in the eyes which met his with such yearning trust. And if there had been—

He held her to him so closely, kissed her so ardently—yet with remorse, too—that Alice was a little frightened. "Philip!" she gasped. "Don't please! Someone might see you're crushing my hat, dear."

"I love you—I love you—love you!" Ardeyne exclaimed, his lips brushing her soft cheek. "Nothing shall ever take you away from me—noting in this whole wide world."

"But nothing can—nothing will," she laughed happily. "Nothing," he repeated, as one making a vow to himself. "Has anyone tried to?" she asked, moved by his strange manner. In spite of herself she kept thinking of that too-familiar Mrs. Egan. "Of course not—my foolish little love!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Dawn, pink-fingered, felt stealthily along the rim of the eastern horizon, but it was dark and silent in old Bordighera as a woman skirted the edge of the town, her anxious face set towards the heights of Monte Nero. Just before the road descended to the turning to the cemetery, she halted for a moment and studied a wooden sign on the high pink wall sign said that this was the Villa Charmil, and that it was to be let furnished, and particulars were to be obtained at the Laiferia manager. It was just light enough for the woman—Jean Carnay—to read the lettering. She pressed through the grilled gate and, peering through, obtained a restricted view of a tiny garden and house. "Villa Charmil," she repeated to herself. "I wonder—"

that she was going for a walk. Well, that was true enough. It was a good stiff walk to the summit of Monte Nero before breakfast. "I had left a note for Alice and another for Hugo, but she hoped to be back before either of them awakened. Oh, for Tommaso and his romy saddle! Oh, for a pair of sensible shoes!"

But she was used to the martyrdom of high heels, and her mind was so filled with grinding anxiety that for once she scarcely noticed any physical discomfort. Her main idea was to get on as fast as possible, and reach Hector Gaunt's farm ahead of the sun.

Brighter and brighter grew the eastern sky, and poor Jean painted and plodded up and up through the endless terraces, not even pausing for a moment's rest at the little chapel. In the gloom of the dawn dark figures went silently over the long rows of weeds and carnations, gathering produce for the flower market. Now and again a laden mule or donkey came slipping and clattering down the path attended by a peasant boy or woman. Jean exchanged greetings with the beasts' guardians, who showed no surprise at seeing an English lady abroad so early and alone.

Now the sun came up, beating her by a good half hour. For the last lap she set a stout cut, a steep muddy path that sorely taxed her strength and soiled her skirt and shoes with red earth. Above her she could see the farmhouse silhouetted against the blazing gold of the sunrise, and Hector Gaunt, himself, working with a couple of men and his old woman on one of the lower terraces. She called out to him and was answered first by his dog. Then he dropped rushing down to meet her. "Jean, what do you send for me? I would have come. I was waiting for you to send for me."

Jean began to cry little wailing whimpers, like a distressed child at the sight of its mother, and Gaunt lifted her bodily in his arms. "There, my dear—my poor dear! Don't wriggle, please. Maria!" He called to the old woman and bade her make some fresh coffee. The workmen stared with unsmiling eyes at the sight of their master carrying a white-clad signora in his arms, and the old dog sniffed along behind wagging his stiff, rheumatic tail.

Jean's arms went around Gaunt's neck. She could not well help herself, but it was a comforting position, and she became more and more conscious of her aching feet and altogether unhappy frame of mind. It was good to be taken care of, if only for a little while; good to weep on somebody's shoulder.

"Never mind. Whatever it is, we'll fix it all right. There, my poor dear, try not to cry any more. We'll soon have you looked after."

"Oh, I do want to be looked after—dismally," she wailed, her lips puckered. She realized for the first time in years that she was dead sick of looking after other people. All her life long she had been doing it—first old Madame Douste, then Hugo, then Alice, now Hugo again. There seemed to be no end to the thing.

Hector Gaunt carried her into the big, warm kitchen and Maria brought a basin of water for her feet and a pair of Gaunt's woolen socks, miles too large. She sat in a rickety old chair with her feet in the basin, and told Gaunt all about her troubles, unconscious of her utterly dishevelled appearance. Her hair was straggling about her ears, there was a smudge of red clay across one cheek furrowed with tear stains, her skirts were all drabbled.

Hector Gaunt tended her with a maternal solicitude. He dried her feet himself and pulled on the clumsy stockings to dry before the fire. He took her hat and mopped her face with the same damp towel he had used for her feet, and finally he gave her a bowl of steaming coffee.

Meanwhile Maria was being admonished as to breakfast. "Oh, I couldn't eat a thing! I must start back almost at once. Please don't have anything cooked on my account," Jean implored him. "But Gaunt assured her that it was not wholly on her account. Working quite ready, he said, to indulge in something of breakfast. Only they must eat here in the kitchen. The dining-room was as cold as a tomb until the sun got into it."

He cooked the bacon and eggs himself, while Maria laid a corner of her well-scrubbed table with a checked cloth, blue and white, and brought a loaf, a pot of honey, and a little pink jug of cream.

Jean sank into a blissful state of expectancy. For all she had protested, the smell and sight of the food made her hungry. The kitchen, with its strings of onions and dried peppers hanging from the rafters, and the wide, open hearth, where a few olive-wood logs crackled, was a pleasant, homely place. Gaunt fried the eggs and bacon over a charcoal brazier. He was so talkative that he dodged strings of onions when he straightened up. Some hens came pecking and cackling into the doorway, as though curious about the visitor, and Maria shot them away with raucous reproach for such familiarity.

(To be continued.)

You Can't Beat Tanlac Says Alberta Citizen

"The Tanlac Treatment Made Me Look and Feel Like a Different Man," Says Peter. "Three bottles of Tanlac got me in a condition to enjoy life. I have a running appetite, sleep like a log and am rid of all my troubles, even the swelling in my leg. Incidentally, I have gained so much weight that I am too big for the clothes I wore before taking Tanlac, and am feeling fine. You can't beat Tanlac."

"The Tanlac treatment has made me look and feel like a different man," says the positive statement of H. G. Petro, well-known citizen of Okotoks, Alberta, Canada. "Before taking Tanlac I was sorely troubled with indigestion, gas bloating and a tightness in my chest that made me short of breath. My appetite was gone, my circulation poor, and headaches and dizzy spells would strike me most every day. I also had a bad swelling in my leg."

"Three bottles of Tanlac got me in a condition to enjoy life. I have a running appetite, sleep like a log and am rid of all my troubles, even the swelling in my leg. Incidentally, I have gained so much weight that I am too big for the clothes I wore before taking Tanlac, and am feeling fine. You can't beat Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. "Accept no substitutes." Over 10 million bottles sold.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills.

The Most Wonderful Bird's Nest. Which is the most wonderful bird's nest in the world? asks the English Band of Mercy. This is a difficult question to answer, for nests vary so very much in shape, size and material. Certainly one of the most wonderful is that of the South American ovenbird. This is built of mud, and is closed, save for a narrow tunnel, which leads into a grass-buff chamber within. Another strange nest is that of the Chinese Swift, which is made entirely from saliva hardened by exposure to the air.

There's nothing in the paper! It is a business shame. But what he meant was really that it didn't print his name.

Queen Expert in Furniture. Queen Mary delights in antique furniture and is said to be quite an expert when it comes to judging and valuing it.

High words and long language usually not far apart.

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Guard Bank of England

At 6 o'clock every evening an officer and a platoon of forty-five soldiers march from their barracks through the streets of London to stand guard duty over the Bank of England through the night. At 6 next morning they take their departure. The custom of guarding the Bank of England dates back to 1694, the year when the bank was built.

Calumny would soon starve if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.

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—a necessity to most families

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POTATO SEED

Do you fancy medium or well your potato seed induce one's fa Among potato s who prefer smal for it medium, a large seed, and st potatoes. It is seed large.

There are tw are commonly a small seed. It be cut to better seed, and if small whole there s rotting in the s expects maximum It is poor policy The quantity of Things being eq stand.

You may secur in one of two pieces close toge tending to prod stems or plants; farther apart, throwing more st other words one planted eight inc very few more than two-ounce sixteen inches ap cannot economize perfect stand s extremely early plant If the seed is pla from a field in wh say, 15 per cent, dwarf plants. Th the stand in an produce 50 per ce totes in the crop wh merical size. On how the planting o such a field will te apply the proport

These who favor 'atoes of this size like' we must plan size if we are to h meets this market "like baget like" w with size in potat great extent at lea asteric determine as richness of soil, number of stems in of tubers in the hill between hills. If a potato of na normal vigorous pla grown under envtious conducive resulting crop will