

# For Flavor

# "SALADA" TEA

Always fresh and pure.—Sold only in sealed aluminum packets.



Woman's Interests

### 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.

**WRIGLEY'S**  
after every meal

Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion. Relieves that over-crowded feeling and acid mouth.

No 1-2-3-4-5-6 flavor satisfies the craving for sweets.

Wrigley's is double value in the home and pleasure it provides.

Look to its Party Packages.

R23

The flavor lasts

# "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From which the crowd commingling departs."

### CHAPTER XXVIII

It was years since Christopher Smarke had visited Lucerne—"Lovely Lucerne," as the guide-books so truly describe it. He had gone on a Cook's tour when with 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 Smarke 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 shone out. Old Pilatus, however, wore a very strange to Christopher as though he 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 he had 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 blossoms which he scattered the hillsides, and cast no more than a weathered, curious 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, 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 he made 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 one of the covered bridges, following the painstaking history of the saint who 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 illustrious Marie Antoinette, a band of afternoon in the late 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. He shook himself free of that sort of thing, 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?" He smiled, fondly, sadly. "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 is it 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 hired

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 fir-hung cove 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 tucked 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 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 she carefully shepherded her off to 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 Smarke. The gentleman, he told Alice, was waiting downstairs. He would like to see madame.

Alice knew the name well. It was that solicitor cousin of theirs who attended to Mumsey's money affairs. How odd of Mr. Smarke 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 Smarke 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—



## Soaking takes the place of rubbing—

JUST by soaking the clothes in the suds of this new soap, dirt is gently loosened and dissolved.

Even the dirt that is ground in at neckbands and cuff-edges yields to a light rubbing with dry Rinso. Not a thread is weakened. The mild Rinso suds work thoroughly through and through the clothes without injury to a single fabric.

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux. For the family wash it is as wonderful as Lux is for fine things.

All grocers and department stores sell Rinso.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

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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 Smarke 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 the 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 doorstep, the door itself being barred against him.

Violently he plied the knocker, and presently the old lady's head appeared. "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 ith 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 'scofflaw' if he does that."

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

### A KITCHEN SONNET.

O, little room, wherein my days go by!  
Each like to each, yet each one set apart  
For special duties—nearest to my heart  
Art thou of all the house—in the I try  
New issues, when the old ones go awry,  
And with new victories allay the smart  
Of dismal failures, and afresh I start  
With courage new, to conquer or to die.  
O simple walls, no pictures break thy calm!  
O simple floor, uncarpeted below!  
The inward eye has visions for its balm,  
And duty done is solace for all woe  
And every modest tool that hangs in view  
Is fitted for the work it has to do.

### Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

### Where the Atmosphere Ends.

According to a French astronomer, the atmosphere extends about 340 miles beyond the earth's surface.

Up to about ten miles is found the air as we know it, composed mainly of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, and a few rare gases. Beyond the ten-mile point to a height of sixty miles, nitrogen is the predominant constituent. This region has no storms or wind.

Above this layer, extending to one hundred miles or more, is another layer, mostly of hydrogen. At this point scientists had always believed the atmosphere ended, but according to the French astronomer still another dense layer of unknown composition stretches more than 400 miles.

### Stretching Tests for Rubber.

Stretch and stretch of rubber for inner tubes of various makes are tested and measured accurately by experts in the United States bureau of standards to protect motorists. Attached to clamps in a machine device designed for the purpose, a length of the rubber is stretched while a dial registers the amount of the pull and a ruler shows the length of the stretch. An exhibition test performed not long ago by one company proved that a tube of tested rubber could lift 2,280 pounds dead weight. It was attached to an automobile and the machine was lifted several inches above the ground by the rubber "rope" hung from a derrick. Popular Mechanics.

## WATER PUMPS FOR FORDS

Keeps Them Cool in Summer and No Freezing in Winter.

REGULAR PRICE \$7.00  
WHILE THEY LAST  
**\$2.95**  
POSTAGE 25c.

All complete with belt. Can be installed in 15 minutes with an ordinary wrench.

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105 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, ONT.

# Effici

PREVENTING H... TO GR...  
Fermentation, or... grain usually occu... grain carries too mu... improper bin ventil... ing factor.  
Prevention is a m... the moisture conten... the time it goes int... adapting measures t... effect of that moistu... centage is high.  
The first steps mu... time the grain is h... be fully ripe and dr... west, in other word...  
Small grains are... if threshed before... ed prematurely and... every dew or rain... from fields, bundl... wet with recent r... before the rain can...  
Corn is not safe... covered with snow... shelling.  
When a large bul... grain is to be kep... size to have it teste... immediately after bin... man in town may b... does not know preci... sample.  
The best method... trier or probe. Bo... grain dealer if poss... hollow cylinder that... into the mass of g... samples from variou... grain on top quickl...  
A weed can't get... soil without reachi... pocketbook. On m... there are entirely... Let's get busy and...  
Put the sample... container as soon a... fruit jar, with screw... ring, will serve nice... metal can is better... be shipped.  
Ask the grain ma... of the nearest offic... box the sample, and... and send it off by... express.  
When the insect... received it will sho... of moisture contain... Nobody can say that... any of the pestera... with is safe to store... of doubt. Conditi... stances. A good rul... grain-elevator, me... dom think of storin... lower grades than... grain has too much... 3 it should be look... picion.  
Much can be do... grain if the bin is... the heat generated... escape.  
A good ventilat... follows:  
Take two board... reach across the bi... by side, on edge, a... Cut some cleats six... mortise them at th... nail a strip of scre... length of the d...  
Turn the boards o... strip of screen wit... formerly the screen... cleats to hold the b...  
Make enough of th... place one every thr... then make similar... will reach from th... to a point above the...  
Stand the upright... those which ran hori... the latter can hori... side air through hol... wall and protecte...  
The upright ventila... the horizontal shou... apart.  
The moment heat... ate in a bin prepar... it will set up a c... through the ventila... it gets the faster... and every cubic foot... moisture with it.  
The United States... Agriculture devised... system, and in a bolt... containing 16 per ce... it went into the ve... out at the end of... with only 11.3 per...  
In other words, t... Sample Grade when... storage, No. 3 when... no damage resulte...  
Of course the ven... placed in the bin b...  
There is one simpl... ing whether grain i... factorily. Merely ex... layer is not enough... and sweet while the... buring up.  
Drill a number of... bin wall at various... iron rods of any si... of the granary, and... should be sufficient... at several points an... out the bin.  
The rods should b... at all times. Occas... be pulled out and... with the hand.  
If the grain has... be worn 72 hours... warmer from day to