Hands- nice and smooth

A spoonful of Lux tossed into the dishpan softens the water and makes dishwashing easy. Lux is kind to the hands—keeps them nice and smooth.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

L501

When Germs Were "Vapors"

The present-day theory of diseases being caused by microscopic germs is, after all, merely an elaboration of theories along similar lines made by German scientists as early as 1700 and mentioned here and there ever since and up to the experiments of Koch, who was, of modern scientists, the first to actually substantiate the theory of the presence of germs without regard to whether they were causes or effects of disease.

In early times, and particularly through the ages when Europe was steeped in ignorance, all calamituous events which were not understood were attributed to spirits and demons. When the people were once more allowed to use reason without danger of torture and death it was decided that great calamities were accounted for by the changes of the air which "brought upon the people poisonous vapors which descended from the atmosphere."

Still later a scientist caused great excitement with his statement that diseases were "caused by clouds of invisible insects in the air, which were received into the body by respiration through the lungs or the skin, or by food, thus corrupting the blood."

One hundred and fifty years ago English physicians attributed plagues to sulphureous matter in the blood, or rather to an excess of sulphur in the veins and arteries.

Safer Inside.

Kid Mouse—"May I go in the street and play?"

Papa Mouse—"No. When I came in it was raining 'cats and dogs'!"

Artists' Alarming Adventure.

Once when Miss Beatrice Harrison and her sister, May, the well-known 'cellist and violinist, were travelling from Finland to Russia, they came to a border town where they happened on one of the periodical revolutions that come round with almost the regularity of market dady in that part of the world. The two fiddle cases excited the suspicions of the authorities, and a wild search for concealed bombs at once began, the contents being examined with the utmost care. After a couple of hours of real anxiety for their own safety and that of their beloved instruments, the sisters, much to their relief, were allowed to proceed.

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

Parents:- encourage the children to care for their teeth!

Give them Wrigley's. It removes food particles from the teeth. Strengthens the gums. Combats acid mouth.

Refreshing and beneficial!

882

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

GREEN EYES

BY ASHLEY MILNER.

Jealousy is a canker which eats into the very soul, turning love to hate and distorting the vision until the best becomes the worst and the worst becomes the best. Its malignant power is like a creeping sickness which leaves the brain numb to all thoughts save only its own dark ponderings.

PART II.

Lambert knocked at the door of the house, knowing that the secret of the lost two years was in some way hidden behind it.

He had never promised Marian that he would not try to discover her past. The only promise actually given was that he should ask Marian no question concerning it. On this day, with their separation imminent, he was surely right in seeking out the truth for himself.

The door was opened by a tall, weak-faced woman whose countenance and voice and manner were a meek complaint against a world that was too rapid for her. Lambert, fiercely anxious to succeed, decided that she was a person who could easily be bullied. "I've come to see you about Mrs. Lambert," he began brusquely, stepping into the narrow hall.

"Mrs. Lambert's just gone," said the woman. "My name's Hopper, but I can't tell you anything about her. You'd best try to catch her."

"You know nothing about her?" snapped Lambert. "Yet she lived here for two or three years with you?"

It was an easy shot. Mrs. Hopper retreated in a panic which hid more than the alarm of Lambert's entrance. "You're not the police, sir?" she quavered.

"That's my business," he said.

She looked dimly round her; then she pushed open the door of the front sitting room and asked him to step inside.

"I knew this would be sure to come some day," whimpered Mrs. Hopper. "But I never knew anything about her, sir. I'll take my oath I didn't. Not until the very day she died."

"Died? Who?"

They stared at each other in an amaze that was mutual. Mrs. Hopper tightened her lips and dared no more words. Lambert, utterly bewildered, looked past her and found himself staring at a water-color hanging over the piano.

The sight of the picture drove everything else from his mind for the instant. Then he turned abruptly to the landlady.

"How did you come by that picture?" he asked.

"Mrs. Lambert gave it to me, after she died."

"After who died?"

A pause. "The young lady who painted the picture, sir," blurted Mrs. Hopper. "She painted it her own self, and Mrs. Lambert gave it to me for all my kindness to them."

Lambert stared at the picture again. It was one he remembered well. His sister Angelica had painted it, and it had hung in their home at the time he left England. A sudden crazy relief shivered through him; his eyes were ablaze as he flashed the question:

"Then Mrs. Lambert lived here with my sister Angelica those two years?"

There were a thousand doubts remaining for him, even after that question was answered. He had never been told that Angelica ever lived away from her mother. All that their letter to him had ever told him was that Angelica had died in the November of 1919, and that his mother had afterward broken up the home and gone to live with her husband's people in South America.

What had Angelica been doing here with Marian? And why should Marian have spoiled her own life and Lambert's rather than confess to having lived here with his sister?

"The poor young lady didn't call herself Angelica, but I found out that was her name after," said Mrs. Hopper. "But they were here with me just over two years. Miss Angelica didn't die until July of 1920, and——"

"That's a lie!" barked Lambert, his nerves on edge. "I know that my sister died in 1919. They wrote and told me so. I had their letter waiting for me at Durban in the March of 1920."

"I don't care," retorted Mrs. Hopper, stung into anger and defence. "I know Miss Angelica didn't die until July, whatever they told you."

Lambert found himself nonplused. A kind of weakness, or fear, stripped the man of his wits. The landlady's fear of the police, and the mystery of Angelica's death here, with Marian, made him give up hope of untangling the affair by blustering make-believe.

He dropped limply to a chair and looked up at the landlady. "Just tell me the whole thing, from beginning to end," he implored. "I'm Angelica's brother and Mrs. Lambert is my wife."

Having confessed so much, he plunged suddenly into a confession of the rest. Mrs. Hopper listened and wondered.

"Then you never knew, poor soul, about what happened to Angelica? How she killed a man that loved her and deserted her * * *"

She stopped, afraid of the new horror in his eyes. But he made a gesture, begging her to go on.

"It was one of those cases like you read about in the newspaper," added the landlady, timidly. "A man made love to Angelica and she was desperately fond of him. But he jilted her. Then, when the poor girl must have been crazy, she met them together. She followed the man and killed him. And no one found her, for she ran away and hid herself. Her mother went to South America at last, but that wasn't until after Angelica came here.

"Miss Marian had just come to lodge with me then, and Angelica came one night and slipped into the house like a wild thing. She knew Marian and she felt certain Marian would help her. She had no money, she was hungry, she was tired out of living in such terror of the police. So she came to Marian and Marian sheltered her here, without me knowing anything about who Angelica really was. I'd forgotten the murder case by then, like most other people had. I never thought of Angelica being a girl hiding from the police, although it seemed queer to me that she stayed indoors always, pretending to be too ill to go out. But she was in a decline, poor girl, and she was soon too bad to go out even if she'd dared to.

"No one wouldn't have thought of poor Miss Angelica being a criminal," said the woman, with a break of tears in her voice. "She was the sweetest little thing about the house, so quiet, so afraid. But passionate like I judge you to be, sir, after what you've told me. Miss Marian nursed her all through her illness. But on the night she died, me being intimate with them, she called me into the room. And it was that night when I knew first of all what Angelica really was.

"You see, at a time like that, the poor girl wasn't trying to hide the truth from me any more. What need had she to hide anything, when she was dying, poor soul? And I stood there in the dark by the foot of the bed and watched and listened. And I heard the promise that she asked for; the promise that Marian gave."

"What promise?" asked Lambert. Yet he knew it.

"The girl was dying," repeated Mrs. Hopper. "But near the end, she threw her arms round Marian and held her. 'Ivor doesn't know how I killed a man and had to run away,' she said. 'Ivor was always my big brother pal. He thinks I'm an angel, like my name. And he doesn't know anything about my disgrace! He must be almost the only man on earth who didn't read about it. But he's in the Crozet Islands and the South Seas ever since it happened. Couldn't he go on believing in me, Marian? Need he know? If only I could be left in just one dear friend's thoughts—my brother's—as the same girl I used to be before I had this blood on my hands! * * * To think of Ivor believing I died as innocent and free as the sister he left behind him! * * * Oh, you can't tell what it seems like after all the horror, even to hope that! * * Need Ivor know? Can't you let him go on thinking of me as if nothing had ever happened me?'"

She stopped. Lambert's head and shoulders had bowed and his hands were pressed hard to his face.

"Marian promised," added the woman softly, pityingly. "Angelica died like a happy child might die, thinking how Ivor would never need to feel the disgrace of her. And afterward, Marian spent weeks and months finding all the people that you knew and asking them never to speak of Angelica to you. She knew all your friends, seeing you were almost sweethearts before you went away. Of course, she knew some one might tell you; although no one who didn't know you very well would have linked your name with Angelica's, seeing your name wasn't ever mentioned in the newspapers. Marian did her best. And when you came back from the Crozet Islands, it was all forgotten and the newspapers had forgotten it like all the rest of the world. * * * And you married Marian after all! I was dumbfounded when she told me that."

Lambert looked up, his dry eyes burning hot and his lips twitching.

"Why should you be surprised? Wouldn't any man love Marian?"

"Yes. But as soon as she gave the promise to Angelica, she knew she mustn't try to keep your love. You see, she couldn't ever explain to you how she had spent her life all the two years when she was hiding Angelica. If you'd known she lived here with Angelica, you'd have wanted to know why. And you'd have found out what Marian promised never to let you find out."

"One thing I don't understand, even yet," he said. "Why did my mother write to me and say that Angelica had died, when she was still alive and hiding from the police?"

"It was your mother's idea, that," said Mrs. Hopper. "She knew you wouldn't hear anything through the newspapers nor by letters, being out of touch with the rest of the world like you were. So your mother thought it might soften the blow if you heard first of all that Angelica had died. For she was sure to die, poor soul, if the police ever found her. And if she never was found, well, she'd need to keep away from you and her mother forever. * * * Yes, it was easy to write that, although I'd forgotten about it when I told you what year and month Angelica died. Marian went to see your mother just before your mother went to South America away from the disgrace, and that's how that picture was brought here and given me, through me being kind to the two girls * * *"

Lambert took out his wallet. It was heavy with paper money, but he emptied it uncounted upon the table. "Don't ever tell Marian that I know," he said huskily. "Good-bye."

A telegram to his lawyer; then he drove home. The maid spoke to him as he entered.

"Mrs. Lambert came in with a headache. I think she's asleep, sir," said the maid.

Lambert opened an inner door, softly. Marian was lying back in a chair, her eyes closed, her face haggard and white. He stood for a long time looking down at her until he felt the sting of tears beneath his eyelids.

Instinctively, he dropped to one knee before her, like an idolater worshipping. She opened her eyes with a start, a half-credulous happiness suddenly flashing upon her face.

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A SIMPLE DESIGN FOR GIRLS.

Girls' dresses adhere to simple lines and often are quite restrained in their ornamentation. The belts are the main trimming feature of the dress pictured here, which is cut in one piece, with a little extra fullness over the hips at the low waist-line. The sleeves may be made short or long and gathered into a band at the wrist. The dress has an opening at the centre front, and the neck is finished with a narrow collar. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 years requires 2½ yards of 32-inch, or 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Price 20c.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her tastes fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Every copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Real Cheese.

Customer—That's the head-cheese over there, isn't it?"

Butcher's Assistant—"No, ma'am; that's the real cheese, the boss."

How to Care for Your Music.

Is anything more exasperating than to find a page of music missing just at the time it is immediately needed? How untidy frayed leaves do become. In a recent issue of "Musical Standard" London, the following very sensible and thrifty hints were given for the care of music:

1. If you are anxious to keep a new song or instrumental piece nice and fresh, cut down the wide margins somewhat and paste a strip of brown paper up the back.

2. As soon as a tear is made, paste it up with some of the specially-made gummed paper sold in little reels.

3. A pretty portfolio can easily be made from some cardboard and a piece of pretty cretonne. There is no reason why music holders should be ugly.

4. If a title-page is missing, a cover can be made of a piece of brown paper to keep it neat, with a label giving contents.

5. When a new vocal score is purchased, a piece of linen should be firmly glued up the spine; this will save it from speedy dilapidation.

6. Small items, like anthems, do best stitched with thread into a little brown paper cover.

7. Corners to be "turned over" may be strengthened with a little triangle of paper pasted over them.

8. Quartet and other parts should always be tied together with tape when not in use. What is more annoying than to find one missing? It is best to number these prominently.

Faith.

I do believe somehow, somewhere,
Beyond the edge of Here—
Beyond the brink of life, and death,
And time, and hope, and fear—

On some vasty peak of silence—
In some white depth of space,
Across the blaze of setting suns
We shall meet, face to face.

And then all the youngest angels
Will fold their wings, and pray;
And then God—Himself a Lover—
Will smile and look away.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

If it were possible to measure the amount of heat stored up in the oceans it would also be possible to forecast the weather three years ahead.

You Cannot Surpass

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

Its luscious freshness & rich strength make it finer than any Gunpowder, Japan or Young Hyson. Sold everywhere. Ask for SALADA to-day.

Manhood.

This is the thing called manhood, as
I see it,
Giving when gifts not easy are to
make;
Meeting the test when weaklings turn
and flee it,
Standing for truth when craven
spirits break.

He is not manly who defrands another,
He is not manly who betrays his
friend,
Not all the world's ill-gotten wealth can
smother
The stain of one who cheated for an
end.

Honor must shine triumphant o'er his
winning,
Women must meet and find him
clean and true;
In manhood's shrine there is no place
for sinning,
No secret hour for deeds which
cowards do.

A good man holds the game above its
prizes,
His life above the pleasures he may
seize;
He will not stoop to traits which he
despises
And sell his self-respect for victories.

Honor and truth he blends with gentle
kindness,
Censure of others seldom will he
speak.
Selfishness has not cursed him with its
kindness,
Strong though he is he never harms
the weak.

Manhood is not in conquest or in glory,
Though both may come, a good man
moves along
And lets his friends and neighbors tell
his story
As one, they found, too big to do a
wrong.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Catching Confidence.

A man may have brains, ability, initiation, and so on, yet not make a success of his life. Others forge ahead; he seems to be unable to make headway. And he doesn't know why.

As likely as not, he has "one thing lacking"—the quality of being able to win confidence.

How can we "win confidence?"

Well, first of all, it may be necessary to drop some mannerism that tells against you. One young man always dropped his eyes when he was discussing business. That is just what a "hady customer" does, unless he has trained himself not to do it.

This young man was perfectly straightforward and perfectly honest, but he had always, from boyhood, been shy and self-conscious. Hence his mannerism. Now, after a fight, he has conquered his shyness and is winning confidence.

Another man who it unable to win confidence ought to wear glasses, but won't. So, to get a focus, he closes his eyes until they seem but slits, and the impression he gives to others is that he is a very wily customer, with whom they had better have nothing to do. If he wore glasses and looked at his fellows with wide-open, frank eyes he'd find business much improved.

These are instances of things which shouldn't be done. On the other hand, there are things which should be done if you are to win confidence. A pleasant manner must be cultivated—neither fawning nor ingratiating, but just pleasant.

Allied to that there should be frankness or wordiness. The first often repels and, the second is never an asset.

Linalig, earn and keep a reputation for reliability—in small things as well as big.

Then you'll be able to gain that tremendous asset of "confidence" and go ahead.

SIMONDS SAWS

Cord Wood Saw Users

Write Simonds Canada Saw Co., Limited, 1550 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Ontario, for prices on Simonds Special Circular Cord Wood Saw

Discovered.

Susie was entertaining her sweetie. They sat on a big settee listening to a new wireless set which the young man had presented to her as a birthday gift.

It may be mentioned that this was the first time Susie had heard a set with a loud speaker.

Although wireless is very interesting, there are other things which sometimes occur to young men, and this young man was like most others. Every now and then he would embrace his sweetheart and imprint upon her lips a tribute to her prettiness and a symbol of his affection.

After one particularly long embrace there came in clear tones the voice of the announcer:

" 'Take those lips away!' "

"Oh, George!" gasped the astonished girl. "Oh, George, they can see us!"

Just Like Mummy.

Irene had just come in and was being shown off by her mother.

"We are very proud of our little girl," said her mother to the visitor. "We are going to send her to school in the summer, where she will learn, ah, such a lot, and be a bright and intelligent child."

"But I don't want to be bright and intelligent," said Irene. "I want to be just like mummy!"

Too Much for Him.

Grandpa had come to visit his little grandson. Wishing to find out how the boy was getting on at school, he asked:

"If you had ten apples and I gave you two more, how many would you have altogether?"

"I don't know, grandpa," replied the young hopeful; "we always do our sums in beans."

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

Gifts to Aged Japanese.

On his silver wedding anniversary, May 10, the Emperor of Japan presented lackuered drinking bowls to nearly 20,000 persons who were over 90 years of age.

Salmagundi Sandwiches

For the bridge party—for afternoon tea—whenever you want something entirely different from the sandwiches that are usually served—

Salmagundi Sandwiches—made with Keen's Mustard are simply delicious.

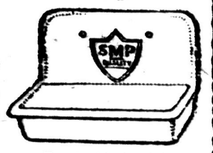
This recipe is one of many in our new Recipe Book. Write for a copy. It's FREE.

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited
Dept. IF, 102 Amherst S
Montreal 377

Keen's Mustard aids digestion

New SMP Enameled Sink

Price Complete $12.00



Best value ever offered. Made of Armco Iron, coated with purest SMP White Enamel. Centre drain; with or without tap holes. Price includes all fittings.

Also the SMP Enameled Drain Board

Price $6.00

White enameled Armco Iron, strong, rigid, very handy; also unique value. Fit snugly to sink. A real plumbing sensation. Price includes all fittings. Sold by plumbers, hardware stores, or write direct to

SHEET METAL PRODUCTS Co. LTD.
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
SPECIFICATION VANCOUVER CALGARY