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Hostess: "No, my dear, I've been using Sunlight Soap"

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578a

Lu Lai La!

Miss Smithers, a teacher in North China, was keenly alert to acquire new and useful Chinese phrases. She noticed during several outings that the man who drove her donkey cart always cleared the way before them by shouting: "Lu lai la! Lu lai la!" Promptly she committed the words to memory to be used on occasion. What occurred when the occasion arose has recently been told in *Journeys Beautiful*. Miss Smithers was conveying a lot of schoolgirls across the city, and she was not finding it easy work. The congestion was great, and the little procession of girls, walking two and two, was often brought to a complete halt. Now was the time! Lifting her hand for attention, she shouted loudly:

"Lu lai la! Lu lai la!" Nobody gave way. Instead there was a roar of laughter, and the crowd pressed in closer. Angry but undismayed, she tried again:

"Lu lai la! Lu lai la!" The mob yelled loudly, and the nearest girl clutched at her arm, crying: "O Miss Teacher, Miss Honorable Teacher, what is it you say?"

"I am saying, 'Clear the path—make way there,'" said the honorable teacher with a dignity which was suddenly dissipated when the girl, blushing and ready to weep, explained pitiously: "Oh, no, Honorable Miss Teacher; your meaning may be that—yes, such may be your meaning, but the words that our Honorable Teacher continually shouts are: 'The donkeys are coming! Please, Honorable Miss Teacher, think of us, your humble but full-of-feeling scholars!'"

His System.

She (at concert). Why do you applaud everything, whether it is good or bad?"

He—"Oh, that's an easy one. I applaud a good thing because it's good and a bad thing because it's over."

No larger is the dome of the new building of the Port of London Authority that a small railway has been built round the outside of it to simplify the cleaning of its windows.



After Every Meal

It doesn't take much to keep you in trim. Nature only asks a little help.

Wrigley's, after every meal, benefits teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

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IDEAL Fashions

by J. P. B. Hamilton



1243

NEW JUMPER SPORTS PROCK STRIPED IN THE PATOU WAY.

This is the type of sports frock every one is wearing abroad, subtle in its simplicity, and utilizing stripes both vertically and horizontally to achieve effectiveness. The blouse opens at the neck, revealing a little tab collar that can be smartly fastened about the throat. Gathers over the bust lend easy fulness, and two plain trimming-bands run upward from the lower edge, and are the starting point for the narrow belt which ties in loops at the centre back. Fulness in skirts is a necessity these days, and here we see it expressed by inverted plaits in the front. The skirt is joined to a camisole top. No. 1243 is for misses and small women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years' (or 34, 36 and 38 inches bust only). Size 18 years' (36 bust) requires 4 yards 36-inch striped, and 1/2 yard plain material; camisole top requires 1 1/4 yards 36-inch lining. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dress-maker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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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 Owl.

When cats run home and night is come, And dew is cold upon the ground, And the far-off stream is dumb, And the whistling sail goes round, And the whistling sail goes round, Alone and warming his five wits, The white owl in the batty sits.

—Dorothy.

ESCAPE

BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD.

PART II.

The man paid his quarter and went out. She watched him with sullen eyes as he drove his long, low car down the dusty street, threading the traffic. Harry came beside her, wet with toil.

"Patience, Myra!" he encouraged, smiling at her a little. "What's this they say about Rome taking a while to build?"

A deliveryman came in with a suit to be pressed. It smelled of the stable. She hurried into the workshop. The mirror told her the man's glance had paid not undeserving tribute to her. She still had youth. Youth! Rome was not built in a day—eh?

Well, and youth did not last forever! Mrs. Smith had waited for her Rome, and the foundations were not in yet, and age had marked her face, and resignation had darkened her eyes. Harry came in with the suit.

"Sponge and press," he said. "Rush! Job. Could you start her off? I've got this of Blenckel's to finish sure by five. I told him I'd run over with it."

She took up the coarse gray suit, wrinkled and shabby. She began her work mechanically. It revolted her. Harry finished his own race against the clock and hurried away. It was in his absence that the door opened with its warning bell. It was Mr. Scholes. His eyes were eager.

"Everything's all right," he said. "Look, kiddo!" He held up two yellow slips printed in red. "Our berth for to-night," he told her. "Everything's fitting right in. Remember—Central Station at 8.30. He's going off with Smith again to-night, so it'll be easy."

She shook her head. Her lips managed: "I can't. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

"You mustn't be—now! It's the heat and your nerves! And the smell! This confounded hole would turn any one sick." He picked up the offensive suit over which she had been laboring.

"It's a darn shame," he cried, with a grimace, "making you sweat over this kind of work. You poor little kid!" He did not attempt to caress her, just gripped her hand for a moment. "Courage!" he whispered. "Life owes you a whole lot, and we're going to make her pay—see?"

He peered down to look into her face.

"O.K.," he asked softly. She could only nod her decision. What mattered the price, if she could escape? Satisfied, young Scholes slipped out.

Harry was back. Harry was saying in her ear: "Chalk up that suit against Blenckel, will you, Myra? Gee, but he's a tightwad. Say—what's the matter?"

"Nothing!"

"You've been crying! Say, I wish I could take you somewhere to-night—early closing and all—only I got to go with old man Smith again. It's a shame, too. Anyway, the shop'll be closed, so you can forget work, and visit Mrs. Smith, or read or anything. I'll try not to be late. And we'll go to bed early; you'll get a good rest to-night. That's what you need."

"Yes," said Myra. "I'll get a good rest to-night."

"Sure, that's right! Why, you look better already!" She gave attention to a pile left over from last night's work.

"What have you there?" he asked. "Just the laundry."

She leaned close over the clean linen. Dizziness was upon her again, a suffocating sense of fear, and pity, trying to suffocate, to strangle desire and hope and youth. She let her cheek brush the pile; she inhaled the fresh scent of cleanliness.

"Could you—" Harry's hesitant voice came to her—"I forgot about this darn dress suit for that chap's masquerade. He'll be in any time. Could you finish up that suit for the delivery fellow, d'ye think?"

"Sure!" She left the pile of linen. Two little spots of color glowed in her pale cheeks. This would be the last suit—ever.

Harry had gone again—for the last time now. If only he had known how little a thing would have turned the tide. But his haste to get away had prevented anything. Her frantic desire at the last moment to grasp his sleeve—the rough serge she had gone with him to buy, and liked because of the little stripe in it—was stilled when he hurried off after a brief kiss for her—the last kiss—She thought of Judas.

His footfall again! But he only called from the outer shop: "I came back for my umbrella. Guess it'll rain after all. Don't forget to lock the shop door."

Her feet seemed impotent to move; her voice to call. The door closed behind him.

The sky had almost a lurid look. It hung now like an angry pall above the city. It frightened her, as if a flaming angel threatened to come between her and her escape into paradise.

She hurried in. There was her hat to pack. A sobbing laugh rose in her throat at the thought of how strange a tomorrow she took with her—thous-

and—relics, some of the things, of her real trousseau. Mr. Scholes had told her to bring nothing but necessities. They could buy more. It was better to leave no means of tracing ready—

Her treasures filled a bag easily enough, things she could not leave. Her nervousness made packing doubly difficult. Thunder always frightened her, and the growing dark was sulphurous, and in the distance there was already a low rumbling, not of the traffic.

Her best dress—what a fool she was not to have thought to press it! It was a perfect fright! She left it until last. Perhaps she would have time. When everything was packed and ready she had seven minutes before the hour when he had said to be sure to leave.

She ironed hastily, a crushing sense of terror upon her. Terror lest she be late. Terror at the thing she was doing. Terror at the gathering storm. He had said to leave a light or two on. It would save the neighbors suspecting. It was quite dark now. The street was quiet with the early closing.

Figures gathered before the confectionery and soft-drink stores that remained open perpetually. Shirt-sleeved men and blowy women sat on low doorsteps, chatting in subdued tones, as if the approaching storm had quieted them, and only becoming querulous in reproof of the children playing about.

She was a little late. He had said 8.30 at the station, and to wait by the door of the women's room. As she went down the street, hurrying with her bag to the tram line, and avoiding notice, a little gust of wind made her seize her hat. It was a joyous little gust, a stormy petrel, cool with promise. It gave her courage. It seemed an earnest of the things to which she was going, away from this drabness and heat. She began to speculate almost calmly on the chance of beating the rain to the station.

Habit flung itself upon her, halting her. Had she closed the back window? She had put it down a little and drawn the blind, she knew, as she ironed. She gave a quick little cry.

The iron! She had left it on, and the light was going—There would be a fire, and gasoline around—Harry! Harry would lose—Oh, she could not leave it that way! There was still time if she ran.

People stared at her now, as she hurried along, but she did not mind. The iron got hot so quickly always. What if she couldn't get in? But fortunately she had left the key in her slim purse.

She entered, as usual, through the store, and the fact that the outer shop was closed up tightly accentuated the familiar odors, a touch of the stable still clinging. Only now they were like the ghosts of odors, dead with the day, haunting her as she hurried through; within, an acrid smell confirmed her fears, but the metal stand had saved the worst. The wood below was only beginning to scorch.

Her legs failing her, she sank down weakly upon a chair. The action of the last few minutes had held her up. The emotional aftermath came now. She wanted to cry. She wanted also to run, away from all this. The train did not leave until 9.15, she knew. He would wait for her, as she was to wait for him. She must have just a moment though—just a moment to catch her breath.

Her heart was beating suffocatingly again; and the room was closer than ever. The window was down almost to the sill, and the blind drawn. She must not forget to close the windows when she went. If it came on to storm—

What had happened to the storm? How still it was! She must get away at once, or her nerves would fail her after all.

What was the matter with the blind? It was rattling—but there was no storm yet, no wind. She recoiled in quick terror. A man's hand was thrust through the aperture feeling for the shade. The fingers groped for it vainly. The hand gripped the window then and started to push it up. Some one was breaking in! Harry was a ways afraid to leave the place alone.

Fascinated for seconds she watched the hand struggling to lift the window. It was stiff. Then it began to move up. She wanted to cry aloud, and could not. There was no one near to help. She could see a sleeve behind the hand.

She arose to her feet, put her arm back to steady herself. She touched the hot metal of the stand, and it stung. Quick as a flash, she seized

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the handle of the iron itself, stepped forward and pressed the searing metal against the intruding hand. There was a scream of pain, the rattle of an overturned can in the courtyard—then silence.

Myra fled out into the sulphurous night. "My dear!" cried Mrs. Smith, opening her door to a panic-stricken girl. "Myra, dear—what is it? Is it the storm that's frightened you?"

"Some one was breaking in at the back!" she breathed.

"Breaking in?" said Mrs. Smith. "There now—I told Harry he was a fool to keep all that money there, no matter how he hid it. But he'd lost in that Central Bank smash, and nothing would do."

Myra said slowly: "Money?"

"Sure. The capital he's been scrimpin' and scrapin' for the new store, dearie, that him and Mr. Smith's fittin' up in the west end. There—and I wasn't to tell you. What a blatherin' fool I am! It was to be a surprise for you, dearie, and besides he was afraid to disappoint you if you knew and it didn't go through. They're up there paperin' away to-night again. It's the grandest place. Dearie—did you look that window? There, never mind, I'll run and look out the back. I can see it from our washroom. I wish Mr. Scholes hadn't gone; he'd have seen to things till our men-folks come, but he left for his train a while ago. I'm sorry he's gone; such a nice young fellow to have in the house."

She hurried off.

A rumbling peal of thunder shook the place. The flaming angel seemed to sweep low and flash a blazing sword along the street. Instantly a jagged crash broke the momentary silence. Myra crouched in her chair. Rain began to fall in big, spattering drops—She must close the window.

Mrs. Smith appeared shouting in her ear:

"Oh, you're looking after it! I just remembered the window. Such a terrible thing's happened! He hasn't gone after all—Mr. Scholes! He was outside waiting for a taxi, and his hand was against the metal post when that first flash came. He's terribly burned, but he insists on going, as soon as—"

"Burned?" Myra's flesh was creeping with horror.

"His hand, dearie. Across the back of the fingers. I must run, poor fellow!"

Myra was left alone. She put a hand to her mouth to choke back her cry. Faintness seized her. She groined to the window-sill, and sucked greedily for air. The flaming angel, had done its work, passed on, leaving the bene-

dition of a cooling downpour. She could see two figures running in the rain. Mr. Smith—and Harry—her Harry—hurrying home.

The lightning still played in the heavens and upon the earth. It did not frighten her now. She remained—her dark hair moistened by the rain and flattened against her white face—yulping in the fresh, cool air that blew over the city, a benediction, it seemed, from the west end to the east.

(The End.)

The Road Home.

I think of you in a wee white house At the end of a slim, green lane, In a land that is free of care and doubt, In a land that knows no pain.

I think of you with blue, smiling eyes, But your mouth has a wistful line, As if it longs—oh, I know it does!— For a fleeting touch of mine!

I think you work in the little house, That the walls may be bright and neat, And I think that you hurry to spread soft rugs,

On the chance that my tired feet May falter over the low doorkill, May sound on the narrow stair, And I know that you'll stand with your arms outflung,

As soon as I enter there.

Oh roses will grow on the garden gate And over the bronze sundial That murmurs, as ever the hours change,

"It is only for just a while," And your hands will train them with tender care, Though ever your gaze will roam Down the road that brings me home!

—Margaret E. Sangster.



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