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TRY PATCHING YOUR STOCKINGS.

If the darned bag always contains a darning cotton, thimble and darned cotton or silk of the required shades for the family toes, a few spare minutes can be applied to the mending instead of to a mad search for materials and tools which can not be found.

To patch stockings easily and quickly I have found the following little "stunt" to be the nicest way I ever tried: Use the unworn parts of discarded stockings; first pull the piece to be used as a patch over your darning and tie it firmly about the handle, avoiding wrinkles, if possible. Next pull the stocking which is to be mended over the darned, adjusting the hole over a good place on the patching piece. Trim from the hole all rough and hard edges and sew down to the patching piece with fine close stitches. The edge of the hole is not turned under as that would make too thick a seam. Then pull the stocking off, turning it wrong-side out, and carefully trim away the patching piece, close to the edge you have whipped. Put the stocking back on the darning with the wrong side out and whip this side of the patch to place. The result is a patch that never tears out, is quickly done and is much smoother and easier to the foot than a darned hole.

IRONING-DAY COMFORT.

Many of us have learned to sit while ironing many pieces, and that is all right. When it is necessary to stand while working, a soft surface



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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From under the eaves of the eaves depart."

CHAPTER XLII.—(Cont'd.)

But now Alice had ceased to believe everything that Philip told her. Philip also had lied, and very clumsily. Mrs. Egan had no son, ill or otherwise. Even she had scorned to give that flimsy excuse. She had laughed when Philip put it forward. A child could see through that stupid story, Alice told herself. Philip took it too much for granted that she was a child; he relied too much on her ignorance of the world. In her own mind she felt old and sophisticated.

In spite of her best intentions she would think of Philip. Presently she began to cry for sheer loneliness and to long for her mother. Perhaps this was a judgment on her for trying to judge poor mummy. All the memories of youth came rushing back—mummy's eternal self-sacrifice, her dear, fussy little ways, their loving dependence on each other. There had been a really cruel time when she had been an impatient one from mummy. She had been consistent in her great maternal passion, consistent to the very end.

It became more and more clear to Alice, and she saw her own savage cruelty—she, who could not forgive a lie told for love's sake, had undertaken to judge her own mother. And her place was with her mother and father, not with Philip. The burden of Hugo Smarke was just as much hers as mummy's.

A little dart of fear entered her heart. Was it too late to seek forgiveness? She stood with her hands tightly clasped, staring across the river. The dark, silent world was mysterious. Was mummy asleep, perhaps dreaming of the happy old days when they had adventured so precariously together? Pictures stood out vividly in her mind: there was the bedroom of their stuccoed pension in Florence, with the trunks half packed, and mummy, her bright hair all tumbled, bent like a puzzled child over long columns of figures. Mummy had always been figuring, always worrying about expense. Then the week in Paris, when they had collected a wardrobe for that wonderful Bordighera holiday—mummy figuring harder than ever. It was wonderful how she made every penny perform its allotted task.

In the midst of these memories a sudden blankness came over Alice. It was as though in some way her personality, her soul or her ego—call it by what name you like—was wrenched from her mortal body and hovered indeterminate in some inkly void of space, and out of the darkness she distinctly heard her own name called twice in her mother's voice. The whole universe seemed to rock with the agitation of that call.

"Alice—Alice."

Then all was still again. She whirled back into her body, the body of Mrs. Philip Ardeyne standing in the night in a Thames-side garden, overwhelmed with sorrow, loneliness, and remorse.

But what she had heard could not have been pure imagination. Of that she was convinced. Somehow her thought had reached mummy, and mummy had called out, responding and wanting her.

"What a selfish, egotistical beast I've been!" she cried, clenching her hands angrily. "I don't deserve to be forgiven."

Again the thought came to her—suppose it were too late? Could that cry have meant that something had happened to mummy? What could happen in the middle of the night? People were safely in bed and presumably asleep. It was only that mummy wanted her desperately, and her own conscience-stricken heart had supplied the sense of disaster.

She returned to the house and went to bed again and slept for a little while, but at five o'clock awakened with the hot sun streaming in through the windows, and the garden twittering with bird-life.

She hurried through a cold bath, dressed, and had packed a small trunk and bag before any of the maids were astir. By seven o'clock she was ready for the breakfast which had not yet been prepared. While waiting for it, she wrote a letter to Philip and addressed it to his office in Harley Street. Above all, she must not appear to be angry or resentful where he was concerned. Men looked at things differently from women, and it might be impossible for Philip to understand that even a half-a-wife could be mortally hurt by what he had done. So she worded her letter very carefully.

Dear Philip—When I promised in Lucerne not to leave you, the possibility of your leaving me did not occur to me. So, dear Philip, I am not breaking my promise, am I?

You have been so kind and considerate and generous to me, and I will never, never forget it, nor these happy days here as your wife. Thank you, a thousand times, dear Philip.

I feel that I ought to go to mummy and my father. I've never told you how badly I've treated mummy. All this time I've been feeling beastly towards her, and blaming her for letting us get married without saying a word about poor father. Last night it seemed to come suddenly to me, now cruel and selfish I've been.

You must try to forgive me for running away like this, but I feel that mummy needs me more than you do, and it's so hard for me knowing that I can never be a real wife to you, yet so selfishly standing in your way—a sort of dog-in-the-manger, as it were.

We shall always be friends, dear

Philip—shan't we? And I hope we'll see each other often, unless you decide to take the legal proceedings I suggested before. I should think it over, if I were you. Because my life is more or less spoiled, yours needn't be. Above all, let's be sensible about it.

I am going to Bordighera. They are still at the Villa Tatina. Perhaps mummy will let me look after my father a bit, and give herself a rest. I'm sure she needs it.

At days with deepest devotion, yours,
Alice.

As she addressed and sealed the envelope Alice assured herself that she had taken her own advice—she was being very "sensible about it." Philip would think so, anyway. He might be glad that she had seen through him and taken the unpleasant situation so calmly.

In London, when Alice went to the bank to draw some money for her journey, she began to fear that she might run into him. He, too, was leaving for the Continent to-day. But a call in at Cook's for tickets assured her that their trains left at different times from different stations. She would have to go to Paris and change there, with very little time to catch the Rapide. It being the season for Swiss holidays, Philip would go straight through from Calais to his destination.

But she was nervous about it, all the same. He might not be going to the Engadine. One couldn't be sure. It would be humiliating if they ran into each other, and he thought—as he would do—that she was following him. She was filled with longing as well as fear to see him, even happy, in the company of another woman. Such longing, such intolerable pain! But there was no sign of him. The train

steamed out, and most of the journey down to Dover she spent in the dining car. During the brief crossing she anxiously and furtively scanned the boat passengers. In effect, she was following Philip. Even in the Paris train she wondered if he were not somewhere near.

It was extraordinary what can happen inside the space of a few hours. Day before yesterday she was in the garden at The Rushes, with no thought of the Continent in her mind, and Lois Hemmerley was telling her that the Egnans had never had any children. Lois was very positive about it, and if anybody knew, she did.

The train clattered on. It was hot, dusty, and uncomfortable. Alice's seat was on the sunny side and the carriage was filled to overflowing. Nobody else wanted the window open. A fat Frenchman opposite slept and snored steadily with a handkerchief over his face, oblivious to the sun and stifling atmosphere. When Paris was reached Alice was exhausted, yet the real journey was no more than begun.

With her luggage she rattled across the city from the Nord to the Gare de Lyons in a ramshackle taxi that seemed with every noisy beat of its engine to be at the last gasp.

But on the Rapide it was better. Comparatively few people were travelling south. There were no sleeping cars, but she shared a compartment with only one passenger, a Scotch woman, who was going to Marseilles to meet a daughter arriving by a P. and O. liner. The Scotchwoman liked fresh air, and they each had a seat to curl up on comfortably.

So thump, thump, thump, on through the long night, down into the fiery furnace of the southland. Early in the morning she parted company with her travelling companion. Then came the long, slow creep along the Riviera, until at last the train toiled into the familiar station of Ventimiglia. It seemed years since mummy and she had come this way together, and discovered Philip Ardeyne at the journey's end.

(To be continued.)

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What We Have.
The Scotch have an expression, "To whistle o'er the lave o' it," which well describes the happy disposition after wrack or ruin to get along with what remains. And not merely to put up with what may be a meagre survival but to be cheerful.

Old folk-tales of Middle Europe drive home the same idea. The farmer with a cow for sale takes the long road to market and on the way exchanges the animal, repeating the transaction several times, and always driving a losing bargain, till he returns empty-handed to his good wife at nightfall. But as he rehearses the successive steps of the day's experience she does not upbraid him; she approves. They have lost the cow, but they have each other, and with love in their cottage they are content.

The reason wealth and happiness are not coterminous is that to have more is to want more. When we possess nine-tenths of our desire the other tenth is our torment. We are as the fabled dog with the bone in his teeth who dropped it to snatch at what he saw mirrored in the water.

Wanting more than we have is ambition's spur, but ambition need not make us fretful and wretched as we toil. It ought to nerve and fire us to better workmanship. It is a detrimental influence if it does no more than make us discontented and envious of the felicity of others.

Shrewd traders are they who play off one man's covetous appetite against another's greed. Many a work of art painted long ago has suddenly shot up to a fictitious and fantastic value merely because two wealthy men simultaneously wanted it and each hated to let the victory go to the other.

Using what we have for all that it is worth often means to discover for the first time the full value of our possessions. We find that we are "as having nothing, yet possessing all things." We are rich, when we mistakenly assumed that we were poor. There were veins of pure gold under our feet in the very pavement and precious stones in the common clay whereon we make our pilgrimage.

Part of 26th Chap. of Matthew Found on Leaf of Papyrus.

A crumpled leaf of papyrus, believed to date from about A.D. 300, upon which is written more than 30 verses of the 26th Chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, was discovered recently by H. D. Bell, an expert of the British Museum, while sorting a collection of Papyri consisting of 487 items destined for the library of the University of Michigan. The text is substantially complete except at the bottom of the leaf where a corner had been torn off, so that the ends of four lines and the lowest line on the right hand page are gone, and also the beginning of the four lines at the bottom of the page on the opposite page.

The passage commences with the words thus translated in the King James version, verse 19:

"(As) Jesus had appointed them, and they made ready for the passage."

The incomplete line at the end contains the words from verse 52, "Shall perish with the sword." The passage is of interest to all denominations because of its account of the last supper and the betrayal.

The text is carefully written. Perhaps the most striking difference from the King James version is in verse 25, where the translation is: "For this is my blood of the new testament."

Moffat's translation reads: "This means my blood, the new covenant—blood. Here the text of the papyrus, in agreement with certain ancient manuscripts, and some editions, omits the 'new.'"

Rules That Lead to Success.

"I have watched many young men climb to the top," says a writer in the Efficiency Magazine, "and I have noticed that there are nearly always four reasons why they succeed."

"First, they make up their minds. They don't drift. They decide—that seems to be the beginning of every career. They choose the jobs that will suit them best and away they go."

"Second, I notice that they are always pleased with themselves and their jobs and their associates. They are happy and keen in their work. They smile their way through."

"Third, they are hungry to learn. They listen as well as talk. They study and think and appreciate the advice of other people. They are never cocksure and unteachable."

"Fourth, they finish what they start. This is a sure sign of a strong personality. There are scores of starters to every finisher. The average man gets stuck fast in his job. The obstacles bring him to a standstill."

Mutilating Teeth.

It is curious to what an extent the mutilation of teeth goes on among savage nations. On the west coast of Africa a large proportion of the teeth are deliberately broken when children reach a certain age. In Peru, on the Congo and among the Hottentots, the custom exists of extracting the front teeth of domestic servants. On the Upper Nile many negroes have all their best teeth extracted in order to destroy their value as slaves, thus making it not worth while for the slave traders to carry them off. Among the Malays, teeth are stained various colors. A bright red and a bright blue are not uncommon, and even a bright green is produced with the aid of arsenic and lemon juice.

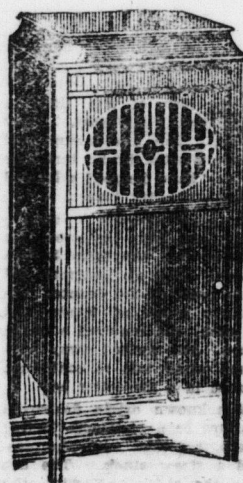
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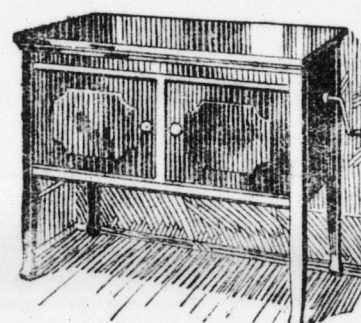
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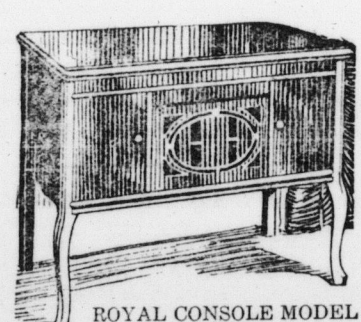
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