

## Tea of Quality

# "SALADA"

is blended only from tender young leaves & buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

## Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"I don't just know where I am," declared Judy. "I shan't know until I've had it out with Alan. I only know that I have never been so sick of my life!"

"It is hard on you, of course. And if Alan actually marries that woman!"

"He can't," interrupted Judy. "And he won't, if I can prevent it! It is, as you say, not decent. I can't understand it, anyhow, look at it as I like. Good-bye, Aunt Isabel. Thank you for bringing me so far. I'll go through the Drane wood and get home quickly—yes, really, this is my best way!"

"Good-bye, my dear, and I hope your strong common sense and right feeling will have some effect on your headstrong brother."

Judy rather dismally shook her head. She felt a vast impatience with the members of the sex who complicated life so frightfully for their fellows!

"If there were no men," she said to herself, as she kicked a stone along the road with the toe of her neat, serviceable boot, "how much easier life would be—but how dull!" she added, with a little smile of scorn at the futility of her argument.

When she re-entered the big, lonely, quiet house, a sudden sense of loneliness overcame her, and, sitting down on the old settee, she hid her face and began to cry quite quietly. Judy in tears was the most disturbing sight Alan Rankine had ever seen! When he entered the house not long after, and found her thus, he was conscience-stricken.

"Why, Judy, whatever is the matter?" he asked blankly.

"Oh, don't ask me, Alan Rankine!" she cried, looking up with a sudden gesture of anger. "Do you think you have treated me fairly—exposing me to the treatment I have suffered to-day, and leaving me to learn things I ought to have known, just from anybody?"

"Let us go into the Pool, and have it out, Judy, my dear. I thought it was the kindest thing I could do to keep quiet till some order emerged from the frightful chaos my life has got into."

"The chaos you have made!" she flashed back as she went before him along the passage to the old familiar room.

It has a western window, through which the setting sun was streaming, and it lay on Judy's face when she turned round to look at him, making it stand out rather thin and wistful in the clear glow.

"Oh, Alan, this thing can't be true! Is it? You haven't stepped in and robbed Peter? You don't mean to say you are going to make her mistress of Stair!"

Judy's tone was more than wounded and surprised; it was actually hostile. Listening to the voice, and observing the unusual hardening of the expression, Rankine realized that he had not done well to shut his sister out of the new current of his life.

"I've been wrong, Judy," he said, very humbly. "Will you sit down here

and just let me tell you what has happened as best I can?"

Judy sat down, and as she listened to the extraordinary recital—all the more telling, because it was told so baldly and simply—her heart was a confused medley of emotions.

She could not but be sorry for this big, impulsive, warm-hearted man-child, though her common sense tried to warn her that the tale was one hardly to be credited.

"You must acquit me of any wilful plan to treat Peter Garvock dishonorably, Judy; for the thing was simply lifted clean out of our hands. Can't you see that?"

"I wonder," said Judy, and dropping her chin on her hands, she looked across the intervening space at his face, which was stamped with the seal of the strong emotions under which undoubtedly he was laboring, "I wonder just how much of all this is real, or will last? You have been in love a good many times—haven't you, Alan?"

"I have imagined it—but this is different," he said, with diffidence. "I daresay that every time you have thought that! What I want to know is, whether for this love, which lasts so short a time in a man's life and means so little to him, is it worth while to rend so many hearts and lives?"

Judy was very scathing, but Alan stood it well.

"I suppose I've deserved it," he said quite humbly. "Still, some day you'll understand."

"And what about Lucy?" pursued Judy, quite mercilessly. "She has not forgotten, though you have, the trysts you used to make and keep on Bar-assie Hill."

Rankine started in painful surprise. "Oh, that was only fooling, Judy, and none knew better than Lucy! I'm perfectly sure she has forgotten all about it. There will be no trouble with the women-folk at The Lees. They won't bear any malice."

Judy decided to keep her further counsel concerning Lucy, chiefly because no good could now come of harping on what was, in Alan's eyes, both a futile and an uninteresting theme.

"You're wrong, Alan, as it happens. You have alienated a whole family. Why, even I was refused admittance at The Lees this afternoon—met by Ramsay at the door with the message 'Not at home,' though he immediately afterwards informed me that Aunt Isabel had seen me from the window and sent down to make sure his message was delivered."

Judy was surprised at the rehash with which she gave her little thrush. She was rewarded by seeing her brother look properly aghast.

"Judy! Aunt Isabel never did that to you!"

"She did," said Judy with a nod. "But afterwards I saw them in Ayr, and they were not so bad. I just walked up to them in the carriage, and asked what they meant by behaving so ridiculously, and stated that I had done nothing to deserve such snubbing."

"I am very sorry, my dear, that anything I have done should have been the cause of subjecting you to this!"

"Oh, I don't mind," said Judy bravely, though a tear trembled on her eyelash. "But we didn't need this just now, and to-day I am not sure but that I am sorry Peter sent that cable to Bombay. He never would have done it had he suspected what was going to happen."

"Perhaps I should not have come if I had suspected it," answered Alan gloomily. "Then you've gone back on me, Judy, and won't listen or help!"

Judy sat silent a moment, looking intently into the blazing fire. She was thinking, not of her brother at the moment, but of the old man on his death-bed who, clinging to her hand, had begged her to stand by Stair to the last.

"A woman has been the salvation of Stair from the beginning, my dear," he had said, in his slow, difficult voice. "And there is nothing more certain than that you will have to go on as you've begun. Stand by Alan, for he will need you."

Judy's eyes softened, and she turned to her brother, looking more like Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

the angel of the house than she had done since they came into the Pool. "I felt it so awfully—the way you have treated me, Alan. You ought to have told me every single thing, and not have left me to hear it in scraps, from this one and that. It wasn't right nor fair, nor kind. I positively did not know where to look, at the Clock House this afternoon, when Mrs. Carlyon calmly informed me that her daughter's engagement was at an end."

"You went to the Clock House, and Mrs. Carlyon told you that! But why should you have gone there to-day?"

"Why should I do anything? I had a free afternoon. I was under promise to go there some time. I knew nothing to hinder, therefore I went. Try and be sensible, Alan! I have nothing to hide, and never will have, please God, for it is—the very devil in a family!"

The depth of Judy's feeling was surely evinced by her use of a term so strong! Usually her language was full of restraint, and she had no sympathy with the new license of speech, and with the abundant use of slang which distinguished so many of her contemporaries. She remained a little fastidious and old-fashioned, as her mother had been before her.

(To be continued.)

### One Dollar a Pound for Tea Predicted Before Long

The tremendous increase in the popularity of tea as a beverage has been such that the producing countries have been unable to satisfy the demand. The price of tea has been steadily increasing for a number of years. Since, however, you can make from 250 to 300 cups of tea to the pound, even at the price of \$1.00 the cost per cup is only one-third of a cent.

### REMADE BROOMS.

When a broom begins to show signs of wear do not throw it away. First of all soak it in hot suds, rinse and put it out in the air to dry. Then cut the bristles so that they are of even lengths again. You will find that the broom has taken on a new lease of life.

### A Poor Prophet.

Widow Waffles—"Yes, three times I've dreamed you and me was going 'and in' and down the church path. I wonder wot it do mean?"

Widower William (a laggard in life)—"A-ah now—I shouldn't wonder if it don't mean we-be going to 'ave a drop o' rain."

The difference between impudence and repartee often depends upon the size of the man who utters it.

## CLIPSE FASHIONS



### Dainty Combination Undergarment

There are endless ways of trimming this exquisite combination and numerous it. The fitted camisole may be made with shaped shoulder straps or with straps of ribbon, lace or self-material. The envelope drawers, gathered to the camisole are scalloped and finished with frills of lace. Soft, fine nainsook, crepe de chine or broadcloth silk will be beautiful if made up in this style; there is a vast opportunity to display hand embroidery or novel effects in drawn work or lace trimming. Combination undergarment No. 1010 cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 1 1/2 yard material 36 or 40 inches wide.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Pattern sent by return mail.

### Julie's Birthday.

For two days Julie's mother had been working day and night for her daughter's party. There was Julie's new dress to finish and the best dishes to get out and chicken salad and rolls and ice cream and cake to make—to say nothing of the countless extra things that always thrust themselves into the most crowded days. Of course Julie helped, at least she meant to help, but there were so many interruptions. Her mother patiently picked up all Julie's loose ends and finished them along with her own tasks. She was too tired to dress for the party, but, since she had to be in the kitchen, it didn't make any difference.

Julie, a lovely flushed little figure, received her guests and exclaimed happily over the gifts they brought. It was the custom in the village to bring gifts to a birthday party. Quite naturally she put out her hand for the blue-ribboned box that Vera Stonelew had brought.

Vera, however, laughingly held it behind her. "It isn't for you. I knew you'd have a bushel of things, and I always think a girl's birthday belongs to her mother anyway. So I brought this for her. Where is she?"

"Why—in the kitchen," Julie stammered.

Vera ran back to the kitchen. Julie's mother, who was cutting cake and frowning a little because the icing wasn't quite firm, looked up, startled, at Vera's kiss.

"I've brought you a birthday gift," Vera said. "I thought,—her voice trembled and then steadied,—'I thought you'd let me. I always brought one to my mother on her birthday, and I missed it so this year. I'm not much of a maker, but I made this.'"

"Why, Vera!" Julie's mother exclaimed awkwardly.

"Put it on," Vera pleaded. "I want to see you in it."

Still awkwardly Julie's mother opened the box. Inside was a large apron with lovely touches of embroidery. She put it on. The blue in it matched the blue of her eyes, and the excitement made a tiny pink flush steal into her tired face.

"It's lovely!" Vera cried joyously. Julie's mother no longer felt tired. Even Julie noticed it when she ran out for something. She had kept hearing over and over again the queer thing that Vera had said about a girl's birthday belonging to her mother. Vera did have queer notions!

Up in her room in the blessed quiet Julie's mother was resting at last. But she could not sleep; she was too happy.

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### "I Stepped in Your Steps All the Way."

A father and his tiny son crossed a rough street one stormy day.

"See, papa," cried the little one, "I stepped in your steps all the way."

Ah, random, childish hands that deal Quick thrusts no coat of proof could stay!

It touched him with the touch of steel— "I stepped in your steps all the way!"

If his man shrks his manhood's due And needs what lying voices say, It is not one who fails, but two— "I stepped in your steps all the way!"

But they that thrust off greed and fear, Who love and watch, who toil and pray— How their hearts carol when they hear: "I stepped in your steps all the way!"

—Roy Temple House.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Smoking will be permitted on the new airships to fly between England and India. The design for these aircraft includes lounges, dining-rooms, and smoking rooms.

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says Mrs. Experience, to housewives interested in saving.

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"It's perfectly obvious, too, that when every particle of a soap is pure cleansing material—and not loaded with useless adulterants and hardening materials—then that soap has more cleansing power and does more work with less labour. A little of it goes a long way. In short, it's really economical."

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