

Always Uniform in Quality

Delicious

# "SALADA"

TEA

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY  
PACKET TEA IN NORTH AMERICA.

## The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XLVI.—(Cont'd.)  
Conal's resting place was on a sunny hillside under a blossoming white gum in which the bees hummed drowsily in the spring time and through which the green parrots flashed all the year. It was good to think that Steve would draw his last breath in freedom, and then sleep there under the blue sky. But for her, there would be no freedom, no open spaces. Life had become a prison from which there was only one gate—Death; and that she would not be able to open because she was a hostage for other lives. Dan's and Steve's—perhaps Davey's. Cameron's buggy rounded a turn in the road.  
Mrs. Ross and Jessie were in it, and there was a man's figure beside their's—only one though.  
The horse, moving at her slow, steady jog-trot, drew nearer.  
Deirdre saw clearly the man who was driving. It was Davey. The Schoolmaster was not with him. A panic seized her. She flew out to the road; the horse stopped automatically.  
"Where's father?" she cried.  
Davey stared at her. He scarcely

knew her—this wild, white-faced creature with burning eyes and colourless lips.  
"Hasn't he come?" she asked.  
"No," he said slowly.  
He got down from the buggy. His heart ached at the sight of her. He hardly knew how to speak. He moved to take her hands.  
She shrank from him.  
"Why didn't he come?"  
"Because . . . Oh, Deirdre, it breaks my heart to tell you," he broke out. Don't look at me like that. I did all I could, but it was not good. Some cursed brute gave information—"  
"Oh," she whispered. "It was that then!"  
And after a moment:  
"They took him again—for being at large before the expiration of . . . sentence!"  
"Yes."  
His eyes were all tenderness and pity for her.  
"When, Davey?"  
"Just before we were leaving, four days ago. Don't look like that, Deirdre! I won't leave a stone unturned to get him back. And I promised him that we—"  
She laughed, a strange, cracking little laugh.  
"Deirdre!"  
He was perplexed and hurt.  
"Don't come near me!"  
She turned away from him and ran into the house under the swinging sign of the black bull with red-rimmed eyes.  
Davey attempted to follow her. He saw McNab in the doorway.  
"What the hell's she doing there?" he muttered.  
Mrs. Ross and Jessie eyed each other anxiously. They did not speak for a minute. Then the elder woman said nervously, uncertainly:  
"Praps . . . praps she came down with Steve to meet the Schoolmaster. But we'd better be going on, Davey. Don't risk any trouble with Thad McNab to-day. Your mother's waiting eagerly for you. You're her, only thought now. All she has got."  
Davey climbed into the buggy again. His face was sombre. He did not get over the shock of his father's death and Deirdre's manner wounded and bewildered him. He thought that she was distraught with agony and disappointment on the Schoolmaster's account. He had imagined how tenderly he would tell her what had happened, and comfort her. Now to find her at the Black Bull, not at Steve's, where he had thought she would be, and Mrs. Ross and Jessie beside him, when he wanted to fold her in his arms and assure her that he would never rest until Dan was with them again! He swore at every jolt and jar on the road to relieve his impatience.  
It was Mrs. Ross who said to Mary Cameron, taking her aside when mother and son had met, and Davey was turning Bess into the paddock again:  
"It's true what we heard about Deirdre Farrel going to marry McNab. She was married to him this morning. You'd better break the news to Davey. He doesn't know yet. I dursn't tell him for fear he'd go to McNab. I wanted to bring him safe to you. Jessie and I'll go home now. No doubt you'll like to have the house to yourself, but if you want anything, or there's anything we can do for you."  
"We're always glad to do anything for you, Mrs. Cameron, dear," Jessie said softly.  
"It's a queer, heartless girl Deirdre, to play fast and loose with the love of a fine fellow like Davey," Mrs. Ross said, when Jess was outside setting their bundles and baskets into the cart.  
"Oh, she wouldn't do that—Deirdre," Mrs. Cameron replied. "It's something dreadful that's driven her to it."  
"Yes—I suppose it is," Mrs. Ross sighed. "Poor child. Perhaps I'm spiteful about it, Mary. But maybe now that she is out of the way, Davey may think of my Jessie again."  
Davey's mother smiled sadly.  
"I'd be sorry for any woman he married but Deirdre, for she has the whole of him—heart and soul," she said.  
"Oh well, it's a pity!" Mrs. Ross kissed her good-bye. "Jess had better make up her mind to have Buddy Morrison, then, and that's what I've been telling her this long time. He's a good lad, very fond of her, and been wanting to marry her for the last five years."  
When Jess and her mother had gone, driving off in their high, jolting buggy, Davey and Mrs. Cameron went indoors together.  
He had aged considerably since she last saw him. It was a stern, strange face to her, this her boy's. There were sorrow, self-repression, a bitter realization of life and what it means in heartache and disappointment, in his

expression; something of power and assurance too.  
She was wondering how she could tell him, covering him with tender, pitiful glances, and praying that he would not leave her, that no hurt might come to him, when he asked suddenly:  
"Have you seen anything of Deirdre, mother?"  
He had been moving restlessly about the room, lifting things from their place on the mantelpiece and putting them back again.  
She called him to her and, putting her hands on his head, told him what Mrs. Ross had said.  
Davey's face hardened and whitened slowly. He put her hands away from him and wheeled unsteadily from the room. She heard him go across the yard, and saw him stumbling up the narrow track to the trees on the far side of the hill.

CHAPTER XLVII.  
Mrs. Cameron was feeding her chickens when she thought she heard someone calling. She listened, and decided that it was only a whispering of wind in the trees that had caught her ear.  
The mild light of the evening lingered about her. Her eyes lay on the hill that rose with a gentle slope beyond the yard, the barns and stable, and a score of low-built brushwood sheds. Mists were beginning to gather among the trees that fringed the top on either side. Davey had gone up among those trees.  
The sound of her name called faintly again disturbed her. She looked down towards the road that wound uphill out of the forest. It was wraith-like in the twilight, the long white gate that barred it from the paddock about the house, growing dim. The gum saplings of two or three years' growth, with their powdery-grey leaves pressing on the far side of the fence behind the barn, shivered as the surface of still water shivers when something stirs beneath it. Her eyes were directed towards the centre of the almost imperceptible movement.  
Someone called her, faintly, whisperingly.  
Going towards the fence, she saw a wan face and wide eyes among the leaves. The lines of a long, dark dress went off into the shadows among the trees.  
"Deirdre," she cried.  
The girl came towards her. Her dress was dragged and torn. There was a red line on her cheek where a broken branch had caught and scratched it.  
"Where's Davey?" she asked.  
"Deirdre, what has happened?" Mrs. Cameron recognized a tragic urgency in her face. "Come in, you're exhausted. You don't mean to say you've walked from the Wirree."  
She took her hand and led her into the kitchen. The fire was sending long ruddy beams of light over the brick floor, glimmering on the rows of polished metal covers on the walls, and the crockery on the wooden dresser at the far end of the room. It was very homely and peaceful, Mrs. Cameron's kitchen. She pushed Deirdre gently into the big armchair by the fire.  
"Sit there, dearie, till I get you a hot drink," she said.  
Deirdre sat very still, gazing before her.  
"It's this marriage with McNab is too much for her," Mrs. Cameron thought.  
"Oh, child, why did you do it? What could have driven you to it?" she asked.  
The shadow of a slow and subtle smile crept for a moment about Deirdre's lips and vanished again.  
"If only you'd have told me your trouble," Mrs. Cameron cried. "I might have been able to help you."  
"Oh no, you wouldn't," Deirdre said. (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts.

### Meteors and Steel.

A study of the great collection of meteorites in a European museum has led to the interesting conclusion that meteoritic iron, as it falls from the sky, and the various steels produced in our modern steel works are the results of essentially similar chemical and physical action. One of the most striking characteristics noted in meteoritic iron is the presence of a considerable quantity of nickel.

### Liquid Air Explosive.

When liquid air containing from 40 to 50 per cent. of oxygen is mixed with powdered charcoal it forms an explosive which is said to be comparable in power to dynamite and can be exploded by means of a detonator.

This explosive has been tested in coal mines. The liquid air must be used within a few minutes after it is prepared.

## SMART'S MOWERS



Easy running Mowers that cut with razor-like keenness. A Smart's Mower will keep your lawn trim and neat. Thoroughly reliable, absolutely guaranteed. At your hardware dealer.

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### NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School. A monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

### About the House

EARLY APRIL IN GREYSTONE.  
The freshets are free and the ice is afloat,  
And the stems of the willows are red in the air.  
The crows in long companies echo their note,  
And the little birds dare,  
With their breasts of dawn and their wings of noon,  
To tell that the bluets are following soon.  
Then a sudden cold night over hollows and hills  
Lays a thickness of snow, for the inclines of day  
And the meadows and bright multitudinous rills  
To gather away  
As yesterday's beauty, returning, shall blend  
With the morrow's new beauty—as I with a friend!  
—Whittier Bynner.

### FOUR KINDS OF PIE.

FOR BERSHIRE RHUBARB PIE beat one egg until light, add a cupful of sugar, a cupful of finely sliced unpeeled rhubarb, two soda crackers rolled fine, one-half cupful of seeded and chopped raisins, a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix well, pour into a pie plate covered with pastry, add a top crust, and bake slowly.  
ONTARIO APPLE PIE is worthy of attention. Pare and cut into quarters or eighths (according to the size) sour apples that will cook easily. Select a pie plate having a rim, and cover with pastry which is not too rich. Arrange the sliced apples over the crust in circles, placing the slices in one layer, but very close together. Pour in enough cold water to half cover the apples, then sprinkle with enough sugar to sweeten. Sprinkle the surface with cinnamon, dust with flour, dot with butter and place at once in the oven to bake slowly.  
LEMON PIE made by this old recipe is especially good. Mix together one cupful of hot water, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of flour, one egg, butter the size of a walnut and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Pour the mixture into a pie plate covered with pastry and place over the top small squares of a sweet dough made with one small egg, one-half cupful of granulated sugar, butter the size of a walnut, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough flour to make a dough which can be rolled and cut. Bake slowly. This quantity makes two pies.  
DREAM PIE is all that its name implies. Bake three flat sheets of rich pastry, the size and shape of a dinner

### McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE STRAWBERRY JELLY

An INVINCIBLE Treat  
Everyone in the family will enjoy the delicious desserts made from McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE Jelly Powders.  
Sixteen Fruit Flavorings.  
Easy to make Economical.  
1 Package Serves Eight People.  
Ask for McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE  
Made by McLARENS LIMITED, Hamilton and Winnipeg.

### Have you shined your shoes today?

2 IN 1  
Shoe Polish  
Saves You Money

plate. With a fork prick each sheet in several places to keep them flat while baking. Make a filling of one pint of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, two egg yolks, two level tablespoonfuls of corn starch moistened with three tablespoonfuls of milk. Heat the remaining milk in a double boiler, and mix with the other ingredients. Cook for ten minutes, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and allow mixture to cool. When ready to serve, spread the filling between the layers of pastry and cover the top sheet with a frosting made with two-thirds of a cupful of confectioners' sugar, enough water to moisten and a few drops of vanilla extract.

High Ransom.  
Treaty of Bretigny allowed John II. of France, a prisoner of Edward III. of England, his freedom on payment of what would be \$8,000,000, in six years.  
Great and formidable among men is the power of laughter—no man is proof against its spell.

### East or West Eddy's Best

## EDDY'S MATCHES


Insist on having EDDY'S!

Medale for Minerva.  
"Annie," called her mistress, "just come into the dining room a moment. Now look at this. Watch me. I can write my name in the dust on this table."  
Annie grinned.  
"It be a grand thing," she said, "t'ave a eddication."  
Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

### Smooth, white hands— Clear, bright complexion— Fresh, clean skin—

Simply that Lifebuoy cleans the whole depth of the pores, and opens them to Lifebuoy's softening palm and cocoanut oils.

The health odour vanishes quickly after use.



LIFEBOUY SOAP

### Serve Raisin Food—Raisin Week—April 23 to 29



## Have You Tried Them

from your modern bakers' ovens?

—These big, brown loaves of "old-fashioned" full-fruited raisin bread?  
Note the raisin flavor that permeates these loaves.  
Count the big, plump, tender, juicy raisins in each slice.  
It's real raisin bread—the kind you're looking for.  
Ready-baked to save baking at home. Delicious and convenient—and economical in cost.  
We've arranged with bakers in almost every town and city to bake this full-fruited raisin bread.

Order from your grocer or a neighborhood bake shop.  
Say you want the bread that's made with Sun-Maid Raisins.  
Good raisin bread is a rare combination of the benefits of nutritious cereal and fruit—both good and good for you, so serve it at least twice a week.  
Use more raisins in your cakes, puddings, etc.  
You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maid's, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on Sun-Maid brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.  
Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes.

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Sun-Maid Raisins are grown and packed in California by Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, a co-operative organization comprising 14,000 grower members.

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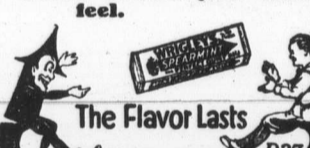
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## WRIGLEY'S

The Great Canadian Sweetmeat provides pleasant action for your teeth, also penetrating the crevices and cleansing them.  
Then, too, it aids digestion.  
Use WRIGLEY'S after every meal—see how much better you will feel.



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THE whole body is relaxed, the ironing is done far more quickly, and the end of your ironing finds you with untired arms and wrists, if you iron the

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way. The thumb rest, an exclusive Hotpoint feature, relieves all strain from the wrist, and makes ironing an agreeable duty, rather than a weary task.  
For sale by dealers everywhere.  
"Made in Canada" by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited, Toronto.