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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
 From winds the wisest counsellors depart."

CHAPTER XXVII.

So Alice was now Mrs. Philip Ardeyne. She smiled shyly when her husband reminded her of her new name and presently slipped off her glove, just to see what a married woman's hand looks like. Her own hand, her own wedding ring. It was odd. She was married, and presently she would have visiting cards fashionably advertising the fact that she had become the wife of Philip Ardeyne.

She had read in a book—or books—where the bride says to herself in view of such a tremendous change: "But I feel exactly the same!" "Do I, too, feel the same?" she wondered. Surely the novels should be right. She ought to feel the same and to marvel that this state of marriage could make so little difference.

But with her, it was not as the books said. She did not feel at all the same. She was missing something of tremendous importance.

"What is it, my darling?" Ardeyne asked, following her anxious glance which had travelled over every inch of the stuffy compartment, and was now concentrated upon the rack above his head.

"I don't know," Alice replied slowly. Then she laughed, under the stimulus of sudden enlightenment. "Oh, Philip, how funny! Of course—it's Mumsey!"

"Where? What do you mean?" Ardeyne looked hastily around. "Not here, silly boy. That's the whole point of it. I felt so strange—as though something had gone wrong—that we'd left a bag, perhaps. But it's Mumsey. Why, I do believe we've never been separated in all our lives—in all my life, I should say—for as much as a single night. I never went away to school, Philip. Mumsey and I have always been together, so you see—"

"Tell me more about your childhood, my precious one," Ardeyne said quickly. He crossed over and sat beside her, slipping his arm through hers and possessing himself of the little hand which wore such a very important symbol on its third finger. They had the compartment to themselves, which was very pleasant. Of course, it was impossible to say whether or not they could continue to monopolize it, but the conductor had been well tipped, so there was every hope.

"About my childhood," Alice repeated. "I wonder what would interest you. After daddy died we came to live abroad because it was cheaper." Ardeyne laid his cheek against hers, and both of them stared out of the window at the flying scenery.

"How old were you when your father died?" he asked. "About four, I think—or nearly four."

"Do you remember him at all?" Alice wrinkled her brows. "Sometimes I imagine I do. But I can't be sure. I remember that he sang a great deal. Once, when there was a song of Uncle John's that daddy used to sing, I'm sure."

"How does it go?" She began to hum softly: "Oh, Norah Acushla, the roses are waking,
 The lark sings his matin song
 And still you are sleeping, your true love forsaking,
 Who waits 'neath your window,
 To bid you good-bye!"

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting
 connection you can buy
 —and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser
 for the mouth
 and teeth.

Wrigley's means
 benefit as well as
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Sealed
 in its
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Wrigley's Fruit
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ISSUE No. 20-24.

Unfortunately, Jean's letter had mentioned to Christopher Smarke that the honeymoon was to be spent in that favored spot.

Christopher, although he had bribed no conductor, was far more comfortable in his second-class compartment than the Ardeynes were in their first-class one. He had it completely to himself after Brussels, and stretched out and went to sleep without the slightest effort, his conscience being as clear as a bell.

But he awakened early, and there being no breakfast-car in the train, he suffered a little until Metz, where a cup of coffee and a sausage sandwich obtained through the carriage window gave him happy relief from the pangs of hunger.

At Metz, where he changed, there was plenty of time for lunch. Only yesterday he had got that letter. What luck that he was able to make his arrangements and catch the two o'clock Continental express.

When the train steamed into the big station at Lucerne he was quite presentable. (To be continued.)

Which? "Do It Now" and "Wait a Bit" are known to one and all—Which of them belongs to you by choice?

By their use you'll notice that your fortunes rise or fall; "Do It Now" will make your heart rejoice.

"Wait a Bit," the sluggish phrase, with idleness imbued, Shirks the task from which it runs away.

Cast it off, and own it not, an enemy so rude; Start with "Do It Now" this very day.

"Do It Now" steps out the opportunity to seize, Chance that ne'er may come your way again; "Wait a Bit" lolls carelessly in idleness and ease,

Chance to rise may knock, and knock in vain. Which of these belongs to you, to make for good or ill? "Do It Now" the wise man makes his own.

"Wait a Bit" will pull you down and keep you waiting still For Success that leaves you well alone.

The entire coast line of the earth measures 136,000 miles. For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Woman's Interests

SIMPLE WAYS TO GOOD LOOKS. Jenny, who washes her hair, was discussing good looks the other day. She says it isn't the color of one's eyes or the shape of one's nose that makes one pretty; it's one's state of mind.

And, after all, there is a great deal of truth in her assertion. Just glance quickly into a mirror when tired or cross or even very busy. Isn't your expression dull? Aren't the lines about your mouth drooping? And indeed, don't you feel you are a plain-looking person, to say the least?

Just keep your one's spirits will do wonders, but a little judicious use of cream helps a lot too, and even though beauty parlors and skin specialists are miles away, one can keep quite fresh and pretty. A good cleansing cream should occupy a place on the feminine dressing table and also a good skin food. These must be wisely selected and applied with care.

The mission of the cleansing cream is to remove from the face all the dust and grime of the day. Rub it gently on the skin with a smooth upward motion; then when the superfluous cream is removed, the skin food can be applied in the same way. Remember, the facial muscles are very tender and are easily broken down with rough treatment, so let the fingers coax the lines from the corners of the mouth and around the eyes gently but firmly.

Even if one should be tired to exhaustion at night, a minute or two can be given to the weary facial muscles, and the next day will show the benefit of the cold-cream treatment. The farm woman with a plentiful supply of rain water for her command is fortunate indeed, for this is a far better cosmetic than money can buy, but she must use it without the aid of drying soaps which roughen the skin. There are times when no water at all is better than even the softest and purest of rain water. When one has been exposed to the hot sun for a long time or to dusty, driving winds, let water alone and use the cleansing cream instead. It will remove the grime efficiently and yet leave the skin soft and pliable.

"Shampooing is a serious matter," says Jenny, "not to be hurriedly rushed through." It should not be attempted until one has plenty of time for badly washed hair and hair which is not thoroughly rinsed is worse than dirty hair, for her way of thinking, Jenny first removes all the snarls, starting to comb the separate locks at the ends and gradually working up to the scalp. It's a splendid way and every snarl comes out without the necessity of breaking the hair. Then, with a tiny oil can filled with olive oil, which she heats slightly, she goes



Mother's prescription

JOHNNY is taking a prescription. His careful mother—the family health doctor—ordered it. Her daily ounce of prevention—Lifebuoy Soap—works wonders in combating disease.

Every day your children touch dirty objects and cover themselves with germ-laden dirt. Give them Lifebuoy—the health soap.

The rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy carries a wonderful health germicide down into every pore. The skin is completely purified, and cleansed—delightfully stimulated.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

More than Soap—a Health Habit
 The odour vanishes after use.
 But the protection remains.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

or aged and sometimes to a bride. They all love them. You never make a mistake when you give a plant to anyone.—Mrs. J. O.

CARING FOR SHOES.

"Always polish new shoes before you wear them," I was told long ago by a salesman. I have found it prolongs the wearing and good appearance of the shoes to do this. The kid does not scuff so readily and tan calf does not discolor so quickly when a good paste or polish is used before the shoes are worn.

I have found it easier, too, to polish my shoes every day, as only a little polish needs to be used, and little brushing or rubbing.

White or delicately colored leathers should always be cleaned as soon as you take off the shoes. Sometimes brushing to remove dust is all that will be necessary. If dust and dirt are allowed to remain until the shoes become very soiled, hard rubbing will be necessary to clean them, and this roughens and wears out the leather or fabric. Stains are much easier to get out if attended to before they dry.

The strings of your oxfords should be kept fresh looking. When white ones are stained or dirty, remove them and wash and boil them.—M. J. M.

A SHORT CUT IN BAKING. I think one of the little things that saves me most time is a small can of cooking or salad oil and a pastry brush which I use instead of greasing pans with my fingers. It's much quicker, here is no need of washing or wiping the hands and find that muffins or anything baked in an oiled pan comes out without any sticking, and this saves time in dishwashing too.

The use of cooking oil where recipes call for melted shortening saves time. I can make biscuits with it in about half the time, and they are as delicious as those with the shortening out. I beat it into the milk and add with it into the flour mixture.

BOOKMARKS. My six-year-old daughter is fond of making bookmarks from the corners of used envelopes, to slip over the top of a page. Only the bottom ones can be used. Cut them off in triangles as large as possible. She cuts out tiny little pictures from magazines, pastes them on, then crayons or paints and then makes a narrow border to match the prevailing color in the picture. Christmas seals can also be used effectively. Half a dozen of these in little packages make a cute little present for a little child to give a friend.

New Uses for Common Substances. A little salt added to whitewash improves it. Some one in the salt business or the lime business learns of it and advertises it and thereby increases the sale both of salt and of lime. Silicate of soda added to the water in the hot-water heating apparatus of a small house is carried everywhere and precipitated on the internal walls of the pipes, where it forms a protective film against rust—a discovery that proved profitable to the manufacturers of water glass. New uses for familiar substances are constantly discovered, and a new demand for them is created.

Decayed Teeth. If your teeth are decayed they make poisons in your body. Be sure to clean your teeth, tongue and gums thoroughly each night and morning by brushing with a tooth-brush. Move the brush up and down and with a circular motion, as well as across the teeth. If you can do so, clean them after each meal. Fruit, especially apples, after a meal are good mouth and tooth cleaners.

Danish Flag the Oldest. The oldest of European flags is the Danish.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

A Wedding Dress and the Eighth Commandment.

When I first went to school, writes a subscriber of Youth's Companion, it was the custom to learn a recitation for every Friday afternoon. I learned Alice Cary's beautiful poem, Among the Beautiful Pictures That Hang on Memory's Wall, and I resolved to have a picture gallery in my own mind. For many years I kept in by head a conglomeration of pictures, some beautiful and some disagreeable. After I grew older I discarded all except the brightest and best; one I hung where I could see it plainly if temptation ever assailed me. It was a picture of a quiet street in a small Western town; the large elms bordering the sidewalk cast their shade over the narrow lawns in front of two small cottages, one brown, the other white; a picket fence ran between them. The brown house was the home of my grandparents, my sister, my brother and myself. Our neighbors in the white house we called "Uncle John" and "Aunt Jane" Parkes; they had two daughters, Mary and Linda.

The spring after I was four years old, Mary Parkes was making her trousseau. "Aunt Jane" had a large arm chair, and in it I sat day in and day out, watching the progress of the wonderful dress. The material was of gray silk; the skirt was gathered at the waist and reached the floor; the overskirt was straight on the right side, but was draped on the left to show alternate rows of old rose satin; the back was shirred and wired and puffed until it stood out about fifteen inches. The basque fit close to a wasplike waist, and the back had three box pleats faced with old rose satin, so they stood out on the puffs like the leaves of an open book. The sleeves were bell-shaped and faced with the same kind of satin; the collar was high and wired to stay up under the ears, and the vest of rose-satin was buttoned from the point below the waistline up under the chin. The buttons were the most beautiful I had ever seen; they were of round, clear glass with a little pink flower and a green spray in the centre.

At last one afternoon the dress was finished. "Now that it's all done," said Mary, "I must show it to mother, and see, I have three buttons left." No sooner had she turned her back than I grabbed these three buttons, and ran home. When I entered the kitchen grandmother looked at me and remarked in her rich Southern drawl, "Lookey heah, missy, you got something that don't belong to you. Come right heah this minute!"

She took her hand from my apron pocket, pried my fingers open and looked at the buttons. With the other hand she reached over and drew me across her knee. I do not think her hands were larger than any one else's, but in the picture they always seemed to be!

When she was finished with me she pushed me from her and said, "You take those right back, young lady, and put them right where you found them!" When I slipped into the house again Mary was still in the kitchen.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed "Aunt Jane!" as I laid the buttons down. "The child's been crying! I just bet she's been crying 'cause Mary is going away. Run to the kitchen, Linda, and get her a cookie!"

Linda brought two and tucked them into my pockets. I ran out and ate them. Then I went into the house and crawled under the old highboy that stood across the corner of the living room—my favorite place for an afternoon nap. Shortly afterward grandmother came into the room and, seeing my feet sticking out and thinking I was asleep, said to herself:

"Maybe I was a little rough on the poor child, but she has got to learn to respect the eighth commandment!"

What a Horse Can Pull. Tests made recently proved that a pair of horses, each weighing 1,600 lb., could haul a load 550 lb. greater than themselves.

On a metal track, one of these animals, it has been shown, can draw one and a half times as much as on a good asphalt surface, five times as much as on cobblestone paving, and twenty times the load it can pull on an ordinary mud road.

For the usual type of farm horse, a cart carrying a weight of 1,500 lb. is considered to be a fair task. While pulling light vehicles and under saddle, records indicate that horses are equal to great feats of strength and endurance.

A twenty-year-old beast hitched to a light cart is known to have travelled a hundred miles in less than thirteen and a half hours and was in excellent condition at the end of its journey.

Which Jackanapes? It was in the days when Germany was an empire and folk had to be careful what they said, lest they be accused of treason. A carpenter, says Mr. Israel Zangwill, was in a crowd waiting to see the emperor pass. The man had an excellent position, but he was uneasy because he had promised to meet a conceited young brother-in-law, and the brother-in-law had not arrived.

"Will the jackanapes never come!" cried the carpenter angrily. A policeman promptly arrested him. "But I was speaking of my brother-in-law!" gasped the carpenter, terrified.

"You said 'jackanapes'; you must have meant the emperor," replied the policeman and marched the man off.

Glass is said to have been made by the Egyptians 8,000 years ago.

Aspinwall

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