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## THE PANGS OF REMORSE —OR— A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sir Ralph, as he must still be called until the truth of Melchior's story could be ascertained had placed the house at Clarence's disposal, but Clarence Clifford would have none of it.

To Claude Almsley's earnest entreaty that he would follow the detective's advice and present himself in London, he only replied:

"I have found my mother, the creature who gave me life, Mr. Almsley and I will not leave or resign her but to the grave. Oh, my mother, if fate had only been kinder to us two," and then he fell on his knees beside the bed again.

What should be done in such a case? But little, yet that little Claude, a true friend indeed, in this time of need.

He himself went up to London, and placed Clarence's case in the hands of the proper authorities, who, having investigated it, freed the poor boy, Clif, from all responsibility in the villainous capor's acts, and, armed with the glad news, Claude returned to Rivershall.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Nine months after.

It is summer now, and the woods and hills of Rivershall are in all their glory. Such a summer, so soft, so pure, so prolific of fruit and flowers, the oldest inhabitant failed to remember. There are brightness and gladness at Rivershall and a general joy, or at least satisfaction is palpable on every face.

At the Hall, which has been redecorated and enlarged by another wing, some great event is in prospect or the excitement there must be unnecessary. The servants are hurrying to and fro, the butler snatching at the steward's buttonhole and drawing him aside to mysterious conferences at the stillroom door, the housekeeper scolding the servants and herself into inordinate perspiration, the footmen, caressing their faultless whiskers with absorbed and knotty meditation, and as a finishing stroke, old Jack Druitt is continually stamping to the Hall from the lodge, and stamping to the lodge from the Hall, swearing heartily at everyone who runs in his way.



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and adducing no reason for his perambulations.

In the great banquet hall, vainly endeavoring to keep calm and composed, is Sir Ralph Melville, Sir Ralph still by courtesy, though in reality only plain "squire"; he stands with a paper in his hands on which his eyes are more seldom cast than upon the drive that winds past the window.

He is looking remarkably well, none the worse for the trials that have fallen to him; rather red-cheeked, indeed, and with an appearance of suppressed satisfaction that belies his stern mouth and frowning brow.

He is dressed as of old with scrupulous care, his deep white ruffles rising on his aristocratic breast like snow-drifts, at his wrists and down the ruffles are the diamonds that never appear save on import occasions, in his hand continually lies his old-fashioned gold watch.

"Hem!" he mutters. "A quarter to twelve. I hope everything is ready; Mrs. Walker is not so young as she was, and—oh, my darling!"

He breaks off his anxious soliloquy to ejaculate this lovingly as a beautiful girl, the belle of the country and the pride of his heart, enters.

Having hinted at Sir Ralph's personal appearance, it would be inadvisable to let the lady's pass unnoticed, and, truly, she is worthy of a Byronic poem and a Titianic brush!

Sublime personification of the beautiful is a pure, young, fresh and innocent English girl.

What grace in the supple form as she runs to her father's arms—what divine light of love and expectancy in the deep light of the eloquent eyes—what rapturous hope and trust, faith and tenderness in the soft sigh and the flushed cheek!

Oh, a prize, indeed, is this true English rose with the pure heart of a lily!

"My darling," says Sir Ralph, changing from one foot to the other and clearing his throat with the peculiar cough of one laboring under excitement, "he is anxious to conceal; 'my darling, don't get excited!'"

"No, papa," she says, or rather whispers, glancing shyly at his trembling lips.

some more ale, and Tim, the 'ostler, says 'as them grays can't do it for another hour yet."

Sir Ralph wiped his forehead with excitement.

"More flowers!" he says, eagerly. "Yes, go to Thompson, and tell him he's to give them all they want, to strip the conservatory, if need be. More damask? Go to Mrs. Thompson, who has plenty of it. Ah! Bless me! of course, I said they were to have as much as they liked—and more after the arch was up. And—and—the horses! Ah; nonsense. Tim, knows nothing about it. There, there, I'll go myself."

And away he bustles after old Jack, who has stamped off without waiting for the termination.

Lilian, left alone, goes to the window and looks out.

A pensive smile is on her lips, but they open with a sigh. It seems so long, so long!

The long nine months dwindle to nothing, compared to these last few hours.

And is it true, what Tim, the sailor, says, that the grays cannot make the stage for another two hours? Ah, how long! And yet she dreads the moment of meeting sometimes, and then longs for it again with all the ardor of a pure, young heart.

How beautiful the day is; the rosery is in full bloom, the air is laden with scents, and with something else, for every now and then rise the murmurs and hoarse buzzing of voices, and the click, click, tap, tap of the busy hammer.

Away there on the green are fifty men hard at work stretching across the road a triumphal arch, all green and beautiful with shrubs and flowers bearing this legend across the facade:

"Welcome, to the Lord of Rivershall. Welcome, to their welcome!"

On either pillar are stretched other scrolls, bearing still warmer testimony to the general joy at the master's return.

"Welcome, to the Lord of Rivershall. Welcome, to their welcome!"

### Trouble-Saving Tips

A piece of bread tied up in muslin and put into the water in which vegetables are cooking will prevent an unpleasant smell.

If a milk pail gets burnt remove the burnt skin, add some milk and a little butter, and re-bake in a slow oven.

Paint spots on windows can be removed by rubbing with a paste made of equal parts of salad oil, turpentine, and pumice stone.

Add a few drops of lemon juice to the water in which lettuce is washed. This makes it crisp and removes insects as thoroughly as salt.

When sewing on buttons that will have a great strain on them, put a piece of an old kid glove under the material as which the button is sewn.

If windows are very dirty wipe them first with a damp cloth. Then wipe again with a cloth dipped in methylated spirit. No polishing is required.

Brass curtain poles should be rubbed occasionally with a cloth dampened with paraffin or machine oil. This causes rings to slide smoothly when the curtains are drawn.

White kid gloves that are not badly soiled can be cleaned at home with a mixture of finely powdered fuller's earth and alum. It should be rubbed in with a piece of flannel, and then brushed off with a soft, clean brush.

Save odd pieces of soap to make into soap jelly. A teaspoonful of pieces makes about a pint of jelly. Cut the pieces small, place in a wide-mouthed jar, and add half a teaspoonful of powdered ammonia and a pint of boiling water.

Stir until the soap is dissolved, and leave until cold. A tablespoonful of the jelly is enough to make a good taler in a gallon of warm water.

A loaf that has become too stale for the table may be freshened by wrapping it in a clean cloth and dipping it in boiling water for thirty seconds. Remove the cloth and bake the loaf for ten minutes in a slow oven.

### Richard Hudnut Three Flowers Compact

Meets requirements of those wishing an individual box of Rouge or Powder. Supplied in all Popular Shades.

Scientist Says: Meat Eaters LIVE LONGER THAN VEGETARIANS.

Vegetarians received a blow when Prof. James R. Slinaker, a Leland Stanford University physiologist, declared recently that meat-eaters live just as long as their abstaining brethren, in fact, longer.

For eight years he has been experimenting with meat and vegetable diets on rats and now is applying his results to human beings.

When the rats were fed vegetables only, the span of their lives, he found, was shortened, in males 33 per cent; in females, 40 per cent. Males lost 35 per cent weight, and females from 25 to 28 per cent.

By the third generation the non-meat eaters lost the power of reproduction, indicating that vegetables lack something necessary to health.

One of the hardships of the diet of diabetic patients always has been that they must abstain from bread, muffins, biscuits, buns, and similar flour products because such foods contain starch in large quantities.

Now, through the ingenuity of the laboratory staff of a New York hospital, sufferers from diabetes can have their breakfast rolls as healthy persons can, for these workers have produced a starchless flour.

"Nerves and Fainting Spells Sent Woman to Bed. Great Change After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

Sarnia, Ontario.—"After my girls were born I was a wreck. My nerves were too terrible for words and I simply could not stand or walk without pain. I suffered with fainting spells until I was no longer any good for my household duties and had to take to my bed. The doctor said I should have an operation, but I was not in a fit condition at that time. My neighbor said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? I am sure it will do you good and will save those doctor's bills.' So I was advised by my husband to try it after I told him about it. I am very thankful to say that I was soon able to take a few boards for a while as rooms were scarce at that time. My baby is 17 months old now and I have not yet had an operation, thanks to your medicine. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a few people I know and have told them the good it has done me. I know I feel and look a different woman these few months and I certainly would not be without a bottle of your medicine in the house. You can use this letter as you see fit, as I should be only too glad for those suffering as I have to know what I had done for me. Mrs. ROBERT G. MACGREGOR, R. R. No. 2, Sarnia, Ontario.

A recent canvass of women users of the Vegetable Compound report 96 out of 100 received beneficial results.



## Carnation Has the Taste of Purity

Why is Carnation the purest and safest milk you can buy? Because it is hermetically sealed, then sterilized.

And that accounts for that distinctive taste—the taste of purity.

This characteristic taste is not evident in your cooked foods, but you will find a greatly improved flavor in all dishes in which this wholesome milk is used. It adds a creamy smoothness and improves texture, because Carnation is pure, fresh milk evaporated to double richness. Kept safe by sterilization.

Sold by grocers everywhere at moderate prices—order several tall (16 oz.) cans or by the case of 48 cans.

## Carnation Milk

The Label is Red and White  
Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited, Aylmer, Ontario.



Many Tempting Savory Dishes  
Mary Blake's Cakes are to be found in the National Recipe Book. Thirty-two packed pages of delightful recipes yours for the asking—free. Send the coupon below and try these recipes!

FISH CROQUETTES  
A cup cold cooked fish, 1 cup white sauce, 1/2 cup pepper. Pull fish apart in small pieces, season with salt and pepper. Then put on plate and cool. Shape, roll in crumbs, then in bread crumbs and egg and deep fat. Drain and serve hot with parsley. This serves six people.

CARNATION WHITE SAUCE No. 1  
4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 cup seasonings. Melt butter until it begins to bubble, stir in flour and mix thoroughly. Add milk, water, stirring and thick and smooth. Add seasoning.

This coupon entitles you to one copy of Mary Blake's Cook Book which contains over 100 carefully tested recipes. Send this coupon and mail to Carnation Milk Products Company, Ltd., Aylmer, Ont.

2 Excursion Boiler Explosions  
Miners' Federation win's Coal Tax Cused Interest Gertrude Ed Channel.

CAUSE OF DISASTER PAWTUCKET, N. H. The bursting of a large boiler of the steamer "Kittie" because of the disaster which killed 32 excursionists and scores of others, is mentioned today.

EXCURSIONISTS MEET THIS NEWPORT, N. H. At twenty-nine persons were killed, two are missing, and twenty-two were seriously injured when the boiler in the excursion steamer "Kittie" burst yesterday afternoon. The boat was passing the Naval Training Station in Newport Bay bound from Newport.

NAVAL ECONOMY. PORTSMOUTH, Eng., A. In accordance with the decision of the Admiralty, it is proposed to scrap four British destroyers and to scrap them. It is also proposed that officers' pay be increased by this extent.

MINERS ACCEPT TERMS OF LONDON, A. A conference of delegates from the Miners' Federation to accept the terms of a new industry. The conference is the Executive of the International Federation of Miners. The necessary steps to the miners' case before the government commission of inquiry.

BELGIAN DEBT REFINANCING. WASHINGTON, A. All interest charges on the Belgian loan will be guaranteed by Germany under the agreement for the financing of the loan.

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## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

"I BEAT" Have the Candle Worth the Game. So much for the depth and power of the competitive instinct. We can hardly hope to root it out. I think the best we can do is to guide it into worthwhile channels, to try and give our younger generation the background that shall make them want to be winners in things worthwhile; to take the accent of material things as much as we can for heaven knows it will always be strong enough there; and above all to teach them to lose when they must without whining and to win when they may without crowing.

What is the main purpose of our children's schooling? As a preparation for life, isn't it? Is there going to be any competition in life or is there not? Surely some of the most important lessons we have to learn in life are to go after the things we want hard, to lose when we must lose without whining, to win when we may without crowing. And the more these things are taught by school and by games, the better.

Of course the world would be better off in some ways if we could get entirely rid of this competitive instinct and be happy without trying to get ahead of someone else. But isn't that instinct so wrapped up in the method of self preservation that it is necessary to the preservation of the species and get rid of that which goes beyond the needs of preservation?

Some neighbors of ours have a baby who is about fourteen months old. I asked his mother if he had begun to talk yet and she says he says a few phrases. And what do you think his first words were. Not "mama" nor "papa" nor any word expected from a baby, but this phrase, "I beat."

It seems that the little boy next door who is a few months older comes to see him and together they scramble up the stairs. The other little boy says, "I beat," when he gets there first, and it hasn't taken Junior any time at all to get the thought and the phrase.

Yes, it is Ivory—New, of course, because modeled for slim fingers, and wrapped in blue for white washstands. Do see it, quickly!

Guest Ivory As fine as soap can be. 99% Pure Ivory. It floats. GERALD S. DOYLE, Agent.

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