### Sleep With Head to the North

F YOU want to live long sleep with your head pointing directly north and your feet due south. Such is the advice of a European doctor, who died recently at the age of 100. It was his habit to take a compass to bed with him.

# A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Days of Real Sport.

### 84 Earthquakes Last Year

IT'S well to be a Canadian in more ways than one. Here is one, Canada is free from earthquakes. Last year as many as eightyfour violent tremblings of the earth were felt in the United States. occurring chiefly in California.

THE STRANGER" A Story of Tangled Human Emotions
Told With Sympathy By a Great Wri

Told With Sympathy By a Great Writer

BY JOHN **GOODWIN** 

ermine or velvet, just for the joy of being beautiful."
"You look prettier—to me," Linton

the gristle, to be exposing themselves

course, she's gone to your head; that's a little way she has. But there's no harm done if ye take such cases in

lone curing tobacco."
All Sarah said to that wast "Well

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Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

It has them all

### Hilda and Drummond Gossip About Joan's Affairs and Philip Mottisfont

means the Little Lamb, you

"It sounds softer in Spanish," said Drummond.

"Softer—nothing!" Her face darkened. "I hate the darned language. I learned it as a kid, but I want to forget it! All that's put behind me. It's Agnes with the hard Gee for mine. And soon," she added with a triumphant laugh, "I'll be Agnes, Lady Tallbois! Ain't that right?"

"Not until you are a dowager," corrected Drummond with a smile."

but I didn't believe it. Though she knew she'd get no show, of course. I haven't done with her yet! So it's the sidewalk for hers, is it?"

The girl chuckled. "Say—has she got a feller?"

"A what?" Oh—yes," said Drummond. "Mottisfont—the barrister, who won her case for her in the House of Lords. A well-known K.C. St. George's next week."

"Huh! A swell, eh? Rich?" just Lady Tallbois."

The tell me it'll be a mighty short whole lithe body shook. Drummond while now. Say, it's real fine of you looked at her curiously. The senora

dishes too highly seasoned eh? even for London. "All the same," she added, impa-

tiently, "this yegg stuff has me peeved sometimes Drummond looked bewildered. "It gets my goat," she insisted, "learning to put on starch. You wouldn't know me from an Englishwoman now, but I guess I may break out sometimes, when I'm fed up.

There'll be money to burn, anyway. Why shouldn't I be just myself?"
"Why, indeed," he said, hopefully. "I shouldn't worry about it at all."
"Ah, but I like bein' taught by
you!" she murmured, "else I'd have turned it down long ago. I guess I'll keep right on." She looked out window at the spreading tenacles of London as the train neared

the southern suburbs—slums half-hidden in a yellow haze. "Here's town again, an' mighty glad I am to Me for the streets! I believe I'd have gone mad another day in that dead alive country place. "It was dull there for you, I'm raid," said Drummond, "but Mr. afraid." said Drummond, Callaghan decided it was absolutely necessary for you to keep out of th

way in a quiet place for a while, where the newspaper man couldn't eyes.

now. There were strong reasons against it. Callaghan, who has your and so he arranged for you and your mother to stay at that little country for the new claimant—Agnes Tallbois house at Reigate, quite quiet and "What is she like?" asked Hill house at Reigate, quite quiet and ncognito, till your lawyers were quickly. "You have seen her?" ready to go forward. Callaghan al-

girl, suddenly. A shadow came over "But now we want you in London, and you can go to your old quarters,

the pleasure of coming down to moment, and I willfetch you. You'll never have to comof being dull again!" he added. for mine. That little house gave me the fantods. Knayth was different:

'That was not wise, Agnes," he said, gravely.
"Wasn't it? But it was just honey me!" retorted Agnes. "I had to Kept well out of the way. Whee that girl, an' hand her the goods! should do, Hilda, in his place.

at hadn't been for your crowd. Can't eyes! She looked at me as if I were she looked straight before her, and When I don't like people, "By jove!" said Drummond. "I of the pair at the moment. She saw

"My Heart Would Palpitate,

I Had Weak Spells"

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont.,

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to

At times my heart would flutter and palpitate

would take such weak spells in the pit of

he said with an effort.

"Yes. It's nearly the same in Spanish as in English." She pronounced it in the Spanish fashion, but I didn't believe it. Though she bear she'd get no show of course.

"I see. Mommer will be the dowager. There'll be two of us then."

"Not exactly," said Drummond, "your mother will still be Mrs. Tallbois; for her husband, alas, died in the lifetime of the late peer. But the title descends to you."

"I'll make it hum," said Miss Tallbois lay back against the cushions and laughed till her.

"There's no reason against it now," he said. "I'll see what I can form at Charing Cross.

The girl and her mother passed through the ticket-gate, and Drumthrough the ticket-gate, and Drummond, having given the luggage in charge of a porter, joined them. It was at that moment he caught sight of a smartly-dressed woman buying a paper at a big bookstall.

"Hilda Detchmere, by Jove," he murmured. He turned to his companion.

"Agnes, here is precisely one of the people, you need," he said, "and a great friend of mine. Will you excuse me while I speak to her?"
"Sure," said Agnes said Agnes briefly. watched with interest while Drun crossed the station and spoke to the girl

ences and their evasions... A man will be victimized time and again by "Well, Hilda," he said quietly, "have

there was a grim sparkle in Hilda's "Believe me." said Drummond earnestly, "publicity would be the worst thing possible for you, up to "For the worst of the worst thing possible for you, up to "For the worst thing possible for you, up to "For the worst of the wo "For the moment," said Drummond,

and so he arranged for you and your on shortly. It is an absolute certainty ways knows what is best—you can bring her to you, Hilda? She wants to meet a few influential people—she will I guess I have to," replied the very soon fill Joan's shoes, you know. I suggest a little luncheon party—"
"But you are priceless!" said Hilda.

> "Stop! What of Joan?" said Hilda, under her breath. "The adorable Lady

"Fled," said Drummond briefly, "bolt-ed-wouldn't face it. Really, the only I liked the place. It's the real goods thing for her to do. Wounded love, you like you read about. I'll make know; hide her bleeding heart, and all Knayth hump itself when I take that sort of thing. Gone back to the that sort of thing. Gone back to the There's a lot of things I'll slums of Lambeth. Straight

"Didn't you know that?" Agnes a deep breath. She would have given sniggered. She told him in pungent much to be able to answer the question and say what she really did think. Charing Cross station was an inconvening in the telling. Drummond ent place in which to receive news so

"Charming - charming," he re- | wonder if that was the reason she cleared out?" "Has she done that?"
"Yes. She has cu

"Yes. She has cut the whole thing, and gone back to the riff-raff she used to live with, somemond. Her eyes seemed to his positively ogerish. Things seemed to be moving rather quickly; he remembered Callaghan's instructions, and sighed. "Is it Spanish, though?"

Taff she used to live with, somewhere south of the Thames. Callaghan told me. That's all he knowshe doesn't take much interest in her now. By the way, you have nothing to fear from her whatever; her said with an effort.

"He would have been as the hus-

while now. Say, it's real fine of you to put me wise to these stunts. You've been brought up to them, an' I haven't. It's like learning to eat cheese-on-salad, the way they do up north. I suppose I need training. I want to run with the right guys over here. Say, do you think I'll fill the bill?"

"Magnificently. You will be the social success of the year," said Drummond, without much inward faith in what he said. There are some dishes too highly seasoned

Drummond hesitated, as stepped out on to the arrival plat-

in the silver fox coat. "Well, Hilda," he said quietly, "have I made good? There is a little wager between us, I think, which you will not be sorry to have lost."

"Harold! You?" said Hilda under her treath. They drew clear of the crowd:

The said quietly, "have the same insincere or unworthy friends—and never seem to learn.... And he will repeatedly swear that he hates fried parsnips, for example, when, as a matter of fact, he has

"Yes, you have won indeed, and never shall I pay a debt more gladly.

"you must be content with what you best interests at heart, knows that, "She is here, in the station. May I

"By all means; it is just what would interest me." She hesitated. "Is she Agnes, for everything goes right ahead from today. Your case has been put forward. And so I've had rather. I need your help, Hilda. One

"Good for you! I just live on ex-tement. Nix on the green fields what I want to hear!"

Knayth to the gutter. Is that good You've been to Knayth?" he ex-The Honorable Hilda Detchmere drew

ent place in which to receive news so

ger!" Agnes white teeth seemed to become suddenly petrified.

togethe and her dark pupils Drummond followed her gaze. Joan Talibois herself, in a simple linen

my stomach that I some-

times thought I would

never get better. I had most given up hope when

a friend advised the use

of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. did not stop until I had

taken twenty-five boxes. It

has done wonders for me

and I want to recommend

it to everyone.

o exist for Joan. There was a won-"And Mottisfont?" she murmured. derful, dreamy happiness in her eyes, Boy was a friend he could count on Drummond laughed. "A little disappointing for Mottisfont. Kept well out of the way. What we bag, followed by a porter with a truck "Ah-h-h-h-h!" said Hilda. She began thadn't been for your crowd. Can't "Ah-h-h-h-h!" said Hilda. She began of luggage. Drummond and Miss Detch-you guess how I hate her—the pink- to laugh, quietly, gently, in her most mere, after the first shock of amaze-

ment, glanced quickly at each other. Philip paused only long enough to toss a coin on to the bo paper. His eye fell on Hilda, and he raised his hat

THE MARRIAGE GAME

As Played to a Decision Every Day By

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hatton

HIS WINNING DAY. Her Play-I wonder if it wasn't a oman philosopher who first said that

seems to me that men never profit by their experiences, especially in their likes and dislikes, their prefer-

never tasted them.... He refuses to

experiences by which he might learn.

Surely, man is a queer creature!

His Counter-Play-Aw, you're only

tilking to hear yourself talk-to make a hit with the audience, you little

fraud.... You make a great show of selecting a man's virtue—yes, we do

reverse English and reverse phil-

devilish vice, or at least, a pallid weakness.... You say that a man re-

peatedly trusts a friend who isn

generosity of a man's character

worthy.... Sure, he does!... That shows only the natural fineness, the

And you say that a man refuses ex-

That's not the idea at all.... A wis

will be the worse for him-and that includes fried parsnips, too.

The Referee-He wins!

sophy so you may pretend it is a

have 'em-and dressing it all up

learn by experience and he refuse

was wrung from her, "where are you "On my wedding tour." he answered.

Hilda's face was colorless and rigid.
"On your-what?" she gasped. "Joan Tallbois and I were married this morning," he said. "I accept your congratulations. Thank you so much." ly, Philip strode forward on to the platform as though the earth and the full-

### CHAPTER LX. The Intrusive Dago.

"This," murmured Drummond, "is the ultimate limit!" From bewilderment and unbelief his mood changed to a bitter satisfaction. "The fool! Still up in that tree," muttered to a bitter satisfaction. "The fool! He gave us trouble enough, but we're even with him now." He glanced at his companion. "Hilda! What do you think of this unrehearsed effect—eh?" he said, with a chuckle. "Can you realize it?"

Hida Detchmere did not look at him. There was a strange express. It would be stay up in that tree."

"It can't be that Johnny Chuck is still up in that tree," muttered anxiously this way and that way, and that way, and have a look." The nearer he drew the more puzzled he became. "It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck," he kept saying to himself. "It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck. But what Johnny He watched Johnny look anxiously this way and that way, and he smiled, for he understood just what Johnny was thinking. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The nearer he drew the more puzzled he became. "It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck." he kept saying to himself. "It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck. But what Johnny Chuck is still up in that tree," muttered anxiously this way and that way, and he smiled, for he understood just what Johnny was thinking.

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

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(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

him. There was a strange expression in her eyes.

"I realize for the first time what I have lost," she said too low for Drummond to hear. "I never knew Philip till now. A fool—but a splendid fellow! And the girl is unconquerable."

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate.)

I the sun would for?"

Now. Farmer Brown's Boy has learned to walk so as to make very little noise. He was almost up to that tree before Reddy Fox suspected that he was near. Then a tiny twig snapped under one of his feet, and linstantly Reddy Fox pricked up his ears and jumped to his feet. Reddy was so surprised that for a second or There was a strange expres-the sun would he stay up in that tree for?"



Peggy—John, you seem all excited! about that home brew—Has anything happened? Peggy—Oh, John!

John—Yes—I've come to say gsod—John—He got all ex-

Peggy-"Good-bye!" Why-John-I've come before it is too Peggy-"Too late!" Why-what do you mean?

John—You really can't be blamed

for it. Peggy—Blamed for what?

John—You remember the Welsh abbit you made last night?

John—Yes—to say good-by was my fault! All my fault!

John—Yes—to say good-by g Peggy-Why, yes-and you ate two cause I want to buy a dog right away

John-Well, just after I reached ome and got into bed-Peggy—Yes—yes?

John—I was falling off to sleep when I was stricken violently ill. Peggy—Oh!
John—And when the doctor came

he started to work over me-Peggy-"Poisoned!" -Questioned me about what I

Peggy-Did-did you tell him that John-And what I had drunk. my home brew that I gave you!

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

OF FARMER BROWN'S BOY.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Blest be the understanding heart

That seeks to take another's part.

For once in his life Johnny Chuck

was thoroughly glad to see Farmer Brown's Boy approaching. Yes, sir, he was glad. He hadn't the least bit

of fear. You see, Farmer Brown's Boy had led Bowser the Hound away

from the foot of that tree in which

ohnny had been a prisoner, and so

Johnny knew that Farmer Brown's

So Johnny watched anxiously a

farmer Brown's Boy came down the

grinned as he thought of the surprise

hard. It was quite a distance, and

mass in the very same crotch in which he had left Johnny Chuck. "It can't be that Johnny Chuck is

over to that tree again.

-Johnny Chuck.

John-That I would be totally

Peggy-Blind! Oh, this is terrible! John-I came to say good-bye-Peggy-You can't say good-bye. It to say good-bye, be-

so I will have something to lead me Peggy-Oh, John! John, I'll lead you around.
John—For the rest of my life?

Peggy-Yes-forever! John-Cross your heart and prom-

Peggy-There, I did! John-Well, then, everything will turn out all right, for it was all a Welsh rabbit dream. Peggy-You-you!

don't forget you've promised to lead Peggy-You didn't tell him about (Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger

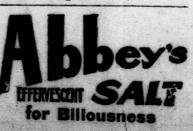


as she passed through towards the Dover boat-train.

Behind her came Philip carrying a Brown's Boy might not come away Farmer Brown's Boy. Then he whirled and was off like a red streak. The instant he moved Farmer Brown's Long Lane. His heart leaped with Boy saw him.

joy as Farmer Brown's Boy turned and headed straight toward him.
Johnny looked down at Reddy Fox Johnny Chuck. "So that's it!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy, as he looked up at Johnny Chuck. "So that's it! That red rascal came along before you had that was awaiting Reddy Fox. You a chance to get down this morning, see, from where he was Reddy and has kept you up there ever since. You a chance to get down this morning, and

that morning. Of course he merely there is any wisdom at all in that glanced over there rather carelessly. Then he stopped and looked long and take this chance to get down. funny little head of yours you will he couldn't see clearly, but it looked to the stone wall some little distance very much as if there was a brown away and sat down. He took pains to go far enough to make Johnny Chuck feel that he was free to come down. He watched Johnny





FLIPPING BOBS

Already I have received a score of letters, which tell me that the Boxinto my eyes—and said that within of letters, which tell me that the Boxites are so delighted that the Cynthese that the Cynthia Grey badge has really come to stay. It was only to be expected that should hear first from December Bride, and the second card I picked up in the same mail was from Lass
O' Laughter. Of course, I expect it
will be nearly a week before the first
order of pins are received, but that
is really not very long to wait for
of sensual tyrants!" Linton said anything as nice as a Cynthia Grey angrily. Sarah chuckled. "Do you badge. And now I shall expect to se my Mail-Box deluged with stamped ddressed envelopes containing fiftyfive cents for the badge.

> Seeds. and if I need more will call on you

Barbara Allen. Thank you for the poem and the cookie recipe, Barbara Allen. I am sure your next letter to the Mail Box will not be quite so brief. We have plenty of room for new mem-

Knitting Directions.

thanks for the mite.

I am sure you saw the announcement concerning the badge and will be writing me for one soon. Perhaps in her next letter O-Bee-Cee-Tee will in the state of the state

Dear Cynthia Grey: announcement to stir me up to writ-

had formed at least one Mail Box gusted, not flattered, even if you friend in the person of December Bride, as I noticed that she has been asking about me and very ungratefully I neglected to write to the Mail would kneel. Sarah lifted the chair would kneel. Sarah lifted the chair would kneel.

was in London just the other day and walked meekly past the shrine of knowledge, where our beloved Cynthia Grey sits, all primped up in her this it is added to the shrine of knowledge, where our beloved Cynthia Grey sits, all primped up in her this it is added to the shrine of the said obstinately. "You don't know to maid obstinately. "You don't know to maid obstinately."

see, from where he was Reddy couldn't see Farmer Brown's Boy.

Now, Farmer Brown's Boy hadn't intended to go over to that tree. He had planned to go somewhere else. Put when he reached the end of the Long Lane he looked over to that tree. I know just how you feel. Now, in which he had found Johnny Chuck in the case of the come along this juggle with the huge pile of letters family needing you so much. When family needing you so much. When a good thing I have come along this juggle with the huge pile of letters family needing you so much. When a good thing I have come along this juggle with the huge pile of letters family needing you so much. When a good thing I have come along this juggle with the huge pile of letters family needing you so much. When a good thing I have come along this juggle with the huge pile of letters family needing you so much. When a good thing I have come along this juggle with the huge pile of letters a game in the way. I have come along this juggle with the huge pile of letters a game in the windows and one was a heavy wife went I thought it was a heavy anyway I passed by the building and I peeked in the windows and one was a tempt with the huge pile of letters and the way of the latter of type with the huge pile of letters and the windows and one was a heavy with the huge pile of letters and the windows and one was a sheavy with the huge pile of letters and the windows and one was a heavy with the hug

of a grey gown.

I think your idea of a garden contest is perfectly splendid, Cynthia. you were or could be," Sarah cried, I am planning mine according to The stamping her foot. "Now, you go Advertiser gardening articles, which home and don't stand on the order I am cutting out and pasting in a of your going. book to keep for next year as well. So about the middle of July you may per," the rejected swain almost enanxiously this way and that way, and he smiled, for he understood just flowers, making a stab at first prize Sarah returned heartlessly. to see your friend, Lava, treated. in the contest.

I wondered when the second "Explosion" was to come, Lava, as December Bride has been very eager to hear from you and I began to wonder myself if your first letter was to be the last. I hope you will remember your promise when your badge arrives and let me know immediately what you think of it.

Try—so you'll get what you deserve. Now—will you go?"

"Lemme see what started all this!"

Linton said, trying to find a landing for his balloon-like hope.

Sarah giggled outright. "You got mad because I said a word you didn't know," she said. "And I'm going to say it again. My garden is like an odalisque; thas put on flower silks, fruit invests might empty. rives and let me kno what you think of it.

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A WORD IN SEASON.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams "You look prettier—to me," Linton said with a touch of humility. "Me, wearing all her jewels," Sarah said to too!" said a hearty voice from the corner of the piazza. Jim Foster stood there smiling broadly, his hands dirty, his face smudged, his eyes red—but mother's daughter name such a word; to Sarah he was something betwixt a knight and an archangel. She knew you shouldn't even know that such— a knight and an archangel. She knew he had been firing tobacco in the big such creatures exist."

He meant to be crushing, but Sarah laughed softly, answering nothing beyond the laugh. Which moved her why he had come so opportunely. But not for long the had come so opportunely. But yond the laugh. Which moved her not for long. He had stopped in front caller to say solemnly: "If you spoke of Linton, saying as he smiled down in ignorance, please look in the dictionary before using that word again widower men, still, as ye may say, in mixed company."

OI Linton, saying as ne smiled down at him: "Brer Preacher, lemme give ye warnin." It ain't wholesome for widower men, still, as ye may say, in -at least in mixed company."

"Odalisque, you mean? Maybe too long to dangerous microbes. I've too long to dangerous microbes. I've too long to dangerous microbes. I've timed ye; two hours and more you've back with spirit, her color rising. back with spirit, her color rising. Rev. Aaron Linton also grew red. "I know what it means-perfectly." "Then please to tell me," Sarah time. So run home and rest up, so ye id audaciously. "I think I know can earn a hundred dollars by chang-

said audaciously. "I think I know can earn a hundred dollars by changalready but am willing to be instructing her name to Foster soon as I'm "This is shameful—shameful!" the minister interrupted.

Sarah went on unheeding: "The odalisque, the woman of the zenana, is brought up to believe that her reais brought up to believe that her rea-son for being is to charm, to en-thrall, to influence her lord and master, love and serve him bear his children and keep faithful to him only so long as they both do live. Maybe she doesn't always live up to that strait creed—but how about our-selves? Diverges are plantic they selves? Divorces are plentier than blackberries. Sometimes after a peculiarly disgusting case I've wondered if the 'sack and sea' wasn't really better for morality and family happi-

"I won't listen to such stuff!" from the angry minister. "Anyway, you are all wrong. An odalisque is a dancing woman, almost nude, and opium-drunk, who makes herself the most revoltingly sensual spectacle for the captivation of bloodthirsty bar-

"How do you know?" Sarah asked placidly.
"From books—and men who have seen them," the minister flung at her

"It is likely you are thinking of Nautch dancers." Sarah said re-flectively. "It seems unlikely that the most daring or most favored traveling scribe would be permitted to see favorites of the sultans, or even those of high dignitaries, thus delighting their lords."

"Young women should be forbidden to know such things—much less speak of them," Linton said—by this he was glassy-eyed with rage.
"Why, Mr. Linton? How else

would we ever get up enthusiasm for mission work?" Sarah tantalized. "You know it is the heathen horrors that we capitalize—if we didn't, where would the fun come from—also the money?"
"Truly, it IS enough to stir Chris-

reckon it's so very different from the demurely. "Of course, you rather exbest I can for you in the way of some perennials. I will let you know how the demand goes for your grant to be a new choice—but I remember even before you were free, how you were surrounded—you must surely have a splendid digestion, or else all the you had to taste and judge between, ould have made you dyspentic

"I recall nothing of the sort," Linton said stiffly. "Maybe not—but do. I remember, too, how you liked it-actually you purred I knew all along why you didn't like me—I never your opinion of my fruit cake any a roguish smile tremendously upset-Am pleased to forward the knitting ting. It quite toppled the cleric from directions so promptly to O-Bee-Cee-Tee, English Buttercup, and I am sending you Erikum's address so you may write to her. Many, many thanks for the mite. you-but it's because I love you so hard."

"Cat's foot!" snapped Sarah, let us know how she liked the pattern.

Lava at Last

Lava at Last coign of vantage she went on, her voice cool and deadly: "You must be I nadn't forgotten about my new trying to trap me-pretending to found friend, the Mail Box, but it make love all of a sudden this way. needed the inspiration of the badge I'm not full sister to Solomon, but do know a little too much for And even though I am rising thirty, I felt quite bucked up to see that I alone and none too well off, I'd be dismeant what you say."
"I do mean it. Honest to God I

Box.

I have a nice secret to confess. I said. "This has gone far enough—a

grey gown. At least they say, she wears a grey gown but I won't know whether to believe it or not.

Six children and every other woman in the congregation at me to tell me in the congregation at me to tell me I have my doubt whether anyone, what and how to do for 'e'n. You've even anyone as clever as Cynthia never said a word—that's partly why Grey, could remain all primped up I come asking you. It's sinful—and have shining, smooth hair and worse'n wicked, you going to waste juggle with the huge pile of letters family needing you so much. When I am sure she receives in a day. But wife went I thought it was a heavy

"A better match for me than ever

But I will wait eagerly new for my she went on harder than ever. "But badge, Cynthia, and as soon as I re-ceive it, I will write and tell you how wonderful I think it is and tell you the farm bell—loud. That'll bring some more of the things which I Jimmy Foster in a sw'vet. He can think about, but which as I said before, my long-suffering family won't ty-so you'll get what you deserve. Now-will you go?"

Whitens the Teeth

odalisque; it has put on flower silks, fruit jewels, misty sunshine soft as The gum in the red wrapper