

In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA"

TEA

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

Plants That Are Pests.

Weeds are the most costly enemies of the grower of foodstuffs. In their hundreds they pollute every square yard of soil he cultivates.

These outlaws of the seed world, if unchecked, would soon smother the whole land. One weed alone, flaxweed, produces 730,000 seeds in a single season. In three seasons, if all the seeds germinated, it has been computed that they would overrun a world 2,000 times the size of the earth.

An authority on weeds, Mr. Harold C. Long, carried out a number of experiments in a good garden soil which had been thoroughly cultivated for at least three years. During that time few weeds were allowed to shed their seeds.

Yet on one square yard here are the number of different weeds counted: Buttercup, 654; annual meadow grass, 107; dock, 60; goosefoot, 26; groundsel, 25; various others, 178—a total of 1,050 weeds.

The great weed-army is always searching for new kingdoms to conquer. A Mr. Ranstead introduced the common yellow toadflax as a garden flower into the United States. To-day the "Ranstead weed" is a plague in America. And Scotland's national emblem invaded the land of liberty in a bedtick filled with thistles.

In return America has given England a serious menace in the Mor-mal's Hair.

Charlock, thistle, and couch or twitch grass are weeds which ruin many a farmer. They can reduce the yield of oats per acre from seventy-six to twenty-five bushels.

To maintain food supplies, the Agricultural Departments of most countries have declared war upon weeds. Each State in the American Union has its own weed laws. Canada has 1,300 weed inspectors. In the Isle of Man a penalty is imposed on all farmers who do not cut down thistles and docks before they flower.

A Strange Duel.

Probably the strangest duel that ever took place was one fought in Paris in 1808. It is peculiarly French, and could hardly have occurred under any but French conditions. Two gentlemen of France quarrelled over the lady of their mutual love. Tempers rose, and in the heat of the moment they agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims.

In order that the heat of angry passion should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceedings they agreed to postpone the duel for a month. The fight was to be from balloons, the survivor to claim the hand of the lady in marriage. A day and place of meeting was arranged, and on the appointed day the duellists met. The gentlemen were named Grandpre and Le Pique.

The ascent took place in the garden of the Tuilleries amidst a vast concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other, but at the balloons. The resultant escape of gas would bring the balloon down, and in all probability would mean the death of the occupant.

The balloons having been cast off and having ascended, at a given signal the duellists opened fire. Le Pique missed, but his opponent was successful in sending a bullet through Le Pique's balloon. The latter crashed to the earth and was smashed to pieces. His conqueror still made his ascent and landed triumphantly seven miles out of Paris.

So ended what must be considered the strangest of all duels.

A Sweet Breath at all times!

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Wrigley's

After eating or smoking, Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal



STRIPES ARE SMART.

There is no deviation from the straight line to be observed in this little sports frock, of apricot-and-white striped washable silk, that is simplicity itself to make. The model is of the kimono type, showing a few tucks at the hip-line. A befrilled jabot emphasizes the front closing, and the short sleeves and round neck add chic. The diagram shown at the side will give an idea of the construction of the frock, and the pattern provides long sleeves. The jabot is a triangular-shaped piece of material, and is not included in the pattern. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress with long sleeves. Price 20 cents.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.



"My husband thinks this is the dearest place he ever visited."

"Why doesn't he come down alone some time and try it?"

Supplied.

The country pastor made it a point to welcome any stranger cordially. One evening, a Swedish girl, employed as a domestic in one of the fashionable homes, was present. The minister welcomed her to the church and expressed the hope that she would be a regular attendant. Finally he said that if she would be at home some evening during the week, he would call.

"Thank you," she murmured bashfully, "but Ay have a fella."

Maps of the North.

Owing to the increasing traffic along the Mackenzie valley system of waterways, the Department of the Interior has for several years had parties of surveyors at work along the route, particularly in and above Great Slave Lake. From these surveys, maps have been prepared which have proved most useful to navigators. Buoys, beacons and lights have also been put in place along the route.

Encouraging Telephone Use. In Great Britain for telephone subscribers the minimum deposit has been reduced from £1 10s. to £1.

The Right Verdict

BY FRANCIS MORTON HOWARD.

PART I.

The fire in the grate was crackling down into dull embers, and the cramped little living room of the cottage was instinct with the lateness of the hour, when the gate at the end of the garden creaked back on its hinges and slow footsteps began to scrope forward over the narrow, paved path to the door.

The old man, nodding in his chair by the fireside, blinked into wakefulness and stiffened vigilantly. The woman, sewing within the closer zone of the lamplight, glanced in surprise at the clock and stayed the plucking of her needle to listen.

Nearer drew the footsteps. An ancient, half-blind dog, sprawled along-side the fender, raised his head. Then, feebly, he beat upon the floor with his tail.

"It is him!" whispered the old man, aghast. "He's come back!"

The woman had risen from her chair, one hand pressed tight to her bosom.

Then she drew herself erect and crossed to the door to open it.

Before even she had laid her palm upon the upper bolt old Jacob Lawe's thoughts had leaped back across the years to the day when he who now waited at the threshold had turned away from that very door and gone off, so menacing and sinister.

He stared through the wall of the cottage and saw a sunlit morning in late spring.

The home which he shared with his daughter and her husband lay isolated some half-mile or so from the village, but, on that particular morning, his work had ordained that he should pass through the place on his way back to dinner.

There was a constrained hush at first when old Jacob Lawe trudged wondering to the scene, but this soon yielded place to a sort of tacit joke, a thing of nudges and tight-lipped smiles, which implied a sardonic drollery to which all but he were alive.

There was to be "rough music"; that he comprehended. He knew what the phrase conveyed. There had been "rough music" several times before in his experience, when the women of the village, to mark their sense of displeasure at some connubial irregularity, had congregated outside the abodes of the guilty.

"Who are they going to?" asked Jacob. But again his neighbor only grinned at him.

And now, suddenly, the women prepared to move off in execution of their project.

But there was no pause at either cottage, and the tumult passed on and on till the village was left behind, and up, at the fork in the highway, the women were unhesitatingly chosen.

And, for a full mile, Jacob's was the only home that stood beside the road.

"Ye don't mean to say—" he cried in consternation.

"Tumbled to it, have ye, at last?" said the fellow at his side. "Yes, 'tis up to your place they're going! The rough music is for Alf Burch!"

"But—but he'll nigh kill Esther for it," protested Jacob vehemently.

A twist in the road brought the cottage into sight, and at once the women's din took on a more provocative note.

Burch had heard the tumult approaching up the valley, and he was standing at his gate.

As the crowd came to a stop he flung up his hand, and the masterful bearing of him compelled a comparative silence.

"So you've come to give me rough music, eh?" he asked. "You want me to alter my ways with Esther, do you? Wait you a minute, and I'll show you how I'm altered."

He swung his back contemptuously to them and went to the open doorway.

"Esther!" he called. "Here, you—Esther! Come here. I want you!"

She came hesitantly to the door at his summons. He gripped her by the wrist and led her a little way down the path, and there he raised his stick and slashed her twice across the face with it.

He flung her from him and she stumbled to her knees, but she neither cried out nor moaned, but stared straight before her.

"There's the payment for your music!" said Burch to the crowd.

They stood staring at him, incredulous that such a thing could have happened. He dashed his stick to the ground and strode to the gate.

The throng eddied back at his advent, all save decrepit old Zeke Sparstow.

"Out of my way!" shouted Burch. "Out of my way, do ye hear?"

He shouted again, and drove his fist between old Sparstow's eyes and sent him to the ground.

And, with that, he marched off down the road. Not once did he turn his head, and in utter quiet they watched him go. It was only when he had rounded the bend in the lane that movement came slowly back to them, like people waking from a trance.

"Gone—he's gone!" she was sobbing. "Thank God—oh, thank God! He's gone—gone forever!"

Six, seven years ago that had happened, and no word of Burch had they ever had in all that time. And now he had come back again and was wait-

ing on the other side that door for re-entry to his home.

"Don't let him in! Don't!" called out Jacob, moved to a sweating terror by the clarity of his last memory of Burch, but Esther had withdrawn both bolts and now swung the door open and stood back, rigid.

"Esther," said Burch's voice. There was no emotion of any sort in it. It was simply a statement of recognition.

She stood silent, waiting. He glanced at Esther as though awaiting her permission to enter. She made a motion of her arm and he came further into the room. Still, without a word, she closed the door behind him.

"Jacob," he said. "Jacob."

Old Lawe nodded and grunted, too watchful and suspicious of this strange change in his son-in-law to spare thought for words.

"Have—have you come far?" asked Jacob at length, to break the uncanny quietude.

"Yes, I've come far," answered Burch.

"Where from?"

"From—from—" Burch began to reply, but stopped and shook his head helplessly.

"Are you hungry?" asked Esther, coming closer.

"Yes, I'm hungry."

He ate ravenously, and there was no talking. When he had finished, he sat patting and stroking the dog's head absently and murmuring to himself in little snatches.

Jacob, finding that his chair incommoded Esther in her task of clearing the table, pushed it back unexpectedly, with a loud, resonant scraping upon the stone floor. And, at that sudden noise, Burch screamed out, covering his eyes with his hands and whinnying with fear.

He soon quieted down again, but for some while after he sat erect, mechanically picking at his cheek with his forefinger and continually starting with little tremors.

"I've been in the army," he said presently. "Been in the army, out yonder, across the sea. 'Twas hell by day and hell by night, and great fires burning—and—" He shuddered and broke off.

Old Lawe tried to draw him out, and Esther struck in with here and there a question, but Burch could only shake his head and say that he forgot.

"He's a broken man!" declared Jacob exultantly. "He's broke for good and all, body and spirit of him. 'Tis this here shell-shock. That's what it is, I'll wager ye."

"'Tis hard on you," said Jacob. "Cruel hard on you." He shot a furtive glance at her. "On you—and on Luke Miller, too," he added pointedly.

In the days that followed, Jacob's surmise proved correct as to the cause of Burch's condition. Shell-shock it was that had laid hold of Esther's husband, and sometimes he would be so under the spell of it as to be little better than a terrified child.

In no mood did the invalid ever depart from a certain wistful subservience to Esther, and to other his bearing was scarcely less humble. It seemed as if the irony of justice had decreed that he should atone for the past by now, in his turn, cringing and shrinking back at a quick word or an impatient glance.

And Esther, to help support her stricken husband, went daily to work in the kitchen of Boarcombe Farm, and old Jacob Lawe, though he grumbled in privacy, somehow made up the rest of Burch's keep.

So things went on, and one day Jacob spoke again of Luke Miller to his daughter.

"I've scarcely seen him since Alf came back," said Esther.

"He's talking of going away—leaving here for good."

"Is he?" asked Esther, and was quiet for a little while. "So much the better for both of us!" she declared squarely.

Came a rough night when the wind buffeted over the hills and swept roaring down the valleys, and the rain beat in passionate gusts upon the window panes. Old Jacob Lawe, sucking at his empty pipe, was crouching beside the fire. Burch, in the armchair, was fidgeting with a length of string, tying and untying it.

The howling of the wind and the drumming of the rain upon the windows held away again for some minutes. Then Burch looked up, puzzled.

"Esther," he said. "Where's Esther?"

"Out!" shouted Jacob in reply. "Gone out! Gone down to the shop!"

There came a rush of feet toward the door and a hurried knocking. "Come in!" called Jacob, and the door opened.

"What, you Luke?" cried Jacob.

"Aye, me! Evening, all. I just stepped down for a word with Esther. I'm packed. I'm away off next week. Tomorrow I go to Painswick to stay with my brother till I go. I thought I'd

"My clothes used to be yellow - now they are snowy white"

"I always had trouble with my clothes—they used to come out so yellow. Then a friend told me about Rinso. I found it makes a wonderful soap solution. This removed every bit of dirt and then it all rinsed out completely. There was nothing left to yellow the clothes—as there was no soap to stick—it was all dissolved."

"I am now delighted with my wash—my clothes are always snowy white."

—A letter received by the makers of Rinso.

Just shake some Rinso into a saucepan, add hot water, and you'll get the wonderful soap solution that is the only soap you need for your wet tub, your boiler, your washing machine. Rinso soaks dirt out.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

Rinso



just step down and see Esther. Is she about?

"No, I won't be stopping. I've not much time. I must look in and say good-bye to Duxsey, down below. I'll come back again, later on."

"Well, come you out by the back door this time," urged Jacob quickly as Miller put his hand again on the latch. "The wind does blow into the house so hard by there."

They passed through to the tiny scullery. Burch watched them go without the least interest. But next his hands began to clutch convulsively, and after that he began to fill out his chest, drawing the air deeper and deeper into his lungs till his breath panted and hissed through his close-set teeth. At last he arose and flung wide his arms.

"The rough music!" he whispered. "The rough music!"

He stood there staring, staring before him, with every muscle quivering. "I can remember! I can remember now! I can remember everything now!"

He drew himself erect as ever he had been, and gradually the dull amazement crept out of his face and all the evil brutality came flowing back. The lines about his eyes and mouth folded and drooped themselves back to the old snarling savagery.

"Aye, the rough music, of course! I remember now!"

A moment later old Jacob returned to the living room. Burch was standing by the fire, and Jacob saw at once how it was with him.

(To be concluded.)

A Better Fit.

"What kind of coal do you want, ma'am?" asked the dealer of the newly married woman.

"Well, I haven't had much experience in these things," said the young woman frankly. "Are there various kinds of coal?"

"Oh, yes. We have egg coal, chestnut—"

"I think I shall take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."

Paternal Advice.

Mother—Yes, dear, your father and I first met at a dance.

Boy—"Oh, that's why he's always telling me to keep away from dance halls."

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

Sally's Method.

A negro mammy had a family of boys so well behaved that one day her mistress asked:

"Sally, how did you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah! tell ye, missus," answered Sally. "Ah raise dem boys with a barrel stave, an' 'ch raise 'em frequent."

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Sore Vexed.

A class was asked in a Sunday school examination to give the meaning of the word "Selah." For a while no answer was forthcoming. Then a small boy diffidently held up his hand.

"Well," said the examiner, hopefully. "Please, sir," said the lad, "that's what David used to say whenever he broke one of the strings of his harp!"

Fair Enough.

Harold had put the momentous question and had been accepted. When Marie had sighed for a few moments in his arms he said:

"Darling, it is only fair that I should tell you I am a conammbulist!"

"That's all right, dear!" exclaimed Marie. "We'll take it in turns. I'll go to your church one Sunday with you and you can come with me to mine the next."

Why Willie Went to Bed.

A small boy working diligently on a cross-word puzzle in the newspaper, looked up and said:

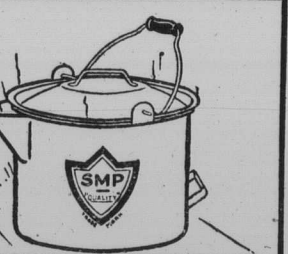
"Dad, would 'wife' be right for a four letter word meaning 'A dangerous woman'?"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A Long Story.

A babbling brook. A shady nook—Her hand he took. Now she's his cook.

—Harry Owen



The Right Way to Boil Potatoes

Put the potatoes in an SMP Enamelled Potato Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to taste. Boil until soft. When finished, drain off all the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.

SMP

Enamelled POTATO POTS

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ISSUE No. 43—25



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The world's best hair tint. Will restore gray hair to its natural color in 15 minutes.

Small size, \$3.30 by mail. Double size, \$5.50 by mail.

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In every town in Ontario, to sell MISS SIMPLICITY ELECTRIC WASHERS. Sells for \$98 cash or on time payments. Good side line. We can tell you what others are doing. Write now. Earle Electric, 107 Richmond East, Toronto.