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EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
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Where There's a Will—

THERE'S OFTEN A SECRET!

An Aberdeen woman, while turning over some papers, accidentally found her husband's will, in which he left all he possessed to another woman who lived in Chelsea. The surprised wife subsequently went to this woman's house, and found that she was very much the indiscreet testator. As a result, a divorce was granted. May a startling secret is similarly disclosed by a will, though usually not until after death of the person who made it. One testator went out of his way to call his wife a "perambulating vinegar cruet"; another provided that his son should not receive a certain bequest unless he "shall sign a pledge and keep it for twelve months."

From Society to Solitude.

It was from a will that a man who seemed to have the world at his feet—an officer in the Guards, a popular member of society, and a frequent guest at Buckingham Palace—learned that he was not the son of the man he had always regarded as father, and that the woman he had known as aunt was his mother. He was so affected by the blow that, after resigning his commission and breaking off the marriage arranged between him and a well-known lady, he retired to an estate in the country, where he lived in great fashion till the end of his days. Equally dramatic was another secret disclosed by a will. A West-countryman was struck by the similarity of the circumstances of the death of a merchant and those of the death of a well-known proprietor. It was reported to the town that the merchant, while on a visit to the place where the merchant proprietor had an estate, had died suddenly in exactly the same way as that man. Later, moreover, he was

given a public funeral, whereas nothing was said as to when or where the merchant was buried.

Drawing the Veil.

The West-countryman's curiosity was aroused, and he took the first opportunity of calling at Somerset House and inspecting the landed proprietor's will, which showed that he had been a double personality. For more than twenty years, in fact, he had maintained two establishments, and been landowner and merchant in turn without arousing suspicion among his friends.

No less strangely was the curtain drawn from another drama of real life. A wealthy manufacturer, on his death, left his legal wife an annuity of £600 and the rest of his estate, valued at about £40,000, to the woman whose bequest was made in her maiden name.

This practically gave away a secret that had been carefully guarded, but the children without a name continued in ignorance of their true status. When, however, their mother died, she left a will in which she disclosed everything, thereby vindicating the true wife, whom many people had regarded since her husband's death as an impostor.

Name Worth £75,000.

One of the most curious disclosures of a double life was made in the will of a well-to-do man who some years ago was well known in the City of London. For an unknown reason he liked playing the part of waiter out of business hours, and for a long period he was one of the institutions at a certain restaurant. When he died he had been open confession in his will of this folly.

The extraordinary will of a chartered accountant who, after living on respectance a day, died and left unexpected wealth amounting to more than

£75,000, came before the Chancery Court in Manchester recently. According to the form of the will the Public Trustee has to appoint six trustees whose names are either Sharples or Hemondhalgh, and these trustees must decide who is entitled to the estate. All claimants must be more than sixty years old, and their total income must not be more than £40 a year. Their surnames must be either Sharples or Hemondhalgh.

Riches in Rags and Tatters

LUCK IN CAST-OFF CLOTHES.

An unpromising way to romance seems the grimy entrance to the marine store. Yet how many stories are connected with the evil-smelling rags that pass through it! By some strange chance a bundle of dilapidated cast-offs was not examined till it reached a mill in Canada, and then there was found in it a parcel of diamonds worth £3,000.

As another lot was being tossed into a bin a valuable antique ring fell from it. Part of a collection stolen from a house in Mayfair, the ring had been gleaned somewhere in London earlier in the day; but it could not be traced to the thief.

Fortunate, too, but for another reason, was a "find" in a waistcoat, one of a couple not good enough even to pawn, that were sold by a man who was down and out. Shortly afterwards he was arrested for housebreaking, and no fewer than seven people identified him.

Saved by His Memory.

He stated that at the time the felony was committed he was in a bus coming from Highgate, and that he thought the ticket given to him by the conductor was in the top left-hand pocket of one of the waistcoats he had sold. The ticket was ultimately found there, and as it bore out his statement he was discharged.

A number of waistcoats once became connected with a more serious crime. On the scene of a murder was found a waistcoat button that formed strong evidence against a certain man. When his friends heard of it they visited all the local marine stores and as a result waistcoat buttons were scattered profusely about the spot where the body had been discovered!

Documents of various kinds are frequently found in rags. In an old scrip for £200 Consols, which had belonged, it was subsequently learned, to a woman who was then dead. She had made the investment before her marriage, and had drawn the dividends as long as she was single, but not afterwards. These had accumulated and amounted to about £150. Stock and dividends were recovered by her two daughters, who were mystified as to why their mother had never claimed them. For years before her death she had been in dire straits.

Secreted in the lining of a coat was a will made ten years previously. It was duly signed and attested, and the effect of finding it was to give a comfortable income to the testator's widow.

Another will found in a coat was incomplete, lacking the testator's signature. As he had presumably died intestate and without known heirs, his estate had passed to the Crown. When the imperfect will came to light, however, it was decided to act upon it, and in consequence several friends of the testator received windfalls.

Perhaps the most curious "find" of this kind consisted of some scraps of paper, on one of which was a name, and a marriage certificate. The marine store dealer knew the owner, but as he could not find him he preserved the papers, intending to return them at the first opportunity.

Years afterwards one of his customers was in a police-court, when a man was brought up on a charge of bigamy. Prisoner denied the offence, and stated that never before had he seen the woman who claimed to be his wife. The customer, who had often seen the papers in the possession of the marine store dealer, instantly recognized the alleged bigamist as their owner, and with their aid the case against him was ultimately proved to the hilt. The name on the scrap of paper was his, though he was not going under it at the time of his arrest.

Winds That Are Dangerous

We all welcome the refreshing breeze that appears to spring up from nowhere in the warm months that follow "flaming June." It has an instantaneous tonic and invigorating effect on our mechanisms, and goes a long way towards reconciling us to the occasional vagaries of the inconstant wind which, like fire itself, is a good servant and a bad master. For these are winds which, instead of toning up our systems, tend to reduce our vitality, to induce colds, catarrhs, pleurisy, and pneumonia, to play havoc with our hearts and wreak destruction on our kidneys.

These specially injurious and even destructive winds are those that are not only cold, but damp as well. When they are too cold and accompanied by excess of rain, they are very harmful. Then our bodies are made to lose too much heat, or the abnormal damp-



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ness they experience precipitates attacks of rheumatism or catarrh, the consequence of which is that for many exercise in the open air is made impossible, and shelter has to be sought indoors, with all windows and doors shut. The result is that large numbers of people congregate in stagnant and moist atmospheres, conditions that are favourable for the spread of all kinds of infection.

Tempering Its Keenness.

The most notorious and deservedly unpopular of these winds are the east and northeast, which bring us, as all winds do, the climate of the places where they arise—in this case Russia and Siberia. In London the east wind is felt more keenly than it is farther inland. The Londoner gets it fresh and raw, crossing the North Sea as it does at its narrowest part, and having insufficient time to become charged with that modicum of moisture which might go some way towards blunting its painfully keen edge. It is to this wind that May owes its unenviable notoriety as a danger-moon.

But the east wind is not bad all through. Much of it is experienced as a breeze varying in force from one that merely influences the direction of smoke issuing from our chimneys to a current strong enough to keep the foliage of trees in constant motion. Such movements of the wind are good for health, helping to maintain the ventilation of our dwellings, and removing the stale, moist, warm, and poisonous air that tends to accumulate round our bodies. Moreover, these breezes, with their tonic tang, exert a stimulating action on the skin and its sensitive nerve-endings, whereby the rate of upbuilding and breaking down of various tissues is accelerated and the appetite consequently increased.

After a spell of the "nipping and eager" winds of May we welcome those that come from the Atlantic—southwest winds which before they reach us have absorbed moist warmth while passing over the Gulf Stream and the Equatorial current. They warm us with moist heat in winter, and as the air over the land is cooler, some of the moisture is condensed into clouds and rain, and in the process liberates an additional amount of heat. The loss of heat from the earth is diminished by the increased quantity of moisture. In this way these winds raise our winter temperature.

In summer the south winds have an opposite effect. They bring less heat than those blowing from the large land surfaces of the European and Asian continents, because naturally the surface of the sea in the Atlantic does not become so hot as these dry lands. Thus the south wind is rendered cool and moist, the sky is kept more or less cloudy, and the summer heat is modified.

When the wind is due north we get the comparatively intense heat of Spain. In summer, Russia and Siberia have a dry, hot climate, and it is this that the east and northeast winds bring us at that season, whereas in the winter they bring us their dry cold.

Use small lollypops instead of candies on the child's birthday cake.

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Water Street

June 19, m. t. h. a. t.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

UNFINISHED STORIES.

Do you read serials?

I know a great many people say with a sort of pride that they never do. They don't like having the story snatched away from them at just the moment the editor cunningly calculates they will be most eager to know what is coming next.

That is a perfectly natural feeling (though I don't just see why one should be proud of it) but isn't it a sufficient compensation after one has gotten over one's first fierce resentment, to have the pleasure of having something to look forward to?

I Do Read Serials.

Personally, I find it so. I do read serials and I like to have several on hand. But there is one thing I do think we have reason to grieve for and that is the serial that for one reason or another we never finish.

You pick up a magazine some day and find that somehow in the flurry of spring work you have shipped an issue. And the serial story you have been so interested in had been finished and another one had taken its place. Probably you will never finish that story. The magazine has vanished, likely, into the limbo where borrowed magazines go. You feel a sense of blankness, a sense of being unfairly shut out as if a door had been slam-

med in your face. Now you will never know whether the man who treated her so unkindly will come back to the girl and make an explanation that will set everything right, or whether he has vanished from her life and she will marry the man whom she does not love but who loves her. (Queer business this loving, it not only torments us in real life, but preoccupies us even in our stories.)

In The Dentist's Waiting Room.

Then there is that magazine that you read while you wait for the dentist. You didn't mean to get interested in a continued story because you don't take that magazine. But some words take a picture caught your eye. You had to see what were the circumstances that made him say: "Marriage, do you think a word like that means anything to me?" You read a few lines then a few more and laid it down sorrowfully when the dentist summons, doubly unwelcome this time, broke in upon you as a knell that summoned you most emphatically not to Heaven and very possibly to the alternative. Another unfinished story to torment your mind for a few minutes and then be forgotten!

Wouldn't it be fun to have a table with all the magazines containing the serial stories that one has begun and never finished stacked upon it? What a feast! There is one begun in my childhood in a neighbor's-bound young folks' magazine that still haunts me. I think it would be that fat, unwieldy, alluring volume for which I would make first.

Household Notes.

Ice is easily broken in a bag of heavy duck.

Add a few chopped nut meats to graham muffins.

Fill baked apples with orange or grapefruit marmalade.

Serve sandwiches of buttered nut bread with fruit salad.

Gingerbread is nice iced with chocolate for a change.

A little lemon juice gives a nice flavor to prune ice cream.

Top apple custard pie with a delicately browned meringue.

Split and toast English muffins and serve with marmalade.

Egg and grease is easily removed from dishes with steel wool.



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Thus if he survives to reach old age, the second period of helplessness, there at the end of the rainbow, is the "pot of gold"—not a fable but a reality.

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