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yoke front and back and long
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is slightly gathered below yoke,
giving the necessary graceful full-
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including plans of purchase.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXV.

After all, Jean wondered, hadn't she
been very silly to let what Alice had
said make her feel uncomfortable? Her
husband wasn't Alice's father; he
wasn't even her uncle. Not a drop
of the tainted Smarke blood ran in her
veins.

Yet—behold the great difficulty of
it all.

One lived in a practical world, al-
though for years Mrs. Carnay had
hidden herself and her daughter from
its cold observant eye. One thing and
another had combined to assist them
in the anonymous mode of living, not
the least of which had been the war.
Alice was quite a little girl when the
war began, and for all those years
they had been cut off from England.

They were remembered less and less,
and finally almost forgotten except
by Christopher Smarke, who had the
handling of Jean's small affairs.

Christopher was the great diffi-
culty. There were several things
which he did not know, the most im-
portant of all being that Alice was
not Hugo's daughter. And one could
not tell Christopher the truth about
that. Nor did he know that Mrs.
Carnay had been passing as a widow
even to her own daughter. He would
suppose that Alice was in the secret
of Hugo's identity.

As soon as Alice was established in
London, Christopher Smarke and his
wife would call upon her.

Jean realized with horror that she
had overlooked this contingency. As a
matter of fact, it could be counted
upon as a certainty.

When the rest of the little house-
hold had composed itself to slumber
that night she stole out with her
candle to the salon and resolutely set
herself to the bitter task of writing
to Christopher and flinging herself
bodily upon his Christian mercy.

For instance, if Christopher knew
what she had done in her youth, he
would say that all the evil which sub-
sequently befell Hugo had resulted
from that rash marriage of theirs.

So the letter was very troublesome
to write.

To begin with, she broke with him
light-heartedly the news of Alice's im-
pending marriage, dwelling upon the
worldly goods of Dr. Philip Ardeyne
to an extent that seemed almost casu-
ary. Christopher thought a great
deal about money.

Then came cheerful news of Hugo's
health and—something which would
astonish Christopher Smarke—the fact
of his (Hugo's) recovery of a "bad
debt," making it unnecessary for him
(Christopher) to allow them that
promised one hundred and fifty
pounds a year.

After this her pen slowed down
and she wasted a few sheets of paper.
It was even more difficult than she
had anticipated. One might be casual
and just take for granted that Chris-
topher would see nothing odd or hope-
lessly wrong in what she had done and
persuaded Hugo to be a party to.

Finished, it ran thus:
Oh, I almost forgot to tell you,
Hugo is calling himself John Baliss.
I believe he wrote you to address him
by that name, but why do you not
write, after that terrible affair,
when you advised me to drop the

the common soapwort—almost impos-
sible to root out or to kill, and for this
reason often used in old-fashioned
gardens or in cemeteries. As children
we used to like to take a pin and re-
move the skin from the fat leaf; then
we would blow the skin up like a
bladder.

The leaves of this plant are a safe
relief for even an extensive growth of
warts. Apply the juice of the leaf
each night until the warts disappear.
Keep on, even if results after the first
few days do not seem to warrant the
effort, for Bouncing Bet is sure to be
getting in her work, and some day the
warts will look noticeably shrunken
and soon they will be gone.

CANDY KITS.

Quaint little favors for children's
parties may be made from pure gum-
drops.

For each kit, select three gumdrops,
plump and round in shape and soft
enough to be flattened out a bit. These
form the body of the kitty. Insert
two strong toothpicks perpendicularly
through these, pressing the first two
down slightly and leaving the third
quite round for the head.

Now, on the protruding ends of the
toothpicks, adjust two smaller gum-
drops, oblong in shape, to form the
kitty's ears. Next, insert a toothpick
through the lower and middle gum-
drops and fix it off with four oblongs
which make the paws. Attach with a
small bit of toothpick a fifth oblong,
placing it at an angle to form a saucy
tail. Three cloves, stuck in for eyes
and nose, complete this seductive
pussy who supplies in a satisfying
way the demand that there be sweets
on festive occasions.

These attractive favors need not be
confined to children's parties—they
have found favor and created amuse-
ment in grown-up circles.

AWAY WITH WARTS.

When the children have a growth of
warts, as they are apt to have, send
them out to hunt that old-fashioned
plant with the thick, oily leaves and
the delicate blossom which is of a pale
lavender tint. It is the Bouncing Bet—

lustre reduced to mere well-brushed
shininess, but undoubtedly the same
coat.

Besides his bag Hector had a rush
basket which smelled sweet and drip-
ped with moisture. He let them have
a peep at its contents, and—behold,
the bride's bouquet! White carnations
and rosebuds embedded in smilax and
asparagus fern, with yards of white
satin ribbon to tie it up with. He
had risen at dawn to gather the flow-
ers before the sun had touched them,
he said.

"I should think that Ardeyne would
have ordered a bouquet," said jealous
Hugo. "Otherwise I should have done
so myself."

But the little bride-to-be was con-
siderably touched by this mark of
affection from her mother's old ad-
mirer.

"If he has, I can carry them both,"
she said.

Hugo sighed prodigiously.
Gaunt clasped him on the back.
"Come, old chap, you'll make us feel
like a funeral."

"Well—weddings are quite as sad.
Worse, I think. How time flies! But,
of course, I was years in That Place.
It seems like only yesterday Alice
was no more than so high. Just a
mite of a thing."

"Oh, Uncle John, do you remember
me when I was a baby? I didn't
know—"

Jean hysterically dragged them off
these dangerous quicksands.

"Dear me, it's after five! Where can
the carriage be? Are you quite sure
that Louisa—"

"Quite sure, mummy." Alice calmed
her. "It's old Genell. He won't fail
us. He wasn't to come until five-thirty.
... Oh, here he is now!"

There was a jangle of bells as the
roomy old-fashioned carriage drew up
at the gate. The driver came in to
help Louisa carry out the bags and
Alice's trunk. Hugo had mislaid his
pipe, and a wild search was made for
it. Alice was in the carriage before
she remembered that she had left her
now rather valuable jewel case in her
bedroom. Jean discovered that one of
the bags had escaped the labelling
process, and for a horrible moment
Hector Gaunt thought he had left the
railway tickets at home.

But one by one these matters were
cleared up satisfactorily, and finally
they were off, lurching down the hill
to the station, brakes shrieking, the
heavily burdened vehicle rolling un-
steadily on its deep, soft springs.

White smoke, the train—their train
—was just pulling out of Ventimiglia.
In another ten minutes—

"Quickly—quickly!" She urged the
driver to hurry.

But eventually the confusion sub-
sided and they were en route for
Genoa.

(To be continued.)

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Experts have worked out complete
time-tables for air service to en-
circle the world in seventeen days.
Airships have been provisionally
chosen for the flights across the
oceans.

The carcasses of small animals,
such as calves and lambs, are fre-
quently blown up by means of an air-
pump; this makes the removal of the
skin easier, and is stated to be harm-
less to the meat.

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

A pleasant
and agreeable
sweet and a-
l-a-s-t-i-n-g
benefit as
well.

Good for
teeth, breath
and digestion.

Makes the
next cigar
taste better.

Sealed in
its Purity
Package

Wrigley's
SPEARMINT
TOBACCO

By Special Delivery.
When I've a quarrel in my mind
With one who's far away,
To scorching letters I'm inclined
In which I say my say.

And then I take those scorching
screeches
So full of ink and ire,
In which I threaten awful deeds,
And mail them—in the fire.
—John Kendrick Bangs.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

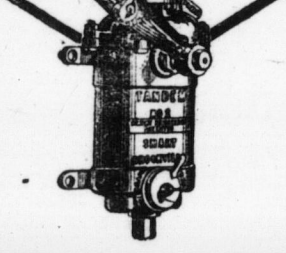
He who obeys with modesty, ap-
pears worthy of some day or other be-
ing allowed to command.

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Pumps more easily, more silently and
more efficiently than the Wing type
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CUPID COULDN'T CATCH THEM!

Wonderful Women Who Never
Married.

The death of Miss Marie Corelli was
a reminder that many women who
have attained to high fame never mar-
ried. Probably the most famous his-
torical spinster is Queen Elizabeth.
The refusal of her hand to Philip of
Spain brought the Armada up the
Channel and to ultimate destruction.

Miss Hannah More, the friend of
Dr. Johnson, is, however, much more
typical than Elizabeth of that influen-
tial line of unmarried women who
have done so much to mother their
country. Hannah, though stout in
later years, was inclined to be almost
frivolous up to middle life. She lived
in the household of Garrick as com-
panion to his wife until the great ac-
tor's death, and so vivacious, unaf-
fected, and witty was she that she was
petted and flattered by all, the great
lexicographer being especially fasci-
nated.

Admired, But Not Married.

It was when she expressed surprise
that the poet who could write "Para-
dise Lost" should write such poor
sonnets, that Johnson said one of his
best things: "Milton, madam, was a
genius that could cut a Colossus from
a rock, but could not carve heads up-
on cherry stones." Hannah More was
a pioneer of popular education, a great
philanthropist, and the virtual founder
of the Religious Tract Society.

Maria Edgeworth is regarded as the
inventor of the novel with a purpose,
of which kind "Castle Rackrent,"
which sent her name into immediate
fame in 1800, is a typical example.
Miss Edgeworth's influence was enor-
mous. Her success with her Irish
novel had much to do with turning Sir
Walter Scott to the writing of prose
fiction.

Her society was courted by "every-
body who was anybody." Byron ad-
mired her, and Macaulay was among
her enthusiastic worshippers. There
is no doubt she is worth reading to-
day if only for the naturalness and vi-
vacity and character-revealing nature
of her dialogue. In this respect she
is comparable with Jane Austen, an-
other of the spinster immortals.

Disappointed in Love.

Miss Austen's reputation was almost
wholly posthumous, although she is
supposed to have written her master-
piece, "Pride and Prejudice," when she
was twenty-one.

It is said that Miss Austen's first
book was rejected with something like
scorn, and although she sold "North-
anger Abbey" to a publisher in Bath
for \$50, he did not see fit to issue it,
and, many years later, its author
bought it back!

She depicts love-making with great
humor and a touch of cynicism, which
may possibly be accounted for by her
own love disappointment in early girl-
hood.

At present there is a lively discus-
sion as to the real author of "Wuther-
ing Heights," but whether Branwell
Bronte or his sister Emily wrote it, it
is undeniable that the latter was a
wonderful woman. She lived and died
unmarried. There seems to be no re-
cord of any love affair in this lonely
woman's life, and for many years af-
ter her death any reputation which
was her due was completely over-
shadowed and veiled by Charlotte's fame.

A Poet's Inspiration.

Two devoted sisters of two great
men come to mind in this connection
—Dorothy Wordsworth and Mary
Lamb. The latter, in a fit of mental
aberration, killed her mother, and
thereafter Charles gave up any thought
of marriage and devoted himself to
his sister, a devotion she returned
with an equal passion. She is the
"Cousin Bridget" of her brother's
matchless essays.

Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was
the poet's comrade and companion
both before and after his marriage to
Mary Hutchinson. The poem of many
of her brother's most famous lyrics is
found in her diaries and journals.

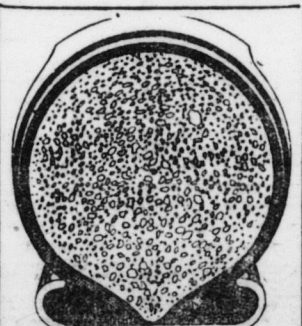
Caravans in Cloudland

Every summer more people are be-
ing attracted by the caravan holiday,
but the latest development in this line
the aero-caravan, will probably remain
for some time yet beyond the reach of
the person of moderate means, says an
English Writer. Still, the cost—\$7,500
—compares favorably with that of the
first motor caravan, which costs \$15,-
000.

The aero-caravan attains a high
speed when in flight, and an arrange-
ment of folding wings enables it to be
"pitched" in a comparatively restrict-
ed space. The body is large enough
to hold two folding seat-beds, with
cupboards, etc. All lighting, cooking,
and heating is, of course, done by elec-
tricity.

If the aero-caravan idea is develop-
ed, and models become cheaper, we
may yet be able to make a trip round
the world when we get our two weeks'
holiday in the summer!

A peace-time barrage is not a
screen of bursting shells, but a low
dam in a river, intended to raise and
to keep water at such a level that
some of it will run off through canals
and irrigation ditches. The Indus
River in India is to have such a bar-
rage at Sukkur. It will be a mile long
and will divert water enough to irri-
gate six million acres of land now
barren.



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