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HOW TO LOOK COOL WHEN YOU ARE HOT

Intelligent care of the body is necessary at all times and each season brings its own problems. "How to look cool when you're hot" is the problem which most of us face during the summer months. Cleanliness of person is of the greatest importance and in order to be clean we must bathe. Bathe in a tub if you have one; if not, a sponge bath will have to do, but the all-over bath once a day is very desirable.

A bath not only cleanses the surface of the skin, but helps to remove the dead outer skin, opens the pores and allows many impurities to escape. Because of this, I prefer the hot tub to be taken at night when free perspiration is allowed to follow. The daytime bath is usually a hurried affair, followed by the use of talcum powder in order to check perspiration; this clogs up the pores and defeats one purpose of the bath.

Sponging the body with lukewarm water has a cooling effect and is very refreshing on a warm day. Such a bath can well become a part of the afternoon toilet and can be followed by a liberal use of talcum powder in order to check the perspiration which would be so uncomfortable when dressing for the afternoon or evening.

Perspiration which is especially offensive in odor is a trial to which no one need be subjected. Very satisfactory remedies for the correction of such odors have been placed on the market. Mild cases can be relieved by rubbing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the armpits. There is a talcum powder much used by nurses which corrects body odors, but for extreme cases it may be necessary to use the stronger preparations.

With the present style of dress it is almost impossible to wear dress shields, and if the perspiration is very free under the arms a simple preparation which will check the flow is recommended.

Bromidrosis—Perspiration of the feet is most uncomfortable and is made worse if accompanied by a bad odor. This is really a disease known as "bromidrosis" and is difficult to cure. The feet should be bathed night and morning in water containing salt or alum. The stockings should be changed daily or even twice a day, and several pairs of shoes should be kept in use in order to allow each pair to be thoroughly aired and dried before being worn again. For the treatment of bromidrosis the following formula, to be dusted in the shoes night and morning: Salicylic acid, one dram; boric acid, four drams; menthol, thirty grains; eucalyptol, thirty minims; French chalk, four ounces. Rub into a fine powder in a mortar (this should be done by a druggist). One of our readers was cured of this trouble by using a mixture consisting of one ounce each of glycerine and tincture of myrrh. Rub on the feet night and morning.

Lotion for Tan—The following lotion is recommended for those who tan: Rosewater, one pint; pulverized borax, one-half ounce; lemon juice (strained), one ounce. Use lotion freely after being exposed to the sun. A broad-brimmed hat will afford protection against the sun's rays, a veil protects against both sun and wind.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YURK MILLER

"When hearts command, From winds the eager counsellors depart."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was years since Christopher Smarke had visited Lucerne—"Lovely Lucerne," as the guide-books so truly describe it. He had gone on a Cook's tour when quite a young man, and there was a girl in the party who had rather obscured his first view of Switzerland. He remembered the girl better than he did Lucerne. Indeed, he could not forget or overlook that girl—woman, as she was now—for she had since become Mrs. Christopher Smarke and the mother of his numerous family. How odd to think that Lucerne and he had once been lovers here.

There had been a storm, but as Christopher left the station the sun came out. Old Lucerne, however, wore its usual crest of cloud. The place seemed very strange to Christopher—as though he had never seen it before. For one thing, he had forgotten that there were so many hotels. Perhaps a lot of new ones had been built since his time. And, although it was so early in the season, there seemed to be crowds of people about. It was terribly confusing. Supposing that this befuddled doctor should have decided to take his bride to one of the smaller places further up the lake? It would not be easy to find them. Christopher's eyes—the chilly eyes of a somewhat cold-hearted London solicitor—dwelt indifferently upon the masses of pink and white fruit blossom which bespattered the hillsides, and cast no more than a weathered glance upon the mountains.

Lovely Lucerne had but one meaning for him—it was the haven of a newly wedded couple into whose port of bliss he was being driven. But if he could not find them, he would have to find them.

Having run the gauntlet of the hotel porters, he sallied forth with his luggage, a black bag, a tall, forbidding figure, in striking contrast to the mild air and fitful sunshine of spring. The little lake waves danced beneath his feet as he crossed the bridge opposite the station, and he yond the bridge away swirled the mad green river, in a riotous, enticing fury of sound and movement. But Christopher scarcely noticed any of it. There were the curious old wooden bridges—yes, he remembered them. It had rained a great deal during his former visit, and Lucerne and the lake had been a lot of it. One of the covered bridges, following the painstaking history of the saint who troubled life was set forth so realistically and so beautifully in long series of quaint old pictures.

Yes, and he remembered the famous Lion of Lucerne—somewhere at the back beyond the cathedral-church, wasn't it? He had seen it after lunch in August, Lucerne and he and the rest of the party had paid their respects to the living lion, carved in the face of the living rock, and since it was an anniversary of the battle of Morgarten, Christopher remembered that Lucerne had wept and waved her handkerchief and applauded, just as though she, too, had some reason to feel sentimentally patriotic.

He had been so touched by the incident that shortly afterwards he asked Lucerne to marry him. But enough of this sort of thing. He shook himself free of it and settled to the business of finding a cheap but good hotel. Half an hour later he had established his bag in a little hotel which seemed to meet his requirements, and was off again to find the Ardennes, beginning with the big hotels along the lake front.

Philip and his bride reached Lucerne very early in the morning. They drove at once to the Schweizerhof, where Ardennes had engaged rooms, had breakfast, and then—after a bath and change—sallied forth to enjoy the freshness of the sunshine. The excellent picture gallery, a little more thoughtful than the circumstances would seem to demand, but Alice took such a keen interest in everything that she scarcely noticed his abstraction. She was sure to her finger-tips and filled with the delicious intoxication which most possess any one who enters the gates of Switzerland for the first time.

"I didn't dream it was so lovely!" she said, her hands locked together for the pain and joy of it. "Ah, why didn't somebody tell me!"

"Wait until you've seen the real Alps," Philip said.

"The real Alps? But, surely, Philip—there couldn't be any higher mountains than these!"

He smiled, fondly, sadly. "There are always higher mountains," he replied, his mood heavy upon him.

She laughed heartily and shook her arm. "Wake up, you silly boy! What can you mean?"

"I don't know. What was I saying? Oh, it doesn't matter. Come, my darling, let's see if we can find a boat to take us somewhere."

"Oh, Philip, that would be jolly! One of those little motor-boats?"

"Yes. Splendid idea." "If they don't cost too much," Alice supplemented. "I didn't think about that."

He squeezed her hand. "If only money could settle all their difficulties, how simple life would be. He had plenty of money; but where was his fund of moral courage? Eh, away rather fast—as fast, almost, as this mad little river escaped from the deep bosom of the lake."

They fared forth in the little hired motor-boat for a long day's cruise up the lake. The boat had a gaily striped awning, and for some unknown reason the American flag at her stern. There were rugs and cushions, a box of chocolates for Alice, and presently a thunderstorm hurtling across the mountains at terrific speed. There was just time to put into the shelter of a fir-hung cove before the storm broke. The placid lake became a turbulent, wind-lashed ocean, dashed with foam and sheeted with driven rain.

The man—an Italian-Swiss—assured them it would not last long and that there was no danger. He tented them in with sail-cloth, leaving a generous space on the side where the rain did not come, so they could view the magnificent scene in cosy comfort.

Alice was not frightened by the storm, but it exhilarated and excited her. Suppose that something were to happen and they died together, Philip and she, at the very beginning of what was to have been life's long journey together? Oh! . . . She sat close to him, sometimes letting her cheek brush his shoulder. How delicious it was; how "elemental." She laughed at herself for thinking of a word like that.

Crack of lightning and crash of thunder. But the boatman was right. In less than an hour the lightning flashed far to the north and the thunder had become a distant rumble. The sail-cloth was furled up again, and presently they were cutting across the choppy waves, rocking fearfully but enjoying it.

Lunch was had at one of the little hamlets scattered along the lower shore, and by four o'clock they had started back on the homeward journey.

Alice was beginning to feel tired. Ardennes regarded her anxiously. The storm and excitement had blanched her cheeks and cast shadows under her eyes.

"You must lie down and rest a little before dinner," he told her. "But first I have to send a telegram to munsey."

Lunch was that. I've got several to send off, as a matter of fact. As soon as I've seen you safely into the hotel I'll run across to the post-office and you are to go straight upstairs and get a nice little nap. Never mind the unpacking. I'll help you with that later. Now, be a good girl and promise you'll do as I tell you."

Of course she would do as he told her. It was so wonderful to have him arranging things for her. It was such a splendid, new idea having a husband who would do things for her. "Oh, I should just hate not to be married!" she murmured to herself as he carefully shepherded her off to the hotel.

It was just a step across to the hotel. Ardennes left her at the door of the lift and then departed to see about the telegrams.

There was a sitting-room, just as munsey and she had at the Mimosa Palace, and a private bath as well. The gentleman, he told Alice, was a grander suite than at the Mimosa Palace, and now, of course, there would be no anxiety about the cost of it.

She looked about a little shyly. The bedrooms were at opposite ends. Hers was the larger. It had a very wide balcony generously fringed with boxes of spring flowers.

She was tired, but almost too excited to lie down and sleep. The unpacked trunks worried her. But, no—Philip had told her to take a nap. She would do that. She would sleep. Hadn't she promised him yesterday?

She took off her hat and coat and was just about to change her dress for a wrapper when someone knocked at the sitting-room door.

It was one of the pageboys, and he had a tray on which rested the visiting card of Mr. Christopher Smarke. The gentleman, he told Alice, was waiting downstairs. He would like to see madame.

Mr. Christopher Smarke? Alice knew the name well. It was that solicitor cousin of theirs who attended to munsey's money affairs. How odd of Mr. Smarke to turn up here wanting to see her. How did he know?

And then her heart contracted with a terrible spasm of fear. Taking no account of the limited time there had been, she thought she understood what had happened. Munsey was ill, dying, perhaps dead, and Mr. Christopher Smarke had been telegraphed to break the news in person.

"Oh send him up!" she cried. "If only Philip were here. Would it have been better to wait until Philip came back? But no—she couldn't wait. If anything had happened to munsey—"

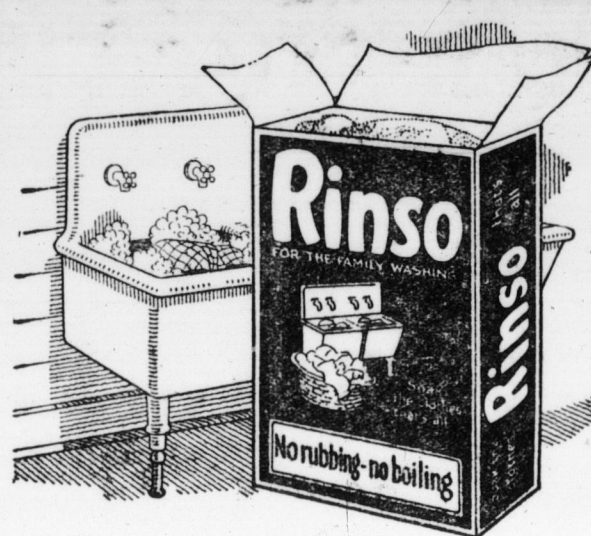
"I must be brave," she told herself. It seemed a long time, but finally the pageboy reappeared, and now he had Christopher with him.

The sight of the tall, forbidding-looking man strengthened Alice's premonition of evil.

She was filled with apprehension that she failed to greet him properly. In effect, she dragged him inside with a lack of formality which stamped her at once, in the mind of Christopher, as a true daughter of her scatter-brained mother.

"Oh, Mr. Smarke, what is it—what is it? Have you come to bring me bad news?"

Christopher deposited his hat and gloves on a chair, and gave her the full benefit of his gloomy gaze. "Very bad indeed, I'm sorry to say," he replied.



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For a few seconds it seemed to Alice that her heart stopped beating entirely. Her lips were dry and cold; her face deathly white.

If Christopher Smarke realized what anguish he was causing it did not trouble him, but one would hate actually to say that he was enjoying it. Possibly he did not know that cruel things gave him pleasure.

(To be continued.)

The Villain.

Vincent de Frenzy's landlady had been a generous soul, and he felt that some reward was due to her. And so with fine courtesy he presented her one morning with a small sealed envelope.

"Such as I would give to you," he said. "An order, madame—an order for the pit. Come tonight and see me in my finest part, Herbert Sandbag."

That night the old lady went to the theatre and saw Vincent.

But when he returned to her house after the performance, great was his surprise to find his luggage piled up on the doorstep, the door itself being barred against him.

Violently he pried the knocker, and presently the old lady's head appeared. "Madame," demanded Vincent, "what means this outrage?"

"Look here," replied the old lady; "twenty years I've been a respectable widow-woman, and if you think I'm going to have a villain like you lodging in my house, you're mistaken. I never see such a scoundrel in all my days. Go and make it up with that young fellow you've been trying to ruin all the evening."

Jennie's Definition.

The kindergarten teacher asked her tiny pupil: "Do you know, Jennie, what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," Jennie replied, beaming. "A panther is a man who makes fun."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

What He'd Be Called.

"He's bought a gallon of bootleg and intends to drink it. He'll be called a 'scowflaw' if he does that."

"If he does that he'll be spoken of as 'the late lamented,' I think."

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Her Wedding Day, and Father Down the Well!

Silas Atkinson was as industrious as he was vindictive and crabbed. His only daughter Martha, who lived with him in their brush home in the hills, was falling a victim to his tyranny; she bade fair to go overworked and starved to the grave as her mother had gone.

Martha found favor in the eyes of big Ben Thomas, a neighboring lad who was seldom too busy to come over for a visit; but old Silas soon stopped such nonsense.

"Now lookee here, Ben," he said. "I need Martha's help, and I'm a-going to have it. If you'll come and hire out to me you kin see her, pervidin' you'll promise never to say a word of love or anything to keep her off her work. I'll shoot you if you play false! Will you come?"

Ben agreed and became a member of the household. Martha gained new spirit and new color, though her toil was not lightened.

"Guess he's given up marryin' and takin' her away," muttered old Silas, chuckling grimly. "Why, she's worth twice as much as she was, worth a whole man's wages and don't cost a cent! I got Ben cheap too. Those two lovin' fools makes a good bargain for me!"

One June morning the two men were digging a well; Ben was working the hoist at the top, and Silas was at the bottom, digging.

Finally Ben pulled the bucket out of the hole. "Old man," he called down the well, "I've quit! Martha and me has some important business to look after downtown. You ain't hardly safe to be trusted out just now, so I'll keep this rope up here. Now don't yell too hard; it's bad for the throat. Good-by!"

The angriest man in all the history of the hills stayed down in the well that afternoon, for no relief came in answer to his shouting.

At sunset Ben's smiling face appeared at the opening. "Old man, we've just been married. I told fair, and I haven't said a word to her about love while I was workin' for you, but I quit this mornin', you know. It was all arranged before I came. You've stole her youth and her money all these years, but now she's got 'em free and safe. You'll sign a release of your daughter and your promise to be good before you ever get out of that hole. Will you sign now?"

Old Silas would not sign! Never, never, never!

Ben yawned. "Well," he said, "I'm goin' back to the house for the night, where Martha has our wedding supper. Say, but it's grand! I'll come out here in the mornin' and see if you're reasonable."

He came in the morning and again at night and once more on the second morning, but Silas was still firm.

On the second night, however, the man capitulated. "I was an old fool," he said. "I rebelled and was killin' her with overwork. I'll pay her up honest, though I reckon you ought to leave me here in this hole forever for what I done in the past. But say, Ben, I'd sure like to taste Martha's wedding cake! Do I get out?"

He got out, and the Grandpa Atkinson of later years couldn't have been finer if he had been born with a halo!

Poise.

The well-balanced life is the effective life, the life of power. The poised character gives confidence because it is an indication of a symmetrically-developed brain, an indication that one has mastered passions, temper, appetites; that one is master of oneself on all occasions.

"He that reigns within himself," says Milton, "and rules his passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king." And Solomon tells us, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Poise does not consist merely in being able to control one's temper and passions. It is a broader and more complete self-mastery, control of all our mental and spiritual resources at all times, so that in a crisis or grave emergency, when any test comes, we are able to summon to our aid every bit of strength and intelligence, every power of mind and body with which the Creator has endowed us.

Fishes That Fish.

A fish with a fishing rod sticking up from its back, and a tassel dangling at the end to entice its prey within reach of its mouth, is among the latest arrivals at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

It was caught by a Hull trawler in Icelandic waters. The only thing like it, except in fossil form, is the angler fish, but the fishing tackle in this case is on the head.

The new fish is a yard long, and its fishing rod a full foot. Its flesh is flabby, and its skin is black, covered with "sharp, hard, conical spikes resembling pure white ivory."

Seed Scatterers.

"Seed scatterers" is the name of a society each member of which promises to scatter a package of perennial seeds by the roadside every year. The purpose is to plant seeds that will thrive in the particular place where they are sown, continue to bloom year after year and finally become part of the wild flora of the woods and countryside. The society exacts no dues; anyone may regard himself as a member as soon as he begins to do his mite towards beautifying some spot that needs it.

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