

For your own benefit

Eat Shredded Wheat for breakfast for the next ten days and note how different you feel during the day.

Wheat is the most perfect food given to man—rich in every strengthening, muscle-building element, so essential for the healthy, robust body.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit is just the plain, wholesome whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked a crisp golden brown—a delight to eat and to serve.

Its very crispness assists digestion—compels the necessary chewing and mixing with saliva.

Shredded Wheat is better than mushy porridges because you have to chew it, thereby getting from it its rich muscle and bone-building nutriment.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit make a complete nourishing breakfast, supplying all the strength needed for a half-day's work. Delicious with fruit for lunch. Your grocer sells them.

The only cereal made in biscuit form

Made by

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

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HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, HEAT, IRRITATION, Etc., and renders THE SKIN DELICATELY SOFT and VELVETY

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and for the Toilet and Nurse is invaluable. It is delightfully Refreshing and Soothing if applied after Motoring, Cycling, Tennis, Golfing, Boating, etc. It is neither sticky nor greasy, and can be used at any time during the day.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving. Ask your Chemist for it.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTENHAM, Eng.

MAXWELL'S
HIGH SPEED
CHAMPION

has the largest opening of any washing machine. Practically the whole top opens up because the wringer attachment is on the side. No other washer washes clothes so quickly—so well—so easily. Tub made of Red Cypress—will last a lifetime. In every respect, the "Champion" is the champion of all washing machines.

If you want quality butter, use Maxwell's "Favorite" Churn.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS,

St. Mary's
Ont.



See large opening in tub. So easy to put in clothes.

Webb's
Chocolates

for people who
want the best

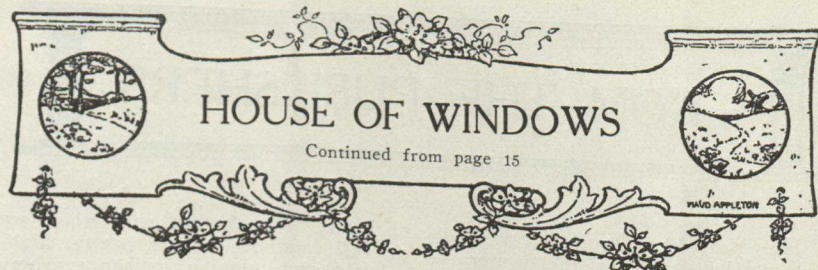
The Harry Webb Co. Ltd.

TORONTO, CAN.

"POCKET MONEY" TALKS No. 2

One of the ladies who joined the "moneyed" people of our service has earned on an average of \$7.00 a week for the last thirty weeks—just in the time she can spare from her household duties. Would \$200.00 put you in the care free class? Write to

"POCKET MONEY" SERVICE, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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and the new sensation was as keen as it was delicious. He would expose her to no comment by taking her to Haffey's. It was as he said, "quite the thing." They would be taken for an engaged couple probably, but that did not matter. In the unlikely event of his meeting one of his own friends there would be curiosity aroused, but he would know how to meet that.

He stole another glance at her face. It was serenely thoughtful. How lovely she was. Her hair, he had never seen hair like it, the curve of her faintly red lips, the droop of the white lids over the hazel eyes. Of what was she thinking? Would she let him know her, see her often, be her friend? He had known in that instant's pause which followed after she had told him who she was, and that her sister was a clerk in his adopted father's store that the answers to these questions would tip the balance of his fate.

If she would give him a chance, let him know her better, he would take that chance and let the lesser things go. So strangely are we made that Mark Wareham who, as a very handsome eligible, had for years been the special pet of Mammies and the favorite of their daughters, without a turning of the proverbial hair, was now at the glance of one golden-haired girl, calmly facing a probable giving up of his whole scheme of life, and hesitating in the choice no longer than one might hesitate between a pebble and a pearl. Mark knew very well what ambitions Adam Torrance held for him. He knew his pride, the rather selfish pride which had prevented him from identifying his name with that of the great stores he owned. He knew how deep was his affection for himself, and how he would suffer should Mark disappoint him. He had no misleading hope that such a man would ever consent to the marriage of his heir with a girl in Christine's circumstances, and with the name of "Brown." He sighed. It would certainly mean a breach with the governor!

"You must be very hungry," said Christine, timidly, noticing the sigh. "And I will go with you. I suppose I ought not but I don't feel that I ought not. So I'm going. I am enjoying it so much. I have always wanted to ride in an auto."

"Wanted to—?"
"Ride in an auto. Like this. I have never before. It is like flying. I think it must be awfully jolly to be an agent. Though it would be still nicer to have an auto of one's own, wouldn't it?"

"You think so? Well, I don't know. In that case one would have to pay the bills."

"Don't you wish you owned this one?" asked Christine, practically.

"No, I wouldn't." As a matter of fact, this was true, for this car belonged to Mr. Torrance, and was of a make which Mark himself disliked.

Christine merely thought the remark showed strong-mindedness, and looked at him with added respect. "Celia is like that," she confided, "she doesn't worry about what she can't have."

"Celia is the one in the store?"

"Yes, she has been there sixteen years. Ever since I was born. She is very clever, when she isn't tired she makes more sales than all the rest of her department put together, and her eye is so good that she never makes a mistake in matching a shade. Ada says that perhaps Celia has a double share of eye-sight because, you know," sinking her voice, "Ada is blind."

"I did not know," said Mark gently.

"Tell me about it."
So as they flew along under the yellowing autumn trees, Christine told him about her home. Told him, indeed, far more than she knew until he felt that he had known the three sisters all his life. Only of one thing Christine did not speak. She said nothing about their present troubles, nor why she had suddenly decided to seek work herself. Her innocent pride caused her to paint things brightly, and he saw only the pleasant if humble home at its best and happiest.

She told him, too, of her ventures that morning in quest of work, speaking with a quaint air as of one worker to another (for was he not an agent and piano tuner himself?) and he managed, without unduly frightening her, to get her to promise not to make any more efforts without the knowledge of her sisters. From what she had told him of them he felt sure that her morning's experience would not be repeated. For the rest, they were like a pair of children on a

holiday. Christine learned to move the levers of the big machine, and they both laughed like babies at her first attempt with the steering wheel, and at the hideous screech of the horn whose valve was broken.

Neither of them ever forgot that drive. In after years a red leaf, the smell of ripe apples under a tree, a blue haze on the horizon of a sunny day, could bring it all back—as fresh and poignant as yesterday. At the time, Christine was not conscious of observing anything, yet afterwards she knew each foot of the road. It all belonged to the ineffaceable things of life. It remained always cloudless, spotless, completely happy, a day hedged about and set apart from all other days by the miracle of first love.

Not that she dreamed that the miracle had happened! She was conscious only of a new content and of a fresh wash of green and red upon the earth, a new blue in the sky. Nature had brightened up and shone resplendent.

They had lunch at the pretty gabled Inn (a transformed farm-house), in what once had been the farmhouse kitchen. It was pleasant there. The windows were long and low, and red leaves blew in at the open door. They ate and drank fare fit for gods and forget all about the piano which needed tuning. The old lady who waited smiled and nodded.

"That lad has brought many a lass before," she told her grand-daughter, "but this day he's brought the only lass for him."

"I don't see how you can tell, Granny," said the grand-daughter, wistfully. The old lady only shook her head. "When you're as old as me you'll know without telling," she said. But the girl only laughed, and shrugged her dimpled shoulders. "Oh, Granny, what good will it do me then!"

CHAPTER X.

THERE is nothing in life quite so perplexing as the problem of its might have been. We feel ourselves so free, and we are so bound. We are like birds with strong wings and a limitless sky overhead. We say to ourselves, we will fly this way, and we will fly that way, and we beat the air cheerfully with our wings; but in reality our flight is determined by forces against which our poor wings are as thistle-down in a wood—"willy-nilly blowing." Fortunately, we do not dream of our own impotence. How we walk as free men, defying fate. There is a story in a comic paper of a man who fell upon the street and was picked up dead. One physician said, learnedly, "heart-disease." Another said "apoplexy," but the street urchin who saw the fall said banana peel. We laugh at the story; we appreciate the discomfort of the grave physician, but put fate in the place of the banana peel and we unveil a tragedy.

None could have been more certain than Mark Wareham, that he held his destiny in his own hands, that afternoon when he left Christine at the door of the House of Windows. It was with the air of a man making his future that he asked her, timidly as lovers do, if he might call some time soon to meet her sisters; and undoubtedly Christine thought that all the enquiries of fate were answered by her low voiced "Yes." Yet the determining factor in the lives of both of them was not Mark's request nor Christine's reply, but the apparently irrelevant fact that Martha (Miss Torrance's sour-faced maid) had eaten toasted cheese for supper the night before. This is easily seen, for if Martha had not eaten the cheese she would not have had dyspepsia, failing dyspepsia, she would not have asked leave to take a walk. The rest follows naturally, for on the walk she saw Mark and Christine returning in the motor from that divine luncheon at the Haffey Inn.

It all happened by what we contentedly call mere accident; but having happened, the result was inevitable. Martha was shocked; she told herself that she was grieved but how seldom do we feel real grief for the frailties of others. Martha might shake her head and sigh, but deep in her heart she felt a pleasurable excitement. Her estimate of the airs and graces of Christine had been right after all! Very sad, but, still, gratifying in the main.

"There she goes!" said Martha's inner nature, "just as I said! That's what comes of her pretty face. Looks like hers is a snare to them as have them."