

# You Cannot Surpass "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Its luscious freshness & rich strength make it finer than any Gunpowder, Japan or Young Hyson. Sold everywhere. Ask for SALADA to-day.

## Love Gives Itself THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

For the moment Alan Rankine, looking into the depths of his sister's troubled heart, forgot Carlotta. He came to her side and looked down at her with deep tenderness mingled with a sort of wistful appeal.

"Father never spoke a truer word than when he said a woman would save Stair, and I beg you to help me; if you go back on me I'm done!"

Instantly Judy's brief and righteous anger melted as mist before the sun. A very woman, the appeal was one she could not possibly resist. Nay, it stirred in her all the qualities of the mother-heart, never happier than when ministering to the need of others.

She reached up her arms, took his face in her hands, and drew it down to hers.

"Oh, Alan, boy, it's been so miserable! You can't shut Judy out, you mustn't! Don't you remember you said that day you came home we should have to sink or swim together. Don't let her put me out altogether, though I am not going to be horrid to her! I'll do my best. Now sit down and let us talk it all over again from the very beginning!"

Alan drew in his chair, conscious of his own mighty relief.

And yet, how could he tell her that which lay on him like a burden too great to be borne?—the coming partition of Stair!

"Judy, in life it looks as if sometimes human beings were swept on the bosom of a resistless flood. I can't believe that this one thing that has happened to me—the meeting with Carlotta—should have been able to work such a havoc! Peter will never forgive me—I know that! But I did not think, even when I saw his blazing eyes last Sunday at the march dyke, that he would set himself out deliberately to destroy Stair!"

"Has he done that?" asked Judy, in a voice of curious quiet.

"He has. I've been to Richardson to-day, and I saw the letter from his lawyers, setting forth his instructions. They are implacable."

"What are they?"

"I had better tell you in black-and-white, Judy, for apparently you can't have known. Peter practically holds Stair in the hollow of his hand. He can take it from us at any moment, because we owe him so much money that we shall never be able to pay it."

"How much?"

"We didn't go into the absolute figures, though Richardson is to make out the full and exact statement and post it to-night. It may be anything between twenty and thirty thousand pounds."

Judy, like one stricken, looked him in the face.

"Twenty or thirty thousand pounds!" she repeated in a low, hollow voice. "And he—and he—"

"He means to close the transaction, to assert his rights, to put us out of the place."

"Oh, Alan, is there no way out? Can't Mr. Richardson suggest anything?"

### "Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigleys"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night. Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet—for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little fresher!



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"He has suggested a plan, and pressure must be brought to bear on every quarter. He suggests the sale of some of the outlying farms, and he thinks he can raise the rest of the money elsewhere."

The tension of Judy's face relaxed, but, seeing no lightening of the gloom on Alan's, she waited for what was undoubtedly coming.

"We shall have to leave Stair, my dear—let it for a term of years to the highest bidder. For myself, I would not care—why should I?—but for you, Judy! Believe me, I could go down on my knees to you."

"There is no need to do that," said Judy, quite quietly, for when the worst is known, strength invariably comes with that knowledge. "I should have had to leave Stair, anyhow, before you brought a wife to it. But what happens to her, and to you? You have no home to offer her, and where are you going to live? What are you going to do?"

A profound sense of the disaster which had descended on her brother's life swept everything else out of Judy's practical mind. Thirty-two years of age, without occupation, or visible means of subsistence, having just taken new vows upon himself, yet without resources to meet them! Could there be a sorer spectacle, a tragedy more acute?

"I must find a way out, July. There is no occasion to trouble about me."

But Judy was troubling. Her mind, alert and quick where practical details were concerned, immediately busied itself with the fresh problem. What could Alan do? She ran over in her mind the possible occupations open to one who had had no training, who possessed no technical knowledge which would command a price in the market-place of the world. Secretaryships—a factor's place—a subordinate post in some commercial house which the influence of his name might procure him—such was the meagre list.

"Alan, this is quite awful!" she said, wringing her hands. "You have nothing to offer Miss Carlyon. She would have been better to stick to Peter."

She laughed as she said that—the hollow, mirthless laughter which can fall from lips the most distraught.

"Looked at from that standpoint, she would. I shall simply wait to see that you and Claud are settled somewhere—Cambridge, perhaps, would be best," he added, watching his sister narrowly to see the effect of his words, "then I shall go abroad."

"But not back to Bombay, surely?" she said helplessly.

"God forbid! It will have to be somewhere where a man's strong arm is needed. The Far West, Judy. If other men have made good there, why not I?"

"You will leave us all, Alan? You would take her with you, and cut yourself off from Stair for ever?"

Rankine sprang up as if he had been stung. Judy sat forward, half in affright, half in admiration, which thrilled at the sight of the mighty determination on his face.

"No. And that will never happen, Judy, that a Rankine would turn his back on Stair! I will go, so that I may save Stair, and come back to atone for the desolation I have wrought. You speak as if I was in as much haste as Peter to be wed, but the thing that has happened to Carlotta and to me is as different from the ordinary love affairs as could well be imagined. It is so different that I could never hope to explain it to you. We may never be able to marry. She knows that we shall have to wait for years. But we seem to be lifted clean above all that. It is enough that we have met, and that we shall be long to one another forever, even if we can never be man and wife."

Judy perceived that something had happened which was not only rare, but which had lifted all this sordid tragedy clean out of the common run of such tragedies which work havoc in the lives of men and women.

"She knows, and she is willing to wait! But isn't she most frightfully sad about it all? She must be, if it is as you say."

"Judy, you will go back to the Clock House? There is nothing in the world Carlotta wants so much as to see you and talk with you. She has put you in a sort of shrine ever since you were

kind to her among all these carping women at the rehearsal. Promise me you will go?"

"I will go. I must, Alan, if you belong to one another, for I will never lose you, my dear, nor anything you love."

She spoke the words almost as a vow might have been spoken, and Rankine, mightily moved, stooped to kiss her.

"Now we must get to the sordid side of things."

"Don't call it sordid, Alan!" pleaded Judy. "It is going to be a big thing for us all, please God, the biggest in the world!"

"Well, the details, then. Richardson suggested that, while Claud has to be still at Cambridge, you should go there and take a little house into which you could put a few personal things you could take out of the house here. Claud would like to have you there, and, though I don't suppose he will care to live out of his college, he will spend most of his spare time with you."

"I should like that," said Judy, doubtfully. "But will there be money enough?"

"There will be money for that, Judy; for we shall not let the place unless they are prepared to pay for it. And it will have to be soon, for Richardson says this is the time people make inquiries about country places, and take them so that they may have the best of the summer and the shooting later."

"But it would not be merely a shooting tenancy, Alan?"

"No. It must be for a term of five years, at least. I reckon it will take that time for me to make good."

"You are very confident, my dear, though not even sure of what port you will make!" said Judy, with a little forlorn smile.

"I have the confidence of a desperate man, Judy. I've never lived till now! I shall make good—there is nothing surer—or will perish in the attempt."

"And Carlotta?" said Judy with a little wistful note in her voice.

"Carlotta understands. But go and see her, Judy."

"I will. Perhaps I shall go to-morrow."

Very late that night, after she had gone upstairs to her room, but not to sleep, Judy was disturbed by the sound of footsteps on the gravel beneath her window. Looking down, she discerned easily in the clear moonlight the figure of her brother pacing to and fro bare-headed. At the end of the terrace he made pause, and stood looking towards the spur of Barassie Hill.

Then quite slowly he raised his arm, as a man might do to emphasize a vow. As he turned, and the moonlight fell full upon his face, Judy's momentary horror was stilled; for it was no vow of vengeance he had taken, vengeance to be wreaked upon the Lees, but merely the vow a man takes upon himself when all the pulses of his being are stirred, and he knows that his manhood is a heaven-sent heritage given for the highest and the holiest use.

### CHAPTER X. THE MELTING POT.

Next morning, at the breakfast-table at the Clock House, Carlotta opened a letter addressed to her in a handwriting she did not know. It was enclosed in a large-square envelope, with a narrow black edge, but had no crest or lettering on the flap. When, however, she saw the words "Stair Castle, Ayrshire," her color swiftly rose.

"Who's your letter from, Carlotta?" her mother asked, watching her narrowly.

Carlotta was quite conscious during these days of much close scrutiny on her mother's part, and though she

did not altogether resent it, yet it troubled her. It was not so much that she had something to hide, as that she had many things to think of, of which it was impossible to speak. How often she blessed the complete absorption of her father in his own concerns, though his sympathy would have flown to her quickly had any appeal been made to it.

Carlotta turned the page. "My letter appears to be from Miss Rankine at Stair. Is your coffee right, papa, or would you like some more sugar?"

"It is certainly right, my dear, though I haven't tasted it yet. Stair, did you say? Most interesting old family history that, and it seems there is a perfect labyrinth of underground passages, one of them leading right through Barassie Hill to The Lees. I have every intention of asking Mr. Rankine to let me make some exploration there. It must be very interesting to live in a house so reminiscent of the past."

"What does Miss Rankine want? She made herself most agreeable yesterday. Didn't I tell you that, Carlotta?" her mother asked.

"You did, mamma," said Carlotta, and having by this time run her eyes rapidly over Judy's note, she added, "She wants me to go up to lunch to-day at one o'clock."

"And will you go?" asked Mrs. Carlyon eagerly. "I suppose you had better. It is very civil of her. She might easily have been nasty! I must say I think you have got off very easily every time. Mrs. Garvoek and her daughter behaved quite well too."

It was a tactless speech, but Carlotta was used to her mother's habits, and did not permit it to disturb her. "A long walk, isn't it? How will you get there? She doesn't offer to send a carriage for you."

"No! Possibly they don't possess one," answered Carlotta, and her eyes were abstracted as she folded the note and thrust it in her belt. (To be continued.)

### A New Dairy Pail at a Popular Price

See the new SMP Dairy Pail next time you are in town. They are made of special quality, high finished tin, have large dairy pail ears, riveted with large rivets, soldered flush. 100% sanitary. Cut out this advertisement. Show it to your regular dealer. He has our authority to give you a special low price on a pair of these fine pails.



### ECLIPSE FASHIONS



Boys' Suit, Showing an Attractive Combination of Materials.

Careful thought must be given to outfitting the sturdy small boy, who requires garments suitable for general utility wear. The suit No. 1021 consists of blouse with long or short sleeves, and straight side-closing trousers which button to the blouse. It may be made of all one material, or of a combination of contrasting materials as shown in the sketch. The pattern is cut for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years, the four-year size requiring 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the blouse, and 1 1/4 yards for the trousers and blouse trimmings.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Orders for patterns filled same day as received.

He has all the rest of us guessing. And wondering what he'll do next. He acts in a manner distressing. And keeps all his fellows perplexed. He's turning and twisting and curving. And weaving his way in and out. His stunts are breathtaking, unnerving. And no one knows what he's about!

One minute he's trailing behind you; The next he is darting ahead, And kicking up dust clouds that blind you, And knocking the speed limit dead! He toots and he squeaks and he screeches, To make others let him get by; He cares not a hoot, so he reaches The place he is bound for, on high.

Some day he'll be heading for heaven, And then he will step on the gas, Intent on his share of the leaven— And all of his brothers he'll pass; And when he arrives there, St. Peter Will point to the regions below, And he will reverse his speed-eater— And head for Gehenna, on low!

—James Edward Hungerford.

An Ironical Lady. Polite Judge—"With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?" Michael Mooney—"Wid a motter, yer amner."

Polite Judge—"A what?" Michael Mooney—"A motter—one o' these frames wid 'God Bless Our Home' in 'ut."

Nothing cools love so rapidly as a hot temper.

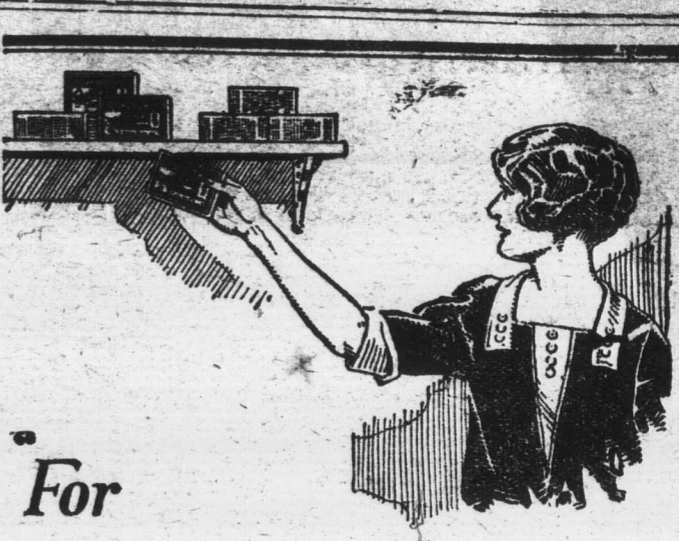
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### Ideas Can Reveal Person's Real Age.

The average man cannot grasp a new idea after the thirtieth birthday, according to the surprising statement made in an address here by Alexander Williams, head of the Chemical Society. "Our principal aim is to get people to think and to appreciate the work constantly being done by chemists and scientists toward the advancement of civilization," said Williams. "But we are forced to go back to the children in the schools to accomplish this purpose, for we have found that it is practically impossible to get a new idea into a man's head after he is 30."

A new altitude record for aviation—39,580 feet—was set up recently by the French pilot, Calizo.



### For economy's sake I buy a supply and let it age

—says Mrs. Experience, speaking of the economical use of soap.

"I always keep a good supply of Sunlight Soap on the shelf because I find that Sunlight actually improves with age. It becomes harder and so goes much further."

"With this added economy of lasting longer, I've learned that Sunlight is by far the most economical soap I can buy. The reason is that every particle of Sunlight is pure, cleansing soap—a little of it does a lot of work. Sunlight, you know, is guaranteed to contain no injurious chemicals or harsh filling materials to make the bar large and hard. These filling materials, of course, are just so much waste as far as cleaning goes."

"To any woman who wants to get real cleaning value out of a soap for her money, I decidedly say, 'Use Sunlight,' and keep a good supply on the shelf." Sunlight is made by Lever Brothers Limited, largest soap-makers in the world.

## Sunlight Soap

### The Highwayman.

He has all the rest of us guessing. And wondering what he'll do next. He acts in a manner distressing. And keeps all his fellows perplexed. He's turning and twisting and curving. And weaving his way in and out. His stunts are breathtaking, unnerving. And no one knows what he's about!

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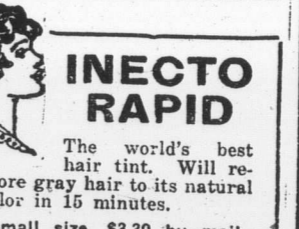
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YOU can now obtain a genuine Hotpoint Iron for \$5.50. This famous electric servant has for years been the first choice among discriminating housewives. The thumb rest—an exclusive Hotpoint patent—eliminates all strain on the wrist. This is the iron with the famous hot point.

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