

The Economy

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.

The Optimist.

The fields were bleak and sodden.
Not a wing
Or note enlivened the depressing
wood;
A soiled and sullen, stubborn snow-
drift stood
Beside the roadway. Winds came
muttering
Of storm to be, and brought the chilly
sting
Of icebergs in their breath. Stalled
cattle moed
Forth plaintive pleadings for the
earth's green food,
No gleam, no hint of hope in anything.
The sky was blank and ashen, like the
face
Of some poor wretch who drains
life's cup too fast.
Yet swaying, to and fro, as if to fling
About chilled nature its little arms of
grace,
Smiling with promise in the wintry
blast,
The optimistic willow spoke of spring.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Card-Index to Long Life.

Dr. Charles Mayo, the American surgeon, suggested in an address at Chicago that every man should be physically examined by a doctor on his birthday and the results noted on a card.

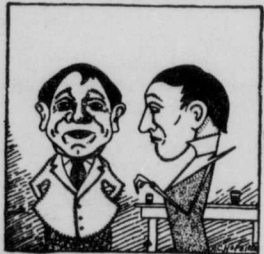
When the doctor has finished the annual examination of a patient he will say: "I find your heart scores one hundred, but your kidneys score only seventy. So far as I can judge you will die in 1933 of a kidney trouble, assuming you continue as you are now." These data would be written on the card.

Dr. Mayo continued: "Suppose, however, that you turn your pencil, erase 1933 and write in 1943. Ten years will mean much to you, and you make up your mind to earn them."

"How can you make your seventy per cent. kidneys last an additional ten years?"

"You learn that you must change your habits, go to bed at a regular hour, obtain more sleep, change your food habits, protect yourself against infections, and take better care of yourself when you have a cold. You decide that the game is worth the candle. Take your eraser and rub out the word 'kidneys.'"

"You go on for one year, happy in the prospect of a gain of ten years. Another birthday comes round. You go to the card box, take out your card and again read it, or, in other words, you undergo another examination. You erase, in consequence, the old entries and make new ones. You may further modify some of your ways of living, or, having found those of the past year satisfactory, plan to continue them."



Gave It Away Then.

"You say he gives away a great deal of money on a charitable occasion?"

"Yes."
"Well, I've seen him give away money only on a chair, a table and a pack of cards occasion."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"Quack" doctors to the number of nearly 25,000 are believed to be practicing in the United States; they obtain their diplomas by purchase from institutions with high-sounding but meaningless names.

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If There Were Dreams to Sell.

If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know full well
What I would buy?
Hope's dear delusive spell
Its happy tale to tell,
Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again;
Youth's maddening bliss and bane
I would recapture;
Though it were keen with pain,
All else seems void and vain
To that fine rapture.

I would be glad once more,
Slip through an open door
Into Life's glory;
Keep what I spent of yore,
Find what I lost before,
Hear an old story.

As if one day befell,
Breaking Death's frozen spell,
Love should draw nigh;
If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know too well
What I would buy?

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Hints for Tired Musicians.

The few cases of musicians who have suffered mental and nervous breakdowns seem to excite some who do not realize that all intense intellectual workers are liable to nervous and brain disorders, if proper care is not taken.

Brain bankruptcy is a common complaint. Creative workers pour out their soul wealth in such lavish manner that there comes a time when the treasury is empty. It is a horrifying realization. Usually those who are complaining of the immense amount of work they do and what they produce, are not the ones to suffer mental breakdowns. It is the man and the woman who is so absorbed in the work that all rational ideas of conserving psychic energy are lost. He has no time to think of himself, and rarely does so until he finds the wreck of his mind and body about him. Then it is often too late to extricate himself.

Musicians will be interested to learn that there is a theory advanced that the mind is made up of an infinite number of minute substances variously defined. With every thought originating in the brain the energy involved destroys one or more of these particles. Fresh particles prepare to take their place if the conditions are normal and the body is in good shape. Sleep and diversion are the great restoratives. Musicians are often entirely too parsimonious in these matters. They work themselves to the limit and then wonder why they have to go to doctors for disagreeable pills, which often only palliate the trouble at best. It is not the sleep they lose to-night or to-morrow night, but the long cumulative losses that do the mischief.

Source of the Nile.

The question of the source of the Nile is at once the oldest and the most recent of geography. The first European to lay claim to having discovered the true source was James Bruce. The Scotch explorer believed that the middle one of the three branches, called the Blue Nile, was the true river. It was later discovered that the westernmost branch, called the White Nile, was the true Nile. The ancients were right and Bruce was wrong.

Many explorers sought to trace the White Nile to its source, but the greatest discovery of all, that the Nile really rises in south latitude and crosses the equator, was made by Captains Grant and Speke, who in 1858 discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza.



No Cause at All.

Friend—"A man has just gotten divorced because his wife hasn't spoken to him for a year."
Meekton—"Great Heavens, that's no cause for divorce!"

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER IV. (Cont'd.)

A ticket to where?
Jean's cold hands held the flimsy sheets of closely written script in a trembling clutch. For a moment everything was blurred. She had to get up and help herself to a small dose of the brandy which was kept for emergencies.

A ticket to Bordighera, of course. Hugo was coming here—"Due on Thursday," wrote Christopher Smarle "by the through train from Calais, the train de luxe. You need have no apprehensions as to his mental condition. He is as sane as he ever was."

As sane as he ever was. But had Hugo ever been really sane? And had his Christopher worded his letter thus cryptically on purpose? Jean Carnay shivered.

Coming on Thursday, the day after tomorrow; Hugo was coming here. Too late to stop him now. To-morrow morning he left London.

Coming here—coming to Bordighera! How on earth was the news to be broken to Alice? And to Philip Ardeyne. Mrs. Carnay remembered something the doctor had said, a casual remark in connection with his profession: Insanity was seldom cured, and it was always hereditary. That was his opinion, as a distinguished brain specialist. Perhaps other alienists did not agree with him, but that was his opinion. Was Alice's whole future to be jeopardized because an official medical board had suddenly decided to release Hugo Smarle?

A light step sounded in the hall and Jean Carnay hastily thrust the two letters into a drawer of the writing-table. She was standing there, trembling like a leaf, her hand still on the knob of the drawer, when Alice came in.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're still up, mumsey dear!" The girl's face was radiant, like a sun-kissed flower with the dew still on it—fresh, sweet, and indescribably beautiful. "Mumsey, I've got something to tell you. Something rather . . . wonderful."

"Yes, dear?"
"Philip has asked me to marry him."

"Yes, dear?"
"—I said I would mumsey. Do you mind? I'm so happy! Oh, mumsey dear, I didn't know it was possible to be so happy in this world!"

Her head went down on Jean's shoulder. There were tears—tears of happiness mingling with other tears of bitter misery.

What was to become of this poor, pitiful child? Was her cup of joy to be dashed to the ground before she had scarcely tasted it?

CHAPTER V.

Oh, night of love—and night of memories!

Why, thought Jean Carnay, had she ever come to this Bordighera? What had she ever found here but heartbreak? There was heartbreak in every whisper of the palm trees, in every restless heave of the silver and ebony sea, in every scent that hung so languorously on the breath of the still night. There had always been heartbreak, because there was so much here that was beautiful, and always—always—there had been love.

She shuddered away from the thought of Hugo Smarle—poor Hugo to whom she owed so much and yet had so much to forgive. He was her husband, that madman who had been all these fifteen years at Broadmoor stealthily getting sane, stealthily hiding the time when the doctors would say that he was well enough to take his place again in the world of living men. Curious, that Jean had never thought of his coming back, of the possibility of such a thing.

For fifteen years he had been as one dead, not only to her, but to everyone he had ever known except Christopher. To Alice Hugo Smarle had been Major Hugo Carnay, a gallant Indian officer fallen in the service of his country. Alice did not know that she gave the name of father to a criminal lunatic; did not know that her whole life had been shadowed by the existence of that madman. Carnay was one of the family names. It was Christopher Smarle who had suggested to Jean that she should use it, "for Alice's sake." Christopher had also suggested that they live abroad. Perhaps he had foreseen this day when Hugo would rise from his prison grave, a fleshy ghost who must be given attention.

But there was one thing, among some others, which Christopher did

not know. For instance, he did not know that Jean Carnay called herself a widow. His own idea was that she had described her husband as an active service in a country where the climate did not agree with the wife and daughter. Hence, from Christopher Smarle's point of view it would be easy enough to arrange for a return.

That was the trouble, for Mrs. Carnay, seeking to make a clean sweep of the past, had posed as a widow even to her own daughter.

What was she to do about this revival? Who could advise her? In less than forty-eight hours Hugo would be here, claiming his little family and his rightful place in their lives.

Mrs. Carnay sat up in bed, her fair hair streaming about her shoulders, the lamp switched on. The dark had become intolerable.

And then the door opened very softly.

"Is that you, Alice?" she called out. "Oh! I wondered if you were asleep."

"But my dear child, you ought to be asleep yourself. We've a long day ahead of us to-morrow." Mrs. Carnay's voice was a little sharp.

"Don't be cross with me, mumsey—"

"My darling—of course I'm not cross."

"I know, but I'm too—too excited to sleep. When I said I was so happy I wondered if you thought it selfish? Mumsey, is it selfish of me to want to be happy?"

Alice sat down on the bed. "It's the most natural thing in the world," said Jean Carnay. "Don't get morbid ideas into your head. Don't ever do that!" Her voice was still sharp.

"Why, mumsey dear—why should I? Only, it does seem selfish, planning to be so happy and—sort of leaving you out of it. But Philip wants you to visit us a lot. He said such nice things about you—how plucky and sporting you were, and how much he admires you."

"I told him that we were frauds," Mrs. Carnay said bluntly.

"Because you saved up for this holiday? But that's what he meant. And if we hadn't come here—only think!—why—I'd probably never have seen Philip again. It was just fate. He said he fell in love with me two years ago, and he wrote to the Archers asking for our address, but we'd left Rome and Mrs. Archer didn't know where we'd gone. He said he went back again last year to try and find us. Isn't it strange? And we came here and found him. I call that wonderful."

The girl's dark eyes glowed softly, and her smile was just one more worry to the unhappy woman whose cup of anxiety was so full.

"You—you're quite sure, Alice, that you care for him? I mean to say, there's no doubt in your own mind? I know he's in love with you, but perhaps—"

"There's no doubt in my mind," Alice replied shyly. "I don't love Philip because he's rich—I suppose he is rich—or famous, or anything like that. I love him because he's just—well, splendid, mumsey. So big and fine and—and straight. An so keen on his work. It seems to make them more—well, more manly. Don't you think so?" Mrs. Carnay nodded. "I'm proud that he's chosen me," Alice went on. "Do you remember I said we were a pair of Cinderellas, you and I, isn't it queer? I mean, meeting Philip—everything turning out like this, as though it were a fairy tale. It wouldn't have been quite the same anywhere else. I love Bordighera—I love it! . . . I wish you'd tell me about when you were here before? You said it was a sort of honeymoon. Did you meet father here? Were you married at the time? I thought you were married in the summer. I seem to remember your saying you were married in London in the summer."

Alice suddenly curious; Alice suddenly taking an interest in that nightmare of a past in which she, poor child, held, unconsciously, the all-important part. Jean Carnay began to see things; faces hovered there in the dimness, behind Alice—the face of Philip Ardeyne, steely-eyed and hard-lipped, for the way in which he had been tricked; the face of Hugo Smarle, the madman, and of Hector Augustus Gaunt, to whom this whole story was as a tale that is told, a musty volume of decayed memories dedicated to the Little God Who Soon Forgets.

Each face looked to Jean Carnay for an explanation of conduct most extraordinary. Why had she done any of the things she had done? To begin with, why hadn't she been courageous twenty years ago and braved out the situation which had frightened her into an act of incredible stupidity? Why—why had she ever married Hugo Smarle?

And here was Alice asking questions that could not be answered truthfully; questions, indeed, to which there were no answers.

"Yes—I met your father here," Jean heard herself saying. "Yes, we

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were married in London. I mean to say—well, your father and I were married first in Genoa secretly."

"Oh, mumsey, how romantic!" Alice clasped her hands over her knees and asked eagerly for more. "Did somebody propose it?"

"No—er—no. We just decided to get married that way. I was here for the winter as companion to an old French lady, and I couldn't leave her. I had to go to Genoa for her about something—I forget what it was—and your father met me there. No—body knew we were married, you see—"

"No? Oh, mumsey, do go on! And so it was a sort of honeymoon. You wonderful darling! I'll bet you were the prettiest thing. And did the old French lady ever find out?"

"No," murmured Jean. "Well, she—there was another ceremony in London, and she came to that. It was at a register office."

"I suppose it was necessary because you were English and had first got married in Italy?" Alice asked. "If Philip and I were married out here wouldn't it be legal in England?"

"Of course it would."
"Then why—"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes one does things for which there is no accounting."

Poor Jean Carnay had waded into this sea of explanation and did not know how to get out again.
(To Be Continued.)

An Excusable Error.

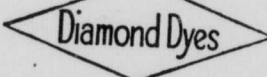
The story described its heroine as a dumpling of a woman. The teacher paused and asked for a description of a woman of that kind.

"She would be rather tall and thin," suggested a pupil. The teacher thought the child was teasing and looked angry. "No," she snapped, "the lady would be short and plump—like a dumpling."

"Oh, yes," said the youngster with relief. "I was thinking of a noodle."

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Roller skates were first patented by Merlin, a Flemish musical instrument maker, who settled in London in 1760.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

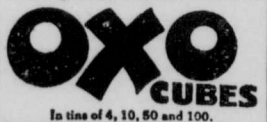
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