

Wrong

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carriage and reined the horse to one side, talking gently to her as she grew restive at the passing carriages.

"Young lady," he began in Dr. Brown's very tones, "why haste ye to the tomb?" "Oh Jack, don't!" I begged. "Isn't this simply awful! I don't know what ails the beast, but she seems bound to be ahead. She's raced past everyone and I couldn't stop her."

"Driving a la Jehu, aren't you Kate?" "A la Kennedy, I rather think," I answered, and then blushed at my own impudence.

He laughed, though he also flushed. "Well you mustn't drive a la Kennedy through town, I'll go with you if you don't mind, and see that Mollie behaves."

He slackened the reins and when an opening came wheeled into line and that was why I created quite a sensation by entering the church-yard with Jack Kennedy—the scape-grace.

John Kennedy, the father of Jack, had been principal of our High School ever since I could remember. He was a tall dark man, very stern and quiet, and we were all rather in awe of him. His wife had taught modern languages years before he married her, had been highly educated, studying in Germany and France—and speaking both languages fluently.

She was fair and petite and beloved by all the students who met her. They had three boys, Jack and the twins Hugh and Hugo. Jack and I had gone through both public and high school together, had played together and fought, —often fought in fact. He was fair and I was decidedly not, and what angered me most, was, he had always called me "gypsy." After I had seen several swarthy gypsy lasses peddling their lace and wares I had shed angry tears and stamped my foot in a rage at him. Then he had ended by snatching a kiss and running away laughing. Jack and Harry Brown, the minister's son—had matriculated at the same time and had entered the university together, both to study medicine. Harry had always been a model boy—Jack, on the contrary, anything but model, though I never knew of his doing a mean act.

When, however, a practical joke had been played upon one of the faculty in the dissecting room, Jack was at once suspected, termed guilty through circumstantial evidence and expelled.

No one seemed at all shocked, but he was then and there branded by all as a "ne'er-do-weel." His father showed his mortification plainly, for Jack was clever and he had been ambitious for his son, but his mother made no sign and was seemingly as proud as ever of her handsome big son.

For handsome he was. I never realized how handsome until that day of old Mr. Gibb's funeral.

We had seen very little of each other since high school days, for he had entered college and I simply remained at home taking up music, reading with father, and driving with him as often as he would allow me. I had no mother and Aunt Caroline never cared to have me bothering her when she was busy.

Our old horse had been sold and when father bought Mollie I was happy indeed. She would take nobody's dust (not even at a funeral), and though gentle and kind could go like the wind.

We lived on the outskirts of the town, and always walked the short distance to church. Sunday evening I went as usual, though neither father nor Aunt Caroline could go. It had been cloudy, still I was surprised on leaving the church to find it raining.

The long walk glistened wet in the flare of the lamps. I hesitated for a second and just as I stepped outside, a great umbrella was held over my head and Jack Kennedy's voice said "May I have the pleasure Miss Kate of keeping the rain off?"

Somehow my heart beat fast and I felt the blood rushing into my cheeks again and was angry at myself for it.

It was no uncommon thing to be escorted home. In fact Harry Brown always made that his especial business when at home. He always seemed so sure of himself, so sure I would not object that sometimes I simply ached to just run away and leave him. There was a certain satisfaction though in having such a popular escort, and I was too much of a "grown-up" to think of doing anything so childish.

I was too confused to reply and too

confused to remember what we talked about on the way home. At the gate he paused and his voice was low and tense: "Katie, I don't want you to turn me down. I haven't advertised myself very much since coming home, but I want you to believe in me. I am not guilty, but I can't prove it, and I would simply throw the blame on another fellow. I can't do that, I'd feel myself a cad."

"What must he be then?" I asked hotly.

"I never turn anyone down Jack, until I know he deserves it."

I slipped up to my room without seeing either father or Aunt Caroline, for I didn't want to be questioned just then. I felt that I faced right about. I had blamed Jack—now I was sorry for him. The next Sunday evening he came again and the next until, as father laughingly said, he was "getting the habit."

After a long talk with father I was sure it was all about that college scrape—father began helping him with his studies and before a month had passed he had supplanted me as father's helper.

Many an evening we spent practising the latest songs or discussing some popular book or play. He told me all about Mollie and her love for racing. He felt sure she was well-bred and of racing blood, at that. He had bought her from the gypsies for a mere song—had found her vicious, but now because of kind treatment she was quite gentle.

Her love for him was truly wonderful. She whinnied when he came near and nosed in his pockets for hidden sweets. She was never disappointed either, and then caressed his face and hands with her velvety muzzle as if showing her thanks. "Yes, I got her from the gypsies," "And now another 'gypsy' has her," I retorted saucily.

Jack turned and gave me a look, and my eyes fell and my cheeks grew hot, for I remembered and he knew I did. "Yes—my gypsy has her now,"—but I fled, Aunt Caroline had urgent need of me just then!

I was furious with myself. If Jack Kennedy ever presumed to overstep the "friendship" line, I would have no one to blame but myself.

Christmas holidays came bringing Harry—more pompous and sure of himself than ever and I surely gave him a "jolt" on our first meeting. He made some sneering remark about Jack, and I openly championed him.

"Why are you so sure of him Kate?" he asked and his lip curled.

"I never yet knew him to tell a deliberate falsehood no matter how big a scrape he was in, and neither did you Harry Brown," I retorted.

"Has he ever blamed anyone else?" he asked in a queer tone.

"He cannot honorably do that, he says," I replied.

"Very considerate of him I'm sure," and Harry changed the subject.

From that time I almost disliked Harry Brown and needless to say he kept his distance.

The days went by only too quickly. When not busy at home I was driving Mollie and was no longer afraid of her running away, though she still required a good deal of coaxing to stay behind when we overtook others on the highway. Nothing eventful ever happened. Things ran in a wonderfully smooth rut until we were rudely jolted out of it by the declaration of war.

England and Germany were clenching at each others' throats,—Belgium, which had borne the brunt of the onslaught was smoking and wasted, blood-soaked, but still undaunted. The call of the motherland came clear. Recruiting officers came to our little town and the first to enlist was—Jack.

Father told the news at the breakfast table and half stunned I left the room and sought refuge—with Mollie. "Why should he be taken from far-away Canada for a war that was none of ours? He was going to certain death I knew! There in the stable I fought it all out—fought with my love, my weakness, fought until I knew it was his duty to go;—mine, to let him go without flinching.

That bit of news had opened my eyes, and I knew Jack was dearer to me than life itself, yet I summoned all

my maidenly modesty and pride to hide the secret.

Then Jack came and told me all. "I've a chance to make good at last, Katie,"—and his eyes sparkled.

"I'll do something worth while if it's only to fall fighting for my country,—but oh Katie, girl, I'd sooner face a whole battalion of Germans,—it would be far easier than leaving you dear." He caught sight of the tears running down my face and caught me to him so roughly that it hurt me.

"Can it be true dear, you really do care! Now I can face any danger," he exclaimed.

"You've made life good to me after all, and I only wish we were going straight to the trenches at once." He stooped and kissed me on the lips.

The Canadian contingent had left for overseas. Bravely we saw our soldier boys away and knew not which was greater our love for, or our pride in them. The khaki-clad group left amid cheers and college "yells," singing "Tipperary"—all so strangely unreal—to cover the sore hearts. Our goodbye had been simply a hand-clasp.

The days dragged by. The papers came, sometimes bringing sorrow, sometimes joy. Eagerly we scanned the casualty list always fearing for the worst. I received but two letters—more precious than gold to me—then the months dragged on and no news came. At last came the dread report. "John Kennedy wounded and missing—Harry Brown seriously wounded." Dr. Brown on receiving a cablegram left immediately for overseas, but for us at home it was simply waiting and working. Finally we gave up the last ray of hope,—his mother and I, and believed him dead.

Life stretched ahead a dreary blank and the sun lost its light for me. I would honor the man, however, who had been scorned by all, and even father nodded a grave approval when I put a band of royal purple upon my arm.

Easter dawned beautifully clear. A stranger was to fill Dr. Brown's pulpit as no word had been received from him—so we had heard. Father persuaded me to attend the morning service, and what was our surprise to see Dr. Brown in his accustomed place. He was bent and white and I think every heart was touched, for he was old and Harry was his only child.

The sermon was short but impressive. Easter, the Resurrection, took on a new meaning for me. At the end of the service Dr. Brown came forward. He had just reached home from overseas but had left his son behind. That son he was proud to say had given his life for his country, the greatest possible sacrifice. At his request he had a message to make public; a message to right one who had been deeply wronged,—wronged by his own son. He could not exonerate his son, but he asked all in pity to forgive him, since he had done all he could to expiate his sin. He told how Jack Kennedy had been expelled from college and had been branded guilty by all when the guilt had been Harry's. Knowing that were Jack to speak out his suspicions, his irreproachable life would count more than the word of a wild harum-scarum young fellow, so Harry had kept silent. Both had enlisted and fought side by side in the trenches.

One dark night both formed part of a reconnoitering party sent out to find if any surprises were being planned by the enemy. They had crept close to the German lines all undetected, had got the necessary information, but on returning, some one had blundered, the enemy was aroused, great search-lights switched-on, and rifle and machine-gun fire opened on the party. Flinging themselves on the ground and taking advantage of every possible cover, a part had reached the British trenches again. Harry was among the number missing. At dawn Jack had gone out under heavy rifle fire and succeeded in bringing him back unconscious from loss of blood,—he himself being badly wounded in the act of rescuing Harry. Not only had he distinguished himself by saving Harry's life, but by his knowledge of German, which he spoke fluently, he had given great aid to the officers, through scraps of news and information he had heard whispered in the enemy's trenches. Disguised in German uniform he had penetrated several trenches and learned much, but had been badly wounded

and made a prisoner. The officers expected once as a spy.

The side door bear no more, so no one noticing all in the old man vindicated—had—what more could long to have once, to let him of him!

Father would at home, would for I noticed that As I reached home I felt, and almost toward the stable. She loved him to and as I entered sharply. There was her neck, his left clad figure so like with a cry I ran strong arm. Jack well, but oh, so I accepted the after the first three how he had escaped how he had been and had finally Brown who had been Then we talked of ing only to Jack.

Suddenly we ran the street came throats. The men were coming. At last we caught the matter, with answer—"He's a—Three cheers for I turned to flee the arm. Father from the garden; ously but tenderly upon the should comrades and school through the see him, the return

I believe every "Sunday" behavior was never before Jack told me a day, as he stroked "Isn't it wonderful a year has made all I've won the world!"

I hid my face laughingly said, because of dear old

Out of

BY F. MAR

"I can't stand," muttered Joe Lewis morning as he b seeder and drove "The strain of this unbearable. Gee he gave the bay the whip, which s than to make still more restless do; I'll see Tom up his Sis' wedding farm, and I'll g And having made through his mor fashion.

At dinner time to leave the far in these words:

"I guess the ol more of me, Sis."

"Why Joe, v and Mary looked where she was t oven, and burn sequence.

"Well," drawl slow way, "you said about Billie at the Klondyke about it, and I d like him can do tell you," with a the table for en I will."

Mary Lewis v easily excited, which she regard She sucked her l for a moment, th table, served her piece and took a after which she p strong tea and fi tone:

"Going to th