



Imperial Brand Harness

Our Imperial Brand Harness is made just as fine and strong and well finished to-day as it has always been made in the past. Ask your dealer to show you Imperial Brand Harness, so you can see it before you buy it. If he does not carry our line he can get it for you, or you can write us and we will supply you promptly on receipt of price. Our Booklet—"How Harness is Made," mailed FREE on request.

No. 464 Superior Quality Farm Harness Chain End Trace with Back Pads, Bridles, Blinds, with side check. Lines 1 in. High top harness. Pads with terrets and hook. Back strap with trace carrier on top. Traces 1 1/2 in. Balance \$52.50 in proportion. XC or Jap. mounted. (Less Collars)

No. 446 Superior Quality Farm Harness Chain End Trace with Breeching. Bridles, Blind with side check. Lines 1 in. Harness high top. Traces 1 1/2 in. three ply with chain end. Breeching has colored seat with side straps. XC or Jap. mounted. (Less Collars) \$67.00

SAMUEL TREES & CO., LIMITED

98 Wellington St. E., TORONTO. 312 Ross Ave., WINNIPEG

IMPERIAL BRAND HARNESS is for sale by the following well-known houses:-

A. HORNE & Co., Charlottetown. **GRANT & KENNEDY**, Charlottetown. **S. L. HARDY**, Charlottetown.

R. T. HOLMAN CO., LTD., Summerside. **BRACE McKAY & CO** Summerside. We manufacture more styles of harness than any individual dealer could carry in stock, therefore, should your dealer not have just what you want, he CAN GET IT FOR YOU on short notice. Write for our illustrated Booklet—"How Harness is Made" FREE.

SAMUEL TREES & CO. LTD

50 WELLINGTON STREETS, E. TORONTO



The Wellington is more than a good pipe—

it's a WDC Pipe, a genuine French briar; it's a good smoke; it's peace; it's comfort; it's quiet meditation—all done up in one sweet brown package. The well catches all moisture and the top-opening bit sends the clean, dry smoke up away from your tongue. Good dealers have the Wellington in the shape and size you want, at \$1.00 and upward.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., New York

Please, Mother! It's Nasty! Give Me a Candy Cascaret!

TO MOTHERS! Instead of the dreaded dose of castor oil drops, calomel or pills, give your children Cascarets and save money, worry and trouble. Children love Cascarets because they taste like candy. Nothing else acts so gently but surely on the child's little stomach, liver and bowels.



When one of the kiddies has a white tongue, tainted breath, sour stomach or a cold; when cross, bilious, feverish, constipated, remember, a Cascaret to quickly "work" away the nasty bile, sour fermentations and poisons should always be the first treatment given. Cascarets never gripe the tender bowels, never injure, and never disappoint the worried mother. Each 10 cent box of Cascarets contain directions for children's dose from one year old and upwards. Also for adults.

FIRE INSURANCE A NECESSITY

Then insure in good strong stock companies, which never contest an honest claim such as is represented by

E. R. BROW

Charlottetown

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BARBARA IS ANXIOUS BECAUSE NEIL IS DRINKING CHAPTER XLII

When Neil came home to dinner I saw at once that his mood had changed. He was almost uproariously happy. That he had been drinking was obvious, yet he seemed not at all elated because of that, but on account of something deeper—more permanent.

I was tingling with resentment. He had spent hours, the day before, calling on Blanche Orton; how did I know that he had not been there again that afternoon? He ate very little dinner, but emptied his glass several times. And he talked, talked gaily, as a person talking whom something which has caused them anxiety, is doing with.

When I begged him not to drink any more he became repentant, and pushed his glass away. Then, as we sipped our coffee, he told me a little—just enough to give me a hint as to the cause of his troubled actions of the past few days.

"That damned Scott thought he was mighty smart," he said, apropos of nothing. I fairly held my breath, hoping he would go on.

"What did he do?" I could wait no longer.

"Tried to bluff me! He ran up against the wrong fellow. I can tell you. Got cold feet and tried to make trouble for me. But I headed him off—took his stock off his hands. I'll show him he can't fool with me."

His voice was strident, loud. "What did he want to get rid of it for?"

"Said it wasn't worth the paper it was written on, or some such thing. Tried to queer me with Frederick too. But he fell down there. Frederick stood pat."

I turned cold with dread. Mr. Frederick had a motive in telling me he would be my friend. Had he already proven a friend? Had he stood "pat," as Neil had said, because of his friendship—for me?

"Where—who took his stock," I asked, "Mr. Frederick?"

"No—what made you think it was Frederick?"

"What you said—that he 'stood pat.'"

"It was a good friend of mine who did it—a very good friend." He then buried himself in the paper, while I wondered who the "very good friend" could be, at the same time feeling relieved it had not been Mr. Frederick—the man who had offered to serve me if ever there

should be need. "Go to bed, Bab. You are the tired-looking one tonight."

I was tired. The emotions I had felt during the last days, added to my physical condition, had left me weak and nervous. Tears were ready to start at the slightest provocation; almost at no provocation at all. So I hurried to bed, sighing gratefully as I slipped between the cool sheets.

It was good to have Neil more like himself. It must have been terrible to have that horrid Mr. Scott throw the stock on his hands after he had thought it sold. Poor Neil. No wonder he was anxious and worried. Men had it rather hard, after all. They had such financial worries—men of big business affairs like Neil.

I was so tired that I fell asleep almost immediately. And never awakened until the sunlight was streaming in at the windows the next morning.

Neil had gone down-town, leaving word that under no consideration was I to be disturbed. That I was to rest.

"Dear Neil," I said as I sat up in bed and lazily sipped my coffee. We will soon be so happy that you will have no thought for anyone or anything but those who belong to you." Yet as I slipped down among the pillows for another half hour, I remembered that he had said nothing of his call on Blanche Orton.

BAB HAS AN ERA OF COMPLETE HAPPINESS

CHAPTER XLIII

Neil and I had often talked of the child which so soon was to come to us. I always returned to the subject with eagerness. At times I thought I detected something in Neil, a hint of something connected with his love for me, that seemed morbid. I was unable to put the idea from me, and determined to destroy it if possible. When I spoke of my fears, he said:

"I'm not really morbid, Bab. Yet it seems to me that a child will take on from me—divide your love."

"Silly boy," I laughed at him. But, as always when Neil spoke of wanting all my love, it in a way comforted me. Surely no man would speak like that unless he loves the woman to whom he spoke? In my joy at my coming motherhood, I almost forgot that I ever had felt that anything could take Neil from me; or that I ever had doubted him in any way. Now he was so tender, so thoughtful. Not since the night when he came home so happily and told me that "a very good friend" had made it impossible for Scott to harm his business, had he been once impatient or forgetful of me. I had a sensation of being wrapped about with love; a feeling that nothing would ever again make me unhappy.

There was one thing about Neil's plan I supposed other men's, business methods that I could not bring myself to feel was necessary for success—although when I spoke of this, Neil patiently explained—or tried to explain to me: It was the idea that late supper parties, at which much wine was drunk, motor rides to outlying inns where cabaret dancing and hilarious gaiety was kept up until the wee small hours, and such pleasures, helped business.

In his confident manner Neil had expounded the methods by which he proposed to extend his business. With each detail that he described, I grew more certain that such means were unnecessary. When I said so, Neil only laughed at me, and said it wasn't to be expected I should know about such things.

Now this was his way in everything. He only talked to me of success; never did he, at this time, mention that he was ever anxious or worried. He spent money lavishly, as always—more than lavishly for my comfort.

"I am falling in love with you all over again, Neil," I said to him, "yet how can I when I never have fallen out?"

"Just beginning to appreciate your luck?" he questioned, with a laugh. "It is too bad you had to wait five years to find out what a prize you had found in your matrimonial package."

"But honestly, dear, I am so frightened sometimes, I love you so much."

"I'll soon only get half, so don't worry."

In all the years that came after, I have looked back upon this time as one of the happiest in my life. Coming after a period of worry and questioning anxiety, it was all the more welcome; it stood out the more clearly.

Another thing, too, that had added to my happiness and content was the fact that Neil had not been drinking much lately—just a cocktail or a glass of wine occasionally. I was very watchful. He seemed to sense



HERE'S a welcome to the returned soldier and his bride. May their wedded life be a long and happy one.

If she is a "British Bride" she will be very fond of tea—and good tea, at that.

She will first be attracted to Red Rose Tea by the name which will remind her of the "Red Rose" of "Old England".

And when she tries it she will again be reminded of the "Homeland", for she will find Red Rose Tea the same kind of Tea that she has used at home—a rich, full-flavored blend, consisting chiefly of ASSAM teas grown in British-owned plantations in northern India.

Red Rose Tea is sold always in sealed packages.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Red Rose Coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea

that he would worry me if he drank more, and so refrained.

Then came the day when my thoughts went flying across great spaces of time and emotion. I lost count of time, of everything but the one fact that I must make this journey into the land of motherhood alone. When I came back from that far land, my baby boy lay on my arm, and Neil was bending over me with a face transfigured.

What did anything matter now

ONCE MORE BAB IS DISTURBED BECAUSE OF BLANCHE ORTON

CHAPTER XLIII

The next three months passed quietly and quickly for me. I was so happy with my baby boy, so busy getting strong and well so that I might really care for him properly, that nothing else seemed to affect me.

Then one day I suddenly woke up to the fact that Neil was out a great deal; that in the last month he had

not only taken up the old habit of staying at his club, but that he was remaining away later and more often than he ever had before.

He had been so devoted in the months before baby came, so tender and thoughtful of me in the few weeks afterward, that I had been lulled into forgetfulness of things ten times as important as that.

It was at a dinner given by Blanche Orton, that my eyes were

Continued on Page Eleven

Canadian Candy is wholesome It produces real energy

ALL through the war the highest medical and food authorities were insistent in their recommendations to give the soldiers candy.

In Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes candy was allowed to seriously wounded patients whose condition called for constant nourishment in a light, nutritious, easily-digested form.

As the war progressed, the demand for candy grew to enormous proportions. Soldiers and sailors alike found by experience that candy produced real energy, while stimulants gave only deceptive temporary strength.

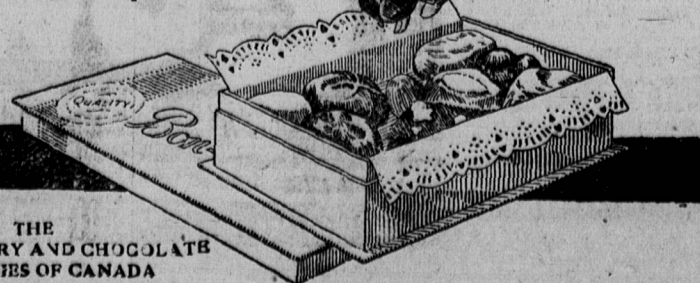
This war experience is supported by scientific opinion, and some misconceptions are set right in the following extract from the *Canada Lancet*:-

"Candy and Chocolate are nutritious, stimulating foods. There is not the least scientific foundation for the opinion that eating candy is injurious to the teeth. The lack of sugar is much more likely to injure the teeth through impaired nutrition than even its excessive use is liable to do by any digestive troubles which might result from overuse."

"In like manner there is little foundation for the common opinion that the consumption of candy causes digestive troubles."

Candy brings sunshine into the lives of children. Children are fond of candy because their bodies require fuel which candy best produces. Not only eat it yourself, but encourage your children to eat candy in rational quantities. It is good for them.

Candy is a Splendid Food.



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA