

NEMO WEEK

SALE



THE INNERBELT FAVORITE OF THOUSANDS

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This may be your last opportunity to secure the wonder working Wonderlift for \$5.—the inner-belt foundation that completely eliminates sagging muscles, smooths out the diaphragm—supports the abdomen. So comfortable—so smart. Made of attractive material. Divided bust section of rayon mesh. Comes in two lengths, average or short. Obtainable in either front or side closing innerbelt. Front closing 96-767, sizes 36-54 and 14-767, sizes 36-50. Side closing 96-763, sizes 36-54 and 14-763, sizes 36-50. A real value at \$5.

Moore & McLeod Limited

HANDS COME OUT TO PLAY IN SUMMER

How to keep the nails perfectly groomed and cuticle neat and soft are problems that a good many readers seem anxious to solve. The majority want to know ways and means to have alluringly attractive hands during the summer months when most of us go without gloves a good deal of the time.

A weekly manicure is important, of course. If you have your nails done by a professional, do not let her use a clipper to snip off rough edges of cuticle, or a steel instrument to push it back. Jagged edges should be clipped off with small, sharp scissors, and unbroken areas never should be cut at all. If you push cuticle back with a towel each time you dry your hands and oil or cream it three times a week, it simply won't show away.

Dead skin which accumulates at the base of each nail ought to be removed with an orange stick wrapped in cotton which has been dipped in cuticle remover.

Between regular manicures, the nails need a certain amount of attention. One smart business woman uses an emery board to whisk nails into shape every other night.

Twice a week she leaves oil on them while she sleeps, and polish always is changed the minute it shows signs of cracking, peeling or wearing off at the tip. As a result, her hands always are lovely.

Do wear gloves when you are digging in the garden, trying to beautify the lawn, oiling screens or doing the daily dusting. If they are massaged with lotion afterwards, hands can stand water—even dishwater—but they simply will not stand dust. If you cannot wear gloves when you are dusting the furniture, do put soap under your nails. Dig them into a cake of toilet soap before you start to houseclean. When you wash afterwards, all dirt will come out with the soap.

Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

(Continued)
Perhaps they were, by birth and tradition, but they didn't always act as gentlemen in books might happen. He hadn't been so sure of Grahams after all. Deborah remembered his words as he had helped her into the rickety wagon down at their neighbor's farm, when he was hurrying her off so that he could go back to Grandmother, alone on the mountain. He had tucked the dust-cover around her and stepped back; and then, suddenly, he had come up close, his old face worn and troubled, and he had said, "If you don't like him, Miss Deborah, don't you have anything to do with him. We'll get along some way. If you don't like his looks, don't you do it. We'll just look around for another way."

This was the other way. The tall young man at the head of the table, willing to sell his gentlemanly appearance, his good manners, his smile, for a year—for fifty thousand dollars.

Of course, since we must be fair and just, he had not been considering his own opportunities there in Mr. Holworthy's office, not just at first. After Deborah had stood up and told Stuart in that strange voice that she could not possibly marry him, after she had possibly let again and again and made him see that she meant it, he had been in a wild rage. It was then that he had said such horrible things to her. His words had come out in such a torrent that Mr. Holworthy couldn't stop them. After a moment Deborah had run away, into an outer office, anywhere to escape from Stuart Graham, of course, so loud-voiced, so thick-lipped and bold. But Stuart had followed her. Stuart was a bully. He was still talking to her, pushing himself directly between her and the door, between her and freedom, when this quiet, young man with the steady gray eyes had risen from a chair and faced him. He stopped his loud talking and began to mutter. But Bryn, hadn't moved, except that his arm came straight up, and his fist hit Stuart under the chin with a terrific crash, and Stuart had crumpled to the floor.

"Deborah, my darling, what is the matter?" Grandmother said suddenly. "You are quite pale!"

"Nothing, Grandmother," Deborah answered, and managed a smile.

"It's rather a long trip up from San Francisco when you're not accustomed to motoring," the man said. "And it's very hot in the Sacramento valley in June."

"I am sure it must have been trying," Grandmother said, still looking at her tenderly. There was something new and solicitous in her expression. Now that our greatest problem is solved, surely we can make a real change in our way of living."

"What do you mean?" Deborah asked quickly.

"Oh, so many things, dear," Grandmother leaned forward. "We must furnish ourselves up, for one thing. We are becoming quite careless as to our ways of living. I've been feeling guilty about it for a long time, but I've been so worried about Deborah that nothing else seemed of any particular importance. But now I feel," she finished briskly, "that we must have two or three extra servants at once, have the grounds put in order, have the electric plant repaired."

"But—" Deborah said faintly, and stopped.

"But what, my darling? Would you not like to see the house filled with young company, with music with life? To have a host of pretty new clothes?"

"We don't know anyone to fill the house with," Deborah protested miserably.

"Stuart does," Grandmother said with confidence. He told me about a few moments ago that he had a great many friends in San Francisco."

Grandmother

She smiled. "Now, Deborah, of course we should not ask anyone for some time, my dear. You and Stuart must have a month or two of your own first. But during that time the house and grounds can be taken care of; they have been neglected so long it will be quite an undertaking. Since your grandfather wished that we should spend a year here after your marriage, I think we must try and make it a happy year, and in it prepare you as best we can to mingle in society when we emerge at last from our retreat."

"I never want to go away from here," Deborah cried, never, never!

"Why, Deborah?" Grandmother said in surprise. Stuart, the dear child is quite overwrought. Of course you will go away from here, my dear, you and Stuart. The whole world is before you. Am I not right, Stuart? You would not be satisfied to spend all your life here?"

He hesitated, but only for a fraction of a second. Then, "I'm not at all sure that I shouldn't be, if Deborah were to be here," he said.

Deborah jumped from her chair. Her eyes flashed. "Was that necessary?" she asked him bitterly.

Grandmother stood up too, a slight small figure in her gray. "What do you mean?" she asked in a still cold voice.

"Oh," Deborah began, and stopped. "Nothing," she said slowly. "I am . . . overwrought. Grandmother, I think I will go and rest for a while."

"Of course, dear," she answered, relieved. Of course, I understand. Go along, then, and your things are in the silver rooms in the south wing."

"The silver rooms?" Deborah

repeated. Involuntarily her startled eyes fell to the man's and gray and violet clung together. Deborah's cheeks began to burn. She looked away.

"No objections, my dear. The silver rooms were always intended for you, but you preferred to be near me rather than in the south wing alone. Go along, my darling, and perhaps after a little I will follow your example. The excitement and the happiness have quite tired me out."

Deborah went across the room and through the door. She wanted to stamp and kick and scream. This must be how a rabbit felt when it was caught in a snare. She went on, up the long curving staircase, down the corridor into the south wing, through the second door on the right. Inside was a sitting room, with walls paneled silver, with rugs and chairs and curtains done in deep violet.

There was a huge four-poster bed against the inner wall, with a beautiful violet and tarnished-silver spread upon it, and a low silver bowl of violets on a little table on one side. And at the foot of the bed, was a man's heavy pigskin bag, as yet unopened.

She went across to it and lifted it with a vicious jerk. It was heavy. She went through the bedroom and the sitting room to the corridor. She put the bag down with a thump on the floor outside the door, pulled the sitting room door shut with a bang and shot the bolt.

CHAPTER III

There were high spoked iron gates at the end of the weed-grown drive. Bryn leaned his shoulders against them, took his silver case out thoughtfully and lit a cigarette.

There is a moment in every day among the mountains when afternoon is definitely over and evening has come. Her dusky silent presence is as real as the moon and stars will be when night falls later on. It is made known to the watcher by a change in the quality of the sunlight, as if a silver veil had fallen suddenly across the sky. Bryn recalled that in the last ten miles of narrow, almost impassable road, they had passed but one other dwelling, a small tumble-down shack on a patch of rocky, unkept mountainside; there, presumably, belonged the boy and the dog he could hear in the distance; the only neighbors.

He turned and walked slowly up the dark path toward the house.

The bird, outside Bryn's window wakened him very early, the morning air was still night cold and fresh when he yawned, stretched, put his hands behind his head and listened for a moment or two to the long involved scoldings and clatterings of a bird family. Bryn threw back his quilts and sprang out of bed.

A few minutes later, in his white shirt and gay knickerbockers he closed his door noiselessly and tipped down the hall past the door which must be Deborah's, since it was the only door along the corridor. Gary, who was obviously in Deborah's confidence, had been most reluctant even to give Bryn a room in this wing, but it couldn't be helped, since Mrs. Larned herself was in the north wing.

Bryn stepped out over the puff of dew-laden grass at the foot of the steps, to the wide red uneven stanes of the path. He thrust his hands in his pockets and sauntered along the side of the south wing and around the end. He was facing the mountain now; there was still a little broken wreath of mist around the top. Between him and the forest, at the back of the stretch of park land, he could see the serrated rows of the orchard trees, and a clear flat space beside it which appeared to be a garden. He followed the narrow beaten path, hedged with drooping wet grass, across to the corner of the orchard. He came to a stop beneath a cherry tree whose topmost boughs were still laden down with heavy fruit. Bryn regarded it. He put a foot on a low branch and swung himself up into the tree as far as the heavier branches would take him.

The cherry tree, being on the side of the hill, was vantage point. B-low him the house, mothered in its ivy, lay without a sign of habitation. Beyond it the brook was marked out by the double line of weeping willows, which had been planted on its banks but no giant of water came through the green to prove its existence.

Directly ahead lay a gentle slope of meadow; and as Bryn's eyes fell upon it he caught quite distinctly a flash of the blue across the green.

He blinked, started at it, stretched himself incautiously to make sure of what he saw. It had most certainly been a gawn. He climbed down hastily from the tree and started off across the garden.

He came at last into the natural clearing which had not been the bottom of the stream; it was dotted over with clumps of small blue velvet, covered with a carpet of green velvet. He stopped and surveyed it

HEALTH

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

HOW WE CONTRACT THE INFECTIOUS DISEASES

It is not so many . . . as ago that the infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid fever and diphtheria, were believed to have their source in bad-smelling, unventilated and sunless homes, what are called stums. When infrequently appeared, as they were in the better class of homes, the calamity was laid to a leaky plumbing fixture, for diphtheria; to rotten fruit in the cellar for typhoid; to letters or books posted from a home in Kalamazoo, or some distant place, for small-pox or scarlet fever.

Tuberculosis was thought to be inherited and dampness caused the ague. Garbage was believed to carry disease.

These views have been dissipated in the light of modern scientific knowledge. Every infectious disease, without exception, comes directly or indirectly from some person or animal affected with a similar disease.

Thus tuberculosis comes, in 90% of cases, from a person having tuberculosis of the human type. The remaining 10% comes from the milk of cows with tuberculous udders. Small-pox comes directly from association with a case of small-pox and similarly scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles etc., come from rubbing elbows, so to speak, with persons having these diseases. Cholera, typhoid fever and dysentery, are the result of the taking in by the victim in drink or food of the discharges of persons with such affections. Ague or malaria is due not to damp, but to the inroads of a parasite carried from a person ill of malaria, by a type of mosquito to a well person. The same is true of yellow fever. In each case there is a specific cause for the specific disease.

Disease spreads just as fast as man can travel, or in the case of insect or animal, spreads according to the circuit of the insect or animal. The infectious diseases are due to the growth, in the body of germs. These are very small animal or vegetable organisms which are capable of multiplying fluids, rarely outside the body.

Usually germs leave the body in the discharges of nose, throat, bladder or bowel and it is the swallowing of these discharges in water, milk or food that is responsible for most infections. Certain diseases, such as small-pox, leprosy, syphilis and some forms of tuberculosis may be transferred from the skin of one person to another, and, already intimated, insects may transfer the parasites productive of disease from person to person. Such diseases as anthrax (lumpy jaw) and tetanus (lock-jaw) and probably all infections can be transferred by direct inoculation. The practical thing to remember is that the bulk of the infectious diseases are derived directly or almost so, from persons having the particular infection involved, very little from infected things, except recently infected milk, food, water and files.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

for a moment before his eyes caught again that blue flash. . . . ah, there she was.

Deborah was kneeling on the side of a little knoll, with a round blue cap on her head. For a moment she did not see him approaching, so intent was she on her task. She was picking wild strawberries, leaning forward to separate them from their stems, dropping them one by one into the bowl. She was dressed in a short-sleeved blue dress, perhaps a little faded, but still extremely becoming.

She looked up, startled, her eyes wide and dark.

"Good-morning," Bryn offered cheerfully. "Did something happen to your clock, or do you usually get up at half-past five?"

She dropped a berry into the bowl. She lifted her stained little finger-tips and looked at them. "I usually get up," she replied.

(To be Continued)

SUBSTITUTE INGREDIENTS

1 square chocolate—2-3 tablespoon shortening.

1 cup pastry flour—7-8 cupful bread flour plus an extra tablespoon liquid.

1 tablespoon cornstarch—2 tablespoons flour (for thickening).

1 teaspoon baking powder—1-4 teaspoon baking soda and 1-2 teaspoon cream of tartar.

1 cup sugar—3-4 to 1 cup spoon soda (see note).

1 cup sugar—1 cup honey plus 1-4 to 1-2 teaspoon soda (see note).

Note: For both molasses and honey, reduce liquid in recipe by 1-4 cup.

1 cup milk—4-2 cup evaporated milk and 1-2 cup water.

1 cup milk—1-2 cup condensed milk and 1-2 cup water (reduce sugar in recipe).

1 cup milk—4 tablespoons powdered milk and 1 cup water.

1 cup pearl tapioca—3-4 cup quick-cooking tapioca.



She Remembers You Every Other Day!

Holman's China Department Offers A Few Suggestions



Davidson English Glassware Flower Centres. In amber and pink colors and beautifully designed. Priced at 1.00, 1.75, 2.50, 2.75 and 3.75.

A large assortment of Flemish Copper with Pewter trim. A lovely gift idea. Assortment includes candle sticks, book ends, compots, flower holders, etc. Candle Sticks, pair 1.25 Flower Centres at 1.25, 4.25 and 5.00. An exceptionally fine selection of new Silver Holloware including bread trays, bakers, cake baskets, flower baskets, flower centres etc.

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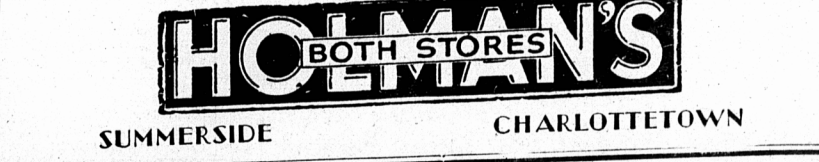
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AMAZING OPPORTUNITY

To obtain a Set of Wm. A. Rogers A-1 Plus Quality Silverware in the attractive Croydon Pattern made by Oneida Ltd.

OLD DUTCH offers you

- 1 SIX TEASPOONS—value \$3.50 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 2 ONE DINNER KNIFE (stainless steel blade) and Fork—value \$16.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 3 THREE OVAL SOUP SPOONS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 4 THREE SALAD FORKS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 5 THREE ICED DRINK SPOONS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 6 THREE BUTTER SPREADERS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 7 THREE OYSTER OR COCKTAIL FORKS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 8 THREE TABLE OR SERVING SPOONS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 9 ONE GOLD MEAT FORK—value \$1.05—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 10 ONE GRAY LADLE—value \$1.50—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c
- 11 ONE BUTTER KNIFE AND ONE SUGAR SPOON—value \$1.00—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and 50c

Prolong Surface Lifetime and Save Money with OLD DUTCH

Made in Canada Old Dutch cleans safely because it's made with Selsomite*, a fine cleaning and polishing material, free from harsh scratchy grit. Old Dutch is so quick acting that it cuts your cleaning time in half. It is also the most economical cleanser you can buy because a little goes a long way. Use it for bathroom and kitchen, for floors and painted woodwork, pots and pans, windows and metals, in fact all through the house.

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6 Teaspoons 3 Oval Soup Spoons 3 Tablespoons

3 Salad Forks 3 Iced Drink Spoons 1 Cold Meat Fork

3 Oyster Forks 3 Butter Spreaders 1 Gray Ladle

1 Dinner Knife and Fork 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon

Name

Address

City Province

Farewell Gathering

On the evening of April 28th, the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stewart met at their hospitable home New Wiltshire, for the purpose of bidding them farewell ere they take up their residence in Hunter River. Mr. Donald MacDonald, in a very capable manner acted as chairman. He called upon Mrs. Ella MacDonald to read an address while Mrs. Chas. Proude presented Mr. and Mrs. Stewart with a generous purse.

Mr. Stewart in reply thanked very sincerely all the people for their gifts and their expressions of affection and regret at the departure of the Stewart family. He also considered it a privilege to have lived among such good neighbors and friends, and expressed his regret at leaving a community where he and Mrs. Stewart had found much happiness.

A happy hour was spent in games and social intercourse. After a most delightful lunch served by the young ladies, everyone departed, with best wishes for the happiness and success of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart in their future home.

Address to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stewart:—The news of your removal from our midst came as a distinct shock to your neighbours and friends generally. We had come to look upon you as a permanent fixture, to whom we could always look to for help in church and community. By your diligence and enterprise, you have become important members of this community and your willingness to help in every good cause, has made you a predominant factor in practically every activity of ours.

THE COOK'S CORNER

JELLY ROLL.

Three eggs (beaten separately), 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons sweet milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup Five Roses flour, vanilla flavoring.

Beat the yolks with the sugar and sweet milk. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, then thoroughly with the yolks and sugar. Mix flour and baking powder and add to other ingredients. Flavor with vanilla or lemon and bake immediately in moderately hot oven.

Note for jelly rolls: While hot remove from pan and lay on cloth wrung out of cold water. Sprinkle a little icing sugar or powdered sugar on cloth, and while cake is still warm spread with jelly or other filling and roll quickly, putting your hands under the cloth. This helps to keep cake from cracking.

QUICK SPICE CAKE

Two cups sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1-4 teaspoon cloves, 3-4 cup sugar, 5 tablespoons softened butter or other shortening, 1-4 cup molasses, 2 eggs, well beaten, 1-2 cup milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, spices and sugar, and sift together three times. Add butter and molasses. Combine eggs and milk; add to flour mixture, stirring until all flour is dampened; then beat vigorously one minute. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 25 minutes, or until done.

AS SPRING BEGINS

He leaned over the garden fence and beckoned to his neighbor. "I say, old man," he said, "I understand that you have Jones's rake?"

The neighbor nodded. "Good," said the first. "If you'll let me borrow that occasionally I'll let you use his roller whenever you want it."

