



In the Kitchen

A great help in Cooking

One of the most remarkable features of OXO CUBES is the economy they effect in cooking. They are an excellent substitute for meat in soups and savouries. They prevent waste and oddments can be served in many appetising ways by their use.

Then contrast the old-fashioned cumbersome way of cooking with the quick, convenient OXO CUBE way. Think of the time saved—the material saved—the fuel saved—and then reckon up that in dollars and cents. But that is not all. OXO increases nutrition—it makes every dish more wholesome and digestible.

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BEAVER FLOUR

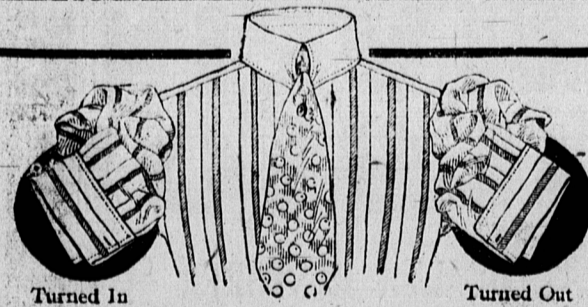
as you can with any pastry flour. Beaver Flour is milled of the famous Ontario fall wheat, strengthened with western spring wheat.

And more than that—Beaver Flour makes a loaf of bread that is a joy to eat—with fine, even texture and a delicious, "homey" nutlike flavor, unknown to those who still use the tough, tasteless, western spring wheat flour. Make the change today—order a barrel of Beaver Flour at your grocer's and have really delicious Bread and Pastry.

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are on sale all over Canada. Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us.

DEPT. A The Williams, Greene & Rome Co., Limited Kitchener, Canada

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

Continued from Page Eleven

warned me. Someway I wished he were where I could talk to him. I would see if he were in town. I went to the telephone and called the hotel where he usually stopped.

"Is Mr. Fredericks stopping there at present?" I asked.

"No, but he is apt to come in any time. Any message," I was told after a moment's waiting.

"No, yes. Tell him to call Plaza 1234 when he comes."

Perhaps I should decide to say nothing to him if he did not arrive in town for several days, but I could give some excuse for calling him. I concluded not to tell him anything of what I had heard.

I knew he did not approve of Nell's methods, but even so I had taken Nell's judgment as final when he had called Mr. Fredericks an 'old woman' and not up to date in his ideas of business.

I knew I had been frightfully extravagant, but Nell had told me to go ahead, and to be sure and have the best of everything while I was about it. He had good taste, and hated anything shoddy. So all the furnishings of the house were of the finest woods and materials procurable. My home was exquisite. Yet as I looked around I thought of what Lorraine had said—to 'give up all idea of social success and enjoy it with the friends I now had.' I was not willing to do so. It was a great deal of care and hard work to run such an establishment properly. My small house and fewer servants were all we should ever have required had I not intend this onslaught upon society.

I had ordered several very expensive gowns, so that they would be keeping with my surroundings, evening dresses that would be of no use if my plans failed. No, no, they couldn't fail! It was just that puritanical streak in Lorraine that had made a mountain out of a mole-hill. I would go on just as I had intended. That is I would after I had a talk with Nell!

Friday seemed a long way off. I would be hard to be patient until his return.

IS LOVE BLIND

CHAPTER LXII.

As I had decided to go ahead with my plans—simply putting off the time when I should take the public into my confidence, I continued to shop for the things which one always needs after the principal part of what one attempts is finished. I was in a small, exclusive decorator's shop on the Avenue. I was trying to match some fringe for a lamp shade I was having made. Several people were in the shop, and I was obliged to wait some little time before I received attention. I wandered about looking at many dainty confections, when my notice was taken by a sibilant whisper:

"Yes, that's his wife! stunning isn't she?"

"Yes, what he can see in that Blanche Orton is beyond me. She isn't bad you know, she isn't whole some enough to really compromise herself. But the way she leads men on is somewhat awful."

"I guess Forbes is willing enough to be led if all I hear is true."

Just then the saleswomen who was attending to them brought some materials for their inspection and the conversation was interrupted. I remained where I was, hoping they would resume it. I was not disappointed.

"My husband says he's got Forbes number all right. You know what queer expressions men use. He has talked about him a lot, been suspicious all along. He hasn't much use for promoters anyway. He thinks so many of them are crooked."

"But surely they can't all be," the other woman spoke.

"No, but Tom claims they aren't to be trusted either. He says that when they aren't crooked, they are visionary, and"—Then: "Oh, see Sue, this piece is exactly the color we wanted. They bought some of the material and left the shop."

I matched my fringe and went immediately home. I had several other errands on my list, but they would have to wait. I could do no more that day. I was trembling with indignation, and cold with something like fear. Could they all be mistaken. Rough but kindly Mr. Fredericks, Lorraine, and this woman. I wished I had asked the clerk her name. I wondered if she were socially prominent. She was beautifully gowned, and I had noticed a limousine with two men on the box. Of course it might belong to the other woman. Yet—

I paced feverishly up and down the room upon my return home. I clasped and unclasped my hands, so nervous I could not keep still a moment. Was Nell purely a visionary? Visionary I knew he was to a

certain extent; but I always had considered that he had a lot of hard business sense also. When at first he was continually on the verge of making a fortune, I worried a great deal. But now when he had been so successful I had forgotten to worry, to pay much attention, when he talked of "hoping to put this deal through" and other expressions he used when talking of his financial affairs.

"I know he is not dishonest!" was my constant reiteration as I walked back and forth. "He pays all his bills. And he is so generous.—He will lend or give to anyone who asks. Oh, I wish I could make them all see how fine and lovable he is!"

Then came the thought: "they say he is not practical." That was what Mr. Fredericks had said. What difference did it make if he won out? It was no sin to be different from the plodding men all around him. It was no sin to talk in thousands instead of small sums. If he made half a million instead of a few thousands it only proved his superiority.

I might have known that when he had to argue themselves into the acceptance of a thought there was something wrong somewhere. But I didn't! I loved my husband intensely. I believed in him to the utmost. I was jealous at times, principally of Blanche Orton. I hated to stay home when he remained out with his business friends, yet I do not think there are many women who really cared more, really loved the man they had married more than I did.

"They say that 'love is blind.' That perhaps is some excuse for me."

ANXIOUS DAYS

CHAPTER LXIII.

What did it all mean? If I asked myself that question once, I did twenty times each day until Neil returned. I had seen Lorraine again and while neither of us mentioned Neil, his business, we were both ill at ease, and uncomfortably aware that the other was thinking or our last conversation.

Blanche Orton had called. She was as debonair as usual, yet I thought I detected an undercurrent of unrest. It seemed as if she wanted to say something to me, was right on the verge several times, then caught herself just in time and uttered a silly platitude instead. I became embarrassed and appeared to even worse advantage than I usually did when where she was. This annoyed me exceedingly, and I became more brusque, colder, until she left.

"She will think me a silly jealous fool!" I said aloud as I, from the window, watched her car glide away from the curb, "and she is right! I am a silly blundering fool!"

Some way it comforted me to call myself names, strange as it may seem. It took away some of my fear that Neil had done wrong. It was so easy to do and say things which others misconstrued. Of course the people who criticised Neil understood nothing of his business—of else they would not have criticised.

Father used to say that everything came to him who had patience to wait. Well I would wait awhile, not long, before I tried to break into society. In the meanwhile would cultivate two or three rather impetuous members of the 400, and would tell Neil what people were saying, and warn him to be more careful of his associates, and ask him to remain away from Blanche Orton.

I had a queer feeling that in some way everything now revolved about his acquaintance, his friendship for her. If he dropped her, all the other gossip would die a natural death because there were no foundation for it. With her there was cause for talk, even though his friendship were the most innocent thing in the world. Blanche Orton was either loved or hated, and for the same cause.—Because of the unconventionality. Conventionally narrow women and men hated her. Those who would have been as unconventional as she had they dared, loved and admired her. To both she was interesting because she was a type whom they envied—she dared do as she pleased. In other words she had the courage of her convictions. Even Lorraine Morton, the most particular, the most conventional woman I knew liked her. She had said so even while finding fault with her for receiving Neil and his vulgar friends.

Just why I should constantly wish for Mr. Fredericks I could not have explained had I tried. But not an hour passed of the days while Neil was away that I didn't long for him. Yet had he been with me, I should scarcely have known how to put my fears into words. They were there, panthom ideas, unformed thoughts, unhappy suggestions. But having a thing in one's mind and giving expression to it are two totally different things, especially when the man



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RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

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you love, the father of your child is the man.

That fate held the threads of my life in her fingers, ready to draw them out one by one, or loosen them altogether I gave no thought. Then I picked up an evening paper. In bold headlines I read: "Man accused of fraud upon millions. Promoter under arrest charged with selling stock in oil wells that never existed. Chief sets pretty paper," etc.

My heart stopped beating. Suppose it were Neil. I scarcely dared think the article. The man's name that ever I had had before. He, the

had not been mentioned in the head- ing. I read it every word. It was a man named Carter who had perpetrated the fraud. Almost unconsciously I murmured "thank God." Yet I kept on reading. It might give me some idea of the kind of man Lorraine and others thought Neil to be like this one. There were dishonest men in every profession, every trade. That did not necessarily mean that ALL were dishonest. The same principle must apply to men who promoted big business.

writer, had called Carter "slick" a "schemer" and other names far from complimentary. I shuddered as I thought that was the way people thought of Neil. Then I grew indignant that all promoters should be classed as "crooked" because of men like this one. There were dishonest men in every profession, every trade. That did not necessarily mean that ALL were dishonest. The same principle must apply to men who promoted big business.

(Continued on page two)



"What is This Nerve Food You See Advertised in all the Papers, Some Kind of Patent Medicine?"

"PERHAPS that is what you might call it."

"Well, do you know anything about it?"

"I certainly do, and have a box right here in my grip. Why, say, in my estimation, it is the greatest thing ever invented in the medicine line."

"You seem to be rather enthusiastic. You are not selling Nerve Food, are you?"

"No, I am not selling it, but I am recommending it. When I find a good thing I like to tell others about it."

"What did it ever do for you?"

"I was on my back with the 'flu' for two weeks, and when I got up was so weak that I did not get out of the house for ten days. I started out on my trip on the road, but did not have the energy to sell goods."

"What seemed to be the matter?"

"The doctor said my nerves were in bad condition. I could not sleep nights, and after talking to a customer I seemed to

be all in. There was so little nerve force in my system that I went all to pieces with a little exertion.

"I did not get right until I had used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two weeks. By that time my appetite was good and I began to feel like myself again."

"For a month I scarcely missed a dose of the Nerve Food, and am now feeling fine. I eat and sleep well, and take the same old pleasure in my work that I always did when in good health."

"You must be all-right, then."

"Yes, and I certainly appreciate what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, for I thought I would have to quit the road entirely. You can call it a patent medicine if you like, but, anyway, I swear by it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.