

The Astonishing Adventure of Jane Smith

By PATRICIA WENTWORTH.

INSTALLMENT VII.
As the watch slid back into its place beneath his shirt cuff, the man spoke with an entire change of manner.

"Well, Miss Renata, that was all very stiff and businesslike. You mustn't hold it up against me, because I hope we're going to be friends. Don't you want to know your plans?"

Jane looked at him with a little frown.

"My plans?"

"What is going to happen to you, Oh, please, don't look so grave! It's nothing very dramatic. You have heard of Sir William Carr-Magnus?"

"Yes, of course," said Jane. She hoped that she looked innocent and surprised.

"Well," said the man in the fur coat, "I happen to be his secretary, and that reminds me, I don't believe you know my name. Your father and his friends are very close friends. I am a business training, but she wants a girl in the house—someone who'll do what she told, write notes, arrange the flowers. I dare say you can guess the sort of thing. She is willing to give you a trial, and your father has agreed. As a matter of fact, I'm taking you down there to-day."

"Oh!" said Jane, because she seemed expected to say something, and for the life of the girl she could not think of anything else to say.

"I'm afraid you'll have to submit to certain restrictions," said Luttrell. The young man, Sir William, is engaged upon some very important experiments for the government, and all the members of his household have to conform to a set of regulations. Their letters must be censored, and they must not leave the grounds, which are, however, extremely beautiful and extensive. It isn't much of a hardship, really."

"Oh, no," said Jane in her best schoolgirl manner.

And there the interview ended. They made the journey to Luttrell Marches by car, but, after the manner of Mrs. Gilpin's post-chaise, it did not pick them up at the door. An ordinary taxi conveyed them to Victoria station, and it was in the station yard that they and their luggage were picked up by the Rolls Royce with the Carr-Magnus crest upon the door.

The mist was thinner, and as they came clear of London the sun came out. The day warmed into beauty, and the green growth of the countryside seemed to be expanding before their eyes. So many long hedges running into the distance, so many miles of road all slipping past. Jane felt fast asleep, and did not know how long she slept.

It was in the late afternoon that they came into the Marsh country—great flat stretches of it, set with boggy tussocks and intersected by straggling lanes. Purple, brown, and green it stretched for miles. To the right a humped line of upland, but to the left, and as far as the eye could see, a huge gray pile set against a blue sky. Then the road rose a little, and the ground was firmer and carried a black line or two.

They came to a three-cross way and turned sharply to the right. The ground rose more and more. They climbed a steep hill, zigzagging between banks of water, purple, brown, and green it stretched for miles. To the right a humped line of upland, but to the left, and as far as the eye could see, a huge gray pile set against a blue sky. Then the road rose a little, and the ground was firmer and carried a black line or two.

For a mile the drive lay through a flat waste of springing bracken, with here and there a group of wind-driven trees, then a second gate through a high fence topped with wire. An avenue of trees led to the house, a huge gray pile set against a sky full of little racing clouds.

Jane felt stiff and bewildered with the long drive. She followed Mr. Ember up a flight of granite steps, and came into the great hall of Luttrell Marches with its paneled walls and dark old portraits of half-forgotten Luttrells.

Exactly opposite the entrance rose the stairway which was the pride of the house. Its beautiful proportions, its arched windows, its carved and painted carvings, were lit from

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4th Prize, \$50. 8th Prize, \$20.
5 Prizes of \$10. Each in Cash.
10 Prizes of \$5. Each in Cash.

Solve the Puzzle AND WIN A CASH PRIZE
There are 7 faces to be found above, on, and below the Wrecked Automobile. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found all the faces." Mark them with an X, and mail name to us with your name and address. In case of ties, hand writing and neatness will be considered factors. Correct answers will be returned by mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to: **GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY**, 275 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, CANADA. Feb. 14, 1925.

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beneath the red glow of a huge open fire, and from above by the last word in electric lighting.

Ember walked straight across the hall and up the stairs, and Jane followed him.

She thought she knew exactly how a puppy must feel when, blinking from the warmth and straw of his basket, he comes for the first time into the ordered solemnity of his new master's house.

And then she looked up and saw the Portrait.

It hung on the panelling at the top of the stair where the long corridors ran off to right and left, and it took Jane's breath away—the portrait of Lady Heritage.

Amory had painted more than a beautiful woman standing in a marble terrace; he had painted a woman Mercury. The hands held an ivory rod—diamond wings rose from the cloudy hair. Under the bright Jane's eyes looked out, looked for—dark, splendid, hungry eyes.

"The earth belongs to her, and she despises it," was Jane's thought. She stood staring at the portrait. Nineteen-fifteen, Henry had said—the year when other women posed with folded linen hiding their hair and the red cross worn like a blazon. She could think of several famous beauties who had been painted thus. But this woman wore her diamond wings, and she was not a woman. Fate had done its worst to her, for Anthony Luttrell was a name with other names in a list of missing, and no man knew his grave.

A sharp clang of metal upon metal startled Jane. She looked quickly to her right, and saw that a steel gate completely barred the entrance to the corridor on the right. It had just closed behind a curious white-draped figure.

"Ah, Jeffrey," said a voice—a deep, rather husky voice—and the figure came forward.

Jane saw that it was a woman wearing a long white linen overall, and a curious linen head-dress, which she was undoing and pushing back as she walked. She pulled it off as she came up to them, saying, "It's so hot here I can hardly breathe, but too fascinating to leave. You're early, is this Miss Melloy?"

She put out her hand to Jane, and Jane, with her mind full of the portrait, looked on-eyed at its original.

Afterwards she tried to formulate her sensations, but, at the time, she was just that emotional shock which most people experienced when they first met Raymond Heritage.

Beautiful—but there are so many beautiful women. Charming. No, there was rather something that repelled, antagonized. In her presence Jane felt untidy, shabby, gauche.

Lady Heritage unbent her overall and slipped it off. She wore a plain white knitted skirt and jersey. Her fingers were bare even of the wedding ring which Jane looked out, and missed. Her black hair was a little ruffled, and above the temples where Amory had painted diamond wings, there were streaks of gray.

Bewildered came down on Jane like a thick mist, which clung about her during the brief interchange of sentences which followed, and went with her into the room.

It was a queer room with a round wall set with three windows and to right and left irregular of line, a jutting corner here and a blunted angle there. It faced west for the sun shone level in her eyes.

Crossing to the window, as most people do when they come into a strange room, she looked out, and caught her breath with amazement.

The sea—why, it seemed to lie just beneath the window.

The house had driven up from the landward side, and this was her first hint that the sea was so near.

There was a wide gravel terrace, a stone wall set with three windows and to right and left irregular of line, a jutting corner here and a blunted angle there. It faced west for the sun shone level in her eyes.

Overhead the little racing clouds that told of a wind high up were golden too.

The humped ridge of upland, which Jane had seen as they drove, ran out to sea on the right hand. It ended in low, broken cliffs, and a line of jagged rocks, of which only the points stood clear.

Jane turned from all the beauty outside to the ordered comfort within. In the water in a brass can that she could see her face in, to the right of the window, was a tray of such fine linen that it was a joy to touch it, this pretty white-paneled room, the chintzes where bright butterflies hovered over roses and sweet peas—she stood and looked at it all, and she heard Renata's words, "At Luttrell Marches they will decide whether I am to be eliminated."

This curious dual sense remained with her during the days that followed. Life at Luttrell Marches was simple and regular. She wrote letters, gathered flowers, unpacked the library books, and kept out of Sir William's way.

Sir William, she decided, was exactly like his photograph, only a good deal more so; his eyebrows more tufted, his chin more jutting, and his eyes harder. For a philanthropist he had a singularly bad temper, and for so eminent a scientist a very frivolous taste in literature. One of Jane's duties was to provide him with novels. She ransacked library lists and trembled over the results of her labors.

Sir William did not always join the ladies after dinner, but when he did so he would read a novel at a sitting and ask for more.

Mr. Ember was never absent, and when Lady Heritage talked, it was to him that her words were addressed. Sometimes she would disappear inside the steel gate for hours. Jane soon learnt that the whole of the north-facing wall was up to Sir William's experiments. On each floor a steel gate shut it off from the rest of the house. All the windows were barred from top to bottom.

She also discovered that the high paling where the avenue began had, on its inner side, an apron of barbed wire, and it was the upper strand of this apron which she had seen as they approached from outside.

Sir William's experiments employed a considerable number of men. These, she learned, were lodged in the stables, and neither they nor any of the domestic staff were permitted to pass beyond the inner paling.

On the coast side there was a high wire entanglement—electricified. There were moments when Jane was cold with fear, and moments when she told herself that Renata was a little fool who had had nightmare.

To Be Continued.

WOMEN and THE HOME

DRESS By MARY MARSHALL

The Coiffant Mode Makes Strong Appeal to the Woman of Good Taste.

Undoubtedly the millinery designers favor the woman who is shingled or bobbed. The milliner has no use for an abundance of crowning glory. There is to her only one thing to do with the head—keep it as low as the head—and that is done with the scissors.

The hat of the day has a crown that follows the outlines of the head. Women have shown that they like this. They discarded the high, squared-crowned hat of the autumn, and have shown little inclination to adopt the very high peaked crowns. And since these close-fitting hats are made for the woman with short hair, the effect really is not quite right when they are worn by the woman who must make room for several ounces of hair.

To be sure you may have your hat made to order. It will then be large enough, but there will be a bulge here or there that will be contrary to the original model. Undoubtedly it has been this question of millinery fashions that has induced many a woman to have her hair cut straight from her milliner's to the barber shop.

There are hats for women who refuse to be bobbed and women who have been bobbed are letting it grow out again. For those who are letting the hair grow again the milliners can do more than for those who are frankly long haired. There is an oddly becoming little evening skull cap designed for the woman with growing hair, which comes over the ears to hide the tiny hairs. It is of silver tissue embroidered with silver galloon.

Something has been said concerning the "coiffant" type of hat. This merely means a shape that fits the head, in contrast to the square, high shape of the autumn and the ultra high peak of late winter. To be sure, the high-crowned hat will be worn and will be considered smart, but many of the best milliners here and abroad are stressing the "coiffant" shapes, which seem to appeal very strongly to the woman of discriminating taste.

Often these close-fitting hats are made with the lightest sort of frame. In fact, some of them are made of silk or other fabric with no frame whatever.

WISE AND OTHERWISE
COMBINATION SALADS.
Combination salads, under one name or another, are an indispensable part of the lunch-time offering of many restaurants. Often they go by the name of the restaurant serving them, the "Rose Room Combination" or the "White Rabbit Special."

The idea is that these salads are unusual combinations of usual things. As for rule—

For instance, one combination salad of the sort consists of lettuce leaves, three stalks of canned asparagus, a half can of tomato, and a French dressing to which a little tomato catsup has been added.

Another special from a tearoom is this: Molds of boiled rice to which minced green pepper, pimento and celery have been added, served with mayonnaise on lettuce.

And here are some others: Raisins, apples, celery and walnuts, all coarsely chopped, and served on lettuce with mayonnaise. Segments of orange and grapefruit on endive leaves, with French dressing.

Diced grapefruit, orange, pineapple, marshmallows and shredded blanched almonds.

Molds of jellied vegetables—shredded tender cabbage, canned peas and pimento in tomato jelly, lemon juice sprinkled over it, with one big sardine on lettuce, with two stuffed olives, three toasted salines, and a stalk of celery stuffed with cream cheese.

Molds of hard-boiled egg white filled with diced beets and canned peas, with mayonnaise, on lettuce.

Answer: It is a curious thing, Brown Eyes, and one that is a perpetual marvel to me, that men who are so particular about the way women look pay so little attention to how they look to women. They know that women set far more value on appearance than they do on it, and yet it seems not to occur to them that a woman can be more easily disgusted by untidiness in a man than they would be in slovenliness in a woman.

Nothing would disillusion a man quicker than to see a girl in curl papers, with cold cream on her face and wearing a dirty kimono and sloppy slippers. He would fall out of love with her on the spot. But he expects her to see in him a romantic hero, even if he has a three-days' stubble of beard on his face, and trousers that bag at the knee, and wearing the general appearance of something that has just been fished out of the rag bag.

Nothing else in the world except laziness and a dislike of taking trouble accounts for a young man looking mussed.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Is it improper to tell a young man that I have been kissed?

Is it wrong for a girl to call a young man up on the telephone, if she has no phone and he has?

Answer: It is perfectly proper to tell a young man that you have been kissed, but utterly unnecessary. Little as you may think it, he has suspected it, for an unkissed girl in these days is as rare as a white blackbird.

Never call a young man up on the telephone unless he has specifically asked you to do so about some particular thing and has named the hour at which he wishes to be called. Let him take the initiative. If there is anything on earth that gets a man's goat and makes him hate a girl, it is for her to call him up in business hours.

It gets him in bad with his employer, and I have known more than one young man who lost good jobs because girls kept dragging them away from their work to talk foolishness over the wire. Don't do it. So shall men rise up and call you blessed.

Y. P. S. OF ST. ANDREW'S WILL PRESENT DRAMA

Mrs. Nelson George To Direct Play To Be Produced on March 10.

The young people's society of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church will present a clever little drama, "The Path Across the Hill," from the pen of Lillian Mortimer in St. Andrew's hall on the evening of March 10. The play is being directed by Mrs. Nelson George.

The story deals with a struggle between love and duty in the life of a young man who finds himself faced with the opportunity to avenge his father, and by so doing hurt the girl with whom he has fallen in love.

There is plenty of comedy in the drama, which will be presented by the following cast: Miss Alice Darch, Miss Anne George, Miss Dorothy Silverwood, Miss Ann MacGregor, Miss Annie Hogarth, Kenneth Petrie, Albert Lawrence, Jack Wilkie, Travers Chapman and J. S. Cummings.

WEDDINGS
DAVIDSON—GORDON.

A very pretty but quiet wedding was solemnized at the First Presbyterian church manse at a quarter to four o'clock today when Miss Lillian Dora Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gordon, Wortley road, became the bride of William Douglas Davidson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davidson, Ridout street. The Rev. (Col.) William Beattie officiated.

The bride was charmingly gowned in a wondrous costume of the new terrapin shade, trimmed with beads. And for going away donned the groom's gift, a handsome seal coat. A little French hat with feather trimming and a corsage of bridal roses and lilies-of-the-valley completed the costume.

After a honeymoon trip to Montreal and New York, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson will reside on Duchess avenue.

REVIVAL SERVICES
REV. WM. BOOTH-CLIBBORN

GRANDSON OF THE LATE GENERAL BOOTH. Evangelist Rev. Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn, grandson of the late General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, will hold a series of evangelistic services under the auspices of the Pentecostal Assembly, 555 Dundas street, commencing March 1 and continuing four weeks. Sunday services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Week night services will begin sharp at 7:45. Mr. Clibborn has just closed a campaign at Winnipeg. Sunday services were held in the Walker theatre, during which an audience of three thousand. The place was filled to its utmost capacity an hour before the time of meeting and hundreds were turned away.

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR HIM. ALL WELCOME. PHONE 4200.



Tight-fitting hat of black grosgrain ribbon, and skull cap for evening wear for woman who is growing long hair. It is made of silver tissue, and matches the gown with which it is worn, and is embroidered with silver braid.

Answer: Do you think that if I married him I could change him? I don't feel as if I could stand looking at a slovenly man the balance of my life.

Answer: It is a curious thing, Brown Eyes, and one that is a perpetual marvel to me, that men who are so particular about the way women look pay so little attention to how they look to women. They know that women set far more value on appearance than they do on it, and yet it seems not to occur to them that a woman can be more easily disgusted by untidiness in a man than they would be in slovenliness in a woman.

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Dorothy Dix

The Girl Whose Fiance Wants a Home After Marriage Instead of "Good Times."

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am engaged to a very fine man, who can give me a good home, and I think we would be very happy if we could agree on one point, and that is this:

I like good times, but he thinks only of his home. We broke our engagement about five years ago, because we couldn't agree on some things. Now we have renewed it, but we still don't agree about the good times I want and he doesn't. What shall we do? JESSIE E.

Answer: I should think that you would be wise to break the engagement altogether, for if five years' estrangement has not lessened your desire for good times, nor taught him more tolerance, and if neither one of you has learned to give in to the other and compromise on differences of opinion, then you never will.

After marriage your attitude toward life and toward each other will be still more antagonistic, intensified on your part by the feeling that the man is using his position as husband to thwart you, and keep you from doing the things you want to do, and on his part by the belief that you are not doing your duty. You will fight like cat and dog, and marriage will bring you nothing but wretchedness.

Don't marry a man who is settled in his ways unless you are in sympathy with his ways. Don't marry at all until you are ready to settle down. That is what matrimony implies, and as long as a man and a woman end their chief interest and amusement and desire outside of the home instead of in it, they should stay single.

Do you think that if I married him I could change him? I don't feel as if I could stand looking at a slovenly man the balance of my life.

Answer: It is a curious thing, Brown Eyes, and one that is a perpetual marvel to me, that men who are so particular about the way women look pay so little attention to how they look to women. They know that women set far more value on appearance than they do on it, and yet it seems not to occur to them that a woman can be more easily disgusted by untidiness in a man than they would be in slovenliness in a woman.

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