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GREEN TEA

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From misdeeds the sagest counselings depart."

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Hugo smiled unconcernedly and shrugged his shoulders. "That was all gone into when they tried me for shooting him. We needn't rake it up now."

"Certainly not, Hugo," Jean agreed hastily. "Only—whatever money Mrs. Egan has, you can make no claim on it. You're about the last person in the world who could do so."

Hugo's smile broadened a little. He looked almost enigmatic.

"She'll pay," he said, with a satisfied nod.

Gaunt and Jean exchanged glances, and Gaunt tapped his forehead significantly.

"You frightened the poor lady," he said, with brutal directness. "No doubt she thought you still safe at Broadmoor, and to be suddenly confronted by the man who shot down her husband—well, she'd likely promise anything."

But Hugo was unaffected by this bold reference to his crime. He continued to smile—it had become a smirk now—sought in his waistcoat pocket for a tattered packet of cigarettes, lit one, puffed at it in such a way that furious sparks flew out, and swung one knee over the other, thus displaying his utter and perfect confidence in himself and what he had asserted.

Gaunt went back to the original argument with Jean, and he made use of what he did not believe in—Hugo's fortune that was to come from Mrs. Egan.

"Well, you can pay me back when you've more money," he said, and swept all the bills and memoranda into his pocket.

Jean's eyes filled with reproachful tears and Gaunt leaned across the table and took her hand, patting it gently.

"Won't you let me do anything for you and Alice?" he asked. "Could you be cruel enough not to give me just that one little morsel of pleasure?"

Hugo looked at him sideways—a fluttering, admiring gaze—and blew out a perfect shower of sparks.

"You needn't be cruel, Jean," he prompted her. "Old Hector means well, and of course we can pay him back when Mrs. Egan settles her debt to me."

Mrs. Carnay gave in, but principally because she was dreadfully short of money. They would have to pay for their rooms at the hotel in lieu of proper notice, and taking this little villa was not nearly so cheap as it had looked to be at four o'clock that morning. She could not see that Gaunt had been grossly extravagant in his ordering. Yet the thing had been done quickly, as she had hoped it might be, and she realized now that by herself she could never have managed it in so short a time. Such a relief that Hugo need not make any further appearance at the hotel.

But he left behind him Carrie Egan and the trail of unkind gossip which only a word or two from her might start. There was also Philip Ardeyne to be considered.

Jean had watched Dr. Ardeyne closely—oh, so closely. Could one say there was the slightest change in his manner towards Alice? Jean had not detected any. "Uncle John" seemed to have been accepted by him without question.

Her mind reviewed uneasily all that had taken place during the past five hours. Hadn't she herself made a few blunders? Her brows drew together in the weary effort to recall:

her lips puckered dismally. How many times had she said "Hugo" instead of "John"? Perhaps it was only her imagination.

"I must see about things," she said vaguely. "You'll stay to supper, Hector?"

"I'll stay, but there's nothing for you to see about. Go in and lie down for awhile."

"Yes, you must take care of yourself," piped Hugo. "Hector and I have a lot to talk about. Men's talk. We haven't seen each other for so long, you know."

Jean hesitated for a brief moment, but she realized that Gaunt really wanted her to go, so she went, wondering what they would talk about when they were alone together.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Ardeyne finished first with his share of the packing. Hugo's slender belongings all went into the two handbags and it did not take long to dispose of them.

The doctor was just about as unhappy as a man in love can be when things are not going altogether well. To begin with, there was the unalterable fact that he cared more for Alice than he had ever believed it would be possible for a man to care for a woman, and he was old enough to know his mind in that respect. Quite apart from any feeling of chivalry, there was his love for her. Yet what sort of a marriage could their be? How could he explain to her that she must never have any children? It was an explanation which would involve a great deal of suffering and humiliation for her.

On the surface, Hugo Smarke was no more than eccentric, and no more eccentric than thousands of other people. But this history of the Smarke family was a terrible one; and "Uncle John," the apparently harmless eccentric, had spent fifteen years of his life in a lunatic asylum. Yet not in Philip Ardeyne's opinion—a dyed-in-the-wool homicidal maniac. Smarke's asylum record had been carefully kept, of course, and never once during the whole of those fifteen years was there one mark against him for violence or even for bad temper. He had been at times sulky, depressed, peevish, irritable, mischievous, but those adjectives apply to sane people as well as to lunatics. Confined in such a place as Broadmoor, with the faintest hope of ultimate release, it would be strange indeed if a man did not occasionally lose patience and self-control. On the whole, Hugo Smarke's asylum record had been excellent. But one could not overlook the fact that he had killed a man, and although they had set him free as sane, he was by no means normal, and there was no way of being sure that, given certain circumstances, the old mania would not assert itself. Ardeyne wished there was an extra room at the Villa Charmil, so that he might propose himself as a guest.

He felt that he ought to have a clear understanding with that preposterous Mrs. Carnay, but it would be difficult to broach the subject to her.

As he waited on the verandah of the hotel for Alice and the chambermaid to finish with the trunks, he debated the matter.

His conscience and his reason were all against this marriage. A different sort of man might have complained bitterly, if only to himself, that he had been trapped into the engagement. For that was what it was. Yet sometimes he felt a little sorry for Mrs. Carnay. She lived with such passionate selfishness for her daughter, was so determined that Alice should be happy, that Ardeyne—now sharing those sentiments—could not altogether dislike her.

At this hour of the day the hotel verandah was always more or less deserted, and the doctor had it quite to himself. He ordered a cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette while he waited in the pleasant shadow cast by the big awnings. It was a very hot spring day, and already the various birds of passage were beginning to wing their way north, or to think about it. There would be no more new arrivals. Ardeyne's own holiday was drawing to its close.

As he sat on the balustrade, swinging one foot and thinking his gloomy, tangled thoughts, Mrs. Egan's car rounded the steep driveway and came to a stop before the hotel entrance. Her chauffeur, now restored to health and her service, jumped out and immediately got into conference with the assistant concierge. There was a ringing of bells and some shouting from the concierge to the lift-boy and from the lift-boy down a speaking tube to the porters' office. Then the chauffeur came back, walked around the silver car punching the tires in turn with his fist, opened the bonnet and looked into the engine, then lit a

cigarette and began to undo straps on the luggage carrier. The lift-boy and assistant concierge came out to watch him, and presently the head waiter was seen hovering about inside hospitably ready to speed the parting guest. It gradually dawned upon Philip Ardeyne that Mrs. Egan might be going away.

This suspicion was confirmed presently by the appearance of her maid and luggage. The chauffeur and one of the porters began to strap on a couple of motor trunks; the maid, dressed for travelling, put small bags, rolls of rugs, umbrellas, parasols, golf-sticks and tennis racquets into the tonneau, reserving enough space in a corner of the seat to tuck herself away.

Last of all came Mrs. Egan, hatless as usual, but encased in a big white coat and loose driving gloves. The chauffeur disposed of his cigarette and touched his cap. Everything was ready. The young manager stood near at hand to wish her good-bye and many happy returns; the head concierge, with his upturned moustache and ready smirk, had taken command of the door of the car.

"Going away?" Ardeyne asked, a little superfluously.

Mrs. Egan looked sideways at him. There was a question in that glance, but he did not know what it was.

"Yes," she said. "I'm tired of this place. I'm going home."

"To England?" asked Ardeyne.

"No." She laughed at his query. "England isn't my home, really. I'm going to Kingston—Jamaica. I've just been looking up the boats, and I can catch one at Marseilles on Wednesday."

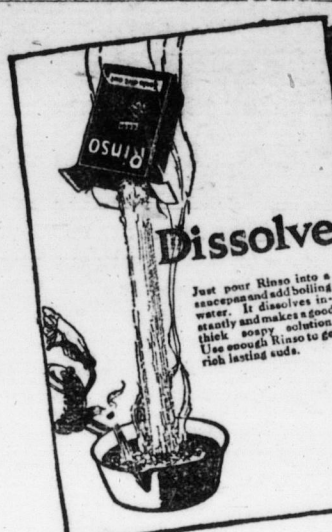
Ardeyne regarded her attentively. She certainly had the furtive manner of one who is running away. But from what? Surely not from Hugo Smarke. It should be the other way about, if anything.

"Isn't this rather sudden?" he asked.

Carrie Egan nodded and displayed her fine teeth in a smile, the quality of which was a little uncertain. She was a mysterious creature, hinting, always at subtleties which the ordinary mind is not quick enough to grasp. Here, as one might say, at a moment's notice she was flinging off to distant portions of the world as unconcernedly—or less so—that Mrs. Carnay had taken the Villa Charmil.

"To tell you the truth, that awful little man, Smarke, gives me the shudders," she said. "Phil, you are a demon. You never let on that he was a relation of your precious Carnays and that you'd have him in tow. I suppose he's your parent."

(To be continued.)



Dissolve

Just pour Rinso into a warm soapy solution. It dissolves dirt, stains, and makes a good thick soapy solution. Use enough Rinso to get rich lathering suds.



Use enough

Then fill the tub half full with lukewarm water. Pour the thick soapy solution into your tub and whip up the suds at once. Put your hand through the suds into the water—if you have used enough Rinso all through. Even after you have put your clothes into the tub, the suds should stand up. If they do not, add more Rinso solution.

With Rinso—
snowy-white clothes
just by soaking

Simply soaking in Rinso suds loosens dirt, so that it rinses right out. The old wearing method of rubbing soap on the clothes and then rubbing the clothes is done away with. There is no need of it with Rinso. Only the dirtiest places—where dirt was actually ground in—will need just a light rubbing. Where this is necessary, use a little dry Rinso.

Rinso is made by the makers of LUX—the largest soap makers in the world. It does the family wash as wonderfully as Lux does fine things.



Soak

Soak your clothes in these lathering suds for an hour or two—on a bright, sunny day. Colored clothes not longer than half an hour.

His soaking takes the place of rubbing. It loosens the dirt so that it rinses right out—you'll find that only neck bands and cuff edges and seams and knots of child's knickerbockers need any rubbing. For this light rubbing just sprinkle a little dry Rinso right on the fabric.

"Don't rub your socks away!"

Rinso does the whole job—
with it you need no other soap



Woman's Interests

DON'T FORGET THE GIFT GARDEN.

It may seem a little like "rushing the season" to be thinking of Christmas gifts and giving now, but next winter this forethought will be appreciated. And, too, there are other special reasons and dates when gifts and remembrances seem to be in order, birthdays and "showers" when the busy housewife may be sorely puzzled for something appropriate and suitable to give. It is not the gift that shows the greatest outlay of money that is appreciated the most, but those that show the careful thought and care of a loving friend.

The gift I appreciated more than any other last Christmas was a delightful bouquet of "everlastings." They were arranged with ornamental grasses, and were an exceptionally welcome bit of color in our living-room. This little box of brightness was sent half-way across the continent.

Geranium and coleus seeds planted late this spring, and well cared for, will make charming potted plants for this winter. One summer on the old homestead Mother bought a package of coleus seeds, and that Christmas she had thirty-three potted plants—all different—to distribute among her neighbors as Christmas remembrances.

Coleus seeds are very fine, so Mother mixed them with dry earth, and sifted them out of a salt shaker, so that they might be evenly distributed. They were planted indoors, in shallow pans. Until the little seedling peeped through they were watered by spreading a flannel cloth over the soil and sprinkling the water on this, so that the tiny seeds would not be washed out.

Most flower lovers will appreciate a little collection of flower seed that have been grown in the flower garden of a friend. These may be from favorite, quick-growing annuals, which may be put in tiny envelopes, with the names of the flowers, as well as directions for growing—if they are needed—on the outside.

Most bulbs multiply very rapidly, and a small box of these products will always make very acceptable gifts. Dahlias and cannas tubers are also desirable. Gladiolus, monbretrias and jonquils are suitable, as well as many other bulbs.

But while flowers, seeds and bulbs are all unexcelled, they are only a small part of the garden products that may be utilized for gift purposes. A collection of common garden herbs—

to be used in seasoning, should prove very acceptable as a gift for the bride. Most of them are perennials, and are all easily grown. Such a collection may consist of sage, sweet marjoram, summer savory, anise, and thyme. Two sage plants in our garden have for years provided two families with all the sage they can use, as well as several of the neighbors, and many little gift packages have been puzzled for something appropriate and suitable to give. It is not the gift that shows the greatest outlay of money that is appreciated the most, but those that show the careful thought and care of a loving friend.

A bunch of sweet lavender may be fixed as elaborately or as simple as one chooses. It may be fixed into a dainty sachet for milady's dresser drawer, or it may merely be tied with a ribbon.



A PRETTY "DANCE OR EVENING" FROCK.

4715. Tall, elegant, chiffon and crepe de chine are desirable materials for this design. Changeable taffeta would also be attractive. As illustrated the dress was made of peach color crepe de chine, with corded pipings of satin, and embroidered chiffon for the yoke portions. A rosette of chiffon and narrow braided girde finish the waistline.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 75 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

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"Twice Ever Thus."

Old Lady—"My, my, why are those dreadful men pummeling one another so?"

Bystander—"Just arguing over the Bok peace plan, lady, I believe."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A youngster in a primary school wrote the following about the pig: "The pig is very dirty and will eat anything but rhubarb. He has very little, if any, ambition for himself." The lack of humane education is the principal cause of crime.

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Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

In some Japanese temples may be seen suspended coils of rope woven from human hair. Such ropes, made of hair sacrificed by thousands of women and girls, were used to hoist stone and timber when the temples were built, and are preserved as relics.

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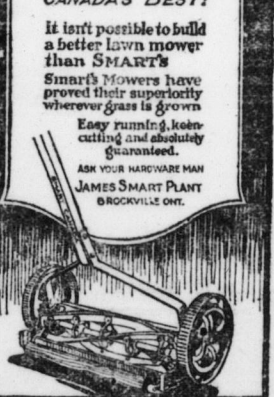
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The Daily Newspaper Habit.

What Canada's forests mean to the United States was very clearly shown by Mr. R. S. Kellogg, Secretary of the News Print Service Bureau, in a recent address. As the United States takes 87 per cent. of the Canadian newsprint production, his address is of particular interest to this country, apart from the fact that paper consumption in both countries is of like proportions. Mr. Kellogg said:

"We are passing into a paper age. If you have any doubt of that think what would happen if some great catastrophe should wipe out all the paper there is in the world. Civilization would be in utter chaos."

"We absolutely depend upon paper for every kind of purpose, particularly for business purposes, since probably 95 per cent. of our business is done through the medium of paper."

"It is only within the last 50 years that the world has begun to have enough paper. There never was enough until processes were developed for making paper out of wood instead of rags."

"To show that we are now in a paper age, such figures as we can obtain from official sources indicate that on the 1920 basis the per capita consumption of paper in Russia was six pounds. At the same date in Japan it was 12 pounds; in Germany, 45 pounds; Scandinavia, 33 pounds; Great Britain 74 pounds; and in the United States, 150 pounds."

"More specifically, in addition to being a paper age, we can say, I think, that we are in a newspaper age. In 1880 the per capita consumption of newsprint in the United States was three pounds. In 1893 it was nine pounds. By 1919 it had grown to 35 pounds, and in the year 1923 it was 50 pounds. In the 43 years from 1880 to 1923 it has grown from 3 to 50 pounds."

"There have been two great things that have led to this—making paper from wood and the development of the rotary printing press."

"We have to-day paper machines that are turning out paper at the rate of over 1,000 feet a minute in a steady stream. We have newsprint processes eating it up even faster."

"Certain interesting developments have been responsible for this absolutely unprecedented use of newsprint. Advertising has been one of the big ones. Tremendous circulations have had a great deal to do with it. We have to-day papers that in 20 years have grown from 100,000 to 700,000 or 800,000 circulation. We have printed at this time a copy of a daily newspaper every day for every family in the United States and Canada. There is a daily newspaper habit."

Bitter Words.

Cynicism to-day is more likely to be found among the young people than amid the old. It is frequently the pose of those who, with life before them, find that all is vanity and nothing is worth while. Therefore they abhor and defy convention, are ready to join any group that promises inflammation and revolt and, shouting the battle-cry of freedom, make all that looks like conservatism the target of the acute and poison-tipped barbs of their caustic irony.

The cynicism of the young is saddest when the expressed disillusionment of those who have lived long and seen much and are sorrowful. For youth is supposed to be the other name of all that is hopeful and joyous.

But, fortunately, the cynicism of youth seldom is more than skin deep and usually does not live long. Of all the burdens and curses laid upon the world, of all the liabilities society must carry, the chronic grouches of those whom life has embittered are among the most onerous.

There is so much work to do that none has time to spare for the atrabilious comment of the pessimistic talkers, upon those who are steadfast in a task. A thoughtful, critical attention that in candor points out a fault, desiring to assist the performer, is a different matter from sheer abuse or ridicule of one who has started something.

How many useful things have been ridiculed to death, how many unmeaning persons who could have done a thing worth while have been swerved from the idea, because of a withering blast of sarcasm that came as they struggled to begin! A Kents writing poetry, a Langley devising an airplane, a Palissy in quest of a potter's secret, must expect ridicule that may mean heartbreak for the sensitive.

A sarcastic tongue may raise a laugh at the expense of the victim, but it is likely to make the speaker feared and hated.

One definition of a gentleman is that he is a person who avoids giving pain. If we add to it the affirmation that he seeks to give pleasure, the definition is fairly complete. Nobody ever made himself popular in society or beloved in a home by the use of harsh speech.

Only Halfway Cousins.

There is a good story about Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of Lord Bacon, the philosopher. Nicholas was a judge in the time of Elizabeth. Once a criminal importuned him to spare his life on account of kinship.

"How are we related?" demanded the judge.

"Because my name is Hogg and yours is Bacon; and hog and bacon are so near akin that they cannot be separated."

"Ah," responded the judge dryly, "but you and I cannot yet be kindred, for the hog is not bacon until it be well barded."

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