

WOMEN and THE HOME

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

The stirring days of 1793 find Angele Vidal of Paris awaiting the return of her husband, Col. Jerome Vidal. He arrives from Holland and Angele decides to accompany him on his return. An aristocrat, he is sheltered and she gives it. The hunted one proves to be Chevalier de Seyrac, who had once attempted to harm her. With a true Christian spirit, Angele tries to arrange for the safe exit of de Seyrac. St. Just, a questionable character, seeks Jerome. Jerome leaves on his secret mission and Angele shelters de Seyrac.

"I shall, indeed," she agreed with him, without looking up. "Ah! And yet, when all is said, the exchange, Heaven knows, is none so delectable. To follow an army, and in Holland—a damp, uncouth country, for all I hear—by all I hear—He shivered as if, in imagination at least, he felt the chill of it."

"I shall be with my husband, citizen," she answered.

"Faith, yes! And if you consider that an adequate compensation, there is no more to be said."

She raised her eyes from her work and slowly regarded him. "I will beg you, citizen, not to jest upon such a subject."

"I were incapable of jesting upon it," he assured her solemnly. "After

all, your husband will be with the army itself; you will be somewhere in the rear, seeing him infrequently, constantly moving your quarters, and finding them, for the most part, trying to one who is unaccustomed to hardships."

"I am not unaccustomed to them," she said quietly. "And if I am in the rear, at least I shall not be so far in the rear as here in Paris, and I do not believe that the alarms of a campaign can compare in horror with the constant alarm amid which I have lived here."

He felt that his plummet had failed to touch bottom. He was swinging it again, for a more audacious cast this time, when a step sounded on the stairs accompanied by the clank-clank of a sabre striking the balusters.

"It is Jerome," she said, and, rising, she flung the revealed coat over the back of a chair. Seyrac cursed the interruption and his own sluggishness, which had wasted yet another opportunity.

Vidal entered, and the first glance at his face told Angele that all was not well.

"What has happened?" she cried, advancing to meet him.

He checked to stare at her, amazed by her quick perception. Then, with a laugh, he flung his great coat off into a corner and closed the door.

"The worst has happened," he con-

fessed. "I have been a fool. I have talked too much to the rabble of the convention."

Her fears rose quickly. That he should allude to the assembly in such disrespectful terms was in itself enough to warn her that the matter was grave.

"What is it?" she asked him breathlessly.

"This," he said, and drew from his breast-pocket the laissez-passer with which Danton had equipped him. He spread it, and smirked it down upon the table under her eyes.

She looked at it vacantly, understanding nothing.

"We must pack, my girl, that is the long and the short of it. We must pack and see that we are out of Paris before the barriers close tonight or we may never leave it at all. My papers are ratified and in order, as you see. So that there is nothing to prevent our going, and no need of alarm so that we go at once. I have ordered a berline to be here at 8 o'clock. See that you are ready by then."

"But what has happened?" she insisted, coming up to him and setting her hands to his shoulders.

In the background, near the window, stood Seyrac, who had also risen, she flung the revealed coat over the back of a chair. Seyrac cursed the interruption and his own sluggishness, which had wasted yet another opportunity.

Vidal poured out the story of his indiscretion. "Say that I have been a fool," he ended irritably almost. "I know it. I have been a fool to believe in the unwisdom of the national representatives, to have been deluded by their vague-sounding talk of liberty and honesty."

"And now I have publicly called St. Just thief and threatened to press any matter until an inquiry is held into his conduct and that of his accomplice and tool, Lemoine. I have discredited as freely as you please, but for alarm there is no occasion. Forewarned, forearmed, Danton opened my eyes to my danger, and obtained the ratification of my papers that will permit me to depart at once, before St. Just can strike. So that all is well." He patted her head.

"And, anyhow, I have had the satisfaction of calling St. Just a thief. The name will stick; not all the blood in France will wash out that label."

There was a movement behind. Vidal looked sharply over his shoulder. He had almost forgotten the chevalier's presence.

"Ah, citizen," he said, "this will make a difference to you, too!"

"It is what I feared," said Seyrac. "You will understand that there will be no more recruiting or marshaling of recruits for me this journey. Someone else will have to take charge of that business. I am sorry, citizen. I would help you if I could."

"But you see how I am placed. I have my wife to think of. I cannot jeopardize her happiness, perhaps her very life, for any man, and for you least of all men. I do not say it in any hostile, citizen-chevalier. All that is past and forgotten. As long as I deemed it possible to help you, I am ready to do so. But you will see that it is possible no longer. You must shift for yourself."

Seyrac stood there, sick at heart. The shadow that had been lifted from him was returned, and it now seemed darker than before by virtue of that momentary glimpse of sunshine that had been vouchsafed him. He looked at Angele, almost expecting to hear her protest again and plead for him.

But Angele was silenced by her fears for Vidal—fears so engrossing that they left no room for any other thought.

"Very well," he said at last, in a choking voice. "It remains for me to thank you for what you have done, and—"

"There is no need for haste, at least," said Vidal, with gruff kindness. "The berline will not be here until 8 o'clock. No need, then, for you to go forth until dusk. You may linger on even later if you like. You may spend the night here if you choose. But in that case I should recommend you to depart early tomorrow before St. Just's warrant arrives. Else they may find you when they search the house and arrest you by way of punishing themselves to that extent at least."

He stood up. "Come, Angele; let us set about this package."

"There is not much to pack, Jerome," she answered him. "It is soon done."

They departed together, leaving Seyrac alone with his despair. He stood by the window, staring out at the houses across the narrow street, and his heart was filled by a dull resentment against fate and Vidal. He felt that he had been ill-used. He had been uplifted merely to be dashed down again with a violence that increased his suffering. His soul rebelled against such treatment, and from the depths of it he cursed Vidal as the author of his present despair.

A little after seven a man came down the street and knocked at the door of Vidal's house. That knock flung Angele into alarm. What if already they should be too late? What if already this were an agent of the law? But Vidal reassured her. "St. Just can do nothing until he has denounced me tomorrow, if he so intends. Besides, when they come to arrest me, they will not send just a solitary fellow. There will be a file of national guards with fixed bayonets."

He went below to open the door to a shabby fellow who, upon assuring himself that he addressed Col. Vidal, delivered a sealed note of which he was the bearer. Vidal tore it open there and then, scanned the contents, and dismissed the messenger.

"Say that follow you at once," he announced. "That is, indeed, if you do not find me there ahead of you."

He returned upstairs to get his hat and to show the note to Angele. It contained, but three lines above the sprawling signature of Danton:

"Come to me here at once. I have news of the utmost urgency for you. On your life do not fail."

"What does it mean?" she asked him.

"That is what I am going to ascertain," he answered. "But whatever it may be, it can be nothing to alarm you. What should there be I shall go straight there and back, and I shall be here as soon as the coach arrives."

Yet, for all the confidence he displayed, Angele remained vaguely uneasy after his departure. She stood a while by the window, looking after him as he went up the street, and continued there for some time after he had passed beyond range of her eyes, silently praying for his safe return.

She turned at last. "How thankful I am to be here," she said, with a little catch in her breath. "The barrier is behind us and we are clear of this terrible city."

And then, moved to concern for Seyrac, perhaps because of his concern for Vidal.

"And you, citizen," she inquired— "What are your plans now?"

"My plans?" said he, with a wry smile. "What plans are possible to me? I must follow my destiny."

"Alas, citizen," I would that we could help you."

Her concern for him revived his drooping excomboy.

"If the worst befalls," he said, "I shall at least have the memory of our meeting to enhearten me. Until I meet you again, citizen, I imagined that it was my evil star had guided me to Paris."

She looked at him, and he observed the slight frown, the slightly haughty stare of inquiry that warned him he was treading dangerous ground. His flash of courtliness awakened memories that slammed the door at once upon her concern. She turned from him and in silence moved about

the room, gathering up a few objects here and there.

"I have yet to complete my packing, citizen, against my husband's return," she said, and upon that passed out with her arms full.

CHAPTER V.

De Seyrac's Base Ingratitude.

Seyrac had watched her every movement with those dark, ardent eyes of his, and he sighed when the door closed after her. He flung himself into a chair by the table, and sat there awhile absorbed in thought. When at last he stirred it was to take up a paper which lay there where Vidal had left it.

It was the laissez-passer that was to provide the colonel with the means of leaving Paris. He considered it, then dropped it, and rose, stretching himself as if to shake off the despondent lethargy that threatened him.

As his arms dropped back to his side his glance settled upon that blue military coat, that spare coat of Vidal's, which Angele had repaired, lying across the back of the chair where she had flung it. For an instant his face was blank.

It was a blankness that reflected the check of astonishment which a sudden idea had wrought upon his mind. The next moment his brows were knit thoughtfully, his dark eyes gleamed, and a slow, cunning smile spiced with a touch of malice crept round his lips. He set his hands behind him and, with head sunk between his shoulders, he paced to the fireplace. He stood there staring at the fading embers, his eyes seeing nothing, but his every sense absorbed and concentrated upon this door of deliverance that had so suddenly and unexpectedly been flung wide before him.

He turned and came back to the table, passing now along the other side of it, and coming to a standstill beside that coat. Then he stirred out of his absorption to take stock once more of his surroundings. He stood listening. He could hear Angele

Mrs. Grouse Proves a True Friend and Enables Peter To Escape

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

When Mrs. Grouse found just how long Peter had been kept a prisoner in the bramble-tangle, and how he really needed to get out in order to get something to eat, she promptly said that she would help him. You know Peter and Mrs. Grouse are old friends.

"But I don't see how you can help," said Peter.

"I can do it all right," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Just now there isn't any one watching excepting Reddy Fox. After I have rested a while I will lead Reddy away. Then you will have a chance to use these long legs of yours."

So after a while Mrs. Grouse said that she was ready. "What are you going to do?" asked Peter.

"Watch me," replied Mrs. Grouse. She walked out of the bramble-tangle right into the open. She walked just as if she didn't suspect that any one was watching her. Peter watched her. He saw that she took care to keep well away from a little clump of hemlock trees. She walked along as if she hadn't a care in the world, and she headed straight for two or three little hemlock trees with branches bent down by the snow. Under these she disappeared. Peter watched for her to come out on the other side, but she didn't.

Then out from that other clump of hemlock trees stole Reddy Fox. He moved quickly, but oh so carefully. His eyes were fixed on the place where Mrs. Grouse had disappeared. Peter's heart went into his mouth or at least it seemed to. He wanted to warn Mrs. Grouse, but he couldn't. Reddy was halfway to where Mrs. Grouse had disappeared when he stopped and crouched motionless. Then Peter saw Mrs. Grouse walking out from the other side of those little trees. She was still walking as if she didn't suspect danger anywhere near.

As soon as she was out of sight behind a tree Reddy Fox ran swiftly to



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As soon as she was out of sight behind a tree Reddy Fox ran swiftly to

the place where she had been, and Peter could see him crouching under those hemlock branches and watching in the direction of Mrs. Grouse. A moment later Mrs. Grouse appeared again. Every time she disappeared behind a tree Reddy Fox snaked forward silently and swiftly. At last Peter could see neither Mrs. Grouse nor Reddy Fox. They had disappeared among the trees.

Peter knew that now was his chance. He slipped out of the bramble-tangle and away he went in another direction. As for his long legs could take him, lippy-lippy-lippy-lip. He understood just what Mrs. Grouse had been doing. She had been leading Reddy Fox away so as to give Peter that chance. But Peter was filled with a dreadful fear that Reddy Fox might get Mrs. Grouse after all. He couldn't get over that feeling. He felt that she was running a dreadful risk and doing it all for him.

At last, way off in the distance he heard a faint roar like distant thunder. Then Peter knew that Mrs. Grouse had taken to the trees. He was hers and that Reddy Fox had failed to catch her. Peter no longer needed worry about this friend, who had helped him in his time of trouble. Happily he hurried on.

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The next story: "The Uncousinly Cousins."

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DRESS

By MARY MARSHALL

Will the Hat That Shows the Forehead Be the Next Choice of Fashion?

The angle at which a woman wears her hat has always had a great deal to do with her appearance of smartness. Sometimes the fashion is to wear it high on the head, sometimes tilted forward at an exaggerated angle, and sometimes sliding backward. Sometimes the fashion is to wear hats so that they cover our eyebrows and sometimes so that they barely rest on our foreheads. But whatever the fashion may be at the time, not to follow is to run the risk of looking dowdy or indifferent, rakish, eccentric, or a little daff.

In a certain conservative community dwells a woman of excellent family who for some reason or other still wears hats of the same style and at the same angle as she did when her husband died some eighteen years ago. Aside from that she follows the fashion as much as most women of her age. But just because she wears her hats the way she does people exchange glances as they pass her—glances that seem to say: "A trifle cracked—too bad!" What persecution still is meted out to non-conformists in the matter of dress!

Nowadays, of course, while hats are worn well down over the forehead they are also worn even further down at the back. The angle of the hat inclines downward toward the back. Usually it touches or just escapes the eyebrows at the front.

Of course this sort of thing cannot continue the same for ever. And there seems to be no good reason to doubt the prediction that when a change comes it will be in favor of a hat raised a little higher at the front, so as to show something of the brow, while it remains quite as low as ever at the nape of the neck.

This is certainly not going to come as a conscious imitation of the Directoire or Empire mode, but it is, nevertheless, decidedly a Directoire tendency.

Even a year ago you sometimes saw hats worn in this way. The exponent of the new fashion was doubtlessly a conspicuously dressed young woman. You were surprised at first sight, all the more surprised when on second glance you realized that she was wearing her hat at that angle not through inattention to prevailing fashion.

Quite recently a number of young women who give close attention to matters of dress have followed this new fashion, appearing in little felt hats or satin turbans shaped so as to show not only the brow but something of the hair above the eyebrows.



Small hat worn off the face. It is of golden brown straw embroidered in brown braid.

mixing very thoroughly a quarter of curry powder and a half teaspoon of curry powder in a da half teaspoon of lemon juice. Now put ten anchovies, the yolks of three hard-cooked eggs and two teaspoons of grated Parmesan cheese in a bowl and work to a paste with a wooden spoon, adding a little butter to moisten. Spread slices of bread with curry powder, spread half with anchovy mixture, and make into sandwiches, trimming edges if desired.

Roast Beef Sandwiches.—For these you will need thin slices of cold roast beef from which gristle and fat have been removed. Spread slices of bread with curry butter and mix half of the slices with the cold roast beef and watercress leaves. Cover with slices of buttered bread.

Caviar Sandwiches.—Spread thin slices with butter, a thin layer of caviar, and a few drops of lemon juice. Cover with buttered slices of bread. Press lightly and remove crusts and cut into attractive shapes.

Sardine Sandwiches.—To make these remove skin and bones from sardines in one can. Now have ready two firm tomatoes, remove skin and press through a sieve, also pass the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs through the sieve. Mix with a little butter and lemon juice and salt. Spread slices of bread with butter, spread over this the tomato mixture and halves of the sardines. Cover with buttered bread.

Veal Sandwiches.—Following is a good recipe for making pressed veal. Butter slices of whole wheat bread on half of the slices lay thin slices of the veal. Add a few strips of shredded crisp lettuce and a little mayonnaise and cover with a buttered slice of bread.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

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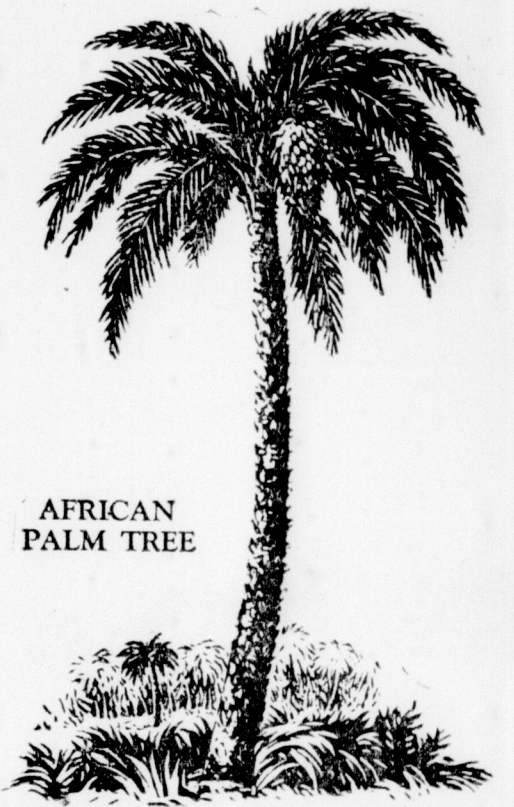
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AFRICAN PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE



COCONUT PALM TREE