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"SALADA"

It insures tea that is fresh, fragrant and pure - Try it.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the longest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)
When her sweetheart had gone Alice asked:
"Mumsey, have I ever heard of Uncle John?"
Mrs. Carnay was very busy setting the room to rights for the night. Sometimes she gave an impression of being a rather fussy little woman. She opened the windows to the balcony and carried out a couple of vases of flowers.

"What's that?" she asked over her shoulder.
Alice varied the form of her question. "I don't seem ever to have heard of Uncle John," she said.
"Perhaps not," her mother agreed. "As a family we've never clung together very much."

"But how did he find out where we were?"
"Oh, he saw your cousin Christopher recently," Mrs. Carnay replied. "And Christopher happened to mention that we were on the Italian Riviera. He's coming by the train de luxe. That gets in a little earlier than the one we came by."

"Do you really want to meet him alone?" Alice asked. "Or is it that you just don't want Philip? Because I could come with you. Philip would understand."

"Oh, no, dear—I'd much rather meet him alone," Mrs. Carnay replied. "As I said, he's been ill—in a nursing home, Christopher said—and he's bound to be a bit odd and cranky. Of course, he may not want to stop over here."

"I should like to see him," Alice mused a little wistfully. "I don't mind a bit how cranky he is. It was so nice meeting Mr. Gaunt, mumsey. Dear me, it does seem as though Bordighera is full of people we—we know and like. There's Philip and Mr. Gaunt, and now your brother's coming. I rather love it, mumsey. It's so nice to have friends and—and people one truly cares for."

Mrs. Carnay set out the last of the flower jars and took an opportunity to inspect the night before coming in. She didn't want Alice to see there were tears in her eyes. Poor Alice! Yes, it had been a lonely life for a young girl. But now Alice was going to be married and all that would be changed.

"You liked Mr. Gaunt?" Jean called out from the balcony.
"I simply adored him," Alice replied. "Mumsey, you won't be angry if I say something?"

"Good gracious, no! But I think I know what it is." She laughed unsteadily. "You're going to say that dear old Hector Gaunt is in love with me—or was."

"Yes, he is, mumsey—but I was going to say worse than that. Perhaps you will be angry. I think you're just a wee bit in love with him."

Mrs. Carnay laughed again: a little too boisterously this time. "How ridiculous you are, my pet! Just because you're in love yourself you imagine . . ."

She broke off short and added soberly, "Well, it's true enough. I was in love with him years ago."
"And then you met poor daddy and got over caring for Mr. Gaunt?" Alice sighed.

"Something like that," said her mother.
Here was Alice again trying to lead her out of her depth, but she resisted stubbornly.

"I suppose he's a widower," Alice mused. "He doesn't look like an old bachelor."
"I believe he is a widower," Jean agreed, adding with grim humor—"if his wife is dead."

"Was she living when you first met him?"
(Oh, Alice, what a tiresome young woman you are!)
"Yes, she was."

"Living with him here? Did you know her?"
"No—I never saw her. They had separated, I believe."

"And he couldn't marry you because he already had a wife? I don't know what I should do if I suddenly learned that Philip was married."

"How did you know I—I learned suddenly that Mr. Gaunt was married?"
In spite of her best efforts to resist, poor Mrs. Carnay had been led out to sea again and was floundering heavily.

"But it must have been that way," Alice said quietly. "Otherwise, he would never have given you up—or you, him. I think it was a mistake, mumsey. You oughtn't to have married daddy when you and Mr. Gaunt cared so much for each other."

"Really!" Jean gasped. "I don't think I understand the girls of today. Where do you get such curious ideas, Alice?"

"But, mumsey dear, it's just common sense. However, I don't suppose I should have been here if you hadn't married daddy, and I'm glad I'm here."

Mrs. Carnay sighed deeply, and it was a sigh of relief. Thank heaven, Alice's deadly line of deduction had ended short of the whole truth. Yet it seemed to Mrs. Carnay, now, that her sacrifice had been in vain. Perhaps Alice wouldn't have minded being the acknowledged child of Hector Augustus Gaunt. Truly the modern girl was a strange creature.

But one could not alter the matter now.
Jean Carnay slept better that night than she had expected. Little things could excite and fluster her, but she had always managed to meet a crisis with calm dignity. As Hugo's train was due somewhere around noon she decided to go early to Ventimiglia and spare herself an unprofitable morning hanging around with nothing much to do but watch the clock. Besides, she wanted to get away from Alice's searching questions.

No, she said, she and "Uncle John" wouldn't be back for lunch. There was always the chance that he might not wish to alter his plans, in which case they would have to lunch in Ventimiglia, so it was better to arrange it that way, anyway.

So with a slightly guilty feeling the little woman watched her opportunity and slipped away while Alice and Philip had, so to speak, turned their backs for a moment. She walked halfway down the Strada Romana before taking a turning towards the sea, boarding the tram on the outskirts of the town instead of, as was usual, in front of the English Stores, and by this ruse unwittingly dodged for a second time a meeting with a woman the sight of whom would have changed every plan she had made, and sent her flying to the very ends of the earth. As Mrs. Carnay hurried along the Strada Romana, up the Rue Regina Elena came Carrie Egan's monstrous car with its owner at the wheel. They missed each other by a matter of seconds, and while in the flash past Mrs. Egan might neither have seen nor recognized Mrs. Carnay, the latter would certainly have noticed the striking-looking woman whom Hugo Smarle had widowed.

CHAPTER XI.

During the long period of her supposed widowhood Mrs. Carnay had scarcely ever been conscious of loneliness. She had had Alice, and her own childhood having been a solitary one, the constant companionship of this much-loved daughter more than sufficed. Alice had filled every nook and cranny of Jean's life. For years the girl had scarcely worn a garment which the mother's loving

fingers had not fashioned. Generally they had roomed together, often sharing the same bed. Alice had attended day schools, picking up a good education but precariously, and always it was her mother who had seen her safely to the school or convent door and called for her when the session was over.

As Jean passed to and fro on the platform in the great dingy station waiting for Hugo Smarle's train she suddenly realized that soon her happy life with Alice would be over for ever. Then she would be alone. Of course it was natural for Alice to marry, she told herself, and she ought to be ashamed to feel badly about it. Nevertheless, her eyes smarted a little. They would probably go to England—Alice and she—as soon as she had settled with Hugo about his own future, and no doubt Dr. Ardeyne would like the marriage to take place quite soon. June? Perhaps that would be a bit too soon. Alice had a few hundred pounds of her own. They would have to spend her little inheritance on the trousseau and wedding. Such things, however simple, cost money. It would be a quiet wedding, oh, very quiet indeed, but they must ask the Christopher Smarles. Would the name of "Smarle" convey anything to Dr. Ardeyne?

And now, led by a puff of grey smoke and a hiss of escaping steam, the weary train de luxe drew in—on the furthest line, of course—and the few remaining passengers began to clamber down from the high carriages. Here and there a porter appeared, somewhat reluctantly. One of them stuffed a piece of bread into his pocket as he crossed the lines. It was the luncheon hour, and Ventimiglia would appear to be the one terminus at which the arrival of a train created little or no excitement.

Jean Carnay had on white suede shoes and just for a moment she hesitated to follow the porters. Her eyes searched anxiously. Perhaps Hugo had not come. No—there he was! Yet . . . could that poor, shriveled-looking little man be Hugo? Yes, it was Hugo—as white as a badger, thin, his moustache white and closely clipped, nervously adjusting his eyeglasses with a gesture so familiar that it brought back the past as though yesterday. His hat looked queer, perched up like that. Ridiculous, but pathetic, too. And that funny little dolman coat of faded, shrunken tweed, the cape sleeves flapping about his wrists as he gathered up two bulging pieces of hand luggage. All—all were familiar.

(To be continued.)

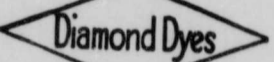
Mutton and Macaroni.

When the cold mutton has lasted so long that the housewife dreads putting it again before her family, let her try it under this guise. Cut the cold meat into cubes. To two cups of meat have one cup of cooked macaroni, two cups of tomato sauce, one cup of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonsful of butter, salt and pepper. In a well buttered enamelled ware bake dish put a layer of macaroni, bread crumbs and tomato sauce, then a layer of mutton with bits of butter, pepper and salt. Alternate until the pan is filled. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top with enough extra butter to brown them. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.



"Hey, Bill, I wonder why they put a muzzie on that thing?"
"Dunno. Guess they think it will bite!"

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Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 cents.



Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.

Under the frozen crust there is plenty of food for birds. Above that crust are hundreds of hungry birds. They cannot break open the ice-chest to get that food. Please feed the birds to-day with bread crumbs, small grain, hay-seed, and scraps of suet.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Curious Monument at Dorset.

A very curious monument is that set up at a place called Swanage, in the County of Dorset, England. This consists of a huge stone globe of the world, measuring ten feet in diameter and having a weight of forty tons. On its surface the outlines of the continents and oceans are shown, the latter in light relief. Carved into the stone are lines representing the meridians of longitude, the parallels of latitude, the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, the equator and the Arctic and Antarctic.

An Exquisite Reason.

Mr. Boggs, the butcher, was a jovial soul. As he was cutting up an order of lamb chops for a lady customer the lady asked curiously: "Mr. Boggs, what led you to choose your present occupation?"

"Well, I don't really know, ma'am," said Boggs thoughtfully. "Maybe it was because I have always been fond of animals."

The United States of America is the most neurotic country in the world, with Britain a close second, according to a well-known doctor.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

London's Zoo was visited last year by 1,618,128 people; this is a record.

A Thousand Cooking Uses.

For soups, sauces, gravies, savoury dishes, meat jellies, beef tea, and restoring the flavor to left over dishes.



In one of 4, 16, 50 and 100.

EDDY'S MATCHES

Remember to ask for Eddy's when you order matches
OF SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



After Dishwashing! CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

is simply wonderful for keeping the hands beautifully white and soft and smooth. Positively prevents redness and chapping. Use it at once after washing dishes, and note the improvement of your hands.
Keep a bottle handy by the kitchen sink.

What Does This Trade Mark Mean?



You will see this shield-shaped trade mark in hardware stores everywhere. You won't see it on cheap, inferior goods. It goes only on household utensils of the highest quality, yet selling at moderate prices, because of the tremendous quantities sold each year.

Choose cooking and baking utensils that carry this trade mark. Choose SMP Enamelled Ware, with its very hard, smooth surface. Heats faster, cleans easier, imparts no metallic flavor, causes no dangerous acid re-actions. Ask for

SMP Enamelled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly-grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.



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MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
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After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.



Canned Romance.
Mary had a little can,
She filled it full of jam,
She opened it for Samson Stikes—
And now she's Mrs. Sam.

Where Ignorance is Painful.
Old Lady—"I believe in post mortems. It is awful not to know what you have died of!"

Eton, England's leading public school, has a waiting list of pupils long enough to fill it till 1934.

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Large living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms, set porcelain, grade and three bedrooms, two and three bedrooms.

6-Room ALADDIN 898

Large living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms, set porcelain, grade and three bedrooms, two and three bedrooms.

7-Room ALADDIN 1337

Large living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms, set porcelain, grade and three bedrooms, two and three bedrooms.

7-Room ALADDIN 1367

Large living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms, set porcelain, grade and three bedrooms, two and three bedrooms.

7-Room ALADDIN 1612

Large living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms, set porcelain, grade and three bedrooms, two and three bedrooms.

12-Room ALADDIN 2391

Large living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms, set porcelain, grade and three bedrooms, two and three bedrooms.

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"Don't get tired—drink Bovril"