

Until You Try "SALADA"

GREEN TEA
you have not tasted the best.
Fresh, fragrant and pure. Try it.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Ardeyne compressed his lips. He had known what was coming. Hugo Smarle had killed Tony Egan, his friend and business partner, and Tony Egan had also been a friend of the doctor.

"Smarle has recovered his sanity," Ardeyne said. "There was nothing to do but let him out."

"Recovered!" sneered Mrs. Egan. "And you call yourself a brain specialist."

Unfortunately, Philip Ardeyne privately agreed with the sentiments her tone more than the actual words expressed. He had argued against the release of Hugo Smarle, but the board was up against the stubborn fact that whatever might happen in the future, at the moment—and for some time past—the man who killed Tony Egan was sane. And, as the doctor said, there was nothing to do but let him out.

"How can it possibly affect you?" Ardeyne asked. "Poor Tony was killed in a quarrel by a lunatic who has been confined at Broadmoor for fifteen years. The man isn't going to bother you, and surely you aren't hankering after further revenge? I had a talk with one of his relatives, a sensible sort of fellow, and he assured me that Smarle would be well looked after. He has a family—a wife and a daughter, I believe—and they are going to take him to some quiet place abroad."

Mrs. Egan shrugged her shapely brown shoulders. "There's a side or it of which you know nothing," she said. "I would have given half of what I possess to keep Hugo Smarle where he was for the rest of his life. Sane, you say! Does that mean he can contract business?"

"Certainly it does," Ardeyne was puzzled. "Well, I say he's not sane. You watch and see. He'll be making horrible accusations before long. It was money over which Tony and he quarrelled. You'll see. He'll rake that all up again and try to rob me. Perhaps he'll murder me. Then I hope you'll be satisfied. Letting a maniac loose on the world! Really, Phil, you doctors take a lot on yourselves—a fearful responsibility, I call it. Hugo Smarle's been waiting for this opportunity. That's why he's pretended to be cured."

Ardeyne laughed. "Every madman pretends to be cured, as you put it, or rather, he imagines himself never to have been anything but sane. But you can't quarrel with me about this fellow, Smarle. There was nothing whatever

to do but free him. I may tell you that he'd have been discharged a year ago if I hadn't held out against it."

"There'll be a law suit. You'll see," Mrs. Egan passionately continued her own train of thought. "It will drag along for years, no doubt, and in the end, whether I win or lose, I'll find myself impoverished by costs. Oh, you doctors and lawyers! A clever gang you are—always working together to the advantage of your own pockets. The uncle who died and left you such a nice little fortune was a lawyer, wasn't he?"

"He was," Philip replied, "but he didn't make his money by it. That came originally from his father, who was a brewer."

Somehow the conversation ended. The whole thing had destroyed the fine flavor of Philip Ardeyne's day. He wished with all his heart and soul that his name had been kept out of the newspapers, for because of that publicity Carrie Egan had known where to find him. Happily he was ignorant of the fact that the same publicity had given the same information to Mrs. Carnay, and was responsible for his second meeting with Alice.

Mrs. Egan's dissatisfaction with the release of Hugo Smarle irritated him less than the fact of her being here in this hotel, a looker-on as it were upon these idyllic first hours of his romance. A year ago he had been almost in love with Carrie Egan. But sudden disgust had risen up to cure him. Yet she was here, and once he had made love to her. He feared her laughter, feared the possibility of her hurting Alice. The position carried with it a certain amount of humiliation.

The dinner-gong sounded as he walked down the corridor away from her rooms, and at the end, by the concierge's desk inquiring for letters, he found Alice. The girl threw him a quick, inquiring glance. Perhaps she expected to be told why he had suddenly appeared from that corridor.

"Mother's tired," she said. "She's going to have dinner upstairs tonight."

"Oh, I'm sorry—still, it will be rather nice to be alone, just you and me, eh?"

Alice smiled shyly. "Yes, it will be nice, Philip."

"Yes, my darling?" They were walking towards the stairs to the dining-room. Alice kept her face straight ahead and spoke in a very low tone. No one was near, but she did not want what she was saying even to be guessed.

True Romances Barred

We regret very much to inform our Canadian friends that our magazine, TRUE ROMANCES, has been barred by the custom or post-office officials.

Magazines are barred from Canada because of complaints registered against them. We find, however, that adverse critics of our publications rarely read them. From the title and general appearance they sometimes class them with publications which depend entirely upon their sale through lascivious appeal. As a reader of this publication you know that the magazines we publish are not of that character.

We would be greatly pleased, therefore, if you would indicate your friendly feeling toward TRUE ROMANCES and your confidence in it by petitioning the Commissioner of Customs, Ottawa, Canada, that such reinstatement be made.

At the foot of this announcement is a brief form of petition provided for your convenience. Will you not sign it to-day and mail it to E. J. Blackley, 130 Richmond St. West, Toronto, who will present it together with the large number of similar petitions to the Commissioner of Customs as soon as they are all in.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

The Honorable Commissioner of Customs,
Ottawa, Canada

I believe that TRUE ROMANCES is a magazine of good moral tone and high ideals and that it is honestly entitled to reinstatement upon the list of magazines eligible for circulation throughout the Dominion of Canada. Accordingly I respectfully petition you to make such reinstatement.

Name
Address
Mail to E. J. BLACKLEY, 130 Richmond Street West, Toronto

"Are you sure you care for me—

lot?" "Sure? I should think I was!"

"You really do love me, Philip—for ever and ever?"

His answer was as satisfactory as circumstances permitted. " . . . And why should you get such ideas into your head? There never was anybody but you" (a slight exaggeration) "and there never will be. The same assurance from you, please."

For a fleeting instant she turned and looked at him, her eyes so liquid and lovely with brimming adoration that his very soul seemed to drown in their depths. There comes but one woman in a man's life with such eyes of love; he is lucky, indeed, if he finds her.

And Philip Ardeyne told himself how lucky he was—this wonderful prize was his. How tenderly he would cherish it.

CHAPTER X.

It was a pity that Jean Carnay had not the remotest suspicion of that other woman's presence in the hotel. The Mimosa Palace was a big place, yet they would have been certain to meet that evening if Mrs. Carnay had not decided to dine in her own rooms. After dinner the band played in the lounge, part of which was cleared for dancing, and everybody foregathered there for coffee.

But poor little Mrs. Carnay remained upstairs desperately reviewing the plan she had concocted for the preservation of her daughter's happiness. She was suffering from heartache, too, brought on by a too free indulgence in regret. It had been disturbing to meet Hector Gaunt again. All these years she had regretted him, but rather painlessly. There had been so many other things to think about, even to worry about. There had been her five years of marriage ending in such tragedy; there had always been Alice, a solace; and the shadow of Hugo Smarle, a menace. So she had hurried with her treasured child from place of place, repelling close friendships, living lightly on the surface of something which might at any moment crack and plunge her into the depths. Well, it had cracked. And now she was expecting the plunge, although by no means reconciled to it.

With a book on her knees she sat in the little slip of a sitting-room before the olive-wood fire and thought over what it might have been like for her and for Alice had she braved things out as the left-handed wife of Hector Augustus Gaunt. Would the child really have suffered? No one would have known Hector had made that quite clear to her. His old wife was alive; he had heard from her unexpectedly on the subject of money after a long lapse of years, but there had been no question of her bothering him, no question of denouncing him for the bigamist he undoubtedly was.

But Jean had been badly frightened. The baby was coming—the baby who would have no name; and there was mad, but chivalrous Hugo Smarle wishing to marry her and father her child.

Thinking about Hugo, Jean was forced to admit a great deal that was favorable to him. Hugo had always been kind to her, and no one in the wide world would ever have guessed from him that Alice was not his own child. Thank heaven, thought Jean, there had never been any other children.

Quickly she picked up her book as the sitting-room door opened. It was not quite ten o'clock, but Alice had come up, bringing Dr. Ardeyne with her. They hoped she was not too tired; Alice herself was a little tired.

And then Mrs. Carnay broke the news she had prepared for them, keeping her face in shadow as much as possible. "By the way, dear,"—ostensibly Jean addressed Alice—"Uncle John Balliss is on his way to Genoa from Paris. I had a telegram from asking me to meet him at Ventimiglia."

"Uncle John Balliss?" echoed Alice. Balliss, she knew, was her mother's maiden name. "A relative of yours, numsey?"

"My brother," said Mrs. Carnay. Alice looked surprised. She had never heard of her mother's brother, never knew there had been such a person; but she was well used to reticence, even in family affairs. So she merely remarked, "How interesting!"

" . . . And," Mrs. Carnay continued, "I thought I'd ask him to break his journey and stop over with us for a week or so. It's a good many years since I've seen your—your Uncle John."

"I should like to see him," Alice said. If Philip had not been there she would have expatiated upon the fact that, barring a fleeting childhood's memory of Christopher Smarle she had never met a single relative on either side of the family. But Alice was just a little ashamed of their isolation. Other people had shoals of relations, but she and her mother seemed not to have one who was the slightest bit of use to them for social purposes.

They talked a little more before Ardeyne said good-night. He wanted to hire a car for to-morrow and make rather a picnic of meeting Uncle John, but Mrs. Carnay said no. Her brother was a little peculiar in some things, and he had not been very well lately. It would be better if she met him alone. He might require tactful coaxing to get him to alter his plans.

Ardeyne thought to himself: "She wants to tell him about Alice and me. I hope 'uncle John' isn't a tremendously important person—or given to fanciful prejudices. Suppose he doesn't like me?"

Why Do We Dream?

What is the cause of dreams? Why does the brain, which is under control in what seems a wild and irrational way?

The answer is simple: If the blood while we wake, work while we sleep did not continue to circulate while we slept, we should never dream those fantastic dreams which puzzle us so much. It is because our blood still circulates through the brain that thoughts, vague and unconnected mostly, must continue to be thrown off and cause what we call dreams.

Our power of thinking, while we wake, is governed by reflection, and is sound or unsound according to our mental capacity. When asleep, however, this no longer holds, though it is said that persons who, in their waking hours, habitually keep their minds and fancies under strict control, have far more rational dreams than those whose mental self-control is weak.

The brain, the most sensitive portion of the body, is composed of atoms refined to the most exquisite degree. In all probability, when Science possesses the delicate instruments necessary to explain all atomic nature, it will be found that what is commonly called "grey matter" is akin to the unknown force which produces Light.

The ordinary light—which you distinguish from darkness—is, in reality, hardly less artificial than manufactured light. It is produced by a certain force acting upon the ether and transmitting it into light-waves. These light-waves, in their turn, act upon the retina of the eye and enable you to see.

What this force is Science cannot exactly say. It is certain, however, that friction is the chief cause operating to produce light, and herein you get the analogy with the human brain. In order to move or "throw off" the atoms of the brain, friction is necessary. That friction is caused by the circulation of the blood, and the more sensitive the quality of the brain, the more easily it responds to the action of the blood circulating through its thousands of small blood-vessels. This is the point where thought is created.

So you dream while you sleep, for the reason that your brain, by virtue of the never-ceasing blood-circulation, continues to throw off its atoms and carries, by force of habit, a jumble of symbols which, not being under control, issue forth wildly, vaguely, and unintelligently or at least without coordination.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

His Cutest.

She was very literary, and from America. She had just been "doing" the home of Sir Walter Scott.

The guide was a little bored.

"Marmion" is just too—"she beamed. "And 'Ivanhoe,' why, that belongs! 'Kenilworth,' now—Isn't that the real literary goods? And 'The Lady of the Lake'—but there, anything of Scott's—"

"And do you know his 'Emulsion'?" asked the guide.

"For goodness' sake! Why, I think that's just the cutest thing he ever wrote."

ECZEMA

of the skin and scalp is an affliction that we have been successfully treating by mail and in our offices here for over 20 years. If afflicted, write us explaining your case fully. We also treat all Pimples, Itchiness, Blackheads and other non-contagious skin troubles. Superficial Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., permanently eradicated by the only method—Electrolysis.

Write for Booklet "F"
Hiscott Institute Limited
Hiscott Bldg.
612 College St. Toronto

WRIGLEYS

Chew it after every meal
It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after heavy eating.



The Irish of it.
Kelly—"If yez force me to pay that note now, I can't pay it."
O'Brien—"But if I wait till yez pay, it, I'll never git it!"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.
Sarcasim.

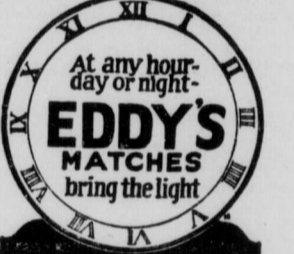
Alice for the first time saw a cat, carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.
"You ain't fit to be a mother," she cried scathingly. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father!"

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.



Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.



\$10.00 Collins Metal Hen
The one hundred per cent halibut. The early chicks pay-no bother. Ask local dealers or send us \$10.00 Free Catalog-Largest Makers Collins Never-Fail Products Ltd. HAMILTON, ONT.
LARGEST MAKERS-POULTRY EGGS

Seeds for Sale

Peel County is noted for its high-quality seeds. Peel Seed House, Brampton, Ont., is located in the very centre of this district. It has large quantities of Grimm, Variegated and Special Alfalfa, Red Clover, Alsike, Sweet Clover, Timothy, etc., which are sold direct to farmers, any part, in any size lots. Write at once for price list.
Brampton, PEEL SEED HOUSE, Ontario

You Can Stand on this Wash Board

Our SMP Pearl Ware Wash Board is so strong, tough and durable that a full-grown man or woman can stand on it without doing the rubbing surface or any part of it the least harm! The enameled surface won't chip, flake or peel off. Think of the wear there is in such a wash board! There is the same wearing qualities in all articles in SMP Pearl Ware. Try out the wash board and be convinced.

Ask for SMP Pearl Ware

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY