WOMEN and THE HOME

DRESS

By MARY MARSHALL

Light and Fluffy Fabrics Used in Fuller Frocks.

Innumerable yards of chiffon, voile, crepe de chine, tulle and other soft and airy fabrics will be used this spring and summer to exemplify the fact of a fashion for greater fullness. It is easier to introduce this new fullness that fashion now demands in these airy fabrics than in the heavier ones that we find seasonal in winter. A skirt can now measure many yards about the hem without giving real bulkiness to the silhouette. With velvet or duvetyn it would be a different matter.

With some of the renowned dressmakers this spring the sheer, light fabrics are used almost exclusively. Even coats are made of chiffon. Agnes, the French dressmaker, who has the reputation of dressing a number of queens, has chiffon coats that are trimmed with lace, artificial flowers and diamonds. Little chance here that the mannish fashion will be carried too far.

"Crepe imprime," which is simply printed crepe de chine, is light and feather weight, and is used by many of the dressmakers in fine pleats. Ruchings and lace ruffles have been revived as part of the new vogue for frilly things. Sometimes the ruching is made of chiffon and sometimes of a heavier material, such as taffeta on the chiffon foundation.

Decidedly characteristic of the fashions of the moment is the use of navy blue or black chiffon combined with cream white or ecru lace for useful little dinner or afternoon frocks. These frocks can conceal considerable fullness, appearing quite soft and feminine without gaining the appearance of the slightest additional width.

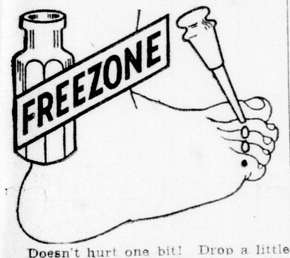
With all the light fluffy materials that are finding a way into the spring wardrobe, there comes here

Tucks left open at the knee give fullness in the front to this frock of orchid bastiste embroidered in pink and green silk and trimmed with ecru lace.

and there a sash. When it appears at a comparatively high waistline, tied in a bow at the mid back, there is rejoicing in the camps of those who would like to see a return to what they choose to call fashion normalcy. But after all no one can say whether the fashions of now-a-days are not as normal as those of a decade or two ago.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.—Advt.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS AND SPLIT FINGERS SAY

BEN-GAY

TO YOUR DRUGGIST

It soothes, heals—relieves redness and roughness, keeps the skin smooth and free of "chaps."
The Leeming Miles Co. Limited
Agents, Montreal

FIRST AID FOR ACHES & PAINS

WISE AND OTHERWISE

SOME COLOR COMBINATIONS FOR SPRING FROCKS.

Fine brown lace draped over and entirely covering peach-colored satin.

A black crepe de chine dinner frock, trimmed with loops of beads shading from pale to dark gray.

Black rep is used by Nicole Groult for a little street frock with a yellow taffeta waistcoat and white organdie jabot and cuffs.

Navy chiffon is posed over violet satin in an interesting afternoon frock.

A charming evening frock is of chiffon shading from sky blue to sapphire, with the sole trimming a girdle of brilliants.

A lovely afternoon frock is made of two shades of fuchsia taffeta.

Favorite color combinations are "natural" and brown, orchid and purple, pervenche blue and white, navy blue with red, and Lanvin green and gray.

GOOD ICING.

Transparent Icing.

Place one pound pulverized white sugar in saucepan with one-half pint water. Boil to consistency of mucilage, then rub sugar with wooden spatula against sides of pan until it assumes white, milky appearance. Stir in two tablespoons extract vanilla; mix well together. Pour this while hot over top of cake so as to completely cover it.

Chocolate Transparent Icing.

Melt three ounces fine chocolate with small quantity water in pan over fire (stirring constantly), until it becomes soft. Dilute this with one-half gill of syrup; work until perfectly smooth. Then add to boiled sugar as above.

Quick Icing.

One cup brown sugar one teaspoon butter, three teaspoons hot coffee, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Mix to a smooth paste and spread on the cake while warm. This is an excellent icing to use for loaf cake.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it

Social and Personal

Mr. Lorne Jones spent the week-end at his home in Woodstock.

Mr. Floyd Hunter spent the week-end with friends in Hamilton.

Miss Irene Connell, of King street, is visiting with friends in New York.

Miss Marjorie D. Stewart, city clerk of Sarnia, spent the week-end in London.

Miss Eva Green of this city spent the week-end with Miss Jennie Huffman in Woodstock.

Mrs. L. P. McKinsey, of Lambeth, spent the week-end in Stratford, the guest of Mrs. Forbes.

Miss Isabel McDonald of Ford was a week-end guest with Miss Valma Harrison, Simcoe street.

Miss Marie Ball has returned to her home on Grey street from a delightful visit in Windsor.

Miss Margaret Coyne, of St. Thomas, is addressing the Women's Canadian club in Guelph today.

Mrs. W. H. Abbott is receiving tomorrow afternoon for the first time at her new home, 612 Waterloo street.

Mrs. Dalton Brooks and her two children, of this city, spent a few days with relatives in Aylmer last week.

Mrs. George Elliott entertained the members of her bridge club at her home on Wharncliffe road south last night.

Mr. Owen Ferguson of Windsor spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ferguson, Maitland street.

Mr. W. H. Carrothers, of Chicago, was a week-end guest with his mother, Mrs. R. A. Carrothers, Horton street.

Lieut.-Col. Francis Ware, of this city, was in St. Thomas on Sunday and unveiled the memorial organ in Trinity church.

Miss Violet Round, York street, has returned to her home after a pleasant fortnight's visit with her grandmother, Mrs. W. Plum, in Galt.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Francis Ware entertained the cast of "You Never Can Tell" at the tea hour on Sunday afternoon at their home on Victoria street.

Miss Babbie Chisholm, of this city, was an out-of-town guest at the charming reception of Mrs. J. M. Campbell and Miss Helen Campbell in Hamilton last week.

Miss Lillian Moss spent the week-end with Miss Edith Oxley in St. Thomas, going over for the opening of the new memorial organ in Trinity church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bossence and children, of the third concession of London township, are moving into the city this week and will reside on Rectory street.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McEachren and baby son, Robert, of 272 Regent street, are leaving town today to spend several weeks in New York and Atlantic City.

Mrs. J. C. Levengood, who has been spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Yull, Princess avenue, is leaving shortly for her home in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

In connection with General MacBrian's visit to London this week, the officers of the Royal Canadian regiment entertained at luncheon in the officers' mess yesterday.

Miss Marion Royce, B.A., of Toronto, the secretary for young people's work for the Church of Christ, Disciples, is a guest with Mrs. J. H. Webb, Pipe Line road.

Miss Doris Plummer, Miss Anna Underhill, Miss Thomas Kirchen, Mr. Howard Turner and Mr. and Mrs. James Minler of Woostock, motored to London last Friday night for the Skating club carnival.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. A. Seely Smith entertained very informally at the tea hour yesterday at Wolseley barracks in honor of Gen. McBrian of Ottawa, who has been a guest in the city.

Mr. Basil Morgan entertained the cast of the Drama League play, "You Never Can Tell," at a supper party at Wong's on Monday night, following the successful presentation of the production.

Miss Ena Thirsk, who is directing the delightful little play, "June," being given next Monday and Tuesday by the J. J. J. club of the King street church, entertained the cast at her home on King street Monday night for this week's rehearsal.

Mrs. Stanley Raymond, Wolfe street, entertained at an informal bridge-tea at her home yesterday afternoon, in honor of her guest, Miss Beatrice McMullen of Toronto. Mr. Raymond is also entertaining informally at the tea hour on Thursday.

Miss Lillian Faithful, who comes to town to speak before the women's Canadian club on April 3, will be accompanied by her niece, Miss Edith Faithful, who acts as her secretary. During her brief stay in London, Miss Faithful will be entertained by Mrs. Frank Leonard.

Miss Jennie McArthur of this city, with Miss Violet McLelland of Welland, and Miss Mary McLelland of Niagara Falls, has been a guest with the Misses Frances and Marion Bennett in Hamilton. In honor of their guests the hostesses entertained delightfully at a card party of nine tables on Saturday.

Following the production of "O'Hara San" by the Players' club of the University of Western Ontario at the new auditorium on Thursday night, the members of the cast and the production committee are having a supper party at Wong's cafe.

Mrs. J. E. Dennis, Mrs. C. R. Eberhard, Mrs. F. W. Hughes, Mrs. W. J. Brown and Miss Bessie McCamus were the hostesses who served refreshments to the principals of "Fi-Fi of the Toy Shop," who were rehearsing last night at "Lenmore."

Miss Sophie Porter of the Y. W. C. A. of this city, and Miss Bessie McCamus were in Hamilton on Saturday to visit the Y. W. C. A. clubs of that city, that they might know something of the work that is being done. Miss Porter went on to Toronto on Monday to visit the Y. W. C. A. clubs there.

A very fine concert was presented at Grace Methodist Church, St. Thomas, Monday evening by a number of London artists, including Mrs. Edgar Leakey, soprano; Mrs. Zoe Addy-Watson, violinist; Dorothy Cahill, accompanist; William Medlyn, tenor, and George Lethbridge, organist. The St. Thomas people were delighted with the program offered.

Miss Grace Dann, general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Stratford, and Miss Edith Cottell, physical director of the Y. W. C. A. in that city, are motoring to London on Thursday evening for the production of "Fi-Fi of the Toy Shop," which is being presented at the Patricia theatre on that night, under the auspices of the campers association of the Y. W. C. A. of this city.

Friends of O. Leo Herbert, formerly organist of the Adelaide Street Baptist church, will be glad to hear that he has recently been appointed organist and musical director of the Old Bergen Reformed Lutheran church, Jersey City, N.J., and the Jewish Synagogue Temple Ohab Shalom, Newark, N.J. Both churches are the posessors of very fine organs and most capable quartet choirs.

In honor of General MacBrian, chief of staff, Ottawa, who was a guest with Col. and Mrs. E. C. Dean during his brief stay in town, Mrs. Dean entertained delightfully at dinner last night for the senior members of the local military staff and their wives. Covers were laid for ten at attractively arranged tables centered with sweet peas. Col. Dean is at present acting district officer commanding.

Mrs. Angus McDougall was the hostess of a charming luncheon-bridge at her home on Windsor avenue yesterday, the table being prettily arranged with daffodils and yellow favors. During the afternoon, Mrs. A. E. Heaslip delighted her listeners with vocal numbers, as did Miss Eleanor McDougall, the young daughter of the house. The players, who greatly enjoyed the afternoon, included Mrs. Heaslip, Mrs. R. J. Winn, Mrs. E. Fuller, Mrs. Pemple, Mrs. A. H. Clinger, Mrs. A. Branston, Mrs. W. H. Darling, Mrs. Kester, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. E. N. Chesham, Mrs. H. H. Kirby, and Mrs. McLeod.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jeffries, Albion street, West London, was the scene of a jolly party recently, when the husbands of the members of the Sunshine Club entertained their wives at a progressive euchre and dance. There were twelve tables in play and the prizes for the highest score were won by Miss Gertrude Player and Miss E. Bettridge, while the consolation prizes were awarded to Mrs. McKay and Mr. Brewer. Mrs. P. King carried off the award for the lone hands. The balance of the evening was spent in dancing, at the conclusion of which dainty refreshments were served.

After an abscence of more than five years, Miss Elizabeth A. R. V. Wilson is sailing from Shanghai, China, on May 18, on the Empress of Canada, for Vancouver, and will arrive on this continent about June 1. Miss Wilson is a sister of Mrs. J. F. Reycraft, wife of Rev. J. F. Reycraft of Brantford, formerly of the First Methodist church, this city, and will spend some of her furlough in Brantford. It is expected that she will also visit relatives in London. Miss Wilson has spent the past five years in the Canadian school at Chengtu, Szechwan, West China, under the general board of the Methodist church.

Mrs. S. McVain, of McKinnon Place, entertained at a delightfully arranged euchre last week, in honor of the birthday of her daughter, Miss Lillian McVain. Five tables were in play, and the prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. W. Reilly, while the consolations were awarded to Mrs. W. A. Bentley, Jun., and Mr. Allan Campbell. Following the games dainty refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. A. MacDonald. Miss McVain was the recipient of many lovely gifts. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hodgins, Miss Marie Hodgins, Mr. Allan Campbell, Mr. Harrison Seaman, Miss Beth Churchill, Mr. Dougal Keir, Miss Mildred Steele, Miss Gladys Steele, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, and Mr. Bill Tuckey of Detroit.

Wong's was the scene of a charming event last night, when the London girls' hockey team brought the 1924 season to a close with a merry dinner dance. The girls enjoyed their most successful season, despite numerous obstacles, and preliminary plans were made for the strengthening of next winter's program. Dinner was served at 10 o'clock and dancing enjoyed from 11 to 1. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hunt acted as patron and patroness. A pretty feature of the banquet was the presentation of a beautiful Masonic ring to Coach William Legg in appreciation of his untiring efforts to further the cause of girls' hockey in the Forest City. Among those present were Miss Muriel McBride, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hoffman, Miss Helen Foxworthy, Mr. Jack Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hunt, Miss Mae Wells, Miss Lenore Jackson, Mr. W. H. Legg, Miss Blanche Brewer, Mr. William Rhodes, Miss Agnes Nell and Mr. Emmett E. Kelleher.

Over one hundred attended the successful musicale and tea given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. F. P. Betts at her home on Queen's avenue, in aid of the Y. W. C. A. building fund. Spring flowers in all their delicate hues, fragrant roses, pussy willows and mignonette were combined with pretty effect throughout the drawing-room, and reception hall, where Mrs. Betts received her guests wearing a graceful gown of black canton crepe. Mrs. Donald McLean, president of the Y.W.C.A. who received with her, wore a smart gown of navy canton crepe and large black hat. Mrs. Charles Keene invited to the tea room, where Mrs. H. W. Auden and Mrs. R. T. Brymner presided over an attractive tea table. Sweetpeas, anemonies and mignonette centered the tables, at either end of which tea was poured form large siver urns. Assisting in the tea room were Mrs. James Lambie, Miss Helen d'Avignon, Miss Kitty While Miss Dorothy Gleason and Miss Kathleen Yeates. The musical program presented was very excellent, including lovely vocal numbers by Miss Aida Rose of New York who is a guest with Mrs. Routledge at Lambeth. Miss Helen Little acted as her accompanist. Pretty violin numbers were given by Ray Lawson with Mrs. Grant Harris as accompanist. A trio including Mrs. Charles Ivey and Mrs. Ernest Bluethner, violinists and Mrs. S. V. Cook, pianist was another interesting feature of the musical program and several trio numbers were rendered. Vocal numbers by Miss Element, with Mrs. Owen as accompanist were also part of a most excellent program.

The Astonishing Adventure of Jane Smith

By PATRICIA WENTWORTH.

INSTALLMENT XXXIV.

Henry left his car at the Three Farmers on the Withstead road, and proceeded with energy towards the beach. He was glad enough to walk after the long drive.

The day was chilly, the air full of moisture, and a thin, cold mist was rising off the marshes. What breeze there was came from the land and took the mist only a few hundred yards out to sea. The motorboat telephoned for by Mr. Ember earlier in the day ran into it as she came into Withstead Cove to land a passenger. The passenger, who was Mr. Belcovitch, was very glad indeed to be landed. He had no nautical tendencies, and would have preferred danger on dry land to safety at sea. He made his way up the beach and, confused by the mist, went into the wrong cave. As he turned to come out of it, having discovered his mistake, he heard footsteps, and promptly sheltered himself behind a convenient buttress.

Henry walked briskly past and, as Mr. Belcovitch stared after him, disappeared into the next cave. He disappeared and he did not return. Belcovitch heard a familiar sound, the sound made by the pivoting stone as it swung back into its place. He recognized it, and became a prey to some rather violent emotions, of which fear, hatred, and a desire to annihilate Henry were the chief. Henry was unknown to him, therefore Henry was not one of them. His walk, his carriage, his whole appearance marked him out as belonging to that class which Mr. Belcovitch made a profession of detesting. He possessed the secret of the passages, and was, therefore, in the highest degree dangerous.

Belcovitch followed him as rapidly and as silently as a man can follow whose very existence has for many years depended on his proficiency in these respects. He closed the stone behind him with a good deal more care than Henry had taken, and, having done so, went up the steps at a surprising rate and in a moment had his quarry in view. Henry had switched on a torch and was proceeding at a moderate rate down the main passage. Belcovitch, moving after him like a cat, did some rapid thinking. It would be very easy to shoot, but it would make a noise. He fingered a length of lead piping in one of his pockets and thought with impassioned earnestness of the back of Henry's neck. Yet, supposing that Ember knew of Henry's visit—he did not want any unpleasantness with Ember. It would probably be better not to kill Henry in case it should prove that Ember would rather have him alive. It was always better to be on good terms with Ember. Molloy had fallen out with him, and it appeared that at this very moment two comrades were on their way to eliminate Molloy. All this very rapidly.

He decided not to kill Henry. It was a pity, because there was a most convenient well into which he could have dropped him. He decreased the distance between them and unfastened the black silk muffler which he wore instead of collar and tie.

Henry pursued his unconscious path, his mind occupied with Jane, and plans, and Jane, and Ember, and Anthony, and Raymond, and Jane again. It is to be regretted that he did not look behind him. The villain ought not to be able to steal upon the hero in the dark without being heard, but Henry had not had Mr. Belcovitch's advantages. The latter had all the tricks of the half-world at his command, and Henry had not.

Just before the laboratory turning Belcovitch came up with a quick run, and that was the first that Henry heard of him. The next instant he felt himself tripped, struggling desperately to keep his footing, slipped in the slime, and came down choking, with a black silk muffler tightly knotted about his throat. Belcovitch was a very neat operator. First the trip, then the twist, and then the chloroform bottle. He had never made a crisper job of it. He took Henry by the heels and proceeded to drag him along the passage towards the laboratory, Henry being mercifully oblivious of what was happening.

When Jane heard that fatal dragging sound, she had just about half a minute to decide which passage it came from, and to get away down the other one. It really took her less than thirty seconds to realize that someone was coming by the way that she herself had come, and to dart into the slanting passage which held the well. A yard or two down she turned and stood where she had stood to see Ember pass the day before. Whoever was coming had no light. Of course they could see the light from the laboratory and were steering by it. If was a man coming, she could tell by the tread. He was dragging something—something heavy. What? Or who? Jane sickened.

A dark figure passed between her and the glow that came from the laboratory. She took three light steps, and saw that what he dragged behind him was a senseless man—senseless or dead.

She heard Ember call out, "Belcovitch, is that you?" And a voice with a strong foreign accent anewered.

Then a great many things seemed to happen at once; the steel gate opened; the helpless man was dragged in; and, as the gate fell to, there came Raymond Heritage's scream.

Jane shook from head to foot. The scream cut like a knife. Why did she scream like that? Who was it? Who was it? Who was it? She got her answer to Raymond's gasp of "Henry!"

An inner blackness, much, much worse than that intolerable dark which had oppressed her, swept between Jane and everything in the world. When Raymond said, "Henry!" the light went out of her world and left it black. She heard Ember say, "Is he dead?" but she could not see Belcovitch's shrug and shake of the head. She leaned against the wall and could not move. I suppose that in that moment she knew that she really loved Henry. It hurt—dreadfully.

Then she heard Raymond's voice again:

"What have you done to him? Devils, devils!" And Ember:

"My dear Raymond, calm yourself. He's not dead, nothing so crude. Mr. Belcovitch is an artist, and Captain March will come round in a minute or two and be none the worse. I'm sorry you had a shock."

Light, dazzling light flooded Jane's consciousness. Henry wasn't dead. The dark was only a dream, and she was awake again. She was very much awake, and her whole waking thought was bent upon the necessity of getting help for Henry before that dream came true.

Ember and Belcovitch would murder him if they had time. Raymond would make what time she could, but in the end they would murder him unless Jane could get help.

She turned, holding to the wall, and moved along the passage. When she had taken a step or two something happened which she could never think of without self-abasement. Her nerve went suddenly, and she began to run. It was only for a dozen steps; then her self-control came into play. She pulled up panting, and after listening for a moment, crept the rest of the way, reached the steps, and came out into the empty hall, dirty, wet, and as white as a sheet.

As soon as she had the panel shut she ran across the hall and down the corridor to the library. She shut the library door with a sharp push, and was across the room and taking down the telephone receiver before the sound of the bang had died away.

"Exchange!" she said. "Exchange!" and clenched her hand as she waited for the reply. It came with a dreamy accent, the voice of a girl disturbed in the middle of Sunday afternoon. Nobody should be telephoning in the middle of Sunday afternoon.

"Can you look up a London number for me? Sir Julian Le Mesurier"—she spelt it. "Please be very quick; please, it's important."

"Righto," said the dreamy voice incongruously.

Silence fell. Jane held on to the telephone, and tried to control her breathing, which came in gasps. The room seemed full of mist, she shut her eyes.

When Jane started to run down the laboratory passage, Jeffrey Ember was superintending the removal of the black silk muffler from Henry's neck. When they rolled Henry over on to his face he groaned, and when they tied his hands behind his back with the muffler he tried to kick, whereupon Ember produced a piece of rope and they tied his ankles too.

The sound of Jane's running feet had come very faintly upon Ember's ear. Henry was groaning and kicking, and Belcovitch was cursing in a steady undertone. It was not until he rose to get the piece of rope that his mind took hold of that faint sound and began to analyze it. There had been a sound in the passage outside—someone moving—someone running. Yes, that was it, someone running, light foot and very fast.

Ember finished tying Henry up and got to his feet.

"There was someone in the passage just now," he said. "I must go and see. There was something. I heard something. It was like someone running." He spoke as if to himself, and then turned to Raymond.

"You will stay where you are in that chair—otherwise . . ." He swung round to Belcovitch.

"If she moves, shoot Captain March at once," he said, and was gone, leaving the gate ajar behind him.

In the library Jane waited for her call. It came with startling loudness—a bell that seemed to ring inside her head—and then the dreamy voice drawling, "Here vare."

In Piggy's study Isobel Le Mesurier said, "Hullo."

"Is that Lady Le Mesurier?" said Jane.

"Yes, speaking."

"Please tell your husband——"

And Isobel's charming, friendly voice, "He's here. Won't you speak to him yourself?"

Jane's hearing, always acute, was strung to an extraordinary pitch. She could hear the girl at the exchange speaking to someone; she could hear Isobel saying, "Piggy, you're wanted"; and behind these sounds and the extreme edge of what was perceptible she heard the click of the panel and Ember's footsteps as he crossed the polished floor. She knew that they were Ember's footsteps, and she heard them coming nearer.

Sir Julian was speaking:

"Who is it?"

Jane heard her own voice, and it sounded small and far away.

"Jane Smith, speaking from Luttrell Marches. They've got Henry in the passages. He's hurt. They've got a motorboat in Withstead Cove. Help as quickly as you can. Someone's coming?"

Ember was halfway down the corridor. Piggy was speaking:

"Anthony Luttrell's on his way—should be with you any minute."

Ember turned the handle. Jane called out:

"Oh, can't you get me that number—oh, can't you get it quickly? . . ." And, as the door opened sharply, she dropped the receiver and turned.

Ember came in—a new Ember. There was something terrifying in his look, and he said harshly:

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to telephone," said Jane. "They take such ages."

Mr. Ember's look was terrifying, but Jane was not terrified. As she dropped the receiver something happened to her which she did not understand. Within the last half-hour she had felt an extremity of fear and sudden anguish, violent relief, and again intensest fear and suspense. From this moment none of these things came near her. She moved among them, but they did not touch her at all. The thing was like a play in which she had her part duly written and rehearsed. There was no sense of responsibility, only a stage upon which she must play her part, and she knew her part very well. She did not have to think, or plan, or contrive. She knew what to do, and how and when to do it. From the moment that she dropped the receiver at the telephone she never faltered for an instant.

Ember looked at her with eyes which saw every tell-tale stain upon her dress and hands. The something in his gaze which should have been frightening became intensified.

"Lady Heritage wants you in the study," he said.

Jane knew very well that he said the study because the study was next to the door in the panelling. If she refused to go, he would stun her or shoot her here. She did not refuse, and walked down the corridor by his side in silence. They crossed the hall, and Ember kept between her and the stairs. Jane walked meekly beside him with downcast eyes until he passed ahead of her to open the study door. In that moment she turned on her heel, sprang for the stairs and raced up them, running as she never run in her life.

Ember would not risk shooting her in the hall—she felt sure of that—but he was after her like a flash, and she had very little start. She reached for the newel at the top and jumped the last three steps, with Ember about two yards behind. Then down the corridor with a rush, and into her room, and the door banged and locked as he reached it.

Jane wasted no time. She thought that Ember would hesitate to break down the door, until he had at least tried promises and threats, but she was taking no chances. She heard him speaking as she opened the cupboard door and locked herself inside it. His voice was only a murmur as she heaved up the trap-door in the floor and climbed carefully down the ladder upon which Henry had stood that night which seemed like weeks and weeks ago. The catch in the wall at the bottom was a simple handle like the one behind the panelling. She emerged into the garden room, opened the window, dropped out of it, and ran quickly and lightly along the terrace, keeping close to the wall of the house.

Ember talked through the door for five minutes. His remarks ranged from persuasive promises to threats, which lost nothing from being delivered in a chilly whisper. At the end of the five minutes he put his shoulder against the lock and broke it. He found an empty room and a locked cupboard. When he had broken the cupboard door and discovered nothing more exciting than Renata's schoolgirl wardrobe, he went to the open window and stared incredulously at the drop to the terrace. Jane had turned the corner of the house and was out of sight.

Ember came downstairs with the knowledge that he must complete his business quickly if he meant to bring it to any conclusion other than disaster.

He went straight to the library and rang up the Withstead exchange.

"The young lady who was telephoning just now, did she get the number she wanted? She did? Would you kindly tell me which number it was?"

There was a pause, and then the information came: Sir Julian Le Mesurier! There was certainly no time to be lost. Molloy and his daughter both traitors, both spies, both in government pay! Molloy should be reckoned with by now, and some day without fail he would reckon with Renata.

He came into the hall, and released the spring of the hidden door. As the panel turned under his hand, he heard the purr of a motor coming nearer. It drew up. The bell clanged. Mr. Ember stepped into the darkness and closed the panel behind him.

To Be Continued.

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Scott's Emulsion

yet thousands have only begun to realize what it might be to them in strength, health and robustness.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 24-4

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Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for $2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

RED ROSE COFFEE "is good coffee"

BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP

A Friend of the Family

The syrup with the wonderful flavor, combining the wholesome and digestible characteristics of corn syrup with the attractive flavor of the cane.

Ask your Grocer for it

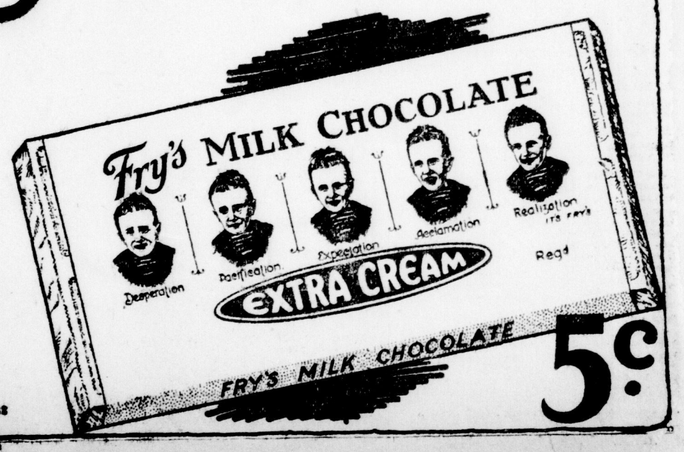
THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Makers also of

EDWARDSBURG SILVER GLOSS STARCH
CANADA CORN STARCH

Fry's "FIVE BOYS" MILK CHOCOLATE

Get a Five Boys Bar today —a new delight in milk chocolate. "Something Better"



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