

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA 1851

For that reason is never sold in bulk.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

"Mumsey, did you—did you love my father very much?" Alice's voice was timid, a little humble. She had never thought of her mother in quite that way before, as a young girl beloved and wooed, doing something rather daring in the name of love.

And Jean answered her, carelessly careful—Jean was groping out of the sea now—"I suppose I must have loved him. It was so long ago. And if you don't get to bed soon it won't be worth while going."

Again they embraced, and Alice departed.

Mrs. Carnay muttered fretfully to herself: "I didn't tell her a single untruth, not one. But," she added, "every word was as good as a lie. Yes, I am a most accomplished liar!"

It was then the idea occurred to her that perhaps this situation could be lied out of, although the perfect success of her plan depended upon Hugo.

CHAPTER VI.

On awakening the next morning Mrs. Carnay's first thought was of her husband. "Just starting on his journey now."

She tried to imagine what he would look like. No doubt one must be prepared for a change. Would he show a mark of that terrible place, Broadmoor? For fifteen years he had lived in close association with criminal fanatics, many of them murderers, like himself. No, not exactly a murderer; the jury had called it manslaughter. He had never meant to kill Tony Egan, of course. Jean lay in bed, her eyes fixed wearily on the bars of sunshine which streamed across the counterpane, and thought of Hugo Smarke's crime. Hugo had killed his best friend in a squalid quarrel over money. He had always been mad, always. The family history on his mother's side was really appalling. It had been disclosed at the trial and recorded in the dossier which committed him to Broadmoor. Because his grandfather and one aunt had ended their unfortunate lives in madhouses, and another aunt committed suicide, and because Hugo, himself, had shown the wildest eccentricities since his earliest youth, he had escaped at least prison, if not actually the gallows. Yet his maddest act had remained unrecorded, and to that Jean herself had been a party. No one but Jean and that man of silence, Hector Augustus Gaunt, knew that Hugo's maddest act had been his marriage.

"Mumsey, your bath's ready. Oh, you lazy girl!"

Here was Alice, already dressed for their excursion, looking so fresh and lovely in her white woolly frock and lace Panama. "Look!" she cried, holding out her left hand.

Mrs. Carnay looked and gasped. Yesterday that sapphire and diamond ring, with its regal, old-fashioned setting, had been in the "antiquity woman's" window. Alice had admired it ever since their arrival, and Jean had privately enquired the price, only to sigh regretfully that it was far and away beyond her means to buy. And now it glittered on Alice's slim little hand.

"B-but—how—when?" Mrs. Carnay stammered.

Alice laughed and blushed and looked adorably self-conscious.

"It's after nine, you lazy girl. Philip and I were out before eight o'clock. We climbed all over the Old Town and then we went down to Gallo's for coffee, and coming back the antiquity woman was just taking down her shutters and—Philip wanted me to choose a ring at once. So I did."

Mrs. Carnay sighed inaudibly, but there was a fiercely maternal gleam in her eyes. The ring somehow decided things—the ring that Alice had wanted and they couldn't afford to buy. It

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was now safely anchored on the third finger of her left hand, her engagement ring, the gift of her accepted lover. Thus are promises to marry signed and sealed. There was no retreat from the gift of that ring. It seemed to settle the affair for Jean. She was not going to break her daughter's heart for all the Hugo Smarke's in the world. If Hugo refused to agree to her plan, then—but he couldn't refuse. She wouldn't allow herself to think of that evil possibility.

"Can you be ready in half an hour?" Alice asked anxiously, as her mother scuttled about in dressing-gown and slippers, gathering accessories for her tub.

"I can try."

"I'll order your coffee and lay out your things. What are you going to wear?"

"Oh, anything—anything!" No, that wouldn't do. Jean stopped short and smiled in a wintry fashion. "Mr. Gaunt used to be a great admirer of mine," she confessed unexpectedly. "I think I ought to look as nice as I can. No, I won't be ready in half an hour—nor anything like it. Run down to your Philip, my dear, and expect me when you see me."

Alice was inclined to think this a great joke. She ordered the coffee and then as bidden, went down to join Dr. Ardeyne, who was waiting for her on the terrace. The mule, which was to convey Mrs. Carnay up the rather stiff little mountain, had arrived in charge of a half-grown peasant girl. He wore bells on his bridle and a voluminous saddle like an easy chair, carpeted with faded plush. Several of the hotel staff were admiring him from the doorway, when an enormous silver touring car preceded by an insistent Klaxon horn sharply rounded the drive and pulled up in front of the hotel. It was driven by a hatless woman with bobbed hair and beautiful arms bare to the shoulders. She was as brown as a gypsy, with a reckless smile and a careless eye, which helped to explain the forlorn attitude of the Italian maid huddled so fearfully amid a welter of luggage in the tonneau. With a final, hideous roar, the engine subsided and the woman jumped out before the attentive conceirge and his underlings could go to her assistance.

Alice, watching the arrival, failed to notice that the handsome man at her side was slightly affected by it. Dr. Ardeyne gave a start and if there had not been quite so much noise before the engine was turned off one might have overheard a remark he made to himself.

The woman left her car and her maid and her luggage and rushed across to him. Her legs, like her arms, were bare, and she wore bathing sandals; under the sleeveless cloak of striped Roman satin, she was clad in a bathing-suit. Her fuzzy, short hair, standing out so grotesquely attractive, dripped little beads of sea-water.

"Oh, Phil—what luck! I knew you were here, but I didn't expect to find you up so bright and early," she exclaimed. Then she broke off short, staring at Alice, with a look which said as plainly as speech: "Who's this girl you're with?"

And Alice hated her, as one may hate instinctively at first sight, without the least rhyme or reason for it. "How do you do?" said Dr. Ardeyne.

(Man is a sorry muddled.)

"I do pretty much as usual. Going for a mule ride?"

Contempt, ridicule, silent laughter, were expressed in the bold, bright eyes. But, most of all, intimacy. And again the eyes asked the impertinent question, "who is this girl you're with?"

"Mrs. Egan, may I—er—Alice—" For Alice was turning away in the half-abstracted fashion suitable to such a situation. Alice turned back again, forcing a hypocritical smile for the (to her) detestable woman in the half-concealed bathing-suit. "May I introduce my—er—my fiancée, Miss Carnay? Alice, Mrs. Egan is an old friend of mine—"

"Your fiancée?"

The gypsy-looking woman stared at has as completely taken aback as though he had pointed a revolver at her breast. But it was only for a moment. Then she laughed and said: "I've just motored over from Monte,

where I've been staying for a few weeks. Pots of luck. Thought it best to quit while I was on the right side. Took a dip at Cap Martin on the way over—"

"You'll catch cold," admonished the doctor.

Mrs. Egan made a funny little grimace at him. "Not I! . . . By the way, Phil, I've got a bone to pick with you. Never mind it now. I must find somebody to run the car down to the hotel garage. My chauffeur's laid up at Monte with 'flu.' See you later."

She flew off without a word to Alice, and disappeared into the hotel.

Alice said, "Who is that woman?"

"Oh, just a friend," Philip Ardeyne replied with a poor attempt at being casual.

"An old friend," Alice reminded him.

"Yes, she's—er—well, considerably older than she looks—"

"She looks a good thirty-five," Alice said coldly.

"Does she, by jove? How clever you women are at guessing each other's ages. I suppose Carrie Egan is about thirty-five, although most people think she's younger." Then, feeling that perhaps some further explanation was necessary: "I've known her for years. Her husband was a college pal of mine—"

"Oh, she's married."

"No, she's a widow," Dr. Ardeyne admitted reluctantly. "Hello, here's your mother! How quick she's been."

As Jean Carnay, on her absurd high heels, tripped daintily across the gravelled terrace, Alice gave herself a little shake and a mental reprimand. Why should she be annoyed because Philip had friends, women friends? This was a poor beginning for one who was to be a doctor's wife. Never before had the girl surprised jealousy in herself. She was hurt and mortified by the revelation.

"Here I am," Mrs. Carnay announced. She looked radiant. "Do I get up on that thing now? Oh, I think not. Wait until we've left the town behind. Are we quite ready?"

(To be continued.)

The Safest Saucepans.

An important household question—the choice of a saucepan—has recently been investigated at the Municipal Laboratory of Helsingfors, Finland. Many kinds of metals and other materials are in use for the manufacture of saucepans and other cooking utensils, but owing to the solvent action of some foodstuffs it is certain that chemical salts of the materials used are absorbed to some extent by human beings.

A test was made by boiling, for three hours, 2 lb. of red currants in a number of saucepans of different materials, and then, by chemical analysis, finding how much of the saucepans had been dissolved in the food.

The best figure obtained was that for brass, which was 250 times better than enamel. Brightly-polished brass cooking utensils are used on a large scale in the East.

Copper, tin, nickel, and aluminum vessels were all found good, but iron was found to be much more easily attacked by foodstuffs. Tin, next to polished brass, stood out as the best material for the lining of cooking utensils.

Not Insulated.

Among the children of a well-known electrical engineer is a boy of nine. One day this lad picked up a wasp. When his dad rushed out to discover the cause of the commotion, the fearful young hopeful was ruefully sucking his thumb.

"What's the trouble, Hughie?" asked the father.

"That bug," was the technical explanation Hughie offered between sobs of pain. "I think his wirin' is wrong. I touched him an' he wasn't insulated at all."

The deadly tsetse fly is kept under in East Africa by a certain parasite unknown in West Africa.

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"Little Boy Blue."

The former American Ambassador in London, Colonel Harvey, was in his earlier years a great friend of Eugene Field, the American poet who wrote "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," one of the classics of child literature. But the following poem, though about a child—the poet's own little son, who died—is not for children. It is the last word in poignant pathos.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair;
That was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make a noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

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Diplomacy.

Hubby—"Really, Ethel, thirty-five dollars for a hat is the height of extravagance!"

Wife—"Well, my dear, I simply have to look nice when I am with you; you're so distinguished-looking."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

If you are a law to yourself, you're a nuisance to others.

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Very important to the future welfare of the world is it that the children of to-day be taught the principles of justice, love and brotherhood in their widest and broadest sense. Teach the child, then, that everything that has life is his brother, to be treated with kindness, love and justice.



After Dishwashing!
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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.

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drink Bovril"

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