

Particular People

choose

"SALADA"

TEA

ES18

The most delicious blend procurable.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

And now there was to be this excursion to the farm on Monte Nero. "Mother's friend," Alice explained to Philip Ardeyne. "His funny name is Hector Augustus Gaunt, and he's invited us to lunch."

"Not really!" Ardeyne's eyes shone. "Not the Gaunt?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Carnay. "I believe he is the Gaunt. Was he one of your childhood's heroes?"

"I should rather think so," the doctor replied. "I say, it's awfully kind of you to include me in this. Are you sure—?"

"Quite," said Mrs. Carnay. "Mr. Gaunt invited us and I told him we must have a cavalier. That is, I wrote to him. He doesn't come down from his mountain any more."

"He must be an old man," mused the doctor.

Mrs. Carnay protested: "Oh, indeed not! Certainly he isn't more than fifty-seven or eight."

"But that is old, mumsey darling," said Alice.

Mrs. Carnay looked a little flushed and annoyed. "Really—really!" she exclaimed.

"The arrogance of youth," said Philip Ardeyne, his voice teasingly indulgent as he smiled at Alice.

Yes, they were head over heels in love with each other, those two. It was turning out as Jean Carnay had hoped and prayed for.

There was so much in Philip Ardeyne besides the mere good looks of which he possessed a little more than his share. Perhaps it was his immense vitality which had appealed to Mrs. Carnay in the first place. He looked as though he had never suffered a day's illness in his life nor was likely to do so.

He was a long-limbed fellow and walked like the wind. He had dark hair with the merest touch of silver at the temples, grey eyes, and a merry laugh. One had to stop and think hard to remember that he was by way of being distinguished in a most exacting branch of the medical profession. But then, of course, he was also on a holiday, and he played ardently with Alice for the most charming of playfellows. Tennis, mountain walks, excursions to Monte Carlo and Mentone, dancing, evenings at the jolly little Casino—with these diversions time was passing much too quickly.

Under it all ran the magical sub-current of love—love as yet unacknowledged, love trembling on the brink of declaration—the most precious moments of life, particularly for a young girl.

Jean Carnay's heart ached and yearned over her daughter. Now that the crisis approached her fears increased. Perhaps she had been foolish. Perhaps Philip Ardeyne was just the one man in the world who should have been kept out of Alice's way.

It was the evening before their proposed excursion to Monte Nero that the doctor, with refreshing, old-fashioned courtesy, begged Mrs. Carnay's permission to ask Alice to marry him. He told Jean all about himself with an anxiety which was almost boyish, and seemed to think that the opportunity to become a Harley street specialist's wife could scarcely be considered a treat for any girl, more especially for a girl like Alice.

Mrs. Carnay, on her part, confessed their own poverty. "My husband was a major in the Indian Army," she said, "and we have very little besides my pension. Very little, indeed."

Then, flushing becomingly, and in her pretty manner of nervousness punctuated with fluttering smiles and an occasional dab at her eyes with a wisp of a handkerchief, she went even more deeply into the story of their privations, telling Philip Ardeyne that even this holiday was more or less of

Do Not SUFFER or Loose Your TEETH SOHRGUM Paste

will positively remove all soreness and infection, rendering the gums firm and healthy, correcting bleeding gums and a bad breath. Mail sixty cents to SOHRGUM Laboratory, Box 445, Toronto, for trial. Money refunded if not satisfied.

a pretence, not to say fraud. How many years she had taken to save for it she could not quite say. But she had wanted just one happy hour for Alice, so that whatever befell the child would have something pleasant to remember.

Dr. Ardeyne was deeply touched by the pathetic narrative. If anything were needed to fan the flame of his ardor it was this appeal to chivalry. All that troubled him now was the fear that Alice might refuse him. On that score Mrs. Carnay was wise enough not to say what she privately thought. But she wished him the best of luck.

The question in his mind was: Should he ask Alice to-night and by risking a refusal spoil to-morrow's excursion, or wait until to-morrow night?

Mrs. Carnay would give no advice. She smiled her nervous smile and left the matter entirely to him. But after dinner she developed a sudden weariness. She wanted, she said, to be quite fresh and strong for the climb to the top of Monte Nero, even though her part of the excursion was to be accomplished on the back of a mule.

"And I should advise you not to sit up too late, dear," she said to Alice. "To-morrow will be a long and strenuous day."

"I'll take care of her," Philip Ardeyne assured the anxious mother. Already his manner was proprietary.

When Jean Carnay went upstairs the handsome young doctor was fetching a cloak for Alice. Perhaps he meant to ask her to stroll on the terrace with him.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Carnay went first into her bedroom and switched on the light over the muslin-draped dressing-table. It cast long shadows against the high walls, and the air was romantic with the sweet scent of the flowers which her old friend, Mr. Gaunt, continued to supply. She had her own sense of excitement. To-morrow she would see Hector Augustus Gaunt again, and she wondered what he would be like and if he would find her much changed. Ah, indeed, there must be a great change. She had only been eighteen or thereabouts when she lived at the Villa Tatina as old Mme. Douste's companion.

What a wonderful night it was, a Riviera night for lovers such as she well remembered, with a silver-gold moon riding high, making a glittering pathway across the sea to Corsica; with whispering among the leaves of the tall palm-trees; with the scent of oranges and lemons, lavender and mimosa.

This was Alice's hour. Mrs. Carnay stepped out on to the balcony which led from the little sitting-room and breathed a fervent prayer for the happiness of her daughter. With a husband like Philip Ardeyne, Alice would be safe. God keep her safe always . . . and happy. Surely this mistake of the mother should not shadow a girl's life. No—no—no! It was all dead and buried a thousand years ago. Hugo, too, was safe. Jean Carnay shivered. The night air was cold. Lucky Dr. Ardeyne had thought of fetching Alice's cloak. Of course he would take care of her . . . now and always.

But Jean Carnay had to think for herself, for there was no one just at the moment to remind her that she might be caught by a chill on the balcony, no love to warm the blood in her veins. So wisely she came in.

When she switched on the table lamp she found a letter which had come by the last post, the sight of which caused her heart to skip a beat. It was from Christopher Smarle, her husband's cousin, the solicitor who looked after her affairs. Christopher's letters were few and far between, but they never failed to cause her a momentary flutter of apprehension. Christopher invariably mentioned Hugo. He perhaps conceived it his duty to remind her, if only by a brief bulletin on Hugo's health, that the latter was not quite so dead, not quite so deeply and irrevocably buried as the supposed widow would like to believe. One could, if one chose, visit Hugo; Christopher Smarle took advantage of that sorry pleasure as often as it was permitted. There never was such a man for duty.

Mrs. Carnay opened the rather

bulky envelope. As a rule his letters were not nearly so fat as this one. It contained an enclosure, a letter from somebody else, and Jean read the enclosure first. There was an unreality about it, an uncanny quality that made her flesh creep. Her eyes grew large with horror. Oh, Heaven be kind, what was this! From the Home Office—an official communication, sent in care of Christopher Smarle and opened by him, but originally addressed to her; that is, addressed to "Mrs. H. R. Smarle," a name which Mrs. Carnay had half forgotten that she ever possessed; that, indeed, she still possessed. For fifteen years she had called herself Jean Carnay.

"Madam,—We have to inform you that your husband, Hugo Richard Smarle, who was convicted of manslaughter at the Winchester Assizes in November, 1907, and being found insane, has since been detained at Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, has now been certified as sane and will be released at the end of the week.—I am, madam, very truly yours,
"L. C. KNIGHT,
"(For the Home Secretary.)"

The end of the week! According to the date, that was nearly three weeks ago. Hugo had been a free man for a fortnight.

And now Jean Carnay (Mrs. Hugo Richard Smarle) read Christopher's letter.

Her husband's cousin in his precise, fussy handwriting informed her meticulously that he had been put to a little trouble in discovering her present address, having first to write to the pension in Florence; that he, himself, had gone down to Broadmoor to meet Hugo; that Hugo was quite a normal being now and most anxious to see her. The Smarles, naturally, felt that his place was with his wife and daughter, who would, of course, be rejoiced at this piece of good news. So keenly did they feel about the reunion that they had scraped together a hundred pounds with which to enable Hugo to rejoin his wife and enjoy a holiday with her. Christopher himself had seen to Hugo's passports and bought his ticket.

(To be continued.)

An Emergency Repair.

A repairman received a call from a motorist who had become stranded on the road due to breaking of the fabric in the universal joint on the drive shaft. The mechanic knew he could not procure another fabric until the next day, but the car owner insisted that he must proceed on his way as he had an important business engagement. The mechanic then determined to improvise a repair which would meet the emergency.

He knew that strength combined with flexibility was required of the part, but at first was at a loss what to use until he thought of a chain, which seemed to possess the required properties. Accordingly, sections of a skid chain were cut off of a length sufficient to reach between the arms of the universal.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

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

Diamond Dyes

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.

Puzzled Jack.

It was bedtime for four-year-old Jack, but the little fellow wanted to stay up later. His aunt, who tipped the scales at nearly two hundred pounds, said: "Why, Jack, think of me—I am ever so much older than you and I go to bed with the chickens!"

Jack looked at her size, and said: "Well, I don't see how you ever get up on the roost!"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Is this the best Bovril Poster?



A cup of hot Bovril bridges the gap between meals.

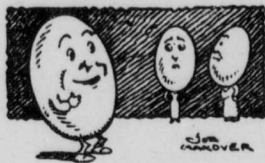
ISSUE No. 4-24.

Try That Salt Cure.

The human body is a marvellously adaptable organism, but few people would be willing to make in person the experiment described at a recent meeting of the Institution of Mining Engineers.

In order to show how the living body could adapt itself to different temperatures by evaporation on the skin, a man was enclosed in a chamber of dry air at a temperature of 200 degrees. A steak was also enclosed in the chamber, and the man watched this cooking in the heat without himself showing any discomfort.

With reference to cramp and fatigue caused by working in hot, dry places, it was stated that these could be cured by adding salt to any water drunk while at work. This discovery is expected to add twenty per cent. to the efficiency of miners working in a heated atmosphere. It is also thought that ship stokers and iron workers will benefit by it.



A Fresh Egg.

Mrs. Egg—"Is he a cold storage egg?"

Miss Egg—"No, he's entirely too fresh!"

Tenants of a property-owner in La Rochelle, France, receive a "bonus" of three months' rent on the birth of the first child and six months' rent on the birth of the second.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

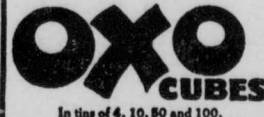
NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the six-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Business and life are like bank accounts—you can't take out more than you put in.

For Invalids

Delicious, strengthening beef-tea and dozens of other tasty and nourishing dishes may be easily and quickly prepared with



In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100.



CANADIAN ALL THROUGH -since 1851

What Is YOUR Favorite Instrument

Violin, Mandolin, Cornet, Saxophone, Banjo?

Haven't you wished you had one of these instruments of your own? Nearly everyone has.

See our new catalog. It contains exact reproductions of every home instrument. It makes a special free trial offer. It contains a startling easy-term proposal, which will enable anyone to enjoy the instrument of his choice while it is being paid for.

FREE LESSONS

A complete course of lessons on how to play each instrument is also outlined in this novel catalog. It shows just what every music-lover wants to know. And it's free to those who send in this coupon at once. Just tear it out, sign your name

to it and slip it in an envelope to-day addressed to us, and the complete book will arrive in your mail right away.

The R. B. Williams & Sons Co., Limited
145 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Send me your new book, "Musical Instruments of Quality," entirely without obligation or expense to me.

NAME

ADDRESS

(W.)

Order Your Farm Help Now

IN VIEW of the great demand for farm help existing in Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway will continue its Farm Help Service during 1924 and will enlarge its scope to include women domestics and boys.

THE COMPANY is in touch with large numbers of good farm laborers in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Switzerland and other European countries and through its widespread organization can promptly fill applications for help received from Canadian farmers.

In order to have the help reach Canada in time for the Spring operations farmers needing help should arrange to get their applications in early, the earlier the better, as naturally those applications which are received early will receive first attention.

Blank application forms and full information regarding the service may be obtained from any C.P.R. agent or from any of the officials listed below. THE SERVICE IS ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

Department of Colonization and Development

WINNIPEG—M. E. Thornton, Superintendent of Colonization

T. S. Acheson, General Agricultural Agent

SASKATOON—W. J. Gerow, Land Agent

H. F. Komor, Special Colonization Agent

CALGARY—T. O. F. Herzer, Asst. to Supt. of Colonization

EDMONTON—J. Miller, Land Agent

MONTREAL—J. Dougall, General Agricultural Agent

C. La Due Norwood, Land Agent

E. G. WHITE,
Assistant Commissioner.

J. B. DENNIS,
Chief Commissioner.