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## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

### CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Carnay had their expenses figured to the last penny long before the jaded express came to its final halt in Ventimiglia station. With her an arithmetical process was mental. She had learned to distrust, even to fear, things set down on paper, and she had no confidantes. The girl by her side, so precious, so infinitely dear, knew very little of what went on in Jean Carnay's head.

A widow and her daughter; a charming couple, indeed, whom only the stigmata of extreme poverty could render undistinguished, and for the moment all outward signs of impecuniosity had vanished. How it had been accomplished was Mrs. Carnay's secret, although the advantages to be gained by changing small English cheques into Italian currency had something to do with it.

"Mother, you are wonderful!" was the tireless comment of the adoring and adored daughter.

And Jean Carnay was wonderful. She had hoarded jealously for a purpose, and now she felt very rich.

For obvious reasons they had traveled first-class. There might be, in fact there were, other passengers on the Rapide who were bound for Bordighera and the Mimosa Palace Hotel. A false step at the start might be fatal to the perfect success of this little holiday. Likewise with their luggage, most of which was new. The smart, neatly lettered trunks, the morocco dressing-bags and roll of rugs would look very well arriving at the Mimosa Palace under the eye of the critical verandah audience which experience of long ago warned Mrs. Carnay would not be lacking.

Now, with coats and skirts well brushed, veils adjusted, and umbrellas tightly furled, the adventuring couple were ready to embark upon the last stage of their long journey.

"Yes," said Jean Carnay to herself, "we are adventures—oh, at least, I am." But her eyes sparkled merrily at the thought and her conscience was as clear as the blue sky. For years she had put aside such bits and pieces of small coin as could be squeezed out of an income frequently described to Alice as "too small to be seen with the naked eye," moving frugally from one foreign pension to another as advantages waxed or waned, practicing such heart-breaking economies as only an impoverished woman of gentle birth can conceive and execute, yet through it all maintaining a cheerful hope that the future—often a remote future—might have something very pleasant up its sleeve, if not for herself, then for Alice.

The hope was now crystallized and the future had become the actual present. They were to have two months in Bordighera at the height of the spring season; two months at the Mimosa Palace, accompanied by two trunkfuls of Parisian clothes and the promise of fine weather. February was just merging into March and it would be nearly May before they trailed back to the pension in Florence, which was the very cheapest of its kind Mrs. Carnay had yet discovered. Two months of calculated extravagance and luxury ahead of them, and—who could tell—it might not end there.

"What made you think of going to Bordighera?" Alice asked as they walked briskly in the wake of their baggage for the Customs examination.

Her mother replied vaguely: "Oh, I don't know. I was there once about a year before you were born. It's a delightful little place, and, of course, the Italian exchange . . ."

"Was it on your honeymoon, mumsy darling?"

Jean Carnay's delicate face flushed and her eyes were a little misty. She looked like a girl thinking of her lover.

"Well, yes—I suppose you would call it a honeymoon," she said.

The prosaic Customs interfered at this point. A trunk and one of the dressing bags had to be opened and Mrs. Carnay was secretly perturbed over a broken box of French cigarettes which she had debated whether to declare or not to declare, and was rather sorry to have decided in favor of smuggling. The Customs official, however, failed to discover them, and with a suppressed sigh of relief the guilty woman relocked her bag while Alice made friends with a young man who wore a cap marked *Mimosa Palace* in bright gold letters.

Away, then, in the smart hotel omnibus, to Bordighera. It was an unattractive dusty road, but on the right lay the sea, and on the left, above mysterious and intriguing valleys, towered the mountains, so that by turning one's head or raising one's eyes there were pleasant things to look upon.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later and they were in beautiful Bordighera, climbing up and up and up the cleverly graded driveway to the Mimosa Palace, in a stage set of palms and flowers against the background of the big white hotel.

Then they found themselves in the charming little suite which Jean Carnay had engaged. After the one stuffy bedroom they had shared in their pension—in all their pensions—this was opulence indeed.

"Oh, mother—oh, what lovely flowers! Who could have sent them? Have we any friends here? You never told me."

Pretty little Mrs. Carnay blushed a furious crimson this time, not merely pink, and murmured something about the management. No doubt the hotel thought it worth while to welcome them so lavishly. The sitting-room was filled with delicate blooms—carnations, roses, freesias, violets—all the generous wealth of the Southern spring-time massed in this one little room.

But they were not the gift of the management. Alice found a card on the writing-table inscribed with the respectful compliments of one Hector Augustus Gaunt.

"I expect it's a mistake, mumsy," she said a little regretfully. "The flowers aren't for us."

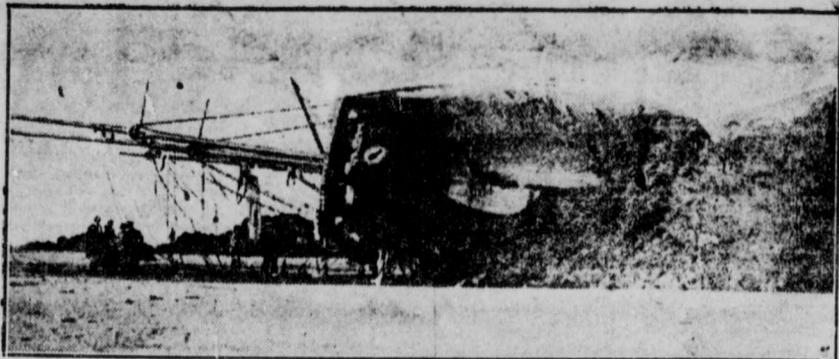
Mrs. Carnay, however, busy directing the porters where to put the trunks, called out casually that oh, yes, she knew a Mr. Gaunt who had a flower farm somewhere back of Bordighera and that just possibly he had got wind of their impending visit. He was an eccentric sort of man but rather nice and in his day had been a more or less celebrated explorer. Alice would be sure to like him should they by any chance meet, but he was a recluse and no doubt would remain hidden in the fastness of his mountain-side villa.

### CHAPTER II.

Alice was used to her mother's habit of reticence, yet it seemed that on this



The Lady—"I always like the Cattle Show, dear. It's the only time I feel really slim."—From London Opinion.



PEACE AFTER STORM

The motor schooner shown above was buffeted by the waves in a great storm off the Cornish coast, and finally left in the fantastic pose as the picture shows.

occasion such an interesting and generous friend as Mr. Hector Augustus Gaunt might have been mentioned. One had so few friends—at least the Carnays possessed few—and Alice often felt their isolation. As for relatives, there were some distant cousins in England with whom her mother corresponded at long intervals; one of them, Christopher Smarle, being a solicitor. He looked after their small affairs and once—when Alice was a child—they had gone to Boulogne to meet him for a discussion of money matters. Travelling about, they made many acquaintances, but Jean Carnay seemed not to care for the more intimate relation of friendship.

Lunch came up, after which Mrs. Carnay had a great many things to do. She persuaded Alice to change into one of the new white frocks and made out a little shopping list, some things to be purchased at the chemists, and a pound of chocolates. Also Alice was to buy one of those fascinating Riviera rush baskets—a blue one—without which no woman visitor feels quite complete: "So useful, darling, for small parcels."

Alice wanted to stay and help her mother unpack and then they could go out together, but she was an obedient child and yielded without much protest to the older woman's wish.

Jean Carnay's head was in the bottom of a trunk when her daughter departed, but it came up again at once, and for a little while the unpacking was suspended. In her petticoat and dressing jacket she sat down at the writing-table and, choosing paper and pen, began a note, making a very pretty picture in spite of her thirty-nine years and gently fading charms. Her hair, not so bright a gold as in her youth, had loosened a little and wavy tendrils clustered about her ears and at the white nape of her neck. Her blue eyes had a far-away expression as she gently nibbled the penholder.

What to say to him? What an absurd man he was, anyway. The flowers had been a genuine surprise. It was not because of Hector Gaunt that she had come to Bordighera, although it was true that a man had lured her to this romantic spot, or the rumor of a certain man. Her own past life was cast resolutely behind her. For fifteen years Jean Carnay had lived only for her daughter. Before then her husband had claimed a great deal of her attention, but after his departure from this world she had been free to devote herself exclusively to Alice. As for Hector Augustus Gaunt, he belonged to a period so remote and so brief that at times she often forgot his existence. Yet she had remembered it sufficiently to send him a postcard from Florence, although not at all sure he was still living at that ridiculous little farm of his high up on the slopes of Monte Nero.

"Dear H. A." (she wrote)—

"Why did you do such a thing? All the same it was very, very kind of you. Alice found your card before I had quite suspected who sent the flowers. We are both very well, but I am getting old. My hair is not so—"

Here she interrupted herself and got up to have a look in the mirror. Resuming the note:

"nice as it used to be, and, of course, there are other changes. However, one cannot expect to remain young forever. I last heard from Christopher Smarle about six months ago and at that time Hugo was quite well. I do not keep in close touch with the family. Needless to say that if you run into us here, make no mention of the unfortunate business which has spoiled so many lives. I enclose a little snapshot of Alice. You might be interested to see what she looks like."

"Thank you so much for the lovely flowers."

"Affectionately yours,"

"Jean Carnay."

This finished, Mrs. Carnay enclosed it in an envelope with the snapshot of Alice, and sent it down to the concierge with instructions that it was to be despatched by hand. Then she returned to her unpacking.

(To be continued.)

Nearly 30 per cent. of all flowers are white.

"I have never had time, not even five minutes, to be tempted to do anything against the moral law, the civil law, or any law whatever. If I were to hazard a guess as to what young people should do to avoid temptation, it would be to get a job and work at it so hard that temptation would not exist for them.—Thomas A. Edison."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

### The Trumpet Creeper.

My brother's farmhouse, writes a contributor to Youth's Companion, has a w'e porch. One August evening all the family except my brother, who had not yet finished his chores, were gathered there. Jim, my nephew, home from high school, where he had been graduated, was telling about the difficulties and hardships encountered by the fellows who tried to work their way through college. "Dad thinks I ought to do it," he said, "for he says the farm isn't paying anything now."

Jim's father, in overalls and shirt sleeves, stooped a d gray, was standing in the doorway behind his son and heard what he said. He came forward to the railing of the porch and pointed to a trumpet creeper near by that had overgrown its low support; many offshoots, after starting out vigorously to find new support, had fallen drooping into the matted mass and had no blossoms. One shoot, however, had stretched out wonderfully and had gained support on a great oak tree several feet away.

"Jim," his father said, "I want you to look at that creeper. See how that one shoot has stretched out some five or six feet and got a firm hold on that oak. Well, I've been watching that shoot for some time and have examined it closely. The wood of it was soft at first, and I couldn't see how it could hold itself up to reach straight out as it was doing; but I found that, as it reached out and grew, the wood at the base of it became hard and tough, very much harder and tougher than the wood of those shoots that you see hanging down and only adding size and lumber to the useless mass of stuff on the old frame. That one shoot which has reached the oak will be worth all the rest; it has found a support big enough and high enough and strong enough. It can climb to the top of it and see the sun rise."

For a minute or two no one moved or spoke. Then Jim got up and took his father's hand. "Thank you, father," he said—"father," not "dad" this time. "You have taught me a lesson that I won't forget. I'll reach out for the oak and will hope to see the sun rise."

### King "Tut" Bought the Best.

The professor and his wife, says Punch, were talking over the remarkable discoveries in King Tutenkhamun's tomb.

"Isn't it wonderful, my dear?" said the professor. "They've actually found in the tomb couches and chairs thirty centuries old and in good condition."

"Well," replied his wife, "I've always said that it pays, in the long run, to buy the best."

### Brides as Bargains.

The throwing of an old shoe after a bridal couple is regarded by most authorities as the survival of a very ancient custom connected with the transfer of property.

Among certain races women were regarded as a species of property, and in some ancient civilizations, that of the Jews especially, the removal and giving of the shoe or sandal confirmed an exchange or sale—a custom asserted to have been derived from the Egyptians.

A superstition with regard to the worn shoe was very widespread, and existed even among the barbarous races. Some have even tried to ascribe it to the time when the bridegroom carried off the bride by force and the bride's family threw things after him as he decamped.

In old Saxon marriages the bride's father handed the bridegroom the bride's shoe, and he touched her with it on the forehead in token of authority.

### Not to be Caught.

A Scotsman disappeared in a crevasse in the Alps. His comrades could do nothing for him, but presently a large party with guides appeared and prepared to rescue the unfortunate man.

A guide was lowered sixty feet into the crevasse, and presently sounds of conversation floated up. In a little while the guide appeared alone.

He had found the Scot sitting on some soft snow with a broken leg, coolly smoking a cigar, and no less coolly refusing to be rescued until he had bargained as to the cost of the operation. A friend of his had been badly "had" over a job of the same sort, and he was determined to stay there until he came to terms.

He won.

### Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The man who can't make up his mind probably has no mind to make up.

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