Superior

to the finest Japans,

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

is the best at any price—Try it.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Hugo smiled unconcernedly and shrugged his shoulders.

"That was all gone into when they tried me for shooting him. We needn't rake it up now."

"Certainly not, Hugo," Jean agreed hastily. "Only—whatever money Mrs. Egan has, you can make no claim on it. You're about the last person in the world who could do so."

Hugo's smile broadened a little. He looked almost enigmatic.

"She'll pay," he said, with a satisfied nod.

Gaunt and Jean exchanged glances, and Gaunt tapped his forehead significantly.

"You frightened the poor lady," he said with brutal directness. "No doubt she thought you still safe at Broadmoor, and to be suddenly confronted by the man who shot down her husband—well, she'd likely promise anything."

But Hugo was unaffected by this bold reference to his crime. He continued to smile—it had become a smirk now—sought in his waistcoat pocket for a tattered packet of cigarettes, lit one, puffed at it in such a way that furious sparks flew out, and swung one knee over the other, thus displaying his utter and perfect confidence in himself and what he had asserted.

Gaunt went back to the original argument with Jean, and he made use of what he did not believe in—Hugo's fortune that was to come from Mrs. Egan.

"Well, you can pay me back when you've more money," he said, and swept all the bills and memoranda into his pocket.

Jean's eyes filled with reproachful tears and Gaunt leaned across the table and took her hand, patting it gently.

"Won't you let me do anything for you and Alice?" he asked. "Could you be cruel enough not to give me just that one little morsel of pleasure?"

Hugo looked at him sidewise—a fluttering, admiring glance—and blew out a perfect shower of sparks.

"You needn't be cruel, Jean," he prompted her. "Old Hector means well, and of course he can pay him back when Mrs. Egan settles her debt to me."

Mrs. Carnay gave in, but principally because she was dreadfully short of money. They would have to pay for their rooms at the hotel in lieu of proper notice, and taking this little villa was not nearly so cheap as it had looked to be at four o'clock that morning. She considered that Gaunt had been grossly extravagant in his orderings. Yet the thing had been done quickly, as she had hoped it might be, and she realized now that by herself she could never have managed it in so short a time. Such a relief that Hugo need not make any further appearance at the hotel.

But he left behind him Carrie Egan, and the trail of unkind gossip which only a word or two from her might start. There was also Philip Ardeyne to be considered.

Jean had watched Dr. Ardeyne closely—oh, so closely. Could one say there was the slightest change in his manner towards Alice? Jean had not detected any. "Uncle John" seemed to have been accepted by him without question.

Her mind reviewed uneasily all that had taken place during the past five hours. Hadn't she herself made a few blunders? Her brows drew together in the weary effort to recall; her lips puckered dismally. How many times had she said "Hugo" instead of "John"? Perhaps it was only her imagination.

"I must see about things," she said vaguely. "You'll stay to supper, Hector?"

"I'll stay, but there's nothing for you to see about. Go in and lie down for awhile."

"Yes, you must take care of yourself," piped Hugo. "Hector and I have a lot to talk about. Men's talk. We haven't seen each other for so long, you know."

Jean hesitated for a brief moment, but she realized that Gaunt really wanted her to go, so she went, wondering what they would talk about when they were alone together.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Ardeyne finished first with his share of the packing. Hugo's slender belongings all went into the two handbags and it did not take long to dispose of them.

The doctor was just about as unhappy as a man in love can be when things are not going altogether well. To begin with, there was the unalterable fact that he cared more for Alice than he had ever believed it would be possible for a man to care for any woman, and he was old enough to know his mind in that respect. Quite apart from any feeling of chivalry, there was his love for her. Yet what sort of a marriage could their be? How could he explain to her that she must never have any children? It was an explanation which would involve a great deal of suffering and humiliation for her.

On the surface, Hugo Smarle was no more than eccentric, and no more eccentric than thousands of other people. But this history of the Smarle family was a terrible one; and "Uncle John," the apparently harmless eccentric, had spent fifteen years of his life in captivity, a criminal lunatic. Yet not—in Philip Ardeyne's opinion—a dyed-in-the-wool homicidal maniac. Smarle's asylum record had been carefully kept, of course, and never once during the whole of those fifteen years was there one mark against him for violence or even for bad temper. He had been at times sulky, depressed, peevish, irritable, mischievous—but these adjectives apply to same people as well as to lunatics. Confined in such a place as Broadmoor, with not the faintest hope of ultimate release, it would be strange indeed if a man did not occasionally lose patience and self-control. On the whole, Hugo Smarle's asylum record had been excellent. But one could not overlook the fact that he had killed a man, and although the [illegible] free he was by no means normal, and could in no way be sure that, given certain circumstances, the old mania would not assert itself. Ardeyne wished there was an extra room at the Villa Charmil, so that he might propose himself as a guest.

He felt that he ought to have a clear understanding with that preposterous Mrs. Carnay, but it would be difficult to broach the subject to her.

As he waited on the verandah of the hotel for Alice and the chauffeur to finish with the trunks, he debated the matter.

His conscience and his reason were all against this marriage. A different sort of man might have complained bitterly, if only to himself, that he had been trapped into the engagement. For that was what it was. Yet sometimes he felt a little sorry for Mrs. Carnay. She lived with such passionate unselfishness for her daughter, was so determined that Alice should be happy, that Ardeyne—now sharing those sentiments—could not altogether dislike her.

At this hour of the day the hotel verandah was always more or less deserted, and the doctor had it quite to himself. He ordered a cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette while he waited in the pleasant shadow cast by the big awnings. It was a very hot spring day, and already the various birds of passage were beginning to wing their way north, or to think about it. There would be no more new arrivals. Ardeyne's own holiday was drawing to its close.

As he sat on the balustrade, swinging one foot and thinking his gloomy, tangled thoughts, Mrs. Egan's car rounded the steep driveway and came to a stop before the hotel entrance. Her chauffeur, now restored to health and her service, jumped out and immediately got into conference with the assistant concierge. There was a ringing of bells and some shouting from the concierge to the lift-boy and from the lift-boy down a speaking tube to the porters' office. Then the chauffeur came back, walked around the silver car punching the tires in turn with his [illegible] turned the bonnet [illegible] cigarette and began to walk about in the baggage enclosure. The lift-boy and assistant concierge came out, and finally the head waiter was seen hovering about inside hospitably ready to speed the parting guest. It gradually dawned upon Philip Ardeyne that Mrs. Egan might be going away.

This suspicion was confirmed presently by the appearance of her maid and luggage. The chauffeur and one of the porters began to strap on a couple of motor trunks; the maid, dressed for travelling, put small bags, rolls of rugs, umbrellas, parasols, golf-sticks and tennis racquets into the tonneau, reserving enough space in a corner of the seat to tuck herself away.

Last of all came Mrs. Egan, hatless as usual, but encased in a big white coat and loose driving gloves. The chauffeur disposed of his cigarette and touched his cap. Everything was ready. The young concierge stood near at hand to wish her good-bye and many happy returns; the head concierge, with his upturned moustache and ready smirk, had taken command of the door of the car.

"Going away?" Ardeyne asked, a little superfluously.

Mrs. Egan looked shrewdly at him. There was a question in that glance, but he did not know what it was.

"Yes," she said. "I'm tired of this place. I'm going home."

"To England?" asked Ardeyne.

"N—no." She laughed a little nervously. "England isn't my home, really. I'm going to Kingston—Jamaica. I've just been looking up the boats, and I can catch one at Marseilles on Wednesday."

Ardeyne regarded her attentively. She certainly had the furtive manner of one who is running away. But from what? Surely not from Hugo Smarle. It should be the other way about, if anything.

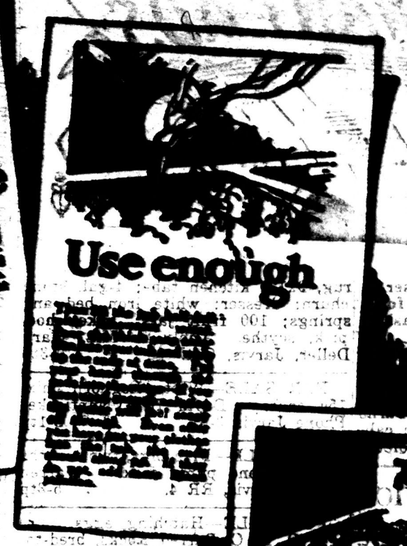
"Isn't this rather sudden?" he asked.

Carrie Egan nodded and displayed her fine teeth in a smile, the quality of which was a little uncertain. She was a mysterious creature, hinting always at subtleties which the ordinary mind is not quick enough to grasp. Here, as one might say, at a moment's notice she was flinging off to a distant portion of the world as unconcernedly—or less so—that Mrs. Carnay had taken the Villa Charmil.

"To tell you the truth, that awful little man, Smarle, gives me the shudders," she said. "Phil, you are a demon. You never let on that he was a relation of your precious Carnays and that you'd have him in tow. I suppose he's your patient?"

(To be continued.)

Dissolve



Use enough

Soak

With Rinso—
snowy-white clothes just by soaking

SIMPLY soaking in Rinso suds loosens dirt, so that it rinses right out.

The old wearing method of rubbing soap on the clothes and then rubbing the clothes to dress away with. There is no need of it with Rinso.

Only the dirtiest places—where dirt was actually ground in—will need just a light rubbing. Where this is necessary, use a little dry Rinso.

Rinso is made by the makers of LUX—the largest soap makers in the world. It does the family wash as wonderfully as Lux does fine things.

Rinso *does the whole job*

Made by the makers of LUX

with it you need no other soap

B-4-98

Woman's Interests

DON'T FORGET THE GIFT GARDEN!

It may seem a little like "rushing the season" to be thinking of Christmas gifts and giving now, but next winter this fore-thought will be appreciated. And, too, there are other special reasons and dates when gifts and remembrances seem to be in order, birthdays and "showers" when the busy housewife may be sorely puzzled for something appropriate and suitable to give. It is not the gift that shows the greatest outlay of money that is appreciated the most, but those that show the careful thought and care of a loving friend.

The gift I appreciated more than any other last Christmas, was a delightful bouquet of "everlastings." They were arranged with ornamental grasses, and were an exceptionally welcome bit of color in our living-room. This little box of brightness was sent half-way across the continent.

Geranium and coleus seeds planted late this spring, and well cared for, will make splendid potted plants for this winter. One summer on the old homestead Mother bought a package of coleus seeds, and that Christmas she had thirty-three potted plants—all different—to distribute among her neighbors as Christmas remembrances.

Coleus seeds are very fine, so Mother mixed them with dry earth, and sifted them out of a salt shaker, so that they might be evenly distributed. They were planted indoors, in shallow pans. Until the little seedlings peeped through they were watered by spreading a flannel cloth over the soil and sprinkling the water on this, so that the tiny seeds would not be washed out.

Most flower lovers will appreciate a little collection of flower seed that have been grown in the flower garden of a friend. These may be from favorite, quick-growing annuals, and may be put in tiny envelopes, with the names of the flowers, as well as directions for growing, if they are needed—on the outside.

Most bulbs multiply very rapidly, and a small box of these products will always make very acceptable gifts. Dahlia and canna tubers are also desirable. Gladiolus, monbretias and jonquils are suitable, as well as many other bulbs.

But while flowers, seeds and bulbs are all unexcelled, they are only a small part of the garden products that may be utilized for gift purposes. A collection of common garden herbs, to be used in seasoning, should prove very acceptable as a gift for the bride. Most of them are perennials, and are all easily grown. Such a collection may consist of sage, sweet marporam, summer savory, anise, and thyme. Two sage plants in our garden have for years provided two families with all the sage they can use, as well as several of the neighbors, and many little gift packages have been made up from the surplus.

A basket of any sort of winter vegetables, such as cabbage, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, or a big squash, is sure to be appreciated by a city friend.

A bunch of sweet lavender may be dried as elaborately or as simply as one chooses. It may be fixed into a dainty sachet for milady's dresser drawer, or it may merely be tied with a ribbon.

A PRETTY "DANCE OR EVENING" FROCK.

4715. Tulle, organdy, chiffon and crepe de chine are desirable materials for this design. Changeable taffeta would also be attractive. As illustrated the dress was made of peach color crepe de chine, with corded pipings of satin, and embroidered chiffon for the yoke portions. A rosette of chiffon and narrow braided girdle finish the waistline.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 3¼ yards of 42-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

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Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.

Diamond Dyes

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.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Old Lady—"My, my, why are those dreadful men pummelling one another so?"

Bystander—"Just arguing over the Bok peace plan, lady, I believe."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A youngster in a primary school wrote the following about the pig: "The pig is very dirty and will eat anything but rhubarb. He has very little, if any, ambition for himself."

"The lack of humane education is the principal cause of crime."

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Nothing pays better when properly managed. Send for our catalogue of beekeepers' supplies. Expert advice freely given.

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Brantford Ont.

KITCHEN SANDPAPER.

Did you know that fine sandpaper will remove those burnt-on stains from the polished steel top of your range? Tack several thicknesses over a handy-sized block of wood and keep in a convenient place. As the outer piece becomes useless tear it off and you have a new one ready. After the sandpaper, go over the top with melted paraffin and—why, the battle-scarred range is just like new!

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

In some Japanese temples may be seen suspended coils of rope woven from human hair. Such ropes, made of hair sacrificed by thousands of women and girls, were used to hoist stone and timber when the temples were built, and are preserved as relics.

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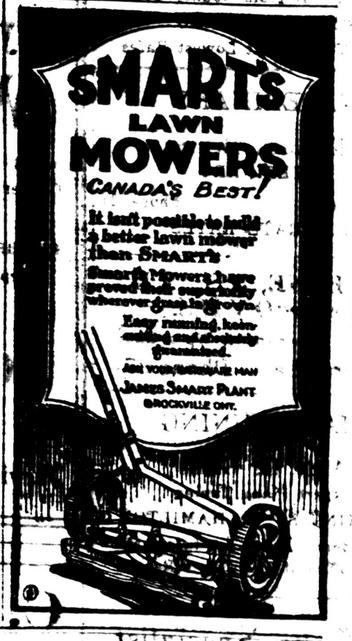

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WRIGLEY'S

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Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion.

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Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.

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Mix Mustard this way

Mix Keen's Mustard with water to the consistency of a thick paste. Add water until the desired thickness is obtained, with the desired flavor is desired mix with milk. Mix mustard freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's

For H

Girls' Insti

ELGIN COU

At the April meeti
the matter of a summ
girls at Port Talbot
would be held in conj
Y.W.C.A. camp, and
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We expect to take thi
meeting.

The president also
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townships regarding

Mr. Smith, having
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an excellent collectio
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The convenors for
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The Elgin girls kee
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Junior Farmers, they
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STRATFORD

The monthly meeting
ford Junior Women's
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After routine busine
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gave a very interestin
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possible to have this
It is of such benefit.
from the Junior Farme
social evening with th
22nd was a very pleasi

We are indeed very p
come to our large famil
baby Institutes. Hope
to grow.—Jeanette Roa

Miss Roadhouse omitt
in her report that the S
have made a layette, and
planning to have a sew

FREELTON.

Our Girls' Circle is
about our new County C
for North and South
which we organized in
the Dept. of Agriculture
Hamilton is well known
tious city and we are
our meetings there. A
secured at the Y.W.C.
year and we will hold
there the first Saturday
at 2 p.m. We are havi
Ross of Macdonald Inst
with us at our first me
are also looking forwa
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are in Hamilton the firs
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cle in the Freelton Bra
with the Junior Farme
ning to give a concert
house on April 30th.
our District Representat
be with us and part of
be given to him to ente
his motion pictures.—L
President.

We expect great thing
ly organized Wentworth
Institute. Let us hope
them next month.

SPRING AND SUMMER

Half the value of an I
sists in doing somethin
well-attended meetings w
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other half of the Institut
but we miss a lot if we d
do something apart f
meetings.

It is with this in m
bring to your attention
things which might be
the spring and summer
know that no one Ins