

# The Fine Qualities of "SALADA" GREEN TEA

cannot be adequately described but they can be appreciated in the teacup. FREE SAMPLE of GREEN-TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

### Variations.

Composers of music have often chosen to take a theme of simplicity, dignity and beauty and repeat it with subtle changes. Sir Edward Elgar wrote a series which he named "Enigma," giving to the sections the initials of his friends. Brahms took a theme from Haydn as his text; Arensky used an idea from a song of Tchaikovsky; some writers of music have borrowed from their own earlier works a melody for ingenious elaboration.

Music owes much of its charm to its modulations, its shifts and its surprises. A great deal of the joy of life at large, outside the realm of music, is due to the unexpected breaking in upon the familiar and the common-places. "Variety is the spice of life" is the proverbial way of putting the truth that human nature delights in the refreshing differences of scene, of personal acquaintance, of vital experience.

Therefore, the vacation. We need now and then to get away from the place we know too well, the people we see too much. Among those people we must count ourselves. We must break loose from that familiar, tyrannous identity that looks at us in the morning mirror, eats out every meal, sits at our desk and does our work and shakes hands with all our friends. To feel like a new man is to put off the old one whom we have endured too long.

How can we bring variety into a life bound down to plain, dull, drab routine, by family cares, by ties not simply industrial, but parental and filial and domestic? How can we break away from business that must be done, when there is no one else to do it? We cannot shirk our burden of duty to other shoulders. We must carry it, since we have no substitute. What is to supply the need of change, the need of a refreshing difference between to-day and to-morrow?

We can make some sort of contrast, if we will. We can refrain from doing the same old thing in the same old way, if we set our minds on a constant improvement in the being that

we bring to every task, and in the doing of the work. We ought to have an intellectual outreach beyond anything we do—if the solid earth is beneath our feet, so are the stars set over our heads to remind us that this world is not all. Perhaps we cannot travel to far places, nor share the presence of delightful people, nor go when we are tired to a delightful avocation. But we can, if we will, "find pleasure in our work." We can do things with a difference—and that difference should mean a quickened enthusiasm, a fresh determination, an unquenchable will to live and to do our best under all conditions. Those looking for a continual holiday, which means no more than a luxurious idleness, will not give much pleasure and comfort to their tiresome selves; but those seeking to enrich life with a fuller meaning and a greater usefulness will never be heard to lament that existence is dull and that there is nothing they care to do.

### Dust as Evidence.

Microscopic examination of the dirt and dust upon the clothing of suspects is a new scheme of the French police to catch criminals.

After cross-examination the suspects are stripped of their clothing, whose superficial dust is first examined under a strong microscope. A vacuum cleaner is next applied to draw out other dirt into a pan.

In some instances a more thorough process, in which heating figures, is used to separate all particles of foreign matter. From the dirt thus secured the detectives determine whether the suspect has been telling the truth.

One murderer tried to prove an alibi by saying that he had slept in an open field the night of the crime. Microscopic examination of his clothing showed that he had slept in a quarry.

An unsuspected carpenter was connected with a murder by means of sawdust found on a piece of overalls which the victim had torn from his assailant and which was found at the scene of the crime.

The chief value of the new plan has been in breaking down the bravado of criminals. They frequently confess when shown that their first stories were lies.

### CLEAN SEED GRAIN

Fanning Mills—Supply screens, wire cloth, zinc, repairs—Chatham Fanning Mills and other makes. Incubator supplies; Thermometers.

MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the eager counsellors depart."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Gaunt wished that he had been quick enough to take the telegram from Jean's hand, but before he got there she had torn it open and read it. The girl stood waiting for her to sign and to know if there was an answer. Jean shook her head. No, there was no answer.

"Sign for me, Hugo," she said. She dropped limply down into one of the little iron chairs and laid her head on the table.

There was no sound or movement from her. Hugo forgot that he was annoyed. He put his arm around her shoulders and bent over her.

"Jean, dear—Jean!" he implored. "Distress in others made him infinitely miserable. Gaunt picked up the yellow slip of paper which had fluttered to the ground and read what was written on it.

"Don't expect letters. Have nothing to write about just now. Both quite well—Alice."

That was all. Gaunt's brows drew together in a puzzled frown, and he put on his horn-rimmed spectacles to make sure there was nothing he had missed.

"Let me see," whispered Hugo. Gaunt handed him the telegram.

"Well—what's the matter? She isn't even ill. What's the matter with you, Jean?" Hugo demanded.

Jean raised her head slowly. Gaunt was shocked by her expression. Life seemed to have gone out of her. She looked like a dead woman.

"Give it to me, please," she said. Hugo gave it to her, and she tucked it into the front of her blouse. Then she got up and went into the villa.

Hugo plucked at Hector Gaunt's coat-sleeve.

"Hector, why is she behaving like that? Ought we to do anything? Will you go in to see what's the matter with her, or shall I?"

Gaunt shook his head. "No, leave her alone," he said gruffly. He began to fill his pipe and made quite a business of lighting it. Hugo watched him anxiously and supplied a second match when the first did not suffice.

"Hector, what was there about that telegram to make Jean so unhappy?" he asked.

"I don't know," Gaunt replied. "Was it because Alice didn't send her love?"

"I don't know."

"Come to think of it—she might have written to her own mother." Hugo was trying hard to work it out for himself. "She might have found time for a little letter—even if she hadn't anything to write about. Jean is so fond of her. Alice ought to have remembered that. She ought to have thought how Jean would be anxious to hear from her. Don't you think so, Hector?"

Hector nodded, and puffed hard at his pipe. He, too, was vastly perplexed.

"Where are they staying?" Hugo asked.

"Who—Ardeyne and Alice?"

"Of course. Who did you think I meant?"

"At the Schweizerhof, Ardeyne said."

"Then I shall write and tell Alice what I think of her," Hugo announced firmly. "She's an ungrateful daughter."

Gaunt threw him a dark look. "Please don't forget that she doesn't even know you're supposed to be her father," he said.

Hugo's expression was subtly stubborn. He favored his friend with one of those sly sideways glances of his which told so little, yet conveyed an expression of infinite wisdom.

"I shall sign it 'Uncle John' of course," he said. "Nevertheless that doesn't alter my right to tell her what I think of her. Even in these days a father has a few rights."

Gaunt's expression grew a little darker. He sat down in the chair deserted by Jean, and puffed very hard indeed at his troublesome pipe. There again was the thing which had so worried Jean—Hugo's assumption of fatherhood. It must be scotched once and for all, else there might be rocks ahead. No one can foretell the demands of the future. Gaunt pointed to a chair on the other side of the table.

"Sit down, Hugo. I want to talk to you."

Hugo slipped furtively into the chair in a defiant schoolboy manner. Argument was written large all over his weak little face. Gaunt, who knew him of old, must have realized that he was in one of his peculiarly stubborn moods; but Gaunt, too, could be stubborn and in the long ago it had been easy enough to deal with Hugo Smarke A word or frown from the beloved idol had always brought Hugo to his knees. Perhaps Hector Gaunt traded too heavily on his past knowledge of this odd little man.

"What do you want to talk to me about?" Hugo asked with a great assumption of meekness.

"About Alice and your supposed relation to her," Gaunt replied. "It may become necessary to tell the truth con-

cerning herself. Do you understand?" Apparently Hugo didn't; that is, not fully. He implied as much.

"Jean doesn't want her to know that I've ever been in Broadmoor," he said. "It might make her nervous if she thought anyone ever believed her father was insane."

Gaunt brought his clenched fist down heavily on the table, leaning forward and trying to fix Hugo with a blasting stare. Unfortunately Hugo was not to be fixed.

"You know you are not Alice's father," Gaunt said coldly. "Why are you making this absurd pretence?"

Hugo blinked. "I think you must be a little mad," he murmured. "Really, Hector, it doesn't sound quite nice."

"Nice!" bellowed Gaunt. "I'm not trying to be nice."

"Hush! Not so loud!" Hugo threw an apprehensive glance towards the villa, but Jean was probably in her own room on the other side of the house.

Gaunt modified his voice. "Some day it may be necessary for all of us to face facts," he went on. "All of us, I say—including Alice and her husband. That telegram, for instance—I'm inclined to think there's something behind it. Ardeyne may have found out that you're supposed to be Alice's father. He may have told Alice."

Hugo shifted uneasily. The same idea had occurred to him—that is to say, that Ardeyne had told Alice. He didn't want Jean to know how he had been fooling her about Ardeyne all this time. In his own troubled mind that was the complete solution of Alice's strange silence, followed by that cold and baffling telegram.

"I wish you wouldn't keep on saying that I'm supposed to be Alice's father," he said, peevishly. "I'm not ashamed of her—although I can quite well understand Jean's attitude as regards me. Some people might think that I really had been insane, but if I chose to speak the truth about myself I could soon put all that right. I pleaded 'Not guilty,' and I wasn't guilty. It was the lawyers who put forward a plea of insanity, as well. They took a lot on themselves, I can tell you. Carrie Egan knows about it. She knows just how mad I was—"

"I don't care a hang about any of that," Gaunt interrupted angrily. "The fact remains—"

"Dinner's ready," said Jean from the doorway.

Her face was still ghastly white, but she was quite composed and her voice even sounded cheerful. Hugo rose with alacrity.

"Dinner's ready," he repeated, although the information seemed superfluous.

Gaunt also rose. For the second time in the course of their long friendship Hugo Smarke had beaten him. The first occasion, of course, was when he followed Jean in her flight to London and persuaded her to marry him. Gaunt had no more than realized the fact that she had flown when the news of her marriage to Hugo reached him.

As things were, it seemed impossible to continue the discussion just now. It was a most uncomfortable meal. Jean was lively and chatty, overflowing with high spirits. She talked of wanting a change. The Villa Charmil was getting tiresome; Bordighera was much too hot—not an ideal summer resort by any means. They would move on.

Hugo clapped his hands and ably seconded her suggestions. Gaunt was very gloomy. He couldn't bear the thought of his loneliness, nor the thought of Jean wandering about having the care of that little madman with no one to help her in case she needed it.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART  
 Grand Park, Toronto  
 DRAWING-PATRICK-SCULPTURE-DESIGN  
 DIPLOMA COURSE (JUNIOR COURSE)  
 TEACHERS COURSE—COMMERCIAL ART  
 G. A. REID R.C.A. Principal  
 Session 1924-5 Opens October 6th  
 For Prospectus apply to Registrar

**KELSEY Healthy HEAT**  
 Kelsey Heating is Right Heating  
 The Kelsey warm air generator will heat every room in your house. It is easy to operate and costs less for fuel than any other heating method. Heats both small and large houses with equal satisfaction. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS  
 CANADA FURNISHED & FORGONES LIMITED  
 JAMES SMART PLANT BROCKVILLE ONT.

**CREAM**  
 Ship your Cream to us and obtain the best results with highest price for number one quality. Daily returns, cans supplied, and express charges paid. Write for cans now.  
 BOWES CO., Ltd. - TORONTO  
 ISSUE No. 35-24.



### Making wash day pleasant—

Just use Rinso where you used to use bar soap—for soaking, boiling, or in your washing machine.



THE hardest part of wash-day, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, has given way to the new method of soaking the clothes clean with Rinso. This wonderful new soap gently loosens the dirt and a thorough rinsing leaves things white and glistening as you never could get them before. Only spots where the dirt is ground-in, such as neck bands, cuff edges, and the like need a light rubbing, and a little dry Rinso rubbed on these spots quickly makes the dirt disappear.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

**Rinso**  
 MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

### A Quest for Truth.

The 1924 session of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Toronto was not a meeting of savants "voyaging through strange seas of thought" where ordinary mortals cannot follow. Some of the conferences dealt with issues of direct and vital consequence, having to do with the nutritive value of man's daily bread. What the colloid is to chemistry the vitamin is to our food. The huge and fundamental question that physicists are asking and answering—"What goes on within the atom?"—becomes the everyday concern of grocer and housekeeper. For a sound physique depends on the right answer to just such questions as were raised at Toronto with regard to the essential constituents of human diet.

Research continues even while a sensational murder trial engages an audience of distant, invisible millions; while multitudes have little mental employment on any plane above jazz or the whims of fappers. Science pays no tribute to sensationalism. It discounts flamboyant prophecies intended to advertise the prophet. Its sole concern is for the fact, and when hundreds cross the ocean for such a deliberation, it is reassuring to those who are inclined to regard our contemporary epoch as a frivolous and even decadent age.

### Of Course.

The temperance lecturer warned to his subject. "What is this menace, this vicious plague that threatens the nation?" he cried. "Can any of these within the hearing of my voice name the thing that is robbing the youth of our land of hours of innocent pleasure, of gainful accomplishment and even of life itself?" "Tater bugs!" responded a shrill voice from the rear of the hall.

### Anxious to See.

At Wembley a little girl accosted an official outside the Australian section and asked him: "Please, sir, can you tell me what time the Australians are fed?"

**WRIGLEYS**  
 after every meal  
 Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion. Relieves that overcast feeling and acid mouth.  
 Its L-e-s-t-i-a-g flavor satisfies the craving for sweets.  
 Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.  
 Sealed in its Family Package.  
 R23  
 The flavor lasts!

### ST. JOHN'S

Many Boats M... Passengers o...

A despatch from... With sections... coast strewn with... vessels failing to re... tions; with no hope... all told, of the th... Anna MacDonald, p... have come ashore o... spect Ledges, near... with the American... Shanghai wrecked... Bluff, Canso, but he... ally and miraculously... coastal steamer A... Nell's Harbor, Cape... her crew and pass... about 70, rescued... drowned at Yarm... schooner Lizzie E... on the Yarmouth bar... ent on Thursday... swept over this... night took a heavy... shipping.  
 Not for years has... up along the ledge... headlands of the P... victims to destructi...  
 The schooner Juc... Devons, which was... ed and about to be... near the Bird Rock... just as several cr... were despatched in... Captain stated his... tired with fighting... sound asleep in the... ed by the vessel that... of their peril to S... hear either hail o...  
 The coastal sh...

### FOUR MONTHS

18,870

### Return to D...

Spell Across... With 7,005 U...

A despatch from... During the four mo... June and July of... 64,028 immigrants... Canada, and dur... total of 18,870 Ca... this country from... of which total 16,6... born citizens, 1,64... jects who had a... domicile, and 1,05... citizens (naturaliz...  
 This makes a tot... of Canadians retu... fted States in the... the present fiscal... April the total r... was 4,078; in May... 4,720, and in July...  
 July's total of... Canada, which was... crease of 23 per c... month last year... 64,023 for the fo... July 31 was an a... cent over the co... last year. Of the... months, 33,248 w... were from the Uni... 770 were from o... July this year 4,7... 573 were from the... 4,416 from other... been the usual r... immigration into... summer months, e... ing the high mark... was an increase o... the same month in...  
 The first ship... salted butter was... recently, compris... After deducting f... cents per pound, t... cent per pound o... tion for salted bu...

### Summerside, P...

ing continues to... of fur farming in... to a report issue... Statistics. Accord... there were 1,179 f... tion in 1923, of... were situated in... land, 123 in Nova... Brunswick, 198 in... tario, 22 in Man... chewan, 44 in Al... Columbia, and 21... revenue derived f... foxes and pelts t... 1923, compared w... preceding year.  
 Halifax, N.S.—... used dry weather... been quite heavy... the total yield for... ley is now estimat... rels, which is ap... cent of last year... practically no l... pests, but there is... ing, even in some... orchards.  
 St. John, N.B.—... Prince Edward I... hay yields, while... an average crop... make satisfactory...  
 Quebec, Que.—... start work short... a new pup and p... saph d'Amna. TH...