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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

So Alice was now Mrs. Philip Ardeyne. She smiled shyly when her husband reminded her of her new name and presently slipped off her glove, just to see what a married woman's hand looks like. Her own hand, her own wedding ring. It was odd. She was married, and presently she would have visiting cards fashionably advertising the fact that she had become the wife of Philip Ardeyne.

She had read in a book—or books?—where the bride says to herself in view of such a tremendous change: "But I feel exactly the same!"

"Do I, too, feel the same?" she wondered. Surely the novels should be right. She ought to feel the same and to marvel that this state of marriage could make so little difference.

But with her, it was not as the books said. She did not feel at all the same. She was missing something of tremendous importance.

"What is it, my darling?" Ardeyne asked, following her anxious glance which had travelled over every inch of the stuffy compartment, and was now concentrated upon the rack above his head.

"I don't know," Alice replied slowly. Then she laughed, under the stimulus of sudden enlightenment. "Oh, Philip, how funny! Of course it's Mumsey!"

"Where? What do you mean?" Ardeyne looked hastily around.

"Not here, silly boy. That's the whole point of it. I felt so strange—as though something had gone wrong—that we'd left a bag, perhaps. But it's Mumsey. Why, I do believe we've never been separated in all our lives—in all my life, I should say—for as much as a single night. I never went away to school, Philip. Mumsey and I have always been together, so you see."

"Tell me more about your childhood, my precious one," Ardeyne said quickly. "He crossed over and sat beside her, slipping his arm through hers and possessing himself of the little hand which wore such a very important symbol on its third finger.

They had the compartment to themselves, which was very pleasant. Of course, it was impossible to say whether or not they could continue to monopolize it, but the conductor had been well tipped, so there was every hope.

"About my childhood," Alice repeated. "I wonder what would interest you. After daddy died we came to live abroad because it was cheaper."

Ardeyne laid his cheek against hers, and both of them stared out of the window at the flying scenery.

"How old were you when your father died?" he asked.

"About four, I think—or nearly four."

"Do you remember him at all?" Alice wrinkled her brows.

"Sometimes I imagine I do. But I can't be sure. I remember that he sang a great deal. Once there's a song of Uncle John's that daddy used to sing, I'm sure."

"How does it go?"

She began to hum softly:

"Oh, Norah Acushla, the roses are waking,
The lark sings his matin song sweetly on high,
And still you are sleeping, your true love forsaking,
Who waits 'neath your window, to bid you good-bye!"

"The tune came back to me the other day when I heard Uncle John singing it."

There was a little silence, then Ardeyne asked: "Have you a picture of your father?"

Alice shook her head. "There isn't a single one. Mumsey says he would never have a photograph taken. He was a soldier, you know. He died splendidly—for his country."

Ardeyne experienced a sickening sense of helplessness.

It had seemed not easy, but at least possible, to tell Alice the truth about herself, but how on earth could he destroy this simple, confident belief in a brave father who had died so splendidly for his country. To tell her that "Uncle John" was her father, and that Uncle John was really Hugo Smarle, a notorious ex-criminal lunatic? That was what he had meant to tell her.

"I'd like to hear some more," he said huskily. "And so you and your mother travelled?"

"We lived a great deal in Florence. It was quite cheap in the old days. Lately, of course, every place has been too expensive for us." She sighed.

"Poor Mumsey. You'd scarcely believe what a struggle she's had to make both ends meet. I don't suppose any girl ever possessed a more unselfish mother. She did everything for me. I never had a nursemaid, and often I've felt sorry for children who did. Why, Mumsey even made my clothes, coats as well as frocks. And most of her own, too. She's rather wonderful, Philip."

"Yes, she is," he agreed. "I hope she'll let us do something for her to make things a little easier, now."

"Oh, I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "She mightn't care to accept anything. You see, she won't have me now, and there's Uncle John to help her. It's rather noble of you, Philip, to take on a penniless wife. Still, I'm not absolutely penniless, come to think of it. Uncle John has given me a marvelous present. He calls it a dowry. How useful that will be when you begin to ill-treat me, Philip. Uncle John was so funny about it. He said, 'If Ardeyne threatens to lock you up or anything, why you just give him the slip.' Uncle John's such an odd little man. Honestly, you might almost have imagined that he was serious."

Ardeyne's lips compressed in a tight line. There was something he hadn't thought of—that she might run away from him if she were told that dreadful thing. He couldn't prevent her from doing it, except by persuasion and that might so easily fail.

Well, thank heaven, it wasn't necessary to raise the unpleasant ghost just yet. He couldn't tell her on a train journey, anyway. Whatever happened, it must wait until they got to Lucerne.

Circumstances continued to help him. The journey proved crowded and uncomfortable. There was a sleeping car attached to the train, but Ardeyne had left the matter of securing berths a little too long, and in spite of tips and persuasion the conductor did nothing for them, for the simple reason that he could not. It was impossible even to keep the carriage to themselves. It filled up at Milan.

Alice opened sleepy eyes to find people stowing bags over her head and fighting each other for seats. Some of them, together with their luggage, reflowed into the corridor. Philip was deeply annoyed with himself for his forgetfulness. Ordinarily this train was not so crowded, but now, of course, everybody who could do so was going north. He ought to have remembered that for such an important event as his honeymoon journey. There had been plenty of time.

Yet for Philip Ardeyne, immersed in his serious problems, those three weeks had flown. He had been like a man looking forward to execution rather than marriage.

Still, he was married. He had her safe with him, and she did not seem to mind the inconvenience of the crowded carriage. She fell asleep again, her face against the little travelling pillow, her hands held close in her husband's, well tucked down under the rug so that no one should see.

And as they sat side by side through the long night, the young bride, mercifully unconscious of the fate which hung over her, the doctor-husband sunk in his unhappy thoughts, another traveller was journeying to meet them.

A thin, long-lipped man, a man who had never been seen to smile and who spoke Dutch with a capital letter—in many ways a most disagreeable man—was also on his way to Lucerne.

Unfortunately, Jean's letter had mentioned to Christopher Smarle that the honeymoon was to be spent in that favored spot.

Christopher, although he had bribed no conductor, was far more comfortable in his second-class compartment than the Ardeynes were in their first-class one. He had it completely to himself after Brussels, and stretched out and went to sleep without the slightest effort, his conscience being as clear as a bell.

But he awakened early, and there being no breakfast-car in the train, he suffered a little until Metz, where a cup of coffee and a sausage sandwich obtained through the carriage window gave him happy relief from the pangs of hunger.

At Bale, where he changed, there was plenty of time for lunch. Only yesterday he had got that letter. What luck that he was able to make his arrangements and catch the two o'clock Continental express. If he had calculated correctly, he must reach Lucerne only a few hours behind the befooled wedding couple. There was a tremendously large choice of hotels, but he felt instinctively that Dr. Ardeyne would select the most expensive and attractively situated.

One thing puzzled Christopher Smarle. He had met Ardeyne during the business of Hugo's release from Broadmoor. Could it be possible, as that criminal woman, Jean Carnay, suggested, that the doctor really did not know Hugo's identity? It could only mean that she had managed to keep Hugo hidden away somewhere.

All sorts of sinister ideas seemed to lurk between the lines of her letter. She had tried to be frivolous—he could see that with half an eye—and she really was frivolous at heart, but dangerous and wicked as well. Always he had suspected it, and now he knew.

A dead sort of resentment stirred in Christopher Smarle's breast. Years ago that woman had tempted him. He never knew it; no one but himself knew. Years ago, when Alice was still a little girl, he had crossed over to Boulogne to see Jean on a matter of business, and he—a very good man, the husband and father of a family—had been moved to a momentary sense of desire for her. Those violet eyes, that yellow hair of hers, that foolish, fluttering way she had of seeming not to know how to look after herself—he had been cruelly tempted by the combination of attractions which went to make up the *tout ensemble* of Hugo's wife. A word from her, a meaning glance from the violet eyes, and Christopher Smarle would have come tumbling off his high pin-

nacle. Afterwards he remembered the temptation and believed that he hated her because she was a sinner, but had he gone into the matter thoroughly he would have been obliged to admit that it was because she had never spoken the provocative word or thrown him the enticing glance. Had she known or faintly guessed what was in his mind?

Afternoon now. Christopher was travel-stained and badly needed a shave. The grey stubble that had sprouted overnight on his chin was most unbecoming, but he felt that he had little time to waste on making himself beautiful.

Among other necessities, his little bag contained a wet sponge, a safety razor and a clean collar. Drawing down the corridor blinds, he accomplished a fairly satisfactory toilet, although the shave might have been better had conditions been more favorable.

When the train steamed into the big station at Lucerne he was quite presentable.

(To be continued.)

Which?

"Do It Now" and "Wait a Bit" are known to one and all—Which of them belongs to you by choice?

By their use you'll notice that your fortunes rise or fall:

"Do It Now" will make your heart rejoice.

"Wait a Bit," the sluggard's phrase, with idleness imbued, Shirks the task from which it runs away.

Cast it off, and own it not, an enemy so rude;

Start with "Do It Now" this very day.

"Do It Now" steps out the opportunity to seize, Chance that ne'er may come your way again;

"Wait a Bit" lolls carelessly in idleness and ease, Chance to rise may knock, and knock in vain.

Which of these belongs to you, to make for good or ill?

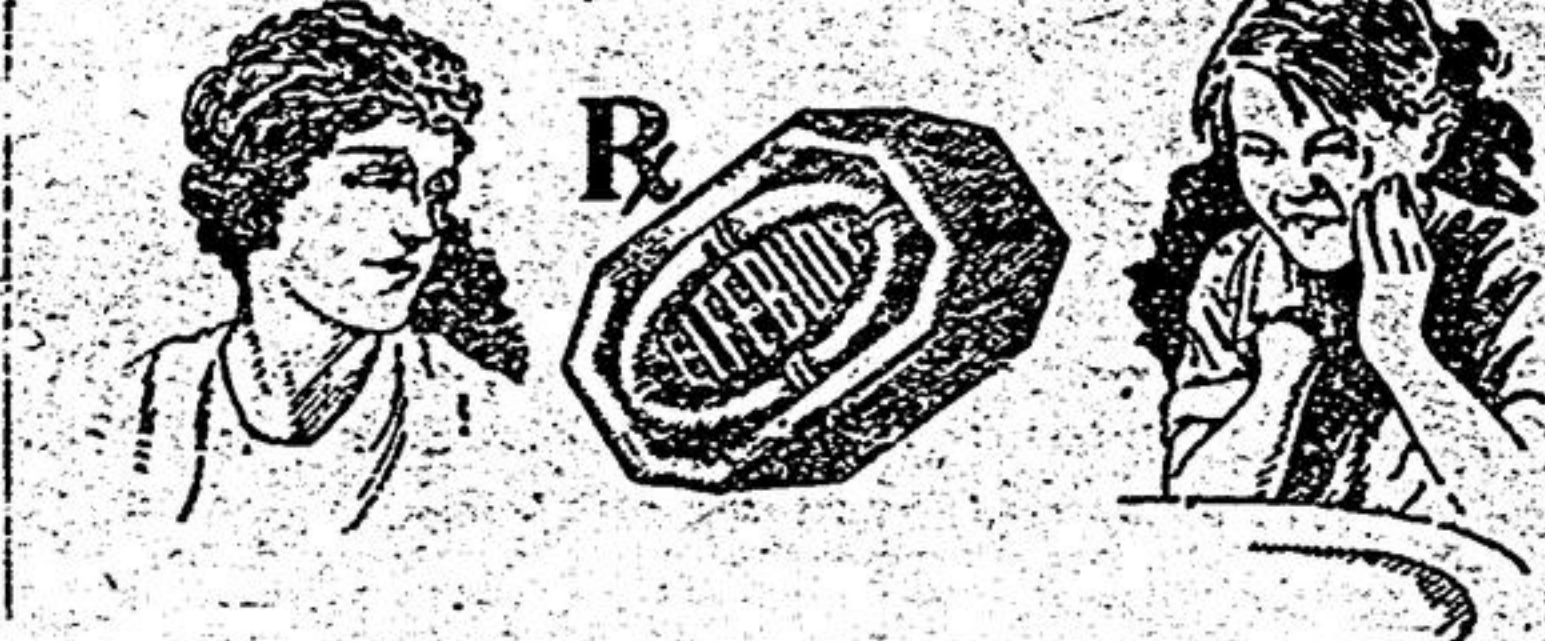
"Do It Now" the wise man makes his own.

"Wait a Bit" will pull you down and keep you waiting still.

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or aged and sometimes to a bride. They all love them. You never make a mistake when you give a plant to anyone.—Mrs. J. O.

Birds in Summer.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

Flitting about in each leafy tree; In the leafy trees, so broad and tall, Like a green and beautiful palace hall, With its airy chambers, light and boon, That open to sun, and stars, and moon.

That open unto the bright blue sky, And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

How pleasant the life a bird must be! Skimming about on the breezy sea, Cresting the billows like silvery foam, And wheeling away to its cliff-built home!

What joy it must be to sail, upborne By a strong free-wind, through the rosy morn,

To meet the young sun face to face, And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze, To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;

Lightly to soar, and to see beneath The wastes of the blossoming purple health,

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold;

That gladden some fairy regions old! On mountain tops, on the billowy sea, On the leafy stems of the forest tree, How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

—Mary Howitt

Protecting Whales.

How to protect whales from extinction is a matter to which the British Colonial Office is giving serious attention. The Arctic is already "whaled out," and the Antarctic is being intensely hunted. A scientific expedition sent out to study the question will shoot small metal darts into whales found south of the equator. They will lodge firmly in the thick blubber without causing and appreciable pain to the animals and will serve as identification marks if the whales are captured later. If it can be proved, as is hoped, that the whales return regularly to a breeding ground off the coast of Africa, it will be a simple matter to protect them.

The stained-glass east window of York Minster is 76 ft. 9 in. high and 32 ft. wide, and is the largest of its kind in the world. There is not one piece of glass larger than the top of an ordinary teacup. There is a larger window in Gloucester Cathedral, but the glass is supported by masonry.

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Woman's Interests

SIMPLE WAYS TO GOOD LOOKS.

Jenny, who washes my hair, was discussing good looks the other day. She says it isn't the color of one's eyes or the shape of one's nose that makes one pretty; it's one's state of mind. And, after all, there is a great deal of truth in her assertion. Just glanced quickly into a mirror when tired or cross or even very busy. Isn't your expression dull? Aren't the lines about your mouth drooping? And indeed don't you feel you are a plain-looking person, to say the least? Quite different from the flushed, pretty woman who smiles back at you when you are gay and on the alert, are you not? Now, while still gazing into the mirror, smile at yourself and see how much prettier you become.

Just keeping up one's spirits will do wonders, but a little judiciously used cold cream helps a lot too, and even though beauty parlors and skin specialists are miles away, one can keep quite fresh and pretty. A good cleansing cream should occupy a place on the feminine dressing table and also a good skin food. These must be wisely selected and applied with care. The mission of the cleansing cream is to remove from the face all the dust and grime of the day. Rub it gently on the skin with a smooth upward motion; then when the superfluous cream is removed, the skin food can be applied in the same way. Remember, the facial muscles are very tender and are easily broken down with rough treatment, so let the fingers coax the lines from the corners of the mouth and around the eyes gently but firmly.

Even if one should be tired to exhaustion at night, a minute or two can be given to the weary facial muscles, and the next day will show the benefit of the cold-cream treatment. The farm woman with a plentiful supply of rain water at her command is fortunate indeed, for this is a far better cosmetic than money can buy, but she must use it without the aid of drying soaps which roughen the skin. There are times when no water at all is better than even the softest and purest of rain water. When one has been exposed to the hot sun for a long time or to dusty, driving winds, let water alone and use the cleansing cream instead. It will remove the grime efficiently and yet leave the skin soft and pliable.

"Shampooing is a serious matter," says Jenny, "not to be hurriedly rushed through." It should not be attempted until one has plenty of time, for badly washed hair and hair which is not thoroughly rinsed is worse than dirty hair, to her way of thinking. Jenny first removes all the snarls, starting to comb the separate locks at the ends and gradually working up to the scalp. It's a splendid way and every snarl comes out without unnecessarily breaking the hair. Then, with a tiny oil can filled with olive oil, which she heats slightly, she goes

over the scalp, dropping tiny drops of oil and massaging them with a circular movement, rubbing the scalp and not the hair. It feels delightful when it is done just right.

For the shampoo, Jenny uses a pure mild soap cut into chips and melted in boiling water. A quantity can be prepared at once if desired. She never rubs the cake of soap itself on the hair, as this is sure to make it sticky. Jenny washes the hair thoroughly twice, going over every inch of the scalp with care. Then when the rinsing time comes, she rinses and rinses, not being content with merely having the water run off clear; it must keep on doing so for some time. This is the real secret of a successful shampoo, for if not a particle of soap is left in the hair it cannot help but be soft and fluffy. Jenny uses warm water for all the rinsings! Gray or white hair has a tiny bit of bluing added to the rinse water. "One blues one's white frocks," says Jenny, "so why have yellowish or dingy hair?"

If one's hair is curly the least bit, one waits until it is partly dried and then arranges it about the face accordingly, holding it in place with combs and pins. She can give a wonderful marcel in this manner if her supply of little combs is large enough, and it would pay the woman who is the fortunate possessor of curly hair to invest in some of these thin expensive combs for this purpose. Jenny ties a veil over the combs to keep them in place until the hair is very dry so that the curl will "set," as she says.

When one's face and hair are all prettied up, a light dusting of powder gives a splendid finish to one's beautifying. The powder will not show if care is used in its selection. A creamy tint for the dark-skinned woman is best, whereas the fair-haired woman with a bland skin will find the best results are achieved from a flesh or rose-colored powder. The eyebrows will need a tiny bit of attention also, if the face is to have that much-desired well-groomed appearance, and a small toothbrush serves admirably to smooth them and keep them in an even graceful line. Really this last little service is of greatest importance, as carelessly kept eyebrows can so easily mar an otherwise pretty face.

SLIP YOUR FLOWERS.

I have a neighbor that has a window full of beautiful flowers, one is a geranium red blossom with a white eye in the centre of each flower. I asked her for a slip and she said there was none but what had a bud on. Had I been Mrs. Neighbor I would have broken off a slip and given it. In the spring I slip all my plants and I bury seeds of primrose, cyclamen and cineraria and sprout them in a sunny window. When large enough I put them in pots. They bloom in the fall or winter and I carry them to the sick

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ISSUE No. 30-24