

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 commonplace. "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, tyrannical 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 on, 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

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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 tied 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 overall 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.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YGRK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

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 persisted.

"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, leaned his elbows on the stone table, and puffed very hard indeed at his troublesome pipe. There again, was this thing which had so worried Jean—Hugo's cool 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 Smarie. 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, so Gaunt and 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 Smarie 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 and she.

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.

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A Quest of Truth.

"Don't go away," he said, addressing Jean. "Come and stay with me at the farm, as I asked you to before."

Hugo waited apprehensively for her reply. He much preferred the larger world to Monte Nero, devoted as he was to Gaunt.

"I'm too restless," Jean said. "Thank you all the same, Hector."

"Me, too," Hugo chimed in. "I'm much too restless. But we're quite appreciative, Jean and I. It's most kind of you to ask us."

Gaunt brushed him aside as though he had been an irritating insect.

"Jean—I'm asking you not to go," he repeated. "Bordighera will be quite endurable for another two months."

"This villa is hot and stuffy now," protested Hugo. "And the roof leaks. I want to go to London and start in business for myself. I've got a wonderful scheme."

Jean threw him a distrustful glance. "Oh, Hugo, no—no, you mustn't!" she cried.

"You see," said Gaunt. "Once get him away from here and you'll have your hands full."

She rose, and the men followed her out into the narrow strip of garden. Hugo pulling at Gaunt's arm and protesting all the time that he didn't mean to be kept in bondage, that if Jean wanted to leave Bordighera, what affair was it of Hector's?

"Hector, don't you realize that I'm unhappy and restless?" Jean said. "You can guess why easily enough. My little girl has forgotten me already. I don't understand. I want to get away where I can forget."

"You can't get away from yourself, my poor dear," Gaunt said quietly. "And I'm only thinking of what is best for you and Hugo—setting aside the fact that I want to be able to look after you."

Hugo took from his pocket the bamboo pipe he had made and stared at it in a wondering fashion, as though it were a new discovery. Then his face lit up. He set the pipe to his lips and played a few notes, throwing Gaunt and Jean his sly, sideways glances.

"Waving the pipe," he cried. "I could be quite happy at the Villa Tatina!"

Gaunt looked at Jean, and a faint color mantled her wan cheeks.

"And you?" he asked.

"I was happy, there, once," she replied. "Too happy. That garden swarms with ghosts."

"Maddelina is such a good cook," pleaded Hugo. "There's the tower room. I could take up my painting again. You said you didn't want me to go into business, Jean. If I can be happy at the Villa Tatina, why can't we go there? It's just because I want to go. I suppose whatever I want, everybody opposes."

As far as Hugo was concerned, any change, however slight, was better than none at all.

"And there's Tito," he went on. "I'd give anything for a dog. Maddelina would let me have him, I know. At least, she'd let me pretend he's mine—while we're there. Maddelina is such a good cook and you know how bothered you've been with Louisa."

It was settled by Hugo and Gaunt between them, but Jean's consent did not prove difficult to obtain. In spite of the ghosts which haunted the garden, she was drawn to the dear, old place.

In less than a week they had exchanged their very modest quarters for the more spacious domain of the Villa Tatina.

It was like coming home after twenty long years of lonely wandering.

(To be continued.)

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 flappers. 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 warmed to his subject.

"What is this menace, this vicious plague that threatens the nation?" he cried. "Can any of those 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?"

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