

## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,  
From minds the suggest counselings depart."

**CHAPTER XXVI.**

It scarcely seemed possible that everything was over. Yes, and safely over. Not one break or hitch in the delicately balanced situation.

Hugo behaved beautifully. He was as quiet as a little mouse, as self-effacing as no one could have hoped for, as tactful as the ideal diplomat. Jean need not have suffered one moment's uneasiness. Needless to say, she was concerned.

But from the first moment when Philip Ardeyne's keen glance swept him at the station in Genoa, and the greeting, "I hope you're keeping well, Mr. Ballas," had been addressed, Hugo was on guard.

The slight of Ardeyne brought back to him all the horrors of captivity, the memory of long years in that place, and their unspeakable dreariness. Hugo would rather cut his throat, he said to himself, than be made to go back, and Ardeyne was closely associated in his mind with Broadmoor. Hence, although Jean was unaware of the cause—Hugo's perfect docility. He was a little lamb of meekness, a little lamb which quivered under the wolf's ravishing gaze. Every time Ardeyne looked at him, he felt a certain speculation in the doctor's eyes, and it was only too true.

But poor Hugo was far from guessing the real reason for Ardeyne's revived professional interest in him. The doctor was not asking himself if Hugo Smart's insanity had begun to re-manifest its symptoms. He harbored no cruel intentions towards the little man whom he had every reason to believe was Alice's father. The doctor's thought ran very differently. He was now trying to believe that madness is really curable; that perhaps Hugo Smart had never been mad, or that—if once insane—he was now cured; that too much stress is laid upon heredity by unfeeling scientists.

Ardeyne was faced with such a problem as most other people might solve lightly, and with no care for correct results, but which for him was rendered impossible of solution because of his conscience and his knowledge.

Giving up Alice did not enter into it. He had no intention of giving her up. He loved her too well to leave her to the mercy of chance, too well to forsake his intention to look after her himself. No one was better qualified; yet on the other hand, no one could suffer more than he in doing so.

He had never been religious, but now dimly he began to perceive that the greatest of all living truths, that a man needs something apart from himself upon which to lean for help and guidance.

But for one thing, he did have sufficient strength. No one dreamed what was passing in his mind; no one, at least of all Alice—suspected his great dread of the future.

He met her with the ardent tenderness of the conventional bridegroom; he was gay and cheerful, and Mrs. Carnay, taking heart of grace, drew in a deep breath of thankfulness. Had she faintly guessed what was in his



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Whittens teeth, sweetens breath and is the goody that keeps the mouth clean.

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He was breathing like someone who had just finished a race. His face was white, glittering with perspiration; his narrow chest rose and fell laboriously.

"If I ever meet Ardeyne again I'll kill him," he squeaked.

"Just shuddered. Oh, indeed—give thanks to Heaven that Hector Gaunt was here! What would she have done without him?"

"To think that my daughter is married to a man like that! Then he began to cry. 'I'll cut my throat sooner than go back to that place. You needn't think I'm crazy. If you'd lived with lunatics as long as I have, I guess your nerves would be a bit shattered too.'"

"Oh, Hugo!" was all Jean could manage.

"Don't be an idiot, old chap," Gaunt's voice broke in coldly. "For one thing, Ardeyne hasn't the least idea who you are."

Hugo subsided like a pricked balloon.

"Of course he hasn't, Hector—of course he hasn't," Then he began to cry. "I'll cut my throat sooner than go back to that place. You needn't think I'm crazy. If you'd lived with lunatics as long as I have, I guess your nerves would be a bit shattered too."

"I'd have gone entirely off my head," Gaunt agreed. "You're all right, old chap, and a little celebration will do us all good. Now for dinner and that music-hall. What do you say, Jean?"

"Whatever you and Hugo like," Jean replied as he helped her down. Gaunt came to her room while she was dressing for dinner and she talked to him at the door.

"My dear," he said tenderly, noting as he could not help doing—how hot and red her eyes were. "Don't worry about the little chap. He's quite calmed down and happy. Bless my soul, I felt like throwing up myself."

"Hector, you don't think—"

"Not a bit of it. Hasn't he been an angel ever since we struck this town?"

"Yes. I must admit he's behaved as I shouldn't have believed possible."

"Well, there has to be some reaction. I'll look after him. That's my promise, dear Jean. And I want you to promise me that you'll give up all those apprehensions of yours. You're wearing yourself out with them."

She gulped down a lump in her throat and she had believed possible."

"Oh, what's the good of my promising a thing like that! I couldn't keep it."

"You could try. I mean to help you always. Not merely for just now."

"But, Hector, it would mean giving up your farm."

"Oh, no. You must both come and stay with me. Jean shook her head more vigorously.

"It isn't to be done... not after what you said to me the other day."

"I'm in silence, a long, tense moment, into her tired eyes. Then he turned away down the corridor."

She shut her door and leaned against it heavily, her strength all gone.

"Hector—Hector," she whispered. "The long years... the lonely years! I've tried to clap me back in that place. I hope I never see him again."

So that was why he had been so good. Jean was vaguely frightened as they hurried him out of the station and into a cab.

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## Music's Appeal.

More and more the developmental and remedial possibilities of music are being appreciated. The news now comes that, as a result of a sixty day test, good music is henceforth to have a place in the therapeutic resources of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital.

From Good Health I quote this statement by Dr. Harold C. Cox, resident physician of that hospital:

"The test was tried mainly with the mothers in the maternity wards, but also with the babies and sick children."

"Whether it was the appeal of rhythm, we do not know, but the tests have amply demonstrated that music has a marked therapeutic effect on the spirits and general morale of hospital patients."

This statement certainly is guarded enough. The fact seems to be that music, good music, has a tonic value to the bodily processes in general. This would naturally follow from its possibilities in the way of pleasurable stimulating the emotions.

When one listens—as I listened only a few days ago to the singing of a master of artistic expression—to melodies and songs sensitively interpreted, one's whole being is temporarily exalted. The cares and worries and problems of everyday life are for the moment forgotten. One lives in the ideal.

The friendly past again emerges, with its host of treasured memories. The surge of youth is in the veins. A golden glow haloes the future. Peace and confidence have undisturbed possession.

Obedient to the impulses of the triumphant, exulting soul the body stirs to new endeavor. If disease is present, it fights to down it. The cry of the soul is, "Power! More Power!" And from the depths of one's being—mayhap from the supreme External Course of all power—as by a miracle power responsively emerges.

Too long we have ignored the practical significance of music's appeal. We have deemed it a decoration, a recreation, an avocation for the leisure hours. Even as we need food and air and light, we need music if we would live to our maximum—aye, and defeat the forces that industriously strive to cut our lives short.

"Music," one enthusiast declares, "is a fine art which more than any other ministers to human welfare. Music is the voice of prayer. There is no greater truth obtainable to man than comes from music."

"Music is a kind of inarticulate, un-fathomable speed, which leads us to the edge of the infinite. The influence of music is not measurable."

This may be deemed the language of ecstasy, of hyperbole, of mystic exaggeration. I do not think it is. And I do think the day will come when mankind, far more generally than at the present, will sense the need for music in the life of every human being.—H. Addington Bruce.

## Sea Ceremonies.

The "burial at sea" of the battle cruiser Australia, of Sydney recently, recalls other impressive ocean ceremonies.

A few years ago the Franconia sailed out into mid-Atlantic with a chosen company of passengers, all friends and admirers of the late W. T. Stead. Her engines were stopped over the exact spot where the ill-fated Titanic went down after striking an iceberg, and there wreaths of laurel and flowers were cast overboard into the ocean as a tribute to the dead publicist and those who perished with him.

For many years, at the close of the winter season, a similar custom has obtained on the Potomac River. A boat laden with flowers is started down the stream, while thousands of bareheaded spectators line the banks. As the flower-laden craft drifts seaward the warships and other vessels in Chesapeake Bay dip their flags. The ceremony is a graceful tribute to the memory of those who have perished at sea during the year.

## King of Norway Runs Circulating Library.

King Haakon of Norway runs a circulating library of Nordic literature, scholars will be interested to learn. The library consists of several hundred volumes and circulates through leading universities of western Europe, remaining several months in each place. It is now at the University of Berlin.

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## Woman's Interests

### ALUM FOR BUGS.

In old houses sometimes one finds that even the former occupants, though careful housekeepers, have not solved the problem of keeping out the insect creatures that love to inhabit old residences. The new occupants may have to combat ants that creep in everywhere, and such bugs as prefer to live about water pipes and steam pipes and the nooks and crannies in bedrooms as well.

The solution of this problem is simple—common alum and hot water. The solution should be applied with a brush—a soft paste brush or painter's brush—around all water pipes and woodwork where either ants or other bugs are seen. When dry, this solution leaves the alum crystallized upon the surfaces upon which it has been painted and immediately the troublesome visitors disappear.

### WHIPPED CREAM CAKE ICING.

Whipped cream, beaten till stiff and dry, then sweetened and flavored nicely makes delicious cake icing.

A cup cake baked for immediate use, is the best foundation, but in proper temperature the cake and the icing will keep well for several days. As a dessert, I cut the cake in squares, make a little nest in the whipped cream and add a tablespoonful of strawberry or any other preferred jam. I also sprinkle chopped nut meats over the icing, which makes the dessert very delicious. Chopped candied fruit or fresh fruits are other possibilities for varying this icing.

### A DAINTY BEDROOM SET.

I recently saw a most attractive bedroom set, the result of a busy mother's hard thinking. She wished curtains and spread of unbleached cotton, but felt she did not have the time to do embroidery or applique work. For decoration she used straight bands about two inches wide, cut from a fancy ticking that had a floral stripe design. The band was stitched about the edge of the spread, which had cut corners, across the ends of the scarf, which covers the pillows,

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## Understand at Least One Musical Instrument, School Teacher Tells Pupils.

A school teacher who had taken no small amount of interest in the musical education of her pupils, not long ago availed herself of the opportunity of taking her class to hear a famous symphony orchestra at an afternoon musicale especially arranged for the school children. While the various players were fling in on the platform, the teacher distributed programs to each pupil, remarking at the same time:

"Boys and girls—music is one of the finest things in the world. But good music as you are about to hear to-day, should be heard over and over again. You all know if you see a fine piece of art, how lovely it is and how each time you look at it you see something in it you hadn't seen before. Well, it is the same with music; it grows more beautiful and more interesting every time you hear it. So listen attentively, then take the program home with you. Try to learn how to play some of these pieces on a piano or other musical instrument. Ask others in your family to play this great music for you. But best of all, learn how to play it yourself."

"Understand at least one musical instrument."

### Man-Made Volcanoes.

Flooded mines are common enough, but mines which have been on fire for years, and which nothing suffices to extinguish, are not quite so usual.

There is, however, such a mine at Brule, near St. Etienne. It gives the district quite a volcanic aspect. Another burning mine at Zwickau, in Saxony, has been turned to practical account. The fire began as long ago as the fifteenth century, and in 1837 an ingenious system was contrived by which the hot vapors were conveyed through pipes to warm very extensive conservatories.

Similar results were hoped for at one time in the case of Staffordshire's Burning Hills, near which snow never lay, however thick it was elsewhere, and where the grass was always green. For a time tropical plants, imported at great cost, flourished there; but the fire died out at last, and the plants perished.

Nature Invented It.

Johnny came back from the circus very much excited.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, as soon as he got into the house, "Kate split some peanuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked 'em all up with his vacuum cleaner!"