

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXX.

But instantly Philip Ardeyne comprehended what had happened, although of course he could not guess how the thing had come about. Alice had discovered the secret that had caused him so much anguish in dread of being the one to inform her.

She looked such a poor little thing, her beauty for the moment almost obliterated, grotesque in her pathetic plight, with hair disarranged and her hat on wrong side before.

"My dear—my dear!" he exclaimed. He took the heavy dressing-bag from her and folded her in his arms. "Now you'll tell me," he whispered. "Don't try to keep anything back. You see, I think I know what it's about. You had a letter, perhaps? From your mother?"

"No," she sobbed against his coat, clinging to him with cold little hands, so pitiful and helpless. "Mumsey didn't tell me. She ought to have told me. It's so wrong of her not to have said a word. Oh, Philip, what am I to do? I've ruined your life. I want to go away. I want to die."

He gathered her closer. "We're not going to listen to anything of that sort," he said. "We're going to be most wonderfully sensible about it. Come, sit on my knee and let me hold you safe. Then we can talk it over and find out just where we are. You're my own dearest, dear little wife. I've got you, and that's all I care about."

"You're just being kind to me, Philip. You don't want to hurt me." "Hush! Of course I don't want to hurt you, and I'd like to thrash whoever did. Now tell me—how did you find out?"

He took off the absurd hat and lifting her in his arms as though she had been a child carried her to the couch and held her in his lap. She kept her face hidden against his shoulder.

"This has been a terrible shock, my dearest one; but you must try to meet it calmly. Now tell me, Alice."

"It was Cousin Christopher—Christopher Smarke. He came here purposely to see me. Mumsey had written to him. She didn't want me to know about my father, and she begged Mr. Smarke not to tell me. But Philip—you know."

"Yes," he said. "But you didn't know when you asked me to marry you."

"No—but it would have made no difference."

Feeling as he did now, Ardeyne honestly believed that it would have made no difference. Every moment this dear sweet child, this pitiful little wife of his, became more and more precious.

"Philip, it would have made a difference. We must separate. Our marriage could be annulled. I can never be your wife; I can never be any man's wife."

"Listen to me," she straightened up and met his eyes bravely. The wild fear had gone out of hers. They were

heavy with sorrow, dark, misty pools of sombre sadness, but that trapped animal look had gone. "Philip, remember almost every word you've ever said to me. That day on the hillside—you were different, and I wondered a little what was the matter. You were turning things over in your mind, weren't you? About us—our future. You were wondering what was best for us to do. And perhaps you've thought about giving me up."

"No—never," Ardeyne said huskily. "Never once did I dream of such a thing. I couldn't have given you up. Don't you understand? There are some things a man cannot do."

"Oh, how kind you are—how kind! It's so splendid of you, Philip dear. I wish I could believe—"

"You must believe. Look here, my pet, we must go very steady on this. Don't let's rush at conclusions. That might be fatal. I'll be perfectly frank with you. For some time I thought I'd be obliged to tell you myself what this beastly cousin of yours has so kindly undertaken. I thought it would be necessary; that ours could not be just an ordinary marriage; that we would have to learn to live only for each other and put away any hope or thought of children. Do you understand, Alice?"

"Yes, I understand."

"But it was no use. I love you too much. After all, I'm human. I'm a man before I'm a scientist. It's been a terrible lesson to me. You've no idea how light-heartedly I've ordered other people's lives for them, separated husbands and wives, parted lovers—rather scorning them when they kicked or declined outright to obey me. Most of them, poor souls, agreed meekly enough to the lonely hell I consigned them to. People are wonderfully trustful of their doctors. And now I realize that what I tried to make others do is next door to impossible."

"No, Philip—you were right."

She disengaged herself gently and walked a little unsteadily to one of the windows, where she stood looking out across the shimmering blue waters of the lake.

"Of course I was right," Ardeyne said. "But—"

"Ours cannot be an ordinary marriage. We dare not face even the possibility of having children—you and I. And that's why, for your sake, I wish it to be annulled. Perhaps I oughtn't to have said so much about such things, but I do. Mumsey would be shocked if she guessed how much I know. But one reads novels—and there are the newspapers. Very little is left to the imagination these days, and perhaps it's just as well. One can avoid pitfalls."

Ardeyne crossed to the window and took her wrist in a firm clasp, turning her so that she had to look at him. Just for a second she was swept a little off her balance by his bigness, the strong beauty of his face—grim as well as tender.

"Understand one thing—I will never consent to what you suggest. It is

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unthinkable. I'm not going to give you up. I won't let you go. You belong to me, and I hope I'm man enough to convince you that my love isn't such a flimsy, mean thing as you may thoughtlessly imagine it to be.

My dear, I'll be your husband, your friend, your lover to the end of time, on your terms—on the terms that my own cold sober judgment tells me are the only possible ones for us. But I will never let you leave me."

So faintly he heard the glorious bells proclaiming victory over self, but it was Alice who set them a-ringing. With her help—yes, he could be strong to do what he knew to be right.

She stood looking at him, her lips quivering a little, her eyes doubtful, as though seeking to measure his sincerity; he doubt not so much as to whether he could endure the sort of life under discussion, as fearful if he were not being over-kind in order to spare her pain.

"Why, you foolish child!" He laid hands on her shoulders and shook her gently. There was a tender smile on his lips. "Don't you believe that I love you?"

"I don't know. It seems terrible to doubt—after this."

"Well, I wish I were as sure of you as I am of myself in that respect. Look here, it's getting late, and I know you want to put on one of those pretty new frocks for dinner. We haven't even unpacked. Shall we begin?"

If you're not too tired we can stroll across to the Kursal after dinner and you shall try your luck on the 'little horses.' It's only a step. Now for the trunk. Where are the keys?"

She handed over the keys and smiled at him shyly.

"But first a kiss—dear little wife. She let him kiss her, then quickly she threw her arms around his neck, drew him down and kissed him tenderly several times, in an access of quick passion."

"Oh, Philip, my dearest love, you are kind to me—I can scarcely bear it!" she cried.

Nor could he bear it—her saying that. If only she would not keep on protesting that he was kind to her. They had dinner, but afterwards Alice did not care to go to the Kursal. She was very tired, poor child, and went to bed almost directly.

Assuring himself that she was comfortably settled and would soon go to sleep, Ardeyne took his cigar out on to the lake front.

It was a night made for lovers and honeymooners. The long promenade under the chestnut arched fairly swarmed with them, sentimental German couples linked arm in arm, the frankly affectionate French—even the prosaic English and Americans seemed caught by the romantic atmosphere and were occasionally to be observed clasping hands.

There was a high white moon and a prodigious display of electricity strung along the old wooden bridges and outlining the tower opposite the station. The hotels on the mountain-tops were all lit up, and the little railway lines leading to them were marked with bright yellow beads.

From the top of Pilatus a searchlight played upon the lake and surrounding mountains. And everywhere there was music.

Ardeyne walked out on to one of the long covered bridges and surveyed the Venetian scene of the flower-hung hotels on the river front.

Leaning on the parapet, busy with his thoughts and cigar, he presently became aware that a man similarly occupied and standing quite near was covertly observing him. A second glance told him that the man was Christopher Smarke.

The doctor stiffened and threw his cigar into the river with an angry gesture. Christopher approached him solemnly.

"Oh—Dr. Ardeyne, is it not? My name is Smarke. We have met before, I believe."

Ardeyne regarded him with a violent and open sense of distaste, and his pent-up feelings suddenly overflowed.

"Yes, you interfering busybody," he said.

This abrupt rudeness had a curious effect on Christopher. He grinned broadly—he who had never been seen to smile, or so it was rumored among his friends.

"Perhaps some day you'll thank me," he said suavely. "Although, mind you, I don't believe in heredity. It's all nonsense. My objection was merely to Mrs. Carnay's tricking you and that poor sweet child of hers."

"Thank you, I don't care to discuss the matter. You are an older man than I, else I might be tempted to give you a thrashing. And if I ever catch you coming near my wife again or attempting to communicate with her, I will thrash you. Do you understand?"

Christopher's long mouth drew down at the corners and he effected a true Continental shrug.

"Try it," he suggested, "and I'll

have you in the courts. So much as lay a finger on me, and see what happens."

Ardeyne turned and walked away. His hands were itching, and he could not have borne another word from that cold, malignant lawyer. It was true enough, he did not doubt, that Christopher Smarke would not hesitate to demand legal aid for any wounds which might be inflicted upon him. Yet Ardeyne would have felt so much more comfortable and happy could he have landed one good solid punch in the middle of that smug physiognomy.

He went back to the hotel and upstairs.

Alice, he hoped, was asleep, but he was a little anxious about her. The door leading to her bedroom stood slightly ajar, and he listened a moment. There was no sound of regular breathing.

He pushed the door open and looked in.

She was in bed, but not asleep. The shaded light on the bedside table was switched on and she lay propped high on pillows, her face half in shadow. A little white silk dressing-jacket edged with lace fell away from her bare throat and arms, and her dark hair hung in thick, long plaits on the coverlet.

Her eyes started him. They were dilated, horror-stricken.

"My darling," he cried. He sat beside her and took her hands. "Why are you awake?"

"I'm so frightened," she whispered. "But what of—dear?"

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

PICNIC AT HOME.

A good rest tonic for the busy mother is the out-of-door picnic, if she doesn't go to any more bother in preparing the lunch than she would at home. It will be found a real rest and relaxation to pack a simple lunch, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and with the family stroll out to a secluded corner of the orchard or farm woodlot. Be sure, though, that you leave the cares of the hot kitchen and the worries of the home behind you and enjoy a few hours "next to nature."

Many of us are not aware of the splendid places of picnicking that we have right on our own farms. One woman writes of the discovery she made. On their farm was a small creek that meandered its way through the pasture field. On the banks of this creek a half mile from the house was a clump of trees. The farm wife wrote: "Until a city family touring through this country asked permission to picnic there for a few hours did I consider the spot as available for this pleasure. Since that awakening the family has spent many restful hours there."

In arranging a picnic, be sure the lunch is not elaborate. Food is enjoyed so much more in the open air that the family will never miss the fixin's. Simple sandwiches of egg, cheese, lettuce with mayonnaise or fruit butters are delicious. Do not make sandwiches too thin and dainty for the out-of-door appetite is quite different from the indoor one. The pickle plays the accompaniment for the picnic sandwich.

A baked dish may be carried in a basket and will keep warm if wrapped in waxed paper and then in several thicknesses of newspaper. Escaloped potatoes are enjoyed and when baked in layers with ham are extra fine.

Fresh vegetables are the least bother and the most enjoyed. Tomatoes may be eaten like apples with salt, or sliced and served with dressing. Celery, lettuce and radishes are also easily carried.

Plan some dessert, and, with a cold drink of milk or iced tea, refreshments are complete. Last, but not least, don't forget paper plates, cups, napkins and table cloth, and remember that the picnic should be arranged to save work and not make extra work.

WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY.

Nothing adds more to the enjoyment of a hot summer day than a cool, refreshing drink. These recipes will be found very enticing to suit the individual tastes. If the syrup is prepared a few hours ahead, it will be more convenient and not a waste of ice.

Elderberry Flip—1 cup elderberry juice, 1 cup medium white syrup, 1 lemon, 1 quart water. Mix thoroughly, chill and serve with shaved ice.

Grape Juice (extra fine)—1 pint of grape juice, ½ cup white syrup, 1 orange, 1 lemon. Mix well all ingredients and serve with cracked ice.

Current Cool—Mash three quarts of ripe, red currants and cook in the double boiler without water. When thoroughly cooked, strain through cheesecloth and to each pint of juice add one-half cup of syrup. Boil ten minutes, skim and bottle. Keep in a sunny place. This can be diluted to suit the taste.

Cherryade—To two cups of grapefruit pulp and juice, add one cup of stewed cherries, two cups of water, three-fourths cup of medium syrup. Serve with cracked ice and whole cherries.

MY SAFETY CLOSET.

I call it my safety closet because it is a true safety affair—something which keeps me safe from worry in emergencies.

In this closet I have a shelf for the

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"Oh—can't you guess? What does it feel like to—lose one's reason. When does it begin? How?"

This was what he had so feared might happen; that directly she knew about Hugo Smarke the question of heredity would begin to plague her.

He soothed and talked to her, and after a long time she fell asleep, but even then he did not leave her. He sat very quietly, holding one of the cold little hands, warming it to life; meditating on her youthful sweetness, his own heart heavy with the dreadful burden which had fallen on hers.

(To be continued.)

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Woman's Interests

There are always a small bag each of flour, baking powder and sugar, tightly closed, boxes of cocoa, citron, seeded raisins and nuts. Several bottles of blackberry, raspberry and grape juice and a small package of tea and coffee are there.

These provide me with plenty of material to get together quickly, with the aid of my own preserves and the hams in the pantry, as nice a meal as anyone would wish.

On another shelf there are games and a few simple toys for the company baby—no harm if he cries to take them home.

The shelf on which I keep linens is also very helpful. There are sheets enough for two beds, extra clean blankets and two spreads with my best cases, bureau covers, towels and a clean tablecloth with a dozen napkins. It is mighty nice to have these things at hand when a guest comes or when someone is suddenly ill.

I have a place where I keep small bottles of medicines which come in handy. Also some soft cloths and several sealed bandages and dressings—on the farm one never knows when someone is going to be scratched or cut severely.—E. M. P.

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HOW TO CANDY MINT LEAVES.

Wipe fresh mint leaves, remove from stems and with a tiny camel's hair brush coat both sides with egg white. To one-third cup of granulated sugar add five drops of oil of spearmint. Dip each side of the mint leaves into the sugar. Place close together on a cake rack covered with a sheet of waxed paper and let stand in a warm place until dry.

Serve with iced drinks and to top frozen desserts such as ice creams and fruit cocktails.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Passed By.

A very young doctor, opening a brand-new surgery, waited all day without a visitor until at last a breathless man came running up the drive.

"Sit down," said the young doctor, soothingly. "What can I do for you?"

"I must get on the telephone—at once," gasped the visitor. "My wife's ill, and I want to ring up my doctor."

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Music Plays a Great Part in Life of French-Canadian.

Here is a synopsis of the musical proclivities of the great French-Canadian race, as told by one who spent several years studying the customs down in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

"In French-Canadian homes," this authority states, "children are rocked with a song from their birth; when they are old enough to attend school, they receive singing or instrumental music from either their school teachers or private teachers. At home, music has its place of honor; and during the day piano, violin, mandolin or accordion is not left idle; but above all, singing is the favorite pastime of the French-Canadian, and above all songs, the ones he prefers are the old-time melodies which last, old French centuries, which he inherited from his forefathers, are also his favorites. And oft you will hear the farmer, while plowing his field or the shepherd boy guarding his flock, sing one of those old songs which they love. During the evening, after their meal, and while taking a well earned rest in the garden, on the veranda or within their homes, the French-Canadian family, where children are many and happiness abides, sing together some of those old songs or undying sentimentality and tenderness, with absolute sincerity. If you are a passer-by you will stop and listen. You will be stirred in your heart by the unusual effects of the melody you hear, you will remember home and mother, and you will thank Heaven for giving music to the world."

Cecil Rhodes and the Bill Collector.

In the course of Sir Harry Johnston's work in extending the dominion and power of Great Britain in Africa, he more than once met Cecil Rhodes of South African fame. On one occasion in London a long conference between them ended in an agreement by which Sir Harry was to engage in an enterprise that Cecil Rhodes had at heart. As the negotiations were concluded, and Sir Harry in his Story of My Life, I became aware of occasional rappings at the door, but Rhodes gave them no attention; he opened a dispatch box, got out a cheque book and wrote me a cheque on the Bank of England for two thousand pounds. Then he shut the door and passed through folding doors into his bedroom.

The knocking outside irritated me. I went to the door and opened it. There I saw an angry-looking man who interjected inquiringly, "Mr. Rhodes?"

"These are Mr. Rhodes's rooms. Have you an appointment?"

"No, and not likely to have! I've come to see him to get my bill settled."

"Your bill?"

"Yes. Ow!n!n!n! these three years—his clothes—forty-seven pounds."

I went in and knocked at the double doors. Rhodes, who was sitting on a collar and tie, came forward. "Here's a very angry man, a tailor, who wants a bill settled—forty-seven pounds."

Rhodes looked at the bill, which I had brought with me. "Why, it's my old tailor! Come in, man. If you will be such a fool as to misdirect your letters—"

He broke off, went with a collar buttoned to the dispatch box, got out the check book and wrote a check. "There!" he said, handing it to the tailor, who, trying to smooth his face into an amiable aspect, suddenly remarked with an altered voice:

"But you've made a mistake, sir. You've written fifty, and the bill's only for forty-seven."

"It's all right. I've added three pounds for keeping you waiting three years. But another time try to think where your customers are, and, if a man in Africa, don't address his letters to Oxford or to London."

One Less for Wembley.

All the world seems to be going to Wembley nowadays, but occasionally one hears of disappointed people who would like to go, but can't.

Most remarkable of all such cases is that of Santjie, the last of the Bushmen. Though over one hundred and thirty years old, Santjie had set his heart on seeing the wonders of the great Empire Exhibition, but the South African authorities have declined to allow him to go. The voyage and excitement, they consider, would be too dangerous for him.

When Santjie dies one of the most interesting races in the world will have become extinct. For it linked up our own age with the world of twenty thousand years ago, when Europe was inhabited by just such little people as the Bushmen, as is proved by the cave pictures and statuettes which they left behind.

American Robins in England.

The London Spectator says that in various places in England American robins are living in a wild state. About fifteen years ago a Boston business man sent fifty pairs to Lord Northcliffe, who liberated them on his estate in the south of England. All except one pair disappeared, but that pair was observed to nest and to bring off young. Doubtless many other pairs also raised broods. At any rate, the birds appear to have established themselves, and the red-waistcoated squire of old England will probably see something likeable in the cheery, red-breasted bird that frequents his lawns and hedges.



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