

# For Flavor

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## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Cont'd.)  
"Had the Egan's any children?" Alice asked, feeling rather ashamed of herself.  
"Good heavens, no! They'd only been married a short time when Tony was killed."  
"I thought you said a year or more."  
"Well, there could only have been one at that—and there wasn't even one," Lola replied decisively.  
Alice's hands tightened, and she was conscious that her heart had begun to beat rather fast. Surely, if Mrs. Egan had had a son, Lola—who seemed to know all about her—would have heard of it. Could it be possible that Philip had made the statement in the confusion of being discovered in such a queer attitude with Mrs. Egan? Alice closed her eyes, and saw it all over again—the woman kneeling, kissing his hand, and his raising her up with tender compassion. She had caught the look on Philip's face before he realized that she was there.  
She began to ache with jealousy and the terrible sense of her helplessness to combat it.

It was her own father who had widowed Carrie Egan. Another thing which had been kept from her, Christopher Smarke would have told her, no doubt, only it hadn't happened to occur to him to mention the name of Hugo's victim. Mrs. Egan herself must have known the identity of the girl Philip had been kind enough to marry. It was intolerable; life itself seemed to grow more impossible day by day. There was nobody to turn to—not even Mumsey. Alice's eyes filled with tears, and as she tried to dab them away without betraying herself, Lola Hemmings sat up and stared at her in consternation.  
"Oh, Alice, have I said anything to make you unhappy? I didn't mean to."  
"No—I was thinking of something else," Alice replied. "It's nothing, really."  
Lola edged over and snuggled against her skirts.  
"Please forgive me. You and Philip are such a matter-of-fact young couple. Sometimes I forget that you've

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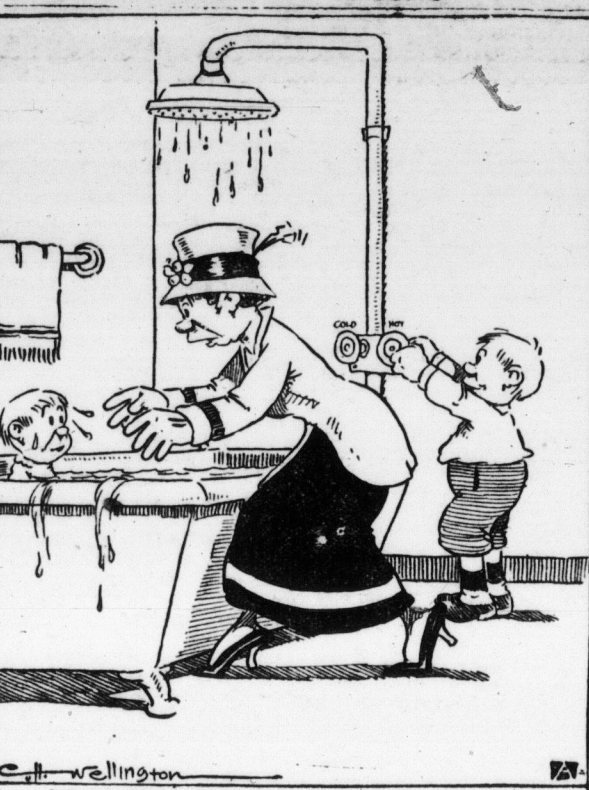
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ISSUE No. 43—24.

## AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Ardeyne, as Mrs. Egan's friend, had to make all the arrangements. Apparently she possessed a bottomless purse, and the question of a special carriage all the way from Calais was a matter of no moment. Another nurse was engaged, a private ambulance ordered, and stacks of purchases made. Ardeyne saw to most of the details himself, for Mrs. Egan could scarcely be coaxed from the boy's bedside, confining her activities to the writing of cheques and initialling of various orders.

It was nearly five o'clock before Philip realized that he had had no lunch and was in need of some refreshment. He came into Mrs. Egan's sitting-room and found her there staring with haggard eyes over the rim of a teacup.  
"Max is asleep and the nurse sent me away," she said plaintively.  
"You ought to get some rest yourself," he replied.  
He poured himself a cup of tea and ate several sandwiches, standing. She looked shrivelled and tired and old, so unlike the buoyant happy-go-lucky woman of other days. She must be very fond of that poor little boy, he thought.

"Phil, you're not going to let me go all the way out there alone, are you?" she asked.  
He shook his head. "No, I shall go with you." He spoke as though that had been his intention from the first, but as a matter of fact it was a decision made on the spur of the moment. It was not merely a doctor she needed for that journey: it was a friend as well.

She clenched her hands together in a gesture of passionate gratitude, and her big tired eyes overflowed.  
"Oh, Phil, how can I ever thank you enough! If you are with us, I shan't be afraid."  
"Poor Carrie! I wish I understood such faith."

"But you won't let him die! I know you won't. There's something about you, Phil—I can't explain—one feels so safe when you're around."  
This sentiment had also inspired Mrs. Carnay to engineer Alice's marriage. Mrs. Carnay, too, had felt that there was something very safe about Ardeyne.

He went into the adjoining room where the boy lay sleeping. The breathing was quick and shallow, and every now and then a little moan of pain escaped the lad's unconscious lips. They had given him something to make him sleep. Ardeyne shook his head. How pitiful it was; how futile, he thought. Yet one must do whatever he can. The famous air of Davos had worked miracles in some cases. If only they could get him there alive. But even then, there was so much against poor Max Egan—most of all, his mixed blood and his age, and very likely his upbringing. The lazy life of an indulged grandchild of a rich planter in the tropics did not make for stamina. As far as Ardeyne had been able to discover, Max's most strenuous exercise had been riding about the plantation with his grandfather. He hadn't even been allowed to swim, for fear of the sharks which infested that particular part of the coast and made it very dangerous.

But he had done a great many things which European boys of 16, however precocious, scarcely dream of. His diet, as far as Ardeyne could gather from Mrs. Egan, had consisted chiefly of fruit, black coffee, and cigars. And just previous to this breakdown in health there had been a love affair, which Mrs. Egan touched upon very lightly in the dossier she gave the doctor.

(To be continued.)

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Queer Taste.  
Ice cream was recently served in Labrador on board an American destroyer. The captain, hearing that there was an iceberg in the vicinity, had a sudden hankering for something cold. He visited the berg and returned with a quantity of cracked ice. Presently the freezer was turning merrily, and there was ice cream on the bill of fare. If the captain should visit the jungles of Africa, would he hanker for hot lemonade?

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## Royal and Titled Ranchers of Canadian West

Mention the arrival of another titled Englishman to the population of the western provinces and nobody as much as asks a question any more. The day when lords, dukes and princes were a curiosity in the west has long passed away.

Not only have the westerners sold them broad ranches, but two Canadian girls in recent years have married, respectively, an earl and a prince. One of the biggest social events of the season of 1921 was the marriage of the fifth Earl of Minto to Miss Marion Cook, one of Montreal's most beautiful young women. There followed in February this year the wedding of Miss Lois Booth of Ottawa and Prince Eric of Denmark.

In both cases the bridegrooms were ranch owners in the west.

Although not the first of the royalties to come to Alberta, Prince Eric was possibly the first actually to ranch in the province. He was a son of Prince Valdemar, a brother of Queen Alexandra. He first came to the west about eight years ago, and worked for a time in quite humble jobs at Calgary before he bought his ranch at Markerville, which he still owns.

A year before the Prince of Wales bought his "E.P." ranch at High River, Alberta, the Earl of Minto purchased his ranch in the same province.

The Duke of Sutherland operates an immense ranch at Brooks. His half sister, the Countess Bribna, owned the Morley Ranch at Dog Pound. She was a familiar figure at the Cochrane and Morley races, picnics, gymkhanas and rodeos. Her two young daughters, the Countesses Ina and Ivy, would accompany her to the various functions of the cow country and seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. Lately, they moved to British Columbia.

Not far from Edmonton Lord and Lady Rodney have a model farm where other young men of the English aristocracy pay to learn western farming.

"There is an Italian prince here who is a man of mystery and money," writes Winifred Eaton Reeve, in the Montreal Star. "Associated with this prince in large ranching and financial undertakings is another member of the royal family. Looking at this very exquisitely dressed personage one day, when they called upon us at our ranch at Morley, I could not refrain from remarking, when he assured me that he was manager of their ranch: 'You do not look like a rancher.' To which he replied with a charming bow and smile:

Kept Right On Threshing.  
"Ah, but, madame, you 'ave not see me w'en I am not expecting that you shall see me. Zen I am a very dirty man. I am in te overhauls!"

Another titled ranch owner was Lord Arbutnot. He was actually working with a threshing outfit and his wife was doing her own housework at Ails, Alberta, when he succeeded to the titles and estates in Scotland. Did he leave his threshing job? Not till the season was over. Letters still come to friends and relatives in the west from Lord and Lady Arbutnot, depicting their hard day in being unable to live on their little ranch at Ails.

Captain Sir Francis and Lady Eaton, also, own the Ghost Lake Ranch at Ails. Sir Francis is a son of Lord Chylesmore of Coventry, and Lady Eaton is a daughter of the Earl of Macclesfield.

Captain Malcolm Mortimer, whose wife was formerly Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, is a grandson of the Duke of Richmond, and is a cousin of the late Cosmo Gordon Lennox, playwright and author. The Mortimers operate the Ghost Ranch, a tea house, and a small hostelry on the Banff-Windermere Highway near Morley.

The coming of royal and titled people, as a matter of fact, is no new trend of the last few years. Ever since the west was opened they have settled there. In the early days when Alberta was still a raw and pioneer state came such men as Sir Francis McNaughton, son of Lord McNaughton, who for thirty years ranches at Bow Ness, Alberta, and who still maintains a home in this country to which he pays an annual visit. Lady Adela Cochrane was one of the first of the "old timers." She established a ranch on the Bow river. Lord Norberry was her nearest neighbor. A son of the then Lord Deedes, a member of the Beresford family, even married a girl of mixed blood. He was killed while riding on a freight train. His brother, Lord Charles Beresford, came out to Alberta soon afterwards, but did not stay long.

So the list might be carried on to an indefinite length, adding to it members of the oldest and noblest families of France, Italy and other nationalities.

The Author's Error.

"I read that book you wrote about ancient history," said Lowbrow, "and I can't say much for it; there are too many mistakes in it."

"How's that?" inquired the surprised author.

"Well, one thing made me laugh. You said a fellow named Epicurus was born in 348 B.C., and then a little farther on you said he died 270 B.C. That kills him off before he was born."

Crime is stated by an American judge to be due to a physical defect of the brain. This is based on the results of 40,000 tests made in the Chicago courts.