

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From which the night adventures depart."

CHAPTER XLV.

Autumn, busy and brilliant by turns, had come. It was the season of the vintage, of the glorious grape harvest that filled pockets and gave tremendous employment to man and beast.

Gaunt was working against time to market his crops and set his house in order. The English colony came drifting back, the experienced among them not wishing to miss that best of all seasons in the wide, sunny south-land. A mist as of thin blue smoke hung over the landscape. Building was resumed upon the unfinished portion of the Casino. Bordighera and the country round about woke up from its long summer's sleep.

In the midst of all this there had happened a little miracle of which Hector Gaunt and Jean were unaware. Well, perhaps one should not call it exactly a miracle.

One day, about a month after Hugo's death, there arrived at the Villa Tatina one, Philip Ardenne, husband of Alice. To Hector and Jean it seemed quite the most natural thing in the world. They welcomed him gladly, and a little shyly. It was taken for granted that Alice would tell him that she was not Hugo Smarke's daughter.

And there had been a scene in a remote corner of the garden before Alice actually did tell him, in which neither Hector nor Jean shared.

Philip had been shaken to the depths. It had come to the point where he realized that there was nothing in life for him but the woman he loved, and the fear that she had really left him was not to be borne. He told her so, scarcely troubling to explain about poor Carrie Egan and her dying boy. He held her in his arms and told her how much he loved her and that nothing else in the whole wide world mattered but their love for each other. He had come as soon as he possibly could to find her again, and held her to those sacred promises which time, nor distance, nor circumstances could ever break. Did she shrink slightly of their pledge?

In the old garden, so filled with memories, she let him know how wholly his she was, and told him about poor Hugo.

He held her away from him and looked into her eyes. Then he laugh-

ed at her. "Hector! He was ridiculously solemn about this second coming. Twenty years ago he had been more tempestuous. A time-softened Hector who could not suddenly forget all the pain and suffering his youthful recklessness had cost them both."

Jean closed her eyes and breathed in the scent of the violet borders. It was growing a little shadowy. One fancied that at any moment the sedate, white-haired figure of old Mme. Douste, leaning on her silver-knobbed cane, would come strolling down the rose arbour.

"Ah, Jean, my dear—here you are. Mr. Gaunt is coming to dinner, isn't he? I hope Madeline will give us something he particularly likes."

But that voice was still; Mme. Douste also rested in the cypress-studded garden of sleep below Monte Nero.

A little bird piped with a sweet, long-drawn note. Jean started and looked up. He was a fanciful-looking little bird, swaying on a palm leaf just over her head—a curious bird, indeed, with a scarlet breast and greenish-yellow wings. She had never seen one like him before.

He looked down at her and blinked his bright eyes. Then he piped again, a trilling scale, ending in sharp high notes. It was exactly like Hugo's flute.

Jean drew her lace shawl about her shoulders and stared at him—fascinated, apprehensive.

The gate clicked and the brilliant little bird spread his wings and soared away. In a moment he was no more than a speck against the sky.

Hector Gaunt was coming up the drive and Jean hurried to meet him. (The End.)

The Romantic History of Writing Materials.

The introduction of Papyrus by the Egyptians gave a great uplift to letter-writers and to literature generally. It is, as the Germans would say, the "name-father" to paper, and a very respectable and worthy elder too.

Bark had been used for tablets, and for writing letters which were capable of being folded up, during the best period of the Roman world, and such were still in use under the later emperors. The tablets were of bark on which the Emperor Commodus in-

scribed a list of victims, the

which led to his own vic-

timony.

One thing, the Egyptian improvement on bark being the use of a reed instead. This was called Byblus, or papyrus, then very common and now very rare in Lower Egypt. From its name, Byblus, comes the Greek word meaning book, and thus our own word for the Scriptures.

This papyrus grew abundantly in lakes and marshes, to a height of about ten feet; the diameter of its stem was two to three inches, and from its surface peel could be taken off, layer after layer, to the number of some twenty coatings. The use of this peel occurred to the Egyptians as an improvement upon ordinary bark, and the new writing material soon became popular.

It could be written upon one side only; but books were copied into long rolls of sheet glued under sheet, the sheets which felt the first glue being called on that account the protocol, a term still preserved by diplomats.

The run on papyrus being very great that plant began to show signs of scarcity in Egypt, and for that reason, among others, its exportation was at one time forbidden.

At the same time the kings of Pergamus became a literary sect, and wanted something whereon their scribes could write their books. So the skins of the beasts, occasionally used in some places already, began to attract increased attention; they were

prepared into dry substances, and called, after Pergamus, "pergamene" or parchment, and vellum, meaning skin.

This parchment was dear, however, and for common purposes papyrus was so much more convenient that the Egyptian paper never really was supplanted until the birth of a system which got paper out of cotton, about seven or eight hundred years after the discovery of parchment.

The world then worked on for a thousand years before we hit on the plan of making the modern paper out of linen rags; a very lucky thing, for up to that time the monks, who could not go to the expense of much new parchment, had industriously been scraping out the copied records of antiquity and works of its great masters to make room for their own writings.

"Grievances should never be taken to bed," says a scientist; "the quality of our sleep is largely determined by our last thoughts at night."

How would you like to be married before you ever meet your bride, or bridegroom, as the case may be?

That is what happens in China. A wedding ceremony in that land is in three parts, each carried out independently of the other.

The first part consists of an elaborate farewell between the bride and her parents, whose blessing she obtains. At the same time the groom undergoes a similar experience in his own parents' home.

Her farewells duly finished, the bride is led to the altar in a specially prepared apartment of her father's house.

A quaint business of feasting without eating follows. Delicate glasses are filled with highly-colored and scented liquids; fragile China bowls, each having its ivory chopsticks, are prepared with comestibles unknown to the "foreign devil." These are all offered to the bride, who raises them to her lips without tasting the contents.

The bride is now led up to a smaller altar, on which all the untouched comestibles are arranged. Here she kneels and prays, giving special reverence to her father as he takes up his position at each of the cardinal points of the compass in turn.

This over, she is taken away by her women attendants. The guests meanwhile listen to the music, supplied by a Chinese band, pending the arrival of the bridegroom, who goes through the mock eating and drinking ceremony in his own house. The musicians have a cosmopolitan repertoire, and play anything from "Stop Yer Tinkling Jock!" to Tosti's "Good-bye!"

A typically Eastern note is, how-



Here is an exclusive photograph of John Drinkwater and his fiancée, Miss Daisy Kennedy, well-known Australian violinist, whose marriage has just been announced. Mr. Drinkwater is world famous for his biographies.

The King's Crow.

Among the quaintest of old-time London customs at the English court was the employment of an official known as the "King's Crow," whose duty it was on Ash Wednesday, and other stated occasions during Lent, to "crow" the hours.

The practice came to an abrupt end. When George II, as Prince of Wales, spent his first Lent in England, he was astonished just as he was sitting down to supper on Ash Wednesday, by the entry of a man who crowed like a cock ten times.

Taking this as a personal insult, the prince sprang up and rushed at the crower, who fled for his life. Explanations followed, of course, but the custom was discontinued. The "King's Crow" however, figured on the pension list until a century ago.

It is not the leap at the start but the steady going on that gets there. —John Wamaker.

For sore feet—Minard's Liniment.

WEDDING CEREMONY IN CHINA

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ever, provided by gong-beaters, whose job is to drive away any evil spirits who may be trespassing.

The groom is in due course ushered in and led to the altar, where the Chinese equivalent of our page-boys bring him many bowls of mysterious foods ad as many varieties of liquors.

The band plays loudly and continuously, except at intervals when the gongbeaters perform. These start in rotation, slowly and softly; then the beats grow quicker and louder until all the gongs—and there may be two or three dozen—are struck with one tremendous and impressive crash.

Silence—then, for the first time, the bride and her lover meet at the altar, being by this time already man and wife, truly married. They are subsequently ceremoniously conducted to their wonderful bridal chamber, where the bride's three or four hundred silk dresses are displayed.

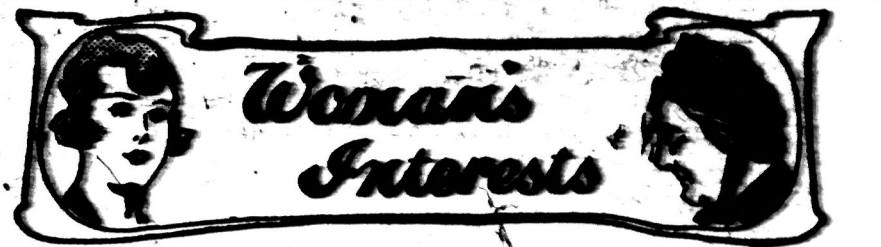
Here they kneel and pray, long and earnestly, before again joining their guests, who are now being entertained by another band, and by expert Chinese or Malay dancing girls.

During the dancing the bride descends, and this time is permitted really to eat and drink from the enormous variety of refreshments provided. There is, too, except in right and very conservative families, an ornate wedding-cake à l'Anglaise, to be cut and distributed. At this point every guest is the recipient of some really valuable gift.

The festivities continue until a late hour, and their net result is one very happy couple, not so very different in their loves, hopes, and aspirations from Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, who have just survived their own particular ordeal somewhere in Canada.

The Quality "SALADA" TEA

is most appreciated in the rich, delicious flavor. Try it today.



USES FOR BURLAP IN THE HOME.

About the most useful article one can have in the home is plenty of burlap. Have you ever paused to think in how many ways you can use just a common old "gunny sack"? Often one can get these sacks and other pieces of burlap for nothing, or pick them up from the dump heap.

You know that burlap is a strong heavy cloth made of flax, hemp, jute or manila, all excellent wearing materials. It used to be made in one weave only, which was very coarse and unsightly, and only came in its natural tan-coffee color, but now it may be purchased in many weaves ranging from coarse to very fine. It may also be had in nearly any color or shade, and may be bought from ten to twenty cents a yard, being usually forty inches wide.

I know of no other material which is useful for so many purposes, nor anything that will stand so much rough wear. For any kind of cushion covers it is excellent, either for indoor or outdoor use. The covers may be made as plain as possible or as fancy as desired, and either make useful and pretty gifts. The fancy ones may be stenciled, using a suitable design, that may also be used on a scarf, curtain, and other furnishings of burlap. Embroidered burlap pillows are very attractive, and the material is easy to work on. Any design wanted may be applied on burlap, too, and such a pillow is always attractive.

For interior decoration burlap is winning more and more favor, and its decorative possibilities are almost innumerable. In out of doors studios and summer cottages it makes an ideal wall covering and may be decorated in almost any way desired. For portiers I have found nothing more suitable, and if one cannot purchase the cloth in the color desired, they can dye the common tan material any shade they wish. A variety of screens can be made from burlap and may be made very fancy, with stenciling, embroidery, painting or applique, or left very plain to harmonize with any room and decorations. For window screens and sun protection burlap is excellent, being porous enough to let the air through, yet affording enough protection from the sun. Dainty and novel curtains may be made from just old gunny sack trimmed with bright colors. These are especially nice for summer time, and are as cool as the finest scrim.

If several coats of paint are applied over a burlap surface a pretty and durable floor covering may be made. I find that these burlap carpets always look clean and bright after being mopped or swept. Nothing is better to put underneath carpets of matting than a layer of burlap. Anyone can make pretty rugs from any bit of burlap, dyeing them any color, and working designs on them with yarn. You will laugh at the suggestion that pretty spreads and table covers can be made from the old gunny sacks in your barn, but try it. If you don't want them the original color, dye them some soft shade that will harmonize with your other furnishings, and bind the edges neatly, then embroider, applique or stencil designs on your covers, and you will marvel at the beautiful things you can make.

Good serviceable work aprons for garden and out-of-door work, are made from burlap. Pretty little play frocks for the children can be made from burlap, too and nothing is better for the masquerade costume. Just open a gunny sack and bind the edges and you will have the most useful duster for summer you ever had, and you can even make good dust bags for your best clothes from some discarded sacks.

The men find it useful for wagon and stack covers. When I was at a loss for a covering for my horse I thought of the useful stack of burlap put away in a closet, and found it served excellently. The uses of burlap, made from exactly the same material as the old gunny sacks we see so often thrown away, are legion. —L. C. A.

FAREWELL TO DISHTOWELS.

The dishtowel is doomed! Well-scalded dishes dried in the air are much less likely to carry "cold" germs from one member of the family to the others.

Other spreaders of germs are common towels, and drinking cups; while carelessness in laundering linens used by sick persons, and failure to keep

them apart from the rest of the family may also contribute to a cold "going through the family."

"If you spread the germs evenly around on your dishes with a dish towel how can you expect them to be safe?" she asks. "The best way is to wash the dishes thoroughly, scald them with boiling water and then let them dry in the air, protected from dust. Even thick glasses will not break if a little care is used in pouring boiling water into them. Another precaution to remember in dish washing is to wash the hands well before beginning the work."



FASHION'S LATEST EXPRESSION IN AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

4942-4951. The tunic blouse becomes more popular as the seasons advance. The design here portrayed shows a wide panel in front, and a band facing at the foot. Velvet or satin, with contrasting material, or embroidery for the vest, would be very suitable for this model. The skirt is a two-piece style mounted on a bodice. The Pattern 4951 is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. The width at the foot with pleats extended is 1 1/2 yards. The Blouse 4942 is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this "costume" as illustrated will require 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch satin and a strip of 40-inch embroidery or contrasting material for the panel 10 inches wide. With short sleeves 5 1/4 yards will be required.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

WINTER DISHES.

Onions au Gratin are very nice for winter serving, especially with a roast. Boil them as usual, then cut them in pieces and arrange them in layers in a well-greased baking dish, alternating the layers with a well-made white sauce, seasoned nicely. When the dish is full, sprinkle the top with fine dry bread crumbs, dot it with butter and bake a tempting brown.

Steamed Squash au Gratin is excellent. The squash must be cut in small pieces and steamed until very tender, then peeled and cut in cubes. Next make a good white sauce and arrange the squash in layers in a buttered baking dish, alternating with the white sauce. Sprinkle each layer very lightly with grated cheese and top the dish with bread crumbs and grated cheese, season tastily and bake a delicate brown.

When the day breaks it makes itself felt, but when the night falls it is dark.

Glass, made out of a composition containing horn in a Viennese laboratory, does not splinter when it breaks and is malleable, according to the inventor's claim.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Feed & Choppin

Feeder, Promises of Reichel

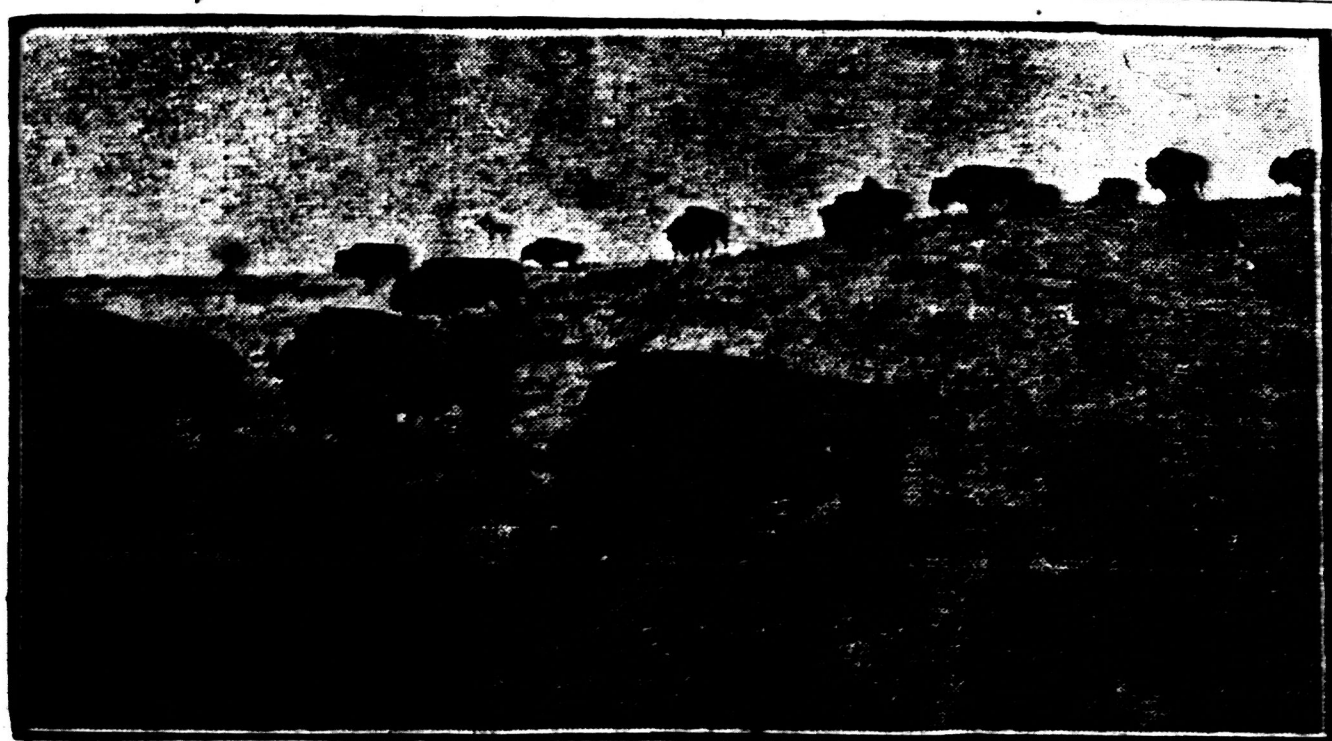
to be their real honeymoon. The bride had only gone as far as Alsace, for a few days.

Jean was not sorry to have them go. She was getting stronger every minute, and her nerves were steadier than they had been for years, but she felt the need of quiet and solitude. In a few weeks when the vintage was in—she would become the wife of Hector Gaunt. Bordighera did not know the inside of that old romance, although it had long foreseen the culmination. Pretty, widowed "Mrs. Carnay" had obviously been courted by the farmer-recluse of Monte Nero. People wondered how she would like it, living up there. Or, perhaps, would she persuade Gaunt to buy the Villa Tatina? Sad for her loving her brother, but, of course, he must have been rather a trial. A nice little man, though; very fond of animals and music. And she was a nice little woman, when one got to know her. What she saw in Hector Gaunt was a bit of a problem. Years ago, some people remembered, he had been in love with a young girl who had lived at the Villa Tatina as dear old Mme. Douste's companion, and had married someone else. Since then Gaunt had never looked at another woman until the arrival of Mrs. Carnay. It was unlikely she knew of that shadowy old romance.

It was evening and Jean had been alone all day, but Hector was coming down to have dinner with her. She stood by the big pool where the violet borders were coming into heavy bloom. The air was deliciously fragrant with their scent. She felt like a young girl again—a girl waiting for her lover. Her dress was white, drawn in at the belt to suit her slim-waisted, old-fashioned figure, and she wore a white rose in her hair.

It was wonderful that in Hector's eyes she had not changed at all. They had no future plans—nothing definite at least after the marriage ceremony in Genoa. Perhaps they would live at the farm or here. It really did not matter one way or the other where they lived so long as they were together.

She sat down on the edge of the pool and dabbed her hand in the water. It was so quiet and serene. It had been years since she had experienced such a complete sense of peace. Presently the gate would click and she would hear Hector coming up the driveway. He would be wearing clothes of ceremony after his



Six animals from the government buffalo reserve at Wainwright Park, Alberta, were recently shipped to Toronto for slaughter, where their steaks provided a delicacy for many gastronomical adventures.

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