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is used more than any other brand is because the delicious flavor never varies. — Try it.  
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## Woman's Interests

**DON'T CATCH COLD.**  
Mary had a new-born cold. That cold was in her head. And everywhere that Mary went. She took it out to church one day. And that was awkward, too. For when the parson rose to pray, Our Mary cried "Ka-Choo."

On Monday Mary went to school. The cold was with her still. And there it scorned the teacher's rule. And "visited" at will. "What makes old Doc love Mary so?" The children all did cry. "Her cold paid for his car, you know," The teacher did reply.

I like to use this little rhyme at this time of year. It impresses the lesson that colds really are catching. The common colds, at this season, cause more disability than any other form of illness. It is hard to avoid. There is no quarantine on "colds" so contagion is everywhere. When you go to school, church, lodge, a movie, or on a shopping trip you are constantly liable to exposure.

You can get some immunity by keeping your own health at the top notch. Sleep in the fresh air of a verandah or thoroughly ventilated room, accustom yourself to cold air, dress according to the weather, being careful not to over-dress, however, maintain nourishment by eating a varied diet of digestible food that includes some fruit or green vegetables every day. These things help your resistance.

Have you ever noticed how a cold is almost sure to "run through the family"? This is not absolutely necessary. Let the person with the cold be very careful to "cover up" each cough and sneeze. Let him quarantine himself as much as possible, and there will be a great deal less of "catching cold." When you see a coughing, sneezing individual who is distributing his germs in the unguarded way that a sneezing machine in action throws out its straw, flee from him as if he were a smallpox patient.

The very best treatment for a bad cold is a day or two in bed. This is

especially important during the feverish stage and it is safe to say that one day in bed at that stage will shorten the duration of the cold a full week. Use separate dishes, towels and sheets. Avoid affectionate embraces. Colds need very little encouragement.

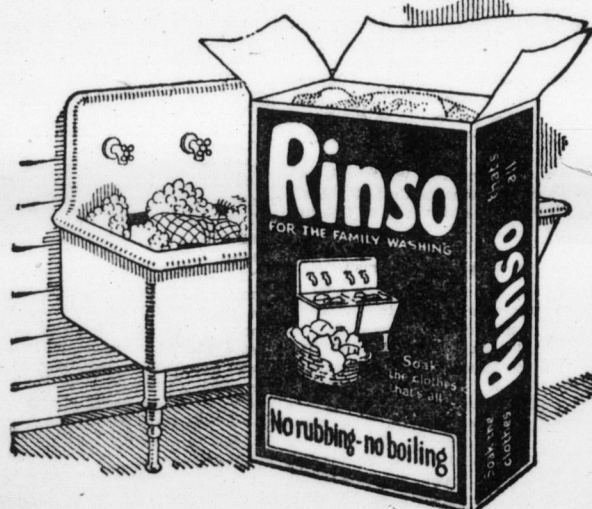


**COTTAGE CHEESE HINTS.**  
Beating cottage cheese with a rotary egg beater greatly improves its consistency, making it very smooth and light. It may be necessary to add a little extra cream or some top milk to beat it properly.

For a change add a little chopped green pepper, minced chives, chopped cucumber or strips of canned pimientos to cottage cheese.—Mrs. A. J. H.

For sore feet—Minard's Liniment.

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Even the dirt that is ground in at neckbands and cuff-edges yields to a light rubbing with dry Rinso. Not a thread is weakened. The mild Rinso suds work thoroughly through and through the clothes without injury to a single fabric.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

## "When Hearts Command"—

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

### CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Cont'd.)

Jean always retreated when Hugo got started on the subject of Tony Egan's murder. She fled in haste one day when they were having coffee in the fern garden after lunch and Hugo had begun a detailed description of the scene which led to his partner's death. She went into the dim drawing-room, and flinging herself on to a couch, pressed her hot face against the cool, linen cushion.

How long was it to endure—this terrible life, with Hugo growing worse and worse every moment? The music of the harp on the door warned her that someone was entering the room. She started up apprehensively. No, thank Heaven, it wasn't Hugo!

"Oh, here you are," said Gaunt. "Where's Hugo?" she asked. "Patrolling the walls of the citadel," he replied grimly. There was a strange white look about his face.

"It can't be good for him in this heat," Jean said wearily. "He'll get sunstroke."

"He'd have got it long ago if he was going to," Gaunt replied. He settled down in a big chair near the couch and passed a hand over his forehead with a tired gesture. "Jean—has it ever occurred to you that perhaps Hugo never did kill Egan?" he asked.

"No," she said, vaguely troubled. Why did Hector bring up that unpleasant subject? He knew she hated it.

"Did it ever occur to you that Egan might have been shot by his wife?" Again she said "No." Then: "What put such an idea into your head?"

"Hugo. He told me the whole story just now. If you had waited—"

"I couldn't bear it!" she exclaimed. "He's always hinting at mysteries. I suppose it's a part of his malady."

"I wonder," said Gaunt. "It occurred in his office, if you remember."

"I remember every ghastly detail," Jean said hastily, hoping to end the story which she did not wish to hear, but Gaunt paid no attention to her decisive interruption.

"Hugo told it to me as 'man to man,' although he would like you to know, too. He wants you to think well of him. . . If you remember, there was some question in the beginning as to whether or not Mrs. Egan was present at the time her husband was shot. The defence tried to prove that she had been present, and then Hugo deliberately let himself down by agreeing to prosecution's assertion that she had left at least five or ten minutes before."

"Oh, yes—of course, I remember," Jean said, resigning herself to the distressing reminiscence. "It was plain enough. Tony had embezzled or misappropriated Hugo's little fortune. It was money they quarrelled over, Hector."

"According to Hugo, the quarrel was between Tony and his wife. They had a child, and he had accused her of something rather monstrous. They had met in the office to discuss the matter of separation with Hugo, and suddenly Mrs. Egan pulled a revolver out of her muff and fired at her husband, as Hugo tells it. Then he says he couldn't bear the thought of her going to prison, and she agreed to his suggestion that they would say Egan had shot himself. But, of course, it was easily proved that he hadn't. Hugo says Mrs. Egan promised him that twenty thousand pounds if he would keep his mouth shut about her. It was the sum Tony had managed to get rid of for him. Hugo says it wasn't the promise of the money that made him agree, however; it was the thought of poor Mrs. Egan perhaps having to go to prison, or, as he saw it then, being hanged. You know, Jean, that's very much the sort of thing Hugo would do."

"I know it. But do you believe—"

"I do," Gaunt said firmly. "I've never ceased to wonder why she handed over that huge sum to him, and now I know. It was nothing more nor less than blackmail—but, of course, old Hugo is the last person to realize that. He calls it simply the price paid him for fifteen years in That Place, and cheap enough."

"Yes—it was cheap enough!" Jean exclaimed, huskily. "If the story is true. Oh, poor, poor Hugo!"

"I always said he wouldn't hurt a fly. I don't believe he's got it in him."

"I wish I could think as you do," Jean said. "I lately I've been afraid of him, Hector."

"That's absurd."

"I know, but—"

The Eolian harp jangled its warning, and Hugo's tentative knock came in at them, followed cautiously by his body.

### CHAPTER XL.

"Hello! What are you plotting?" Hugo demanded. "Nothing very serious, old chap," Gaunt replied.

"Well, I've thought of something—of something wonderful. Couldn't we go on a picnic to Castel d'Appio?"

"Good heavens!"

They exclaimed in one breath. Only Hugo could have thought of anything so mad to do in midsummer.

"Wait a minute. I know it's hot, but it would be nice and cool up there, and Jean could ride. I propose that we go after sundown and camp out all night and get up for the sunrise. We could sleep all day or you two can sleep while Tito and I keep guard—and come back after sunset to-morrow. Now what do you say to that? It would be a real adventure, with the ruins of a real castle. Oh, please, let's go!"

Gaunt and Jean looked at each other. The way Hugo put it, the excursion seemed rather attractive. Castel d'Appio wasn't very high, but it was a delightful spot with a glorious view of snow mountains on one side and the sea on the other. One could sleep in the mountains and the green plateau and old ruins afforded ample shade during the day and a wide choice of camping sites. There were caves, if a storm should come up.

"I think it's a jolly idea," said Gaunt. "How do you think of these things?"

Hugo jabbed at his eye-glasses and beamed modestly.

"They just come to me," he said. "Or rather, it was Guido who put it into my head. He said he wondered if we didn't go into the mountains and camp out, and I thought at once of Castel d'Appio. I went there years ago once with Jean and Mme. Douste. It was a lovely trip. Maddelina put up such a wonderful lunch, we were all so stuffed we could hardly get down again. Shall I tell Maddelina? She'll want to know about the food."

"No," said Gaunt. "I'll tell her the attic, but I don't mind sleeping on the ground. Will you see about a mule to carry our kit, Hector?"

And another of questions. "You'd like to climb, wouldn't you, Jean?"

"Oh, yes, must come," piped Hugo. "It wouldn't be any fun without her. There are some canvas hammocks in the attic, but I don't mind sleeping on the ground. Will you see about a mule to carry our kit, Hector?"

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ery of being alive. I from her beloved child, was the constant worry of Hugo. He had worn down her resistance to a point where it scarcely seemed to exist. She was ashamed of her feebleness, yet helpless to remedy it. Every day took a little more out of her, until she wondered that there was anything left to surrender. Even the prospect of the climb up Castel d'Appio on the back of a mule would scarcely bear thinking about.

Yet in the end she crawled around and made her preparations, packed a small canvas bag with a few necessities, and put on a knitted skirt and jumper.

Clementine, predicting dire calamities, helped her. She would catch cold, said Clementine, to whom the thought of "night air" was a horror; and there was bound to be a thunderstorm. Besides, everybody knew that Castel d'Appio was haunted. Strange little green men came out at night and frolicked all over the ruins and tempted mortals to follow them.

"I hope you haven't mentioned that story to the Signor," Jean said severely.

Clementine cast down her fine dark eyes.

"It was the Signor who told it to me," she replied. "Guido told him, I believe. That is why the Signor wants to go. He hopes to see the little green men." Clementine crossed herself. "I myself should not care to see them," she added.

(To be continued.)

### A POPULAR STYLE.

4868. Gingham with facings of linen, or linen, with pipings or bindings in a contrasting color, would be suitable for this model. It is also for percale or wool or cotton crepe. The width at the foot is 1 1/2 yards.

The Pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. If made with long sleeves, if made with short sleeves 5 1/2 yards will be required.

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MY USEFUL SHELF.

I find most useful a semicircular shelf placed near my kitchen stove. The top is just large enough to hold a bucket of water, and from hooks screwed into the edge hang conveniently a poker, a small shovel, a hot-pan holder, a whisk broom for brushing off the stove, and a short-handled dipper.—Mrs. W. Q.

**PROTECTING RECIPE CARDS.**  
In my home the recipe cards have been waterproofed with shellac, thus making it possible to keep them clean and thereby preventing the necessity of recopying frequently, which is found burdensome.—Lita Bane.

**Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.**  
Donald was reprimanded for talking back to his mother. Donald's sister, wishing to be assured of her immunity from such conduct, queried soberly, "I don't talk backwords to mama, do I, papa?"

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**When the Lighthouse Fell.**  
A few weeks ago was celebrated the bi-centenary of John Smeaton, the famous engineer, who was born on June 8, 1724.

His name is associated with the Forth and Clyde Canal, in Scotland, which was completed in 1790, and was probably the most important engineering work carried out in Britain up to that date. He also rebuilt the Eddystone lighthouse after its destruction by fire in 1755. The lighthouse then erected by him stood for over a century.

The first lighthouse erected on the perilous Eddystone Reef was that designed by Henry Winstanley. It was a fantastic structure, resembling a Chinese pagoda in shape and had only stood for four years, when it was destroyed by a great storm on November 26, 1703. Winstanley, who had gone to the lighthouse a few days previously to superintend some repairs, perished in the disaster along with five other persons.

**Discouraging.**  
Thomas was not a prime favorite with his rich uncle. In vain did he try to impress him. One evening the young man called upon his uncle, and in the course of conversation asked, "Uncle, don't you think it would be rather foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, Thomas," was the reply. "Worse than foolish—impossible!"

## ABOUT BIRDS

A chicken or partridge, a day after it is hatched, will run about and pick up seeds, separating them from the travel among which they lie, while the young of the tree birds remain often a month in the nest, receiving, without discrimination, what is given by their parents.

A curlew, two days old, goes forth with all his faculties awake, and almost ready to make his way in the world; while the barn owl, which has reached the comparative old age of a month, though it may possess something of the serious and knowing aspect of the bird of wisdom, seems still sadly puzzled to know which foot he ought to put first.

Many birds, in their migration, move at the rate of a mile a minute for several consecutive hours. It is believed that many of them actually travel six to eight hundred miles a day, and are thus able to go from the Arctic to the torrid zones in three or four days.

A falcon, sent to the Duke of Lerma from Tenerife to Andalusia, returned in sixteen hours, a distance of seven hundred and eighty miles. The gulls of Barbadoes go two hundred miles in search of their food, making a daily flight of four hundred miles.

There is nothing more remarkable in this interesting case of animals being than the voice. The scream of the eagle seventeen thousand feet in the air, and thus more than three miles distant, may be distinctly heard, and the calls of flocks of storks and geese, beyond the reach of sight and equally remote, are often audible; and these wonderful powers of voice are infinitely diversified in their expression and use, from the simplest call to the most complicated and elaborate song.

Rennie expresses an opinion that birds sing most frequently from joy and buoyancy of spirits, and not unfrequently in triumphant defiance of rivalry or attack. He says: "I have a redbreast who will sing whenever I snap my fingers at him, and the sedge bird sings when a stone is thrown into the bush where he may be."

The song of birds has been divided by Syme into six distinct utterances: First there is the call note of the mate in spring; second, the loud, clear and fierce notes of defiance; third, the soft, tender, full, melodious love warble; fourth the notes of fear when danger approaches the nest; fifth, the note of alarm, or war cry, when a bird of prey appears; sixth, the note of the parent birds utter to their brood, and the chirp or note of the young. This latter he again divides into two—that which the young birds utter while in the nest, and that after they have left it.

One of the most singular of birds is the chanting hawk. The sexes pair for life. During incubation the male turns musician, and sings by day and night. Each strain occupies about a minute, when he pauses for a time and then begins again. He is so absorbed while singing that he may be approached, though at other times exceedingly shy.

Levillant having killed a male bird, the female searched for him on all sides, uttering piteous cries. In another case, having killed a female, the husband mounted to the tops of the trees, and poured out a mingled strain of lamentation and defiance.

The crowned eagle of Brazil is said to be the only bird that ventures to dine on skunks. It devours the armadillos, breaking their shells by carrying them high in the air and letting them fall upon the earth.

When flying the buffon eagle has the appearance of a bird with the tail cut off. Its name is given from its habit of tumbling like a buffoon in the air.

The condor has been known to soar to an elevation almost six times greater than that at which the clouds are ordinarily suspended over our heads.

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