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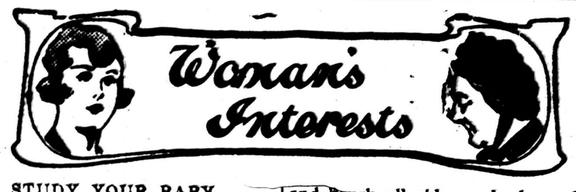


STUDY YOUR BABY.

Babies cannot talk, but they have a sign language which the observant mother may learn to understand. By proper understanding of his crying and movements, a great many of baby's wants may be discovered and wisely cared for.

A normal, healthy child gains regularly in weight, has a warm moist skin, breathes quietly, eats heartily, sleeps peacefully, has regularly one or two bowel movements daily, and cries only when he is hungry, uncomfortable, ill, or indulging in a fit of temper.

Breathing—The healthy baby will breathe easily and quietly through the nose. Sometimes a perfectly normal baby will breathe irregularly during the first weeks of life. This should excite no alarm unless associated with other signs of illness such as hot skin and flushed face.

Baby should breathe through the nose with the mouth closed. Mouth breathing or habitually holding the mouth open indicates enlarged tonsils or adenoids or some other obstruction to the breathing which needs the attention of a physician.

Skin—The baby's skin should be a healthy pink color and should feel warm, smooth and slightly moist to the touch. The muscles under the skin should feel firm. Flabby muscles usually indicate something wrong with the feeding.

Crying—A well baby does not cry very much, and since he has no other means of calling attention to his wants during the early months of his life, his cry should be heeded. But when he cries simply because he has learned from experience that this brings him whatever he wants, he has acquired one of the worst habits he can have, and one which it takes all the strength and patience of the mother to break. Crying should cease when the cause has been removed.

A certain amount of crying develops the baby's lungs and is good for him. When children cry for everything they want, it is the result of faulty training. If baby is cross or fretful and cries a great deal of the time, it does not mean necessarily that he is ill, but there is something wrong with him. Learn what he is trying to tell you by crying.

Hunger Cry—A low, whimpering cry sometimes accompanied by sucking the fingers or the lips. If the meal is not forthcoming, it may change to a lusty scream. Babies are as likely to cry from indigestion caused by overfeeding as from hunger.

Fretful Cry—The baby is sleepy or uncomfortable. He may be too warm or tired of being laid in one position. A tepid sponge bath and gentle rub or a change of clothing and taking him out will prove very restful and comforting. If the crying continues, consult the doctor; the child may be ill.

Cry of Colic or Pain—A lusty cry sometimes rising to a shriek, with tears in the eyes. In colic the knees are drawn up and the fists are clenched. A tight fist is usually an indication of pain. If the crying increases with moving of an arm or leg or when placing the child in a certain position, he may have a broken bone or other damage calling for the attention of a doctor.

Sick Cry—The very sick baby does not cry hard. There is a low moaning or wail, with sometimes a turning of the head from side to side.

CLEANING THE OILSTOVE WICK

During the oilstove season it is well to know an efficient way of cleaning the wicks, as a clean, steady blue flame gives the maximum of heat. Use an old toothbrush, turn the wick up to the level of the wick holder, and brush across from inside of the cylinder toward the outside, keeping the brush always at right angles to the wick. When it seems smooth and level turn the wick down out of sight and brush all sides and edges of the wick holder. Turn the wick up again and clean as before. This latter brushing removes any bits of carbon or threads that may have been sticking to the wick holder, and it is these tiny bits of charred material, falling onto the wick during the process of cleaning the wick or holder, or sticking to the edge of the latter if we fail to brush it, that cause the high yellow points in our blue flame—points which smoke if we attempt to turn up the wick to the necessary height for cooking. The whole operation is quickly done, does not make the fingers smutty or oily, and always results in a clean blue flame.

Never try to cut a round wick, as it will be found absolutely impossible to obtain an even height and is also quite apt to leave threads.

WHEN HEELS RUB.

When the children's heels rub paste a piece of velvet in the back of the shoe or slipper. This is equally as effective as the contrivances purchased for this purpose. The pile on the velvet prevents rubbing and blistered heels. Do not keep on wearing shoes in which the lining has rubbed through at the heels. It is extremely hard on stockings. Paste a piece of muslin or velvet over the worn part of the shoe lining.

STAINS.

Rosaleen's mother defended herself for what she had done by saying that the child was too careless. Yet uncomfortably three Rosaleens haunted her, three Rosaleens changing from one to another like pictures on a screen. There was a radiant, dancing Rosaleen starting for her party, then a frightened, stammering Rosaleen coming slowly back with the stained gown,—"But, mother, I couldn't help it; truly I couldn't. I was just standing under the arbor, and the grapes fell on me. They fell on Peggy too; nobody could help it," —and finally the frightened Rosaleen who went slowly to her room for punishment and then sobbed herself miserably to sleep.

Though the thing had happened weeks ago, the three Rosaleens still crept back. Now Rosaleen and her mother were visiting Jennie Davol and her little Molly. There was something about Molly and her mother that Rosaleen's mother could not quite understand; she kept watching and watching. And then one afternoon she saw clearly. Molly and Rosaleen had gone to a party at a neighbor's, and Molly had come back with a chocolate stain on her pretty gown. Afterwards Rosaleen's mother remembered Rosaleen's swift glance at her.

Molly was utterly fearless; she went straight to her mother as to one who is sure to help. "Mother, oh, mother, see what happened! We can clean it, can't we?"

That quick nestling against her mother! The eagerness in her eyes! And then Jennie kissed the eager face and asked:

"Tell me, how did it happen, dear?"

"Mina Ackers was having a second helping of ice cream, and she spilled some of it on me. Of course she didn't mean to, mother."

"No, dear, I'm sure she didn't. And I think we can clean it. Run upstairs and put on an old dress, and I'll show you how. Then if you ever have a stain when mother isn't here, you'll know what to do."

Molly danced upstairs as lightly as she had danced down on her way to the party. A strange look came into Rosaleen's eyes, a look that pierced her mother's heart.

In a moment Molly danced down again, with the white dress over her arm. Then they all went out into the kitchen, where Molly learned how to fasten the dress tight over a bowl with clothespins and to pour boiling water through the cloth.

As the stain faded out Rosaleen said, "Mother didn't show me how to get mine out."

Over the heads of their daughters the glances of the two mothers met. The eyes of Rosaleen's were dark with pain. Molly's mother said to Rosaleen, "I suppose she loved to do it for you. You ask her next time to let you help."

Rosaleen turned her clear eyes on her mother. Suddenly she ran to her and clung close. "I will; oh, I will!" she cried.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

CREAM

Ship your Cream to us and obtain the best results with highest price for number one quality. Daily returns, cans supplied, and express charges paid. Write for cans now.

BOWES CO., Ltd. - TORONTO

"When Hearts Command"—

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Mr. Smarle, I—I'd rather you told me at once. Is mumsey dead?" said Alice.

Her question startled Christopher. He had no clue at all as to what had prompted it.

"Not that I know of," he replied.

"She is ill then? Perhaps she has had an accident?"

"I haven't heard of it," said Christopher. "May I sit down?"

"Oh, yes—please do. You must forgive me. I didn't understand. When your card came up I could only think that something had happened to mumsey and that you had come to tell me. You—you are sure? Nothing has happened to her."

"Nothing that I know of," Christopher firmly assured his victim. "Except that she appears to have lost all sense of conscience. Thank you, I will sit down if I may."

"Oh, yes, yes! Here at the window, Mr. Smarle. This chair looks to be quite comfortable."

Christopher crossed the room with sombre, heavy tread, and possessed himself of the comfortable chair, after pointedly waiting for Alice to sit down first.

She leaned forward, her hands anxiously clasped, her white face drawn with perplexity.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I don't understand your speaking about my mother like that."

"I will explain," said Christopher. "I came straight from London purposely to see you—before it was too late."

"You came—to see—me? From London? Then it is about mumsey——" Her fears were returning. Oh, this strange, cruel-looking man!

"Your mother wrote to me," Christopher went on. "I only got her letter yesterday morning, and I left by the two o'clock train. I've been travelling ever since. I reached Lucerne less than an hour ago."

"Really? Perhaps you—you'd like something to eat." Alice made a movement as though to get up, but he waved her back with a decisive gesture.

"I want nothing, thank you. Your mother wrote to me concerning your marriage. It was quite a long letter, for her. It was a letter which shocked and startled me very much. I hope you will forgive me for saying so, but your mother appears to be totally devoid of conscience and a proper sense of duty."

"Mr. Smarle, I cannot listen if you are going to say such things as that! I don't know what mumsey can have written, but certainly——"

"I quite understand. Your feelings are but natural, and you are in no wise to blame. Your mother has shirked her Christian duty, but that doesn't absolve me from mine. You were not informed, I believe, that Hugo Smarle is your father."

"Hugo Smarle?" Alice repeated faintly. "I don't know who you mean. My father was your cousin, and his name was Hugo Carnay."

Christopher shook his head sadly.

"No, my child. Your father's name was Smarle. Your mother called herself Mrs. Carnay—for a reason. She posed as a widow—also for a reason—but that was wholly unnecessary. That was carrying deception too far. The man whom you've been told is your uncle is really your father. I believe you've been told that his name is Baliss—John Baliss."

Alice sat tense and still.

She had thought that Uncle John was really her father, but mumsey had sworn to her that it wasn't so. She had taken her mother's word, believed implicitly that her mother would not lie to her.

"And——"—Christopher cleared his throat—"I'm afraid the most shocking part is yet to come. Hugo—your poor father was convicted as a criminal lunatic. He has been confined in Broadmoor for fifteen years. In a fit of madness he shot a man, his partner in fact. Shot and killed a man. Of course, he is sane now—but, nevertheless, all this is something you should have been told, and it was your mother's duty to tell you. In view of your marriage, you understand. You would have wished to know. Your—er—your husband might also prefer to have been told. Particularly a man like Dr. Ardeyne, who, I believe, holds rather strong views on the subject. That is to say, on heredity. Personally, I don't agree with all these medical theories. But that has nothing to do with the facts. My own personal opinion cannot be supposed to alter Dr. Ardeyne's."

Alice never moved. She sat there, leaning forward, her hands clasped tightly, listening with a sense of horror. It seemed as though the thing could not be real. She, the daughter of a madman! Uncle John was that madman, and he was not Uncle John but her father, whom she had been told had died so bravely defending his country. Her father was not a gallant Major Carnay. Her father was alive; he had been in a place called Broadmoor. Undoubtedly Broadmoor was That Place, so frequently on Uncle John's undisciplined tongue.

That was what it had all meant; his queer speeches, his little jealousies, his generosity to her. And Mr. Gaunt knew. He was in the secret, too.

She would have challenged Christopher Smarle's story had there been the least bit of room in her mind for doubt. But there wasn't any room.

He tugged at an inside pocket and brought out a bulky envelope. Instantly she recognized the handwriting.

"Your mother's letter. I would like you to read it," he said.

Alice shook her head.

"No think you, I'd rather not."

"In case you imagine I've been too harsh."

"No, thank you."

"Very well." Christopher pursed his lips, frowned, and returned the envelope to his pocket. The poor little bride's coldly stubborn manner set him against her.

"She didn't want you to know," he said.

"Apparently not."

"And she got your father to agree to the deception. It was because she wanted you to make this advantageous marriage."

Alice winced.

Christopher continued: "Your mother's audacity went further than that even. She allowed herself to believe that I—*I* might be persuaded to become a party to her wicked plan. She rather misunderstands me. She always did."

Alice shivered and slightly changed her position. She wished Mr. Smarle would go. The full extent of her tragedy was only beginning to dawn on her; she felt the horror of it drawing closer and closer. Soon she would be drowned in it, and she didn't want Christopher Smarle to witness her agony.

"The one thing which puzzles me," he continued, in his smooth, quasi-judicial voice, "is Dr. Ardeyne's attitude in this matter. I met Dr. Ardeyne shortly after your father's release had been decided upon. He was, as it seems incredible your mother did not know, on the examining board of physicians. The only thing I can think of is that your mother has in some way managed to keep poor Hugo hidden from Dr. Ardeyne. Otherwise—"

"My husband has seen my—my father frequently," Alice managed to say. Her head was in an absolute whirl. She only half comprehended the meaning of these after-thoughts of Christopher's.

"H'm," sniffed Christopher. "Then Dr. Ardeyne, himself, is in the deception."

"Mumsey didn't know. I'm sure she didn't!"

"Didn't know what? There's precious little, I imagine——"

"That Philip was on that board. I'm sure she didn't."

Christopher looked sourly indifferent.

"It doesn't matter. I had my duty to perform. If Ardeyne hasn't been deceived so much the better. But that's no credit to your mother. It was just an accident. Were you engaged to him before your father arrived?"

"I'm afraid I can't talk about it any more," Alice said faintly. "Would you be so kind as to excuse me, Mr. Smarle? I—I'm not feeling very well."

Christopher took the hint. He rose, majestically solemn, and, noting that she did not offer her hand, made no attempt at cordial leave-taking.

"Now that I am here," he said, "I may as well stay a few days to get some benefit from the journey. If either you or Doctor Ardeyne wishes to see me you'll find me at the Hotel du Rhein. It's a modest little place—not so grand as you are here—but comfortable. Lucerne is a very beautiful spot, isn't it? Well, good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," Alice repeated.

She sat stunned for a little while after the door had closed on him.

Then, bit by bit, all the puzzling things which had happened since Hugo's arrival at Bordighera began to fit themselves together. She was the daughter of a lunatic who had shot and killed a man, and had been shut up in Broadmoor for fifteen years.

And Philip had asked her to marry him before he knew her dreadful history. Why, they had been engaged nearly a week before he even laid eyes on Uncle John—that is to say, her father.

She remembered that afternoon in the olive grove when Philip's manner had subtly changed. It was no less affectionate, but there had been a difference. He had been more like an elder brother than a lover. She realized now how he had been turning things over in his mind; how he must have suffered for her sake; how difficult it must have been for him.

And those letters he had written from Genoa—now, knowing them all pretty well by heart, she could read between the lines and gather the perplexity that had tortured his heart. Letters like white flames, which had seemed to burn away all the dross of life, leaving only that which was noble, beautiful, and self-sacrificial; such letters as a man might write to a little saint on her high and lonely pedestal.

Time and again—even to-day—she had felt that Philip had something he feared yet wished to tell her. And it was this terrible thing.

Mumsey had thought to trick and cheat him, but when he found out he played his part like the fine, chivalrous soul he was.

Oh, God, be pitiful, be merciful!

Mumsey had done it deliberately; lied when questioned about Uncle John; taken an oath, or offered to take one.

The girl's heart contracted with pain. She wanted to die, but death doesn't come merely by wishing it.

Mumsey had done this thing.

Dare one hate one's mother?

She got up slowly and went into her bedroom, feeling stiff, bruised, utterly broken. There was plenty of money in her purse—thanks to her father's generosity—and her trunk was still unpacked. It would take only a few moments to repack the contents of her dressing-bag. But was there time to get away before Philip returned? Certainly not time enough to ring for porters and have the trunk taken down. In life it is always the little things which make the greatest difficulties.

She would have to write a note for Philip. No, she could postpone that and leave the trunk. Suppose she took just her dressing-bag and slipped away to the station? There would be a train going somewhere. She could telegraph Philip from the station, and then write to him when she reached her destination, wherever that might be.

She put on her hat and did not notice that she had got it back to front. Frantically she threw brushes and toilet articles into the bag, and then struggled into her coat. If only she could get away! It would be so much easier for both of them if her shame and humiliation were confessed to Philip by letter.

She snatched up the bag and her gloves and turned towards the door.

There stood Philip, staring at her in blank surprise. Perhaps he had been watching her for as much as a minute or more.

"My darling child, what on earth does this mean?" he demanded.

(To be continued.)

Members of the 1st Bombay Troop of Boy Scouts, who arrived in England for the big Jamboree, are shown enjoying a joke at their camp at Sidcup.

NEEDLESS ELECTRIC REPAIRS.

We should not push the plug violently into electric toaster, iron or percolator, or screw the electric bulbs too tight.

Notice how the toaster will begin to sing at the slightest contact, and if the current is on how the light will flash when the bulb is not screwed in tight.

I learned this from a friendly electric repair man to whom I had taken our percolator when it refused to work. He diagnosed the trouble to be due to jamming the plug into the socket when the percolator was connected.—M. J. M.

SAVE THE WALL PAPER.

To avoid marks on your walls, place rubber-headed tacks on the backs of the picture frames close to the bottom.

Canada produces 88 per cent. of the world's asbestos supply all from the mines of southern Quebec.

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.

Serious Enough, However.

Applicants for positions on the police force of a certain Middle Western town are of course required to undergo a careful physical examination. During the examination of one candidate the physician asked: "What did your grandfather die of?"

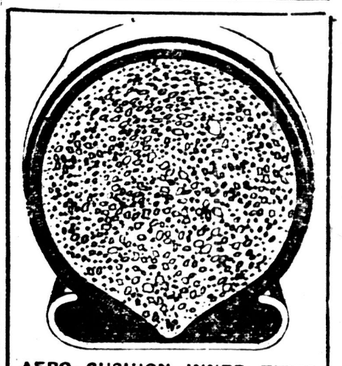
The applicant looked nonplused for a moment and finally admitted that he did not remember. But in order that his own record be not to seriously compromised he hastened to add, "Anyway, I know that it was nothing serious."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Flying Round the World.

The circumference of the world is 24,000 miles, but the new air route all the way round is 27,000 miles. This is due to the fact that the aviator does not fly quite as the crow flies ,and the circle he completes is slightly larger than the circle completed by a traveller on the world's actual surface. The route being developed by Imperial Airways is calculated to take seventeen days—and Jules Verne's hero went round the world in eighty! Truth beats fiction every time.

He whom God steers steers safely.



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