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DON'T CATCH COLD.
Mary had a new-born cold. The cold was in her head. And everywhere that Mary went that cold was bound to spread. 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 it. 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.

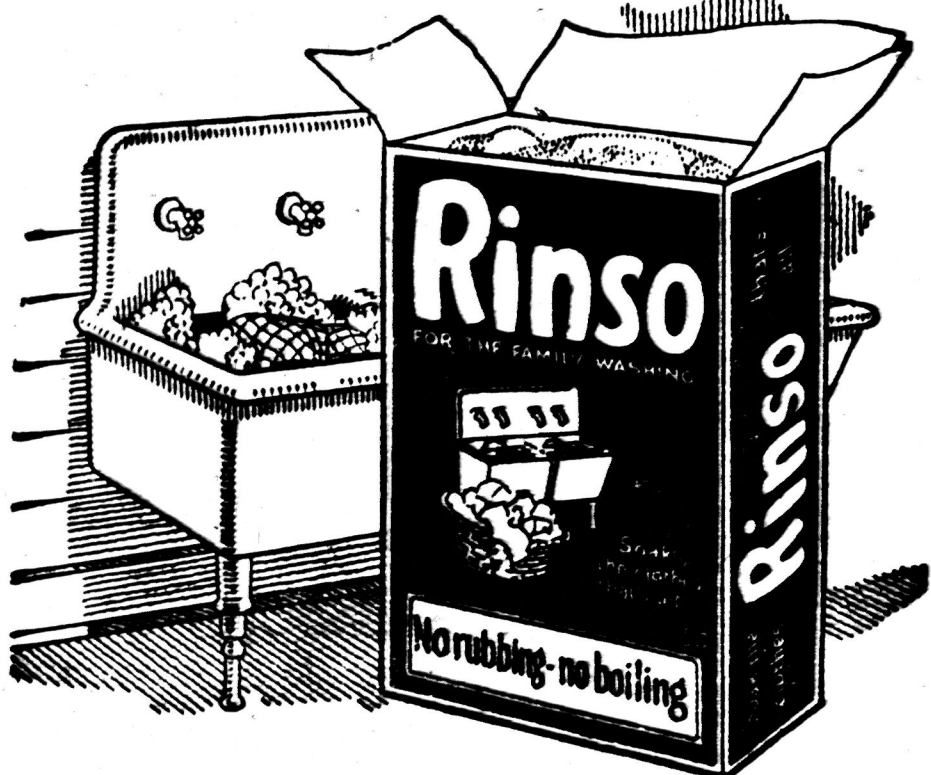


COTTAGE CHEESE HINTS.
Beating cottage cheese with a rotary egg beater greatly improves its consistency, making it very smooth and light. It may be necessary to add a little extra cream or some top milk to beat it properly.

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

For sore feet—Minard's Liniment.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the suggestiveness 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 cushions.

How long was it to endure this terrible life, with Hugo growing worse and worse every moment? The serene, friendly face of Mme. Douste looked down at her from the old portrait, with seeming compassion in the sweet grey eyes.

"Only I had told you!" Jean cried. "What would Mrs. Douste have counselled? Certainly not marriage with Hugo, after what had happened. That had been the biggest piece of madness, and Jean herself had shared it."

For a long time she lay staring at the portrait of her dead friend, until tears blurred her vision. Then 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! Only Hector.

"Oh, here you are," said Gaunt. "Here'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 head off 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,' though he said 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, but Hugo deliberately let himself down by agreeing to the 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 after lunch 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, as he saw it then, being hanged. You know, Jean, that's very much the sort of thing Hugo would do."

"I know it is. 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. "Lately I've been afraid of him, Hector."

"That's absurd."

The Aeolian harp jangled its warning, and Hugo's inquisitive face peered 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 be sure of a breeze, and the fir-grown 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 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. Madeline put up such a wonderful lunch, we were all so stuffed we could hardly get down again. Shall I tell Madeline?"

She'll want to know about the food. There are some canvas hammocks in the attic, but I don't mind sleeping on the ground. Will you see about a tent to carry our kit, Hector? And another for Jean, of course. She hates climbing. Wear something sensible, Jean. Do you think we could manage to heat water in the old Roman bath? That would be great fun. May I take my gun? Or had I better leave it with Guido, to protect the villa while we're away?"

"Leave it with Guido by all means," said Gaunt, answering the last of his string of questions. "You'd like to come, wouldn't you, Jean?"

"Oh, she must come," piped Hugo. "It wouldn't be any fun without her, and we couldn't leave her behind. The robber barons would take advantage of our being away. Don't say you won't come, Jean. Otherwise, it's all off."

"Of course I'll come," she agreed hastily.

She was too utterly worn out to care much about going, but the prospect of Hugo's disappointment could not be borne. He would have made their lives a misery had the picnic been refused.

After all, why not? It would be a pleasant excursion and an easy one. A hammock makes a comfortable bed if one isn't too much the slave of luxury. Gaunt, who was used to roughing it, professed his perfect willingness to cook for them and make camp and there would be his boy Carlo for the fetching of water and washing up.

"At night we'll light a fire," said Hugo, "and tell ghost stories. Oh, do let's begin to get ready!"

Jean began her preparations by going to her room and lying down. It was too distressing the way she was always being overcome by fatigue. "Yet I do nothing—nothing at all," she told herself in bewildered disgust. Poor little soul, perhaps it did not occur to her that fatigue of the brain reacts on the strongest of bodies, and here was rather frail. Always there gnawed at her the ache of separation from Alice, the separation that was more than that of mere distance. She had to console herself with the belief that Alice was happy, and nothing else mattered. And besides the mis-

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try of being alienated 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 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 nice for percale or wool or cotton crepe. The width at the foot is 1 1/4 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 yards will be required.

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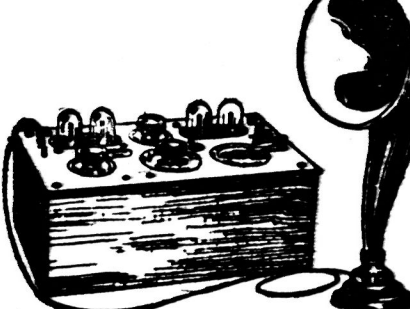
One is frequently in need of certain sizes of containers for flowers, or flowers are sometimes sent to the hospital or hotel, where it is difficult to secure containers. In one instance paper drinking cups were decorated by tying crepe paper around them. Very pretty flower holders resulted.

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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.

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