

## A Good Wife Better Than Gold Helps Husband to Success

By Dr. Madison C. Peters.

Man and woman are like two shells of the oyster—they were made for each other. A crusty old bachelor, hearing that his friend had gone blind, said: "Let him marry, and if that does not open his eyes, nothing else will." But that snore has been confuted by the experience of many blind scholars, like Hood, famous authority on bees, and Fawcett, political economist at Cambridge and England's most famous postmaster-general, whose highly qualified wives were eyes indeed to their husbands.

Many men think they are self-made who really are marriage made. Napoleon won his greatest victories while Josephine was his wife and while he loved her. When our country's interests hung in the balance at Valley Forge, Martha Washington hastened to her George and urged him on to victory.

Whether a man shall be made or married in marriage depends altogether on his choice of a wife.

### A GOOD WOMAN IS A TREASURE

Don't marry for beauty alone. Socrates called beauty, "a short-lived tyranny," and Theophrastus, "a silent thief." The man who marries for beauty alone is as silly as the man who would buy a house because it had fine flowers in the front yard. A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart. The one is a jewel, the other is a treasure.

Look well to the temper of the girl you think of marrying. Socrates said he "married Xanthippe and endured her for self-discipline." Solomon, whose matrimonial experience was multitudinous, had a different view of the matter: "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house top than with a bawling woman in a wide house."

The word "wife" means weaver, and wives either weave men's fortunes or like moths, simply feed upon them. Many a woman, by true sympathy, by thinking over what will do him good, has helped her husband on to highest success. Bismarck and Disraeli, who for 30 years were the controlling powers in European politics, said they owed their success to their wives.

Woman's quick intuition will give you more practical knowledge in an hour than man's slow logic in years.

Before you select a business partner, introduce him to your wife. Get her opinion as to his capacity and integrity.

### TAKE ADVICE OF YOUR WIFE.

Lord Bollingbroke said: "If I was making up a plan of consequence, I should first consult with a sensible woman." A woman often will see what's right and often do it before her husband has finished his deliberations. Make your home a cabinet-room, where all the affairs of the household and of business come under comparison and advice. Tell your wife how much money you have and no honorable woman will want to spend more than can be afforded.

While many a man owes his prosperity to his wife's wise administration of household affairs, it also is true that many a man's financial straits can be traced to the wife's love of vulgar display, social rivalry, or thoughtless extravagance, or perhaps incompetent management.

When the husband of Victoria Colonna was offered the crown of Naples as an inducement to join the league against his sovereign, Charles V., she prevailed upon him to spurn the offer. Suppose that, dazzled by the glitter of royalty, she had coaxed him to make her a queen, would he have refused the bribe? He might, but he would have been one man in a million.

### SET THEIR HEARTS UPON SHOW.

That is what is going on in thousands of homes throughout our land. Women have their hearts set upon show, upon glitter, upon dress, upon social distinction, upon surpassing some rival, upon more of the luxuries and splendors of wealth, and are leading their husbands, unconsciously perhaps, to abandon their integrity for the sake of show.

Marry a good housekeeper. The sentiment has become prevalent that

a man must make his fortune before he marries, that his wife must have no sympathy or share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists. This is unfortunate; it fills the country with bachelors who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, encourages inefficiency among women, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any concern on their part.

Just as it is a man's duty to provide for his family, so it is the woman's duty to adorn it with all the excellences and graces of good taste, and either by her own industry or the well-directed industry of those who serve her, to fill it with beautiful influences of cleanliness, good order, and neatness, so that everything may minister to the comfort and enjoyment of those she loves.

### DUTIES NOT LEARNED IN SCHOOL.

The state of life into which it has pleased God to call our daughters is plainly, for the most part, that which entails the duties of the housekeeper and the homemaker, and for those duties the learning acquired in the schools often does much to unfit them.

The result of this unfitness is seen in the extravagant habits of our modern housekeeping, the ignorant waste where the young wife finds herself unable to teach and direct her servants in cases where she is not required to do the actual work herself, and, wearying of her attempts to be queen of her own household, she allows her little kingdom to live without a head. Her husband finds that the expense of married life is far greater than he had anticipated and the comfort less. As the expenditures increase he sees that his hard work on one side is only to supply the means of wastefulness on the other side and that his children are growing up with notions of life which nothing but continually increasing riches can satisfy.

### WOMEN ARE ABLE TO WORK.

Even if a young woman be not required to do the work herself, she ought to be able to direct her servants. But a young wife may not be able to do all the work required to be done in the house. Not able! Not able to cook, and wash, and mend, and clean the house for one young man and herself, and that young man her husband, too, who is quite willing to work from morning until night, to put up with a cold lunch, to get up and light the fire, to do anything that love can contrive to spare her labor, conduce to her convenience, and promote her happiness.

Womanliness and good housekeeping go together. Society requires of the man a certain training when he enters a profession where great issues are at stake, and men as a rule do master the business which they follow, and it should be as binding on a woman to master the details and proper care of a house. Marriages are made when women make more of home.

He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of a woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world without may look dark and cheerless, but the little asylum of home, lighted up by love, will be cheerful and bright.

The successful man's wife will make her husband feel that one day passed under his own roof is worth a thousand in any other place. A house may be a cold storage for costly furniture. A home must be warmed with the embers of love. Home is the miniature of heaven, let down to shine in this world.

Several years ago Denmark began to utilize convicts for cultivating the soil. The example is to be followed in Norway, where, in consequence of immigration, there is a dearth of labor.



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## Cutting Cork In Gascony

ENTIRE POPULATION OF ONE FRENCH TOWN LIVES BY THIS INDUSTRY.

Peasants of Mezin Manufacture 250,000,000 Stoppers Every Year.

Pretty nearly all the corks used in France and a very large proportion of the entire world's supply are made in Mezin, a village of 2,700 inhabitants in Gascony. It is a picturesque, old-fashioned place approached by roads which lead between hedgerows. Its houses are all shiny white and they cluster amid groups of plane trees. There is a battlemented cathedral that looks like a medieval fortress.

Only a few miles away, at Nerac, President Fallieres was born. He still has his home there when he retires to private life. He is a large wine grower and he is greatly interested in the cork cutters, whose senator he was for years before he became president. It used to be an annual custom for a delegation of the young men and pretty girls of Mezin to visit him for the purpose of inviting him to the cork cutters' fête, which is always held on Aug. 15. He always went, and he is immensely popular in Mezin.

Of the 2,700 inhabitants of Mezin, 1,500 men, women and children are engaged in the cork industry. There are 35 cork factories in the village for all its sleepy, ancient appearance, and they not only absorb more than half the local working force, but draw on all the other villages for miles around. Mezin and its environs live on cork and a very good living they make of it. There is no more prosperous section in France.

### BEST SOIL IN GASCONY.

Gascony has the best soil in the world for cork. The forest of Gers and the Landes there are thousands of trees of medium height with gnarled boughs and their foliage concentrated in a gray, green ball. The robust cork is covered with the rough, brown, fish-gray bark, to which many lichens and mosses cling. This is the cork tree.

The attack on it is made in June of each year. That regiment of countrymen in the long linen blouses and blue caps which are the costume of the country invade the woods, picking out the well-known trees to flay. With a keen knife a circle is drawn around the trunk close to the ground and another high up, just where the branches begin. Then a long incision is made from one circle to the other. The process of taking off the great sheet of bark thus cut out is a most delicate one. It is rough, hard, brittle, this raw cork, but it must not be split or even cracked.

When it is removed the tree trunk looks like the flayed carcass of an animal. The wood is red and it suggests drops of blood. The tree is not injured, however. The bark soon begins to grow again, and by the next year it is ready for another stripping.

Then the bark, rolled up in 200-pound bundles, is taken to Mezin. But there is not enough of it. Bark from Spain, Portugal, Corsica and Algiers also arrives there to the extent of thousands of tons.

### ALL ARE ON THE JOB.

Every morning at dawn practically all the population except the old women and the children flock to the factories. The strong men have the job preparing the cork for the cutters. It has to be converted from rough, friable tinder into the soft, elastic substance with which everyone is familiar. First it is steeped in a warm bath of dilute hydrochloric and oxalic acids. It comes out white and soft, and while still wet, it is laid out on flat tables to take the curvature out of it. When it dries out it is ready to be cut.

Then comes the shavers, who with light, curved hatchets remove the rough surface and finish it with rasps. After these the shavers divide it up into squares, according to the size of the corks that are to be made from it. The final operation is performed by girls who feed to machines the squares, which come out perfectly shaped corks, round and polished, cylindrical or beveled, according as the machine has been set. It takes the girl a month to learn how to run the machine.

Mezin turns out from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 corks a week. The annual output is in the neighborhood of

250,000,000 corks. They vary enormously in price. A good champagne cork is worth four cents (2 centimes) in the factory. Small corks for vials run out of waste to a large extent sometimes go at several dozen for a cent. The money that is realized on Mezin's corks each year is estimated at not far from \$750,000.

### CHINESE WALKING.

That the Chinaman and the American Indian came from the same stock is an ethnological fact, so far as reasonable deductions can be made. The term "Indian file" is as old as the valley of the Columbia, through which the Indians made their way into the United States ages before we were happily discovered by Columbus. The Indians of today amount to nothing, not even Antonio Apache, the bewigged impostor of the four hundred. But in their habit of traveling in single file the Chinese prove their relationship to the red man of America. In trails after each other through the streets the Chinese never converse. They are as silent as the Sphinx. The Italians on the other hand, glibly speak louder than the other, and all want to talk at the same time. This is additional evidence that the two races are unrelated.—N.Y. Press.

## AFTER 30 YEARS OF MARRIAGE

HUXLEY AND HIS WIFE WRITE POEMS TO EACH OTHER.

Huxley's letters to his future wife, Miss Nettie Heathorn, who remained in her Australian home while her lover fought for a home, are extremely interesting. "For a long time Science seemed as though she meant to starve her favorite son, and break his ambition, so poorly did she reward him. But at last all came right. Thirty years after their marriage the husband and wife issued, privately, a little volume of poems, and in two of these they addressed each other in terms which tell all that the world need know of their satisfaction in each other.

### Husband to Wife.

Dear wife, for more than thirty years Have you and I, hand clasped in hand, Sometimes all smiles, sometimes in bitter tears, Wended our way through the strange land Of living men; until the silvery hair, And graver mien, and steps more slow, Adown the strand of age we fare To the still ocean, but beyond time's flow. True wife, house-mother, worn with many cares, Love's afterglow shall brighten all the years. That yet are ours; and closer still shall be our clasp Of hands, until they nerveless fall and cease to grasp.

### Wife to Husband.

Dearest and best! we both begin to feel The weight of years lie heavy on our lives. A little silver turns our pulses' wheel, And in thy hair shines many a silver thread; But this, beloved, this one thing I know, That our true love doth show no tint of gray, But is as golden as that far-off day In the long past, when soul with soul did wed, And all the world was roscate with their glow.

These lines have not the immortal melody of "John Anderson, my Jo," but they have all their feeling, with actuality added.

Citizens of Pasadena, Cal., have made complaint to the city authorities that bees and flies, introduced by a man named Orange, have become a nuisance. They say that the proprietors of a nursery near the town have a large force of Japanese employed extracting seeds from partly decayed oranges, and in the process of squeezing the seeds from the oranges a small stream of orange juice flows from the place, which attracts millions of flies and bees, which become in temperate. The nursery uses the seeds for planting.

### WARTS DISFIGURE THE HANDS.

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## Royal Nurseries Of Europe

CHILDREN IN FOURTEEN OUT OF EIGHTEEN COURTS.

Little Prince of Norway Stands Up for His Parents' Rights—Infante of Spain Grants a Petition.

Certainly in fourteen and probably in fifteen of the eighteen empires and kingdoms of Europe there are families of young children who are growing up as heirs direct or presumptive to the throne. In a few cases they are children of the sovereign; often they are grandchildren or nephews. In the case of Sweden there is a great-grandson.

The most pathetic of the childless courts is that of Holland. In Austria and Portugal the ultimate living heirs are young men still unmarried. The doubtful case is Turkey. The "Almanach de Gotha" gives no particulars as to the domestic status of Selim Effendi, the Sultan's eldest son. But he is 37, and it is highly probable that he is childless.

As a rule, efforts are made to bring royal children up simply and modestly and to shield their nursery life from the public gaze, but it is inevitable that a great many details leak out. One little prince who has been very much before the public in his brief life of four years is Olaf, crown prince of Norway. When he visited his grandfather in England a few months ago with his father and mother he attracted little less notice than King Haakon and Queen Maud.

He is said to be a very self-willed young gentleman, with a large sized idea of his own and his parents' rights. The last story told of him represents him as stamping his foot when a little playmate climbed into a big armchair in one of the private saloons in the palace at Christiania.

"Get out of there!" he ordered, "that is my father's place!" The little visitor looked scared and King Haakon hastened to comfort him. The king picked him up and set him on his knee, but the young Prince Olaf became even more enraged. He stamped his foot again as he fairly shouted:

"Get out of there! I tell you, that is my mother's place!"

The latest arrivals in the rank of heirs direct are the baby Prince of Spain and Germany, both born within a few months. The one as crown prince the other the crown prince's son. Both are still in their cradles, so personal anecdotes are lacking, but there are stories about the Spanish heir all the same.

One tells of the appeal of a poor woman, the widow of an officers who fell in Cuba, for an increase of pension. She had repeatedly made application through the ordinary channels, but without result. Then she hit on the device of addressing a memorial to his Royal Highness Alfonso, Infante of Spain.

The letter was opened by the prince's secretary. He has a whole suite of officials and equestries to reinforce his buxom Andalusian nurse—wife, of course, referred the memorial to the king. The king read it and smiled.

Holding it in his hand he made his way through the corridors of the Escurial, the secretary and a few other attendants tagging on behind him. In the nursery they found the queen and the baby prince sitting up in his crib. The king explained the situation and then with a formal bow returned the letter to the secretary.

"But what shall I do with it, sire?" the latter asked.

"Why, give it to the prince, to whom it is directed, of course."

The secretary with his best obeisance laid it on the royal cradle. The baby grabbed at it and smiled.

"Well, what does the prince say to it?" asked the king, after a pause turning to the nurse.

"Really, your majesty, he appears to say nothing," was the matter of fact reply.

"All right, silence gives consent," said the king. "Mr. Secretary, see that the letter is forwarded to the war department with the proper indorsement and write to the woman that the prince grants her request."

The Russian imperial children lead a healthful, outdoor life, for the most part at Tsarskoe-Selo, always with a powerful guard of soldiers and secret police agents just beyond their range of vision. It is a wonder that the poor little grand duke, who is the heir to the dignity of Czar, is not already overwhelmed by his title.

He is now just three years and three

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months old and he is Hetman of all the Cossacks, chief of the regiment of the Guard of Finland, colonel of the Fifty-first Regiment of Infantry of Zinovsk, of the Twelfth Regiment of Infantry of Eastern Siberia, of the Corps of Cadets of Tashkent, captain of the Fourth Battery of Horse Artillery of the Guard, commandant of the Military School at Moscow, of the Forty-fourth Regiment of Dragoons of Nijni-Novgorod and of the Forty-fifth Regiment of Dragoons of Sevsk. He is also a chevalier of the Order of St. Andrew. Notwithstanding these dignities it is said that his greatest joy in life is a red and blue Punchinello and that he occasionally scraps with

his youngest sister, Princess Anastasia who is six years old, for possession of it.

Sometimes odd things happen to royal children. Not long ago, as the cable told the readers of The Sun, the carriage in which the youngest daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm was driving with her governess in Berlin, ran over a little boy. The princess, who is fifteen, jumped out and ran after the crowd that was carrying the little chap to a drug store near by. Then a vigilant policeman who formed the idea that she was trying to escape dashed after her and caught her by the arm.

(Continued on Page Eighteen.)

# DR. AGNEW

WITH THE FORESIGHT OF A PROPHET, BY THE AID OF THAT GREATEST OF KNOWN TREATMENTS—"DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART"—IS LEADING THOUSANDS OUT OF "EGYPTIAN BONDAGE" OUT OF ILL-HEALTH AND UNTOLD SUFFERING TO THE "PROMISED LAND" OF PERFECT HEALTH

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"I was under treatment," says Mr. A. Lavers, of Collingwood, Ont., "with some of the best physicians in London (England) for what they diagnosed as incurable heart trouble. I suffered agonies through pain about my heart, fainting spells, palpitation and exhaustion. As a drowning man grasps at a straw I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first bottle relieved me greatly; two bottles away all traces of my heart trouble."

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### Beer Is Not A Mere Tonic

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### Beer Builds Up Thin Folks

That is why good beer is such a notable flesh-builder, and why it is so effective in changing the too-white blood of anemic people into the red, strong, healthy blood of the vigorous. It has qualities that are very valuable to women, especially. It is distinctly NOT an intoxicant, nor a hurtful stimulant. Ask your doctor if beer wouldn't be good for you as an item of daily diet.

\* BEER is a term which covers lager, ale, porter and stout; and, in the practice of Ontario brewers, includes beverages made under most hygienic conditions from Ontario barley (the best in the world) malt, hops, and pure water.