

Items Of Interest to Everybody

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What Your Five Pints of Saliva a Day Does For You

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The emotions act upon the various glands in diverse ways. The salivary glands, which manufacture the digestive fluids of the mouth and tongue, may be checked or made to the extent they are affected by joy, grief, anger, fear, anxiety, or any other emotion. An emotion or feeling is the result of a sensation, passing through the brain, which affects the salivary, adrenal, thyroid or other glands. Each group of glands in the more complex animals such as man, seem to be specifically susceptible to either pleasure or pain perceptions.

The salivary and the stomach glands are no exception to the rule. You lose your taste for food or your appetite at disturbing or irritating moods, because the emotion stirred up is responsible for the impediment to the action of the glands.

Physiologists used to think that "centres" in the brain, when irritated by given a electric shock, will make saliva, gastric, thyroid or almost any other juice overflow. This conclusion drawn from this is false, that the nerves and the brain control the flow of such juices.

While this is partially true, it is a mechanical and very small part of the truth. The so-called "centres" are merely crowded areas, where special groups of message-paths accidentally come together.

True Digestive Juices. The saliva flows from the openings of the glands in immense quantities. It forms an immense portion of the food. You swallow, over five pints are made in a day.

Your nature, what you perceive, a distinct psychological effect, is what alters the amount of saliva produced. Thus chewing, swallowing and eating are physiologically aided and abetted. Saliva is a true digestive juice. It

digests certain hydro-carbons or carbohydrates, such as the starches, and thus changes them into sugar. A cheap substitute for sugar is starch. It is a marvel to me that the average person does not "step" to the fact that a lump of starch dropped into coffee, soft drinks, and the like will do as a substitute for sugar.

Chew Food Well. If you are well and hearty, your saliva will convert starch into sugar and help it on its way and in the role of a sugar substitute. Boiling does not digest the starch, but aids its digestion by opening the grains. The enzymes of the saliva are now able to act more swiftly upon the cooked starch.

Evidently, then, the saliva is one of the definitely useful digestive fluids. If you chew your food well, you will have gone a good way toward giving first aid to your stomach.

Answers to Health Questions
A CONSTANT READER: G.—Please give me something for superfluous hair.
A.—Remember that there are few if any methods to kill the roots. About twice a week, or when needed, a little of the following may be tried:

Calcium sulphide 2 parts
Zinc oxide 1 part
Starch 1 part
When you are ready to use this make a paste with water and apply to the parts. Let it remain on the skin for about five minutes and then wipe off gently with a soft cloth.

W. W. R.: Q.—Please give me something for dandruff.
A.—Use a little of the following for your dandruff three times a week:
Resorcin 10 grains
Salicylic acid 10 grains
Sulphate of quinine, 10 grains
Petrolatum 1 ounce

E. B. A.: Q.—Please give me something to remove warts.
A.—Of course, some warts are so mild that a little cold, heat, dryness, vinegar or other simple domestic "focussing" will cause them to drop. But, however, require more radical treatment such as a little caustic soda, salicylic acid, 1 dram to the ounce of collodion; or the surgeon's lance.

To-morrow's
HOROSCOPE
By Genevieve Kemble
SUNDAY, AND MONDAY, OCT. 13-14.
A long chain of peculiar mutual aspects promises to make of Sunday a day memorable for singular experiences. The occult and mystical influences are dominant, and with Mars and Venus in aspect the probability for either unconventional or unusual occurrences is enlarged. All call for discreet conduct.

Those whose birthday it is may have an interesting year, calling for the most discreet management. A child born on this day may have peculiar gifts, and be proud and independent. Monday promises to be a day for initiative and enterprise along all lines, in commercial as well as social, artistic, domestic and romantic interests. New projects are fostered, and in both friendships favored, although in both a certain amount of caution is called for lest intrigue or betrayal nullify fortuitous conditions owing to a sinister aspect between Luna and Neptune, although Mars trining Neptune may abruptly dispose of such a menacing situation.

Those whose birthday it is may have a year of pleasure and profit in new friends and new businesses, but should beware of secret enmity, child born on this day will be active, enterprising, kind and affectionate.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE
Who Sent Madge the Cryptic Message That Worries Her?
I felt strong arms lifting me from my kneeling posture and placing me in a big armchair turned, so that my eyes couldn't rest upon either the body or face of the woman who had caused his death and her own. But the position brought me directly beneath the flashing eyes of Grace Draper, who, from every indication, had looked perfectly unmoved upon the horrible thing which had just happened.

"Poor, nervous Madge!" she mocked, her beautiful mouth curved in a smile of contempt. "What a narrow squeak you had! But don't waste any breath sorrowing for your poor old age. Keep your tears for yourself. You'll need them now more than ever."

Her words were full of a vague menace, with I, knowing her, realized was no idle threat. Bound, defeated, she yet looked more like a conqueror than a prisoner as she stood facing me, her beautiful head held high, her red lips curling scornfully.

The cool incisive voice of Allen Drake cut across the silence like the whistle of a whip lash.

"I have the mate to that little stop gap in your friend's mouth, Miss Draper," he said smilingly. "I trust you will not compel me to use it."

She faced him unflinchingly, but I saw her nostrils quiver and a look in her eyes which only a woman could interpret. I knew that this wound to her vanity was the bitterest draught she had had to drink, this realization that her beauty, the glamour of her eyes, which weighed nothing with Allen Drake when my comfort was in question.

"She Means Something Awful!" "I have so much choice in the matter," she mocked, but Mr. Drake ignored the thrust.

"Better get them out of here, Dixon," he addressed one of the guards curtly. "Mrs. Underwood, I'll relieve you of your charge. Mr. Gordon, please keep that Asiatic here. I'm going to put him through the third degree."

Kato's shiver of very real terror was a lucky thing for him. It changed suspicion upon the part of his Fentonian master to a passive contempt, reflected in the gleam of his eyes as he passed, bound and guarded, out of the door, followed closely by the man with the scarred hand.

Good Night Stories

MR. MOON-MAN SETTLES A DISPUTE.

Mrs. Katydid opened her eyes and shook out her wings. "Why, dear me, I've over-slept!" she laughed merrily. "It's going to be one lovely day," and sitting herself on a cool green leaf she began to sing in a shrill voice: "Katy did, she didn't, so what's the use to sigh. Up yonder in the clouds the sun is sailing high. It surely seems to be one wonderful grand day. So come out, all good neighbors, and let us play."

"Play, indeed!" exclaimed Jenny Wren, poking her head from her window on the branch above. "It's high time all sensible folks were tucked in bed!" "Why can't you see the sun is shining brightly?" asked Mrs. Katydid, pointing to the moon.

"Sun?" exclaimed Jenny Wren, looking up among the clouds. "The moon you mean! It's night time and time to sleep, not to play and sing!" "Why, I've just awakened from a good night's sleep," retorted Mrs. Katydid.

"You mean day's nap," corrected Jenny Wren. "You surely must be mistaken," chirped Mrs. Katydid. "I never saw a more glorious day!" And she began once more to sing merrily when a twig crashed down upon the leaf on which she sat and nearly upset her.

"Will you stop your silly screaming and go to bed?" cried Jenny Wren. "It's time everyone was sound asleep." "Well, if you're silly enough to sleep a lovely day like this then stop up your ears for I'm going to sing!" chirped Mrs. Katydid.

"Will You Stop Your Silly Screaming and Go To Bed?" And there's no telling what might have happened if the old man-in-the-moon hadn't heard and looked down and laughed.

"Why, you foolish folks quarreling over such a silly thing," he cried. "You're both right, so why argue?" "How can we both be right?" asked Jenny Wren. "Night's night, and there's no day about it."

"From your point of view, I should say you're right," laughed Mr. Moon-man, "but from Mrs. Katydid's point of view you're wrong. You see, Mrs. Katydid can't stand the heat and brightness of the sun, so she sleeps when the sun shines. You birds love the sunshine, so you play and sing through the day and sleep when I come out to keep guard. You entertain Mr. Sun-man with your merry songs, so you not let Mrs. Katydid and her friends entertain me! It would be a funny world if every bird saw and thought alike, you know. I'm glad I can be a Sun for someone and I'm sure Mr. Sun-man is glad to have someone call him their Moon."

"Then we're both right," laughed Jenny Wren, good-naturedly, "and I'm dreadfully sorry I disturbed your song." "Oh, well, I love to argue," replied Mrs. Katydid, "and if I can't find anyone to argue with, I contradict myself, so you're forgiven. If my song bothers you, I can move."

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Jenny Wren. "I love your music," and bidding Mr. Moon-man and Mrs. Katydid good-bye, Jenny Wren closed her window and was soon sound asleep, lulled by Mrs. Katydid's merry song.

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Because Canada has put her hand to the plow and will not turn back:—

—our country is in the war on the side of liberty and justice and will stay in it till complete victory is won and the unspeakable Hun is smashed and beaten to the ground;

—a nation at war must make tremendous expenditures in cash to keep up her armies and supply them with munitions, food and clothing;

—Canada must finance many millions of dollars of export trade in food, munitions and supplies which Britain and our allies must have on credit;

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Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



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