

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.



YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

HAIR REMEDIES.

Civilization is responsible for bald heads. There may be diseases of the hairy scalp among savages, and others who never wear any head covering, but I do not remember to have seen any account of them. Certainly, savages shave the hair from their heads, for what we call "cosmetic effect," or perhaps for fear it may fall out from disease. But such diseases as fevers, which result in loss of hair, are not very common among them as long as they are free from the vices and restraints of civilization. We can therefore say that baldness is one of the ills which has come with social development. Dandruff often causes baldness and means an excessive supply of the sebaceous glands to keep the hair smooth and soft under normal conditions. When it is very abundant in the form of dry scales, or small oily lumps, it loosens the attachment of the root of the hair to its follicle, and the hair falls out or may be easily pulled out. If there is an insufficiency of this same oily material, the hair becomes dry and brittle and breaks or splits off. There are numerous diseases of the scalp in which the hair is lost. When these diseases are cured, the hair will grow again in some cases, and in others it will not, its root structure having been destroyed. The treatment of these diseases is an important branch of dermatology, and includes the treatment of baldness and diseased structure of the hair and its surrounding tissues. Some of the preparations which have been advertised and used as hair remedies, have stood the test of years, and this is not an unimportant test in determining their value.



MEMORIAL DAY.

Dead of old and ancient glory,  
Do you hear the solemn drumming?  
Do you hear the muffled rattle?  
'Tis the young dead who are coming.  
Coming from the field of battle,  
Here to share your silent valley,  
Adding lustre to your story,  
Coming here with you to rally.  
Youthful dead to sleep beside you  
Mothers brave today are bringing,  
Out of Picardy and Flanders  
Splendid souls are homeward winging.  
Under freedom's brave commanders,  
For the flag that you kept flying,  
Facing all the cares that tried you,  
MEMORIAL DAY.  
Dead of old, the young are dying

For the flag which once you lifted;  
Not to paths of selfish pleasure  
Have your children's children drifted.  
Not in vain you drank death's measure  
For the banner high above you;  
Now, with you young men are lying,  
Soldiers, truly worthy of you.  
Dead of old, no more with roses  
Do we pay our tributes to you,  
But in sacrifices splendid.  
Lies the glory that is due you;  
Youthful dead who have defended  
Freedom from the tyrant's numbers,  
Now, with every day that closes,  
Come to share your peaceful slumbers.

TOUGH LUCK.  
Debbens—I understand his wife is an exponent of rubbiness on her husband.  
Gubbers—Yes, he has to attend all her knitting parties.

One of Little Willie's Best Ideas Last Week Was To Become What You Might Call An Amateur Street Sweeper.



THE EVENING STORY

THE SHADOW CASTER.  
(Copyright, 1918, by W. Werner.)

"I suppose I ought to get a new hat," Eve Marie sighed, "but what's the use? When I get it I shan't look a mite different from what I did in the old one. Aunt Josephine never does."

Yet the milliner's window with its fresh spring display charmed her. As Eve Marie lingered, hungrily eyeing a yellow hat, Miss Green, the milliner, plucked it from its stand, through the opening of the door, and Eve Marie could see Frances Arden waiting for the hat. Frances was dark, tall and elegant, and Eve Marie, who was none of these, turned away with a sick heart. She knew that when David McAlpin saw Frances in that hat he was going to be lost to her forever. To lose him meant to lose all that was dear and worth while and precious in life.

Eve Marie had been living for

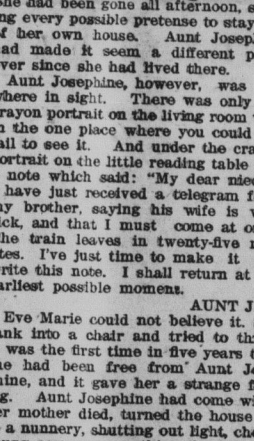


She Looked So Different.

David McAlpin ever since she had found she had nothing else to live for. That was when she was fifteen years old. Her father had just died, and David, being a near neighbor, was very good to her. He himself had no father. Then he went to another state. When he came back again Eve Marie was twenty-two and he seemed to have forgotten all about her.

But Eve Marie had remembered him only too well. She had had a dreary time of it. Her mother had died and Aunt Josephine had come to take charge of Eve Marie's life.

Eve Marie turned suddenly now from Miss Green's window and hurried toward home. She had had enough of hats. She almost felt as though she had had enough of life. It really seemed as though there would



Eve Marie Waited With Clapsed Hands and Agonizing Eyes.

it seemed with threatening eye to dare her to break through the established order of things. "Oh, dear!" moaned Eve Marie. And then, with a misery she could not explain, she crumpled upon on the arm of the chair and fell to sobbing furiously.

Presently she heard the outer door open and steps come down the hall. Eve Marie lifted her head and met the eyes of the woman who appeared in the doorway. She was a small, pretty woman with gray hair, red lips and sparkling dark eyes. In her fresh suit of tiny white and black check, with violets on her smart hat she looked like a picture of what an elderly woman should be. She did not stand staring at Eve Marie's tears. She seem-



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ed to understand them and crossed the room and put her arm around the girl's shoulders and looked into her face. "I wouldn't cry if I were you," she said, gently. "Your aunt's gone, hasn't she? I saw her. Well, there!" "Oh, Mrs. Bird!" exclaimed Eve Marie. "She's gone, but—but she'll be back."

"Not for several days. I overheard her telling Myra Morse about it on her way to the station. Myra called out the window and asked her where she was going and she said that her brother's wife was sick and he'd telephoned her to come. That's why I came over. I've never been in the house, Eve Marie, since that woman entered it, and yet I was your mother's friend. I've often felt guilty when I've seen what you were going through, but I couldn't help you. I know my limitations. I'm no match for Josephine. So I stayed away. I suppose there have to be such women, but they ought to serve as guide posts to the rest of us, pointing out ways we should avoid. But don't let's stop

FASHIONS FOR CANADIANS



RESTING Pajamas in Black a New Fancy

One of the latest fashions of fashion is the boudoir or resting pajama made of black silk or satin. Crêpe de chine, tulle, and similar soft silks are so employed, and satin is popular. The sketch illustrates a prevailing type. The garment is very plain, the coat being of the all-over type and the whole outfit obviously designed for comfort. Usually a touch of color is given by bandings or pipings of silk in some bright color, such as green, turquoise or soldier blue, yellow, red or purple.

The choice of serviceable dark silks and satins for boudoir garments is excellent. Now that women are taking part in the real work of the world they are realizing that proper care of their bodies, proper conservation of strength, is a duty, not merely a whim, and designers of boudoir garments undertake to offer models that are comfortable, becoming and serviceable.

The smock, a garment that is popular for all types of summer sport wear, as a boudoir garment, with matching trousers or ankle length bloomers, or is worn over a simple skirt or fancy petticoat. Smock designers and vendors are able to claim for this garment a threefold usefulness, inasmuch as it not only does duty as a boudoir garment and for sports wear, but it has recently been accepted as an ideal garment for the farmette.

The breakfast coat type of negligee or boudoir garment, introduced last spring, is shown again this season, made up in dotted Swiss and in printed cotton voile, as well as in the more expensive materials, such as crêpe de chine, satin and tulle. This garment has a semi-strapped upper section reaching to the hips with pleated or gathered on skirt, and is worn over a petticoat or ankle length bloomers, according to choice.

Let's make the most of our breathing spell. After all, my dear, you're of age and entitled to having your own way in some things. I want you to come over and stay with me while Josephine is gone. It's lonesome for me with my only girl at college, and it will be lonesome for you here alone in the house. Seems to me we might take a great deal of comfort together.

"Oh, Mrs. Bird!" Eve Marie said. "I'd love to come. You are so good. Mother always said you were. Thank you a thousand times," and she lifted Mrs. Bird's pretty hand and kissed it.

Mrs. Bird's house was large and sunny and pleasant. Eve Marie had Margaret's room—bright, modern, suggestive of young, active life. Eve Marie hadn't been in that room two minutes before she loved it. There was no reason why she could not just like it in her own house if Aunt Josephine would let her. This room was only one of the many pleasant changes found at Mrs. Bird's and before the second day was over Eve Marie began to look younger and happier.

That evening Mrs. Bird made Eve Marie put on one of Margaret's left behind frocks and go to a concert. The frock fitted Eve Marie very well, and it was of a blue that became her fairness.

"You're really quite a pretty girl," Mrs. Bird said when she had done her best by Eve Marie.

Eve Marie lifted great, grateful eyes. "Oh, Mrs. Bird, do you mean it? Don't you think I'm going to look just like Aunt Josephine when I'm her age?" she asked.

"Who ever put such a thing in your head?" "She did. She says every day I'm getting to be more and more like her externally. And she says when she has formed my character I shall be exactly like her, inside and out. It almost makes me sick of the thought of living. I try to be different, but she's stronger than I am. I see her and feel her and breathe her until I give up and don't care. But being with you, Mrs. Bird, is like—well, it's like hearing drums beat or reading something grand and good all the time. I feel inspired. I'd give all the world to be like you and Margaret. I'd have some chance then, wouldn't I?"

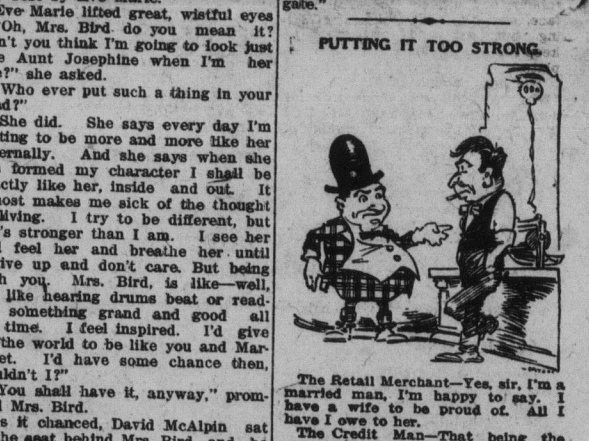
"You shall have it, anyway," promised Mrs. Bird.

As it chanced, David McAlpin sat in the seat behind Mrs. Bird and he talked to her before the concert began and in the intervals of music. He had come alone.

"Eve Marie is staying with me for a few days," Mrs. Bird remarked. "I wish you'd happen in tomorrow evening. I'll invite in a few others and we'll have a little party. Since Margaret went away you never come to the house. Old as I am, I hate to attract."

"I'll come without fail," David said, eagerly. And he glanced curiously at Eve Marie, who looked so different, and so sweet in the dark tulle frock. For a week Eve Marie blossomed like a flower and sang like a bird. David and Mrs. Bird and the blue tulle frock were wonderful workers. She almost forgot Aunt Josephine.

One afternoon when she returned from a long, exhilarating motor ride there was a letter. Eve Marie turned



Eve Marie Waited With Clapsed Hands and Agonizing Eyes.

to discuss her. Now that she's gone, let's make the most of our breathing spell. After all, my dear, you're of age and entitled to having your own way in some things. I want you to come over and stay with me while Josephine is gone. It's lonesome for me with my only girl at college, and it will be lonesome for you here alone in the house. Seems to me we might take a great deal of comfort together.

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KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES—Poor Clarice.



—By POP.

YOUR WAR GARDEN.

If your garden has good soil plant your Golden Bantam corn in drills or furrows, thinning the plants so that they will stand twelve inches apart. It may happen, though, that your soil is poor. In that event, plant the corn in hills, and grow three stalks to a hill. When hills are used you can fertilize the corn more easily, and get better results. Always grow the tall, white varieties like Crosby and Country Gentleman in hills. Testing your seed before you plant it may save you some disappointments.

RAND

The reporter is an agile who is hired to run down names and turn it into type. The reporter will get English on the one hand and splay chunk of misinformation which the city editor will to apologize on the front page. Reporters are kept on a so that people can see their print. Some people do not have their names appear in four or five times a week, expect to break into every company with a halfpenny can be read upside down, straying the general attention, porter who can turn in the spelled names in a day's steady work, and is of more value than a piano. He knows nothing but dreary and a busted bank account. It is not necessary for a reporter to be educated higher than but his legs should be kept working order, for without would be as helpless as a shower-bath. Some reporters better know action than other more ground than a flatterer, does not interfere with the control of the English language at this very similar to record for bases on balls. There are only two things the reporter is afraid of: the law and the libel laws. If he had his way, the city editor removed from our midst to work at some honest One of the most trying thing

LAU

An auctioneer had to horses all day and his wife a little husky so the econd much in the and even Early he had had a few dollars dred dollars, etc. Then he restricted himself out, "one hundred, two hundred," etc. When McCarly, attracted curiosity by the crowd, auctioneer had further to speech, and was crying: two hundred, can't I get three? Out went McCarly's coat now, excitedly: "Don't do this all you fellow. Let me in. I of a few 'em."

A witty Irishman was to a large party in the would amuse and divert guests. But from the end of the dinner he preserved a solemn and serious face, and did not say a word, but eat and kept his eye on his plate. The host thought this "why I don't follow, he don't believe the big land could make you laugh. 'Try,' was the wit's or.

A batch of recruits Do You Find a Ze Bright With Most Out of Howard.

Are you enthusiastic are you one of those "what's the use" individual former, you are to be If the latter, you are to be Why? Because there cess without enthusiasm "I wish I knew just going to live." I hear the other day, "I'd like and what I want to leave years of age, and fift nothing. One only beg to live, when one has very thought is enough enthusiasm." If Edison, Rockefeller, who have attained financial success, had spent their dering "what to do, at undones," they would progress in the world went enthusiastically the thing, which, in d to be done, and they d "What's the use," man say, recently, a fortune and a bea making money doesn' more. I'm fifty year life is over. I don't waiting for."

DICKY

A millionaire merchant says: "My success is probably due to the fact that at night I store my mind and during the day I mind my store."