

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

VITALITY REGAINED KIDNEYS CURED

Health Restored by "Fruit-a-tives"

HAGERVILLE, ONT., Aug. 26th, 1913. "About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys and liver were not doing their work, and I became all run-down. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen "Fruit-a-tives" advertised, I decided to try them.

Their effect, I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the results all that could have been expected.

My liver and kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever, the best health I have ever enjoyed, and I unhesitatingly give you this testimonial for publication if you wish."

B. A. KELLY. In hundreds of letters received by the Fruit-a-tives Company, the same expression is used "Fruit-a-tives is the best kidney remedy in the world". At any rate, these tablets have proved the best to the hundreds of men and women who have been cured by taking them. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Sir Thomas does not regard seriously any suggestion that the dividend of the C. P. R. is likely to be impaired. "Our position is thoroughly sound," he said, "and we have no anxiety about that account."

The Board of Railway Commissioners has overruled the objection of Ottawa district lumbermen to raising of domestic summer rates on lumber to Montreal by the railways.

GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY

Kept her locks youthful, dark, glossy and thick with common garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. Agent T. George Bowles.

THE BRANTFORD Feed Store

Flour, Feed Salt, Animal and Poultry Food, Seeds, Hay Oats and Straw bought and sold.

A. A. PARKER

103 Dalhousie St. Phone 152

STATIONARY JUNE WEDDING

Stationery made by us, whether it be wedding, is made from Old Berkshire Cotton, Crane & Pike mills. Our work is the best Toronto engravers. Prices less than the larger cities. All we want to show our goods.

BOOKSTORE

LIMITED 160 Colborne St.

the Opening Game!

The opening game one hundred yards lined up along the fence—makes making the total number. were FORDS. This goes to the Universal Car.

MITCHELL

Bell Phone 148

How Should Parents Regard Their Children?

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

"We don't mind trying to teach not only the lessons in the books—but all the lessons outside the books as well—kindness, courtesy, morality, honesty, ambition. These things are let down in the curriculum, but we're supposed to teach them just the same. We don't mind it in the least; we're used to it."

"It wasn't so hard a few years ago; but now, with the moving pictures and the cheap theatres and the vulgar songs and the queer dances, we really don't know what in the world we're going to do with our children, unless the parents consent to take some sort of slight interest in their own children."

"That's what the league is for—here is what is says in the bylaws and constitution about the object of the league: "The object of the league is to unite parents in an effort to promote the moral, mental and physical well-being of their children by establishing wholesome standards in matters affecting their education, amusements and home life."

What the Parents Want.

I began to laugh, but Teacher looked at me reproachfully. "How can you laugh?" she said. "It's no joke, I can tell you. I teach in a private school and I have in my special classes 35 children, boys and girls, and I doubt if one of those children ever says one word to either father or mother beyond 'good morning' and 'good night' and 'I wish I had' or 'why can't I get'! My children come to school at 8:15—the parents insist upon that. They breakfast alone—mother and father are not up yet; they bring their luncheon, and they stay till 6 o'clock."

"Mother and father insist upon that, too. And it is better than letting them go home—there's nobody there to look after them. "Mother is at a tango class, or she's playing bridge, or she's motorizing, and father is out on the links or down in the gymnasium, or over at the club talking polo ponies."

"My sister teaches in a public high school— "Her children have just about the same kind of a time, only they're left to themselves more. The public school teachers won't take any responsibility for their pupils personally after 4 o'clock."

"Can't do everything we can, but we're afraid."

"We do everything we can, but we're afraid."

Teacher showed me the constitution and the bylaws of the new League, and she told me that they were forming it all over the country, and that it was sometimes difficult to get the parents to join—because parents seem to be such busy people and to belong to so many leagues already."

Do you believe it, all this that Teacher says? Teacher is a good woman and a clever woman, and a woman who speaks the truth, but really I wonder—

Can it be possible that we're all going, just the least little bit in the world, crazy—we American mothers. I met a woman the other day, and her eyes were shining and her face was like the face of a happy little child. "I'm going to see 'The Blue Bird,'" she said. "Have you seen it?—oh, no, that isn't seeing it. Come with me, I'm going with the children."

And I went with the woman, and we took the children, and never, so long as I live, shall I forget that afternoon.

Trading Gold for What?

They weren't mortals who sat there with us in the stuffy theatre—they were Faith and Hope and Charity—and Love and Trust and Fidelity—and they laughed and they cried and they clasped their little hands and were not ashamed—and they believed it all—the beautiful, beautiful story of the search for happiness and a striving of it in the little kitchen in the little home of the humble, simple people.

And when we went out of the theatre I looked at my friend and she was smiling and the tears stood in her eyes—and I understood then why she alone of all the women I know has the face of a happy child.

Once when I was a little girl my mother gave me a ring of gold for my birthday, and I went to school, and a clever child who always was at the head of the arithmetic class persuaded me to trade the ring of gold for a ring of glass beads she had made herself and a handful of parched corn. I did not want to make the trade—I almost cried at the thought of giving up the shining ring of gold—but the clever child was a good talker and she lived in a fine house—and I let her have my little ring of gold.

And my mother looked at me reproachfully—but she did not make me so and get the ring again.

"You'll learn," she said, "my little girl—you'll learn." And oh, how bitterly I learned.

Are we trading a ring of purest gold for one of cheap and sordid making when we give up the companionship of children for anything that this world can possibly give?

Sometimes it seems so, doesn't it, members of the Parents' League?

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: I guess you are used to hearing of folks' troubles, at least I hope so at all events, because I want to tell you mine. You see I have such a dear boy cousin, but the trouble is every one thinks I am too much in love with him. I try not to show that I really care, but the more I try the more I show up the true side. Don't you think it is horrid for others to interfere with us? Do you think I should persist in acting indifferent to him or should I show him that I really care?

I hope you won't laugh at me, for I want your candid opinion. I am just 20 years old, and I feel that it is such a responsible age. RUTH.

INTO THE OPEN :: :: By Michelson



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THEY have danced all winter and all spring under ballroom lights, in the cleared spaces of dining halls, in home impromptus, and not a few times in solitary practice.

And now comes the lure of outdoors. The spell of new steps is still upon them. The bubble of music—any old music—is sufficient incentive for that other music of motion to which youth and age alike are giving themselves over as never before since dancing began to happen. All nature is piping its sycophancy. The birds are twittering a tango; the breeze is murmuring a hesitation. Wars or rumors of wars have never stopped such music on such response. It seems that it is always dancing time.

Poor old "bridge" is forgotten. There is only one season to an enthusiasm. It is the season of NOW.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

What "Forgetting" Meant.

"Oh, Peter!" wailed Mary. "I've forgotten the fire!"

"I didn't say anything," and it was considerable confidence on my part that I didn't, for Mary is always forgetting fires. They go out with systematic and frequent regularity. Mary seems to have a blighting glance with fire. Sometimes she has but to look at glowing coals and shortly after they expire. Then, of course, Peter dutifully trots about and builds them over again. Such are the privileges of matrimony and chivalry. If I let the fire go out, I build it again myself. I wonder just how much profanity and cynicism fires have incited.

On the way downstairs I noticed a rickety step and spoke of it immediately.

Marriage teaches a man to voice his most trivial complaints with startling promptitude. No matter how modest and shy and agreeable he's been in pre-nuptial days, there's something about marriage that gives him real courage, and when anything's wrong through the fault of his wife, his tongue takes up its biting task with marvellous facility. So with the cellar step.

I spoke some of carelessness, some of the immediate need of a carpenter, and some of the likelihood of my breaking my neck and leaving Mary a widow. This evoked absolutely no response from the kitchen, and I stopped sarcastically and inquired if Mary desired to be a potential widowhood. I crashed heavily through it and nearly made the potentiality a reality.

I struck my head and wrenched my ankle and lay there biting my lips with pain and rage. My temper is growing worse by the day.

From the kitchen a startled scream had followed my crash. "Oh, Peter!" cried Mary, "did you fall?"

"Did I fall? Great Snakes! What a brimstone torture such phrases are! I was too mad to answer, and Mary came rushing down the stairs and narrowly escaped a tumble herself.

"Oh, Peter," she wailed, "are you dead?" This was even less sensible, and I didn't answer. Mary halted on the bottom step and bent solicitously over me. "Peter," she said firmly, "you're not unconscious—you're merely sulking. I'm sorry I forgot the step. Honestly I meant each day to send for the carpenter, and—and I just forgot—and—and now I'll send for the doctor."

There was surely an inferential sermon in her speech.

With the Bark on—By W. Bob Holland

The cyclone is a splendid example of misdirected energy.

You must settle down if you would settle up.

No man knows how fast he can run until he is pursued by a bigger man.

The root that leaks attracts more attention than the one that keeps the rain out.

Foresight may be as good as hindsight, but it is never so convincing.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What Hydrophobia Is; How to Treat an Attack

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

NOT every man who was mad and rabid, not every dog that fears water has hydrophobia. None the less, the bite of a dog is just as liable to originate rabies in you in the winter as it is in the summer, or in the dog days.

Many who all come to physicians and hospitals and say, "I have heart disease." Another comes and she says: "Oh, doctor, I am paralyzed." Yet another comes and speaks thus: "Doctor, I cannot swallow." Yet a furious aversion to water. I have not been scratched, licked or bitten by a dog, yet I have hydrophobia.

Yet it is not so. All of these who are ill have read or heard or thought about the distemper they insist upon having.

Often, indeed, unguarded medical men of easy dispositions fall in with and agree to the patient's personal—yet wrong—diagnosis. Thus little acorn errors into mighty oak fallacies grow.

Odd it is and besides that inter-lan eternal fatal diatemeur, mingled with the public conception of hydrophobia there should be a thousand and one misunderstandings and dangerous superstitions. This variety of human error is not the spice and flavor of life, but the ignorant poisoning which leads to death.

Not only clean pit dogs, but cats, rabbits, white mice, rats, cattle, horses, birds, guinea pigs and every known animal from mankind down can inoculate the Noguchl microbe of rabies or hydrophobia into you.

Fear is no Cause. This vicious and always fatal scourge if not prevented by the Pasteur vaccine—cannot be caught by fear. No matter what newspaper accounts you may read to the contrary, rabies is a microbe made, which is only real when these ultra-microscopic animals make their way into you by way of the bite, the blood or the saliva of a rabid creature.

Hydrophobia, or the "madness" of rabies, does not drive people crazy. There is no more firmly rooted error than the popular mind than the one which makes your friends think that hydrophobia "drives people crazy."

It does nothing of the sort. Human beings with this "madness" are perfectly sane. That is until they die.

Any one bitten by a mad dog must at once have the wound burned out with nitric acid and immediately begin the Pasteur preventive vaccination.

Rabies does not develop at once. The Noguchl microbe begins to incubate and hatch for three and more weeks.

It is during this "latent" or "germ growing" interval that the Pasteur preventive vaccine gets in its fine work. It forces the tissue juices to make an antivenom which kills the hydrophobia virus.

Five Days Limit. The Pasteur treatment is a preventive vaccination and not a "cure" as the unbelievers in this dread plague assume. Dr. Moon of Chicago has lately cured a couple of dogs of rabies, but there never has been any human being who escaped rabies with this same "madness."

It kills everybody once hydrophobia develops. Furthermore, it kills within three days. If you hear of any "victim" of "alleged rabies" still suffering after five days, you may be sure it is not hydrophobia, and therefore possibly not

Where Common Things Originated

The father of the piano was the harpsichord, and its grandfather the spinet. The piano was first used in a public concert on May 16, 1709, in the Covent Garden Theatre, London.

The first English book on stenography, so far as known, was written by Dr. Timothy Bright in 1588. Its earlier invention is attributed to the Latin poet Seneca, Cicero and several others.

The buttons on the backs and sleeves of men's coats are reminders of the time when the coat skirts and sleeves were buttoned back when walking or driving. The flaps have disappeared; the buttons have remained.

Pinny describes a boat he had seen which was propelled by wheels driven by a pot of hot water and some machinery which he did not understand and could not explain. It was probably the first attempt at a steamboat.

Guns are said to have been used by the Chinese before the beginning of the Christian era. The oldest dated piece of European artillery bears an inscription declaring that the gun was cast in 1303.

Coats of arms were first employed in England during the reign of Richard I, and became hereditary in fame in the following century. They originated from the painted banners carried by knights and nobles.

Parquines took their name from the shop of a Roman tailor named Parquin, the square in front of which contained a celebrated structure, on the pedestal of which all sorts of squibs and lampoons were posted.

Costuming the Actress

By Madge Marvel

PLACE a union label on the actor and give him the same right for justice in his work that the bricklayers and other workers enjoy.

Do the same for actresses and save them from nervous prostration brought on by having to worry their young lives out over going in debt for dresses only to wear them a few times in some theatrical failure.

That is the system which Fola LaFollette, daughter of the actress from Wisconsin and wife of George Middleton, playwright, and ardent feminist, hopes to set up into operation through the newly formed Actors' Equity Association in which she is a lively factor.

"The time has come when acting is a part of 'big business,'" exclaims Mrs. LaFollette-Middleton to me, her blue eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, and her hair of golden hair seeming at strange variance with the seriousness of the big progressive problem she is forever tackling.

"Every other trade has the protection of the union. Theatrical workers, with the exception of the actors, are beautifully organized. The time has come when the actor must be unionized. It is long and hard to become a union man, but it is worth it. It is a progressive problem, so much is required of them from the standpoint of dress, and they have such dreadful struggles to keep going. "One almost any makeshift would do, but now the actress has become the demonstrator of the newest and smartest fashions. She sets the mode. No longer can she pin some cotton dannel