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DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

How Dicky Found "His" House

"Not much," returned Dicky decidedly, and then, seemingly as an after thought, "unless you want to see the inside of it, do you, Madge?"

"No' thank you," I returned, trying not to show in my voice the hurt I felt at Dicky shagrant discourtesy. From his attitude I might have been a casual companion with no interest in the house, instead of the woman who might live in it. The house froked exceedingly attractive to me. I should have liked to have seen the inside of it. And while I shared Diffy's love for trees, I knew that we should consider the comfort of the house first, if not for our own sakes, then for that of Dicky's invalid mother.

But Dicky was in a perverse mood. Mr. Birdsall patently piloted us up one street and down another, pointing out a dozen or more places, some attractive, others so obviously undesirable that I did not blame Dicky for not liking them. But he refused impartially to look at anything Mr. Birdsall exhibited. I began to feel sorry for the little agent who evidently was trying his best to find something for us.

"We'll Take a Look."

"That's all I have in the town here,"

"That's all I have in the town here,"

"That's all I have in the town here,"

"Is in it's ours. Look, Madge." helping me out of the machine, "right here at the left we'll have a tennis court, this stretch of lawn is plenty big enough, over at the right you can have all the flower beds you want, and there ought to be a garden at the back." He turned to Mr. Birdsall inquiringly.

"About half an acre," the little agent replied. "Hello, Peter."

We turned at the note of greeting to see a long, lanky person with a quid of tobacc in his mouth and a broad smile on it, which he was trying to harmonize.

"Hello, Birdsall, some more folks, eh!"

Mr. Brennan.

Mr. Brennan.

Mr. Brennan.

Mr. Brennan extended a not overclean hand and grasped mine cordially.

"Come right on in," he said heartily.

"In just a minute," Dicky returned.

Jove, Madge, take a look at those pines. They ought to add a thousand dollars to the companion of

what you've said, you want something like the place Durkee rented."

That's it exactly." Dicky replied, while I inwardly groaned. Whatever would we do with an immense house and lawn like that? I tried mentally to compute the cost of keeping it up in addition to the enormous rent I was sure we would have to pay, but gave up the task. "There is a place," said the little agent slowly, as one who tries a last resort, "between here and the next village, Cresthaven, which might suit you. The outside of the place is all right, but the inside needs decorating, and I do not know how much the owner will be willing to do."

"We'll' take a look at it anyway," "Yes, I am on write," he membered the air, overtopping all the other trees with which the place was full of trees. Dicky surely ought to be satisfied. But I had a fear that so many trees and shrubs and hedges would mean dampness and mosquitoes later. "You're an artist, eh?" hiccoughed Mr. Brennan, as we stepped inside the house into a living room which looked large enough almost to enclose the whole of our apartment in town. From one end of it yawned the black cavernous mouth of a fireplace.

Dicky spied it, walked over and exmined it.

"This for me," he said decidedly. "What are your terms?" then remembered the man's question.

Dicky to Mr. Birdsall.

The little real estate agent answered without turning his head. "First one's right here."

The machine drew up in front of a prestry little house with a small lawn in front of it.

"Nix." Dicky exploded. "You don't need to waste your time on this one."

"Why," Mr. Birdsall stammered, "don't you want to look at the inside of it? It's a peach, built by the owner for himself, handsome fireplace in the living room, and all that sort of thins."

Dicky hesitated at the mention of the fireplace. I knew that was one of the thiugs he wanted particularly in a house but he linally shook his head.

"I want a freplace." he said, "but not in a house with this kind of setting. Why, there isn't a tree anywhere around the place."

Mr. Birdsall gave a deprecatory little cough, "What do you call those everstreeds in the yard." he saked mildly. "Shrubs," Dicky reforted, "mere shrubs," and, indeed, they were little else. "I want to of trees, tig, tall ones, and there are certainly places on Long Island with 'em."

"Yes, I think we may be able to find you a few." Mr. Birdsall remarked dryly, and then seemingly as in a fifth hought and then seemingly as in a fifth hought, and then seemingly as in a fifth hought.

Not much," returned Dicky decidedly, place, it's ours. Look, Madge?" helping

"That's all I have in the town here,"
Mr. Birdsail said at last resignedly, "anything within any reasonable distance of the station. I take it from the station of the station of the station of the station. I take it from the station of the station of the station. I take it from the station of the station of the station of the station. I take it from the station of the station of the station of the station of the station. I take it from the station of t

REVELATIONS FEMININE FOIBLES & By Annette Bradshaw



Secrets of Health and Happiness

Laziness Really a Symptom of Many Different Diseases

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

DLENESS, laziness, procrastination are often symp toms of several maladies. If you show me a man who puts off until tomorrow what he should do today, I will show you a man who is probably diseased. He may not know it, he may resent the imputation, but it

is probably true just the same There is no particular and specific bacillus, germ or microbe of laziness. The hookworm is only one of many maladies associated with consummate torpidity. When a child is so disinclined to move by habit that he will not crawl after a colored ball or a like ob

ject that gives him pleasure, it is lazy perhaps from the sickness of luxury and gluttony. Mayhap its little muscles are weighted down by fat, or it has been spoiled by being car when it should have walked. On the other hand, the sedative lullables

when it should have walked. On the other hand, the sedative lullables of its elders may sooth its muscles into-drowsiness. Perchance nature is deprived of its needed sleep. The child is lence, obstinacy and inertness. Alcohol often are to see that the intended point. It shows its presence in a partial paralysis of flesh and by the need of sleep.

Some "Lazy" Diseases.

The other hand, the sedative lullables of the sedative powers beyond the intended point. It shows its presence in a partial paralysis of flesh and blood. The steady drinker is usually more satisfied to sit down than to run. Finally, laziness may be a sign of an

In grown-ups as well as youngsters a definite condition of inanition and bank-ruptcy of animation is present when there is some disease—such as tuberculosis—of the adrenal glands. Maladies of these little super-kidney structures are noteworthy in the symptoms of exhaustion. Disinclination often amounting to the inability to exert one's self characterizes Addison's disease, as this "lazy man's allment" is called.

Sluggards, dormice, marmots and other animals that, so to speak, wait on Providence for sustenance, seem to have very small or absent suprarenal glands.

The presence of various animalcules in the blood and other human fluids is apt to induce disinclination to work and dulness of thought. Langor, stupor, lethangy, heavy muscles, noddiness and yawning are all stages of the Congo sleeping sickness and of true malaria. Both maladies in the blood when examined under the microscope exhibit visible living animalcules. The biting Treate fly introduces these filmentous microbes of the sleeping sickness into the blood in Africa, and the villainous biting mosquitoes Inject the malaria animalcule when it "bites."

May Precede Crises.

Furthermore, many slowly invading Furthermore, many slowly invading Six grains of ammoniated mercury to one-half ounce of white vase—

Furthermore, many slowly invading human distempers, such as sugar disease, kidney maladies, tuberculosis, syphilis.

It is a day a little of the following: Six grains of ammoniated mercury to one-half onnee of white vase-line. Irrigate the nose and throat with alkaline antiseptic fluid diluted three throat gland disorders heat-violated.

In grown-ups as well as youngsters a definite condition of inanition and bank-Melancholia, a symptom of the onset of

insidiously, like a submarine assassin, creep upon you unawares, except for a disinclination to work. This your fellowmen usually ascribe without charity to laziness. You yourself rarely dissent or seek further. It may amaze you to learn that beer, gin, whiskey and alcoholic liquors in general are largely responsible for indo-

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

For the control of th