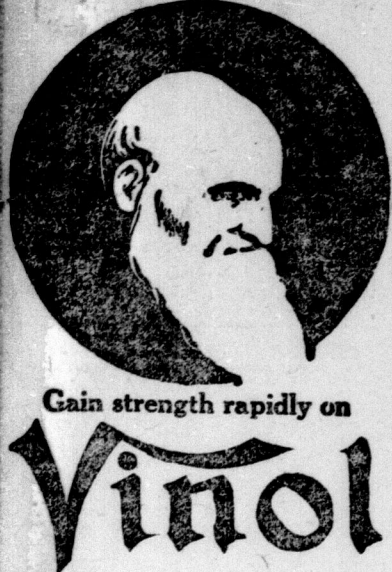


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Secrets of Health and Happiness How to Avoid Colds and Always Have a "Well" Nose

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University).



The sentinel of your lungs is your nose. Dust, gritty particles of various microscopic matters are prevented from "getting by" this important sentinel. The olfactory sense is a signal of malarious, dangerous or disagreeable air. Your nose is wide open to invasion of all particles of dust and dirt, microbes and other little things that chase themselves here and there. But if yours is a healthy nose, it quickly disposes of these little parasites of the air. When the mucous membrane, however, becomes, in any event, swollen and inflamed in consequence of catarrhal states, it is liable to germ infection. Right then and there is where disaster may come. It is absolutely necessary to keep the nostrils open for the free passage of air if you want to keep the nasal structures in a healthy state. Mouth breathing is entirely unpardonable. While a healthy nose needs no care by means of sprays, snuff, or the like, it is well sometimes to irrigate the nose and throat with alkaline antiseptic solution diluted three times in water. This procedure is refreshing and clarifying. Nasal affections are likely to be found due to exposure to cold during high winds or chilly and damp weather, wet clothing, insufficient covering at night, sudden exposure to the weather of the portions of the body ordinarily protected by clothing and sitting in extreme draughts.

"Harden" Your Nose.
If you will notice, a nose that is "doped," coddled, petted, "doped-up" and spoiled, like a pet poodle, generally catches "cold" most easily. On the other hand, if the nose is accustomed to cold atmospheres, cold water and sudden changes of warmth and cold, it escapes the clutches of those unhappy ailments, "colds."

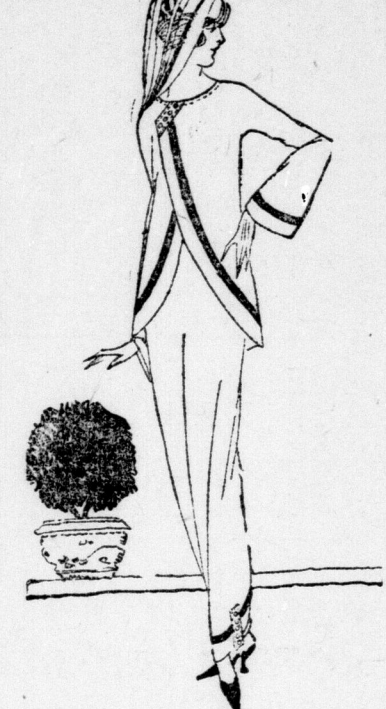
Strange as it may seem, the ordinary handkerchief in any way, shape or form is absolutely unhygienic. Those that are stiffly starched do much to irritate the tender nasal tissues.

You never know just how many millions of germs are on your dainty little linen handkerchief or bandanna. Just follow this little every day procedure and you will draw your own conclusions as to how unclean the handkerchief may be.

The little fellow starts off to school in the morning. His mother sees to it that he has a nice, "clean" handkerchief. But before he gets to the breakfast table to eat his bowl of cereal his handkerchief has been used. After breakfast he wipes his mouth. On his way to school he may see a bunch of boys playing marbles or any other reasonable game. After joining them he wipes his hands on the handkerchief and continues on his way to school. Pensives, strings, marbles and what

Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES



Unusual Street Dress of Grey
The coat of the unusual suit is cut kimono sleeve, and the neck fastens at the angle of a Mandarin collar. Dull silver buttons and bound buttonholes affect this interesting closing, from the sharp point of which the lines of the coat run bias across the body and produce a cutaway front. Black silk braid accents these lines and runs on the neck and sleeves.
The straight skirt is gathered at the waistline under a narrow belt, fastened with a small silver buckle. A strap of duvetyne runs with silver buttons is set at right angles to a line of braid above the hem.
Lemon yellow duvetyne strikes a new note in fall millinery. It is draped with a navy blue veil, edged with narrow green grosgrain ribbon.

MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW PHASE OF

How Madge Graham Won Her Way.
Well, Margaret, may I ask what this means?"
My mother-in-law asked the question with as much hauteur as if I were a stranger intruding upon the kitchen domain instead of the nominal—stressed the adjective bitterly in my own mind—mistress of the place.
"I know it must be you who has cluttered up the place this way just as I want to use it, for Katie just unlocked the door from the service wing, so she hasn't been down before. What on earth do you think you're doing?"
My resentment at her rudeness was banished by the necessity I was under of controlling my rishies at her grandiloquent reference to the service wing, which in our modest establishment consists of two rooms which Jim's handy fingers have constructed out of the upright portion of our attic. Yet never since they were completed has Mother Graham referred to them as anything else but the "service wing," while the door leading from the back stairs to the kitchen—in which Katie was standing, wide-eyed and wrathful—is always termed by my grandeur-loving mother-in-law the "door to the service wing."

"I took a strategic step toward my cooking table before I answered. My mother-in-law looked fully capable of sweeping its contents into the sink if she took the notion to do so."

"Why, I'm going to make Junior's birthday cake!" I said coolly.

How she managed to give the impression of stamping her foot without actually doing it, I don't know, but I could almost have sworn I heard the rap of it on the floor, absurd as I knew the idea to be.

Katie interferred. "What absolute nonsense!" she said contemptuously. "I've known you to make perhaps a half-dozen cakes since you began housekeeping, and goodness knows they weren't anything to brag of. Richard Second's birthday cake ought to be made by somebody with experience, and it will be. I've come down this morning, in fact, to make it myself."

Now there was not only rudeness, but injustice in this speech. It was true that I made cakes, but I made them because of Katie's efficiency in the culinary line, but I had Dick's word for it—and he had an especially sweet tooth, as well as a fastidious taste—that they were uniformly excellent. In deed, it was only in answer to his pleadings for an especial cake that I had appealed to him that I ever attempted cake making. For Katie, like all good cooks, is apt temperamentally to resent any one's intrusion into her particular province. Indeed, it was for this reason that I had stolen down so early in the morning. I thought grimly that I should have set my alarm clock for midnight, even had Katie been almost an hour ahead of her usual schedule.

It was Katie who now took the floor. She advanced toward us, her head held high, her eyes fairly blazing.

"Very good, I can see in here?" she demanded truculently.

My mother-in-law swept her with a withering glance, a glance implying that she was talking to me as if I were a child, and she demanded rudeness.

"What do you mean, Katie?" I asked kindly.

"Margaret!" my mother-in-law exclaimed sternly. "Have the goodness to let me deal with this!"

"Katie Could Kill!"

A torrent of words from Katie interrupted her.

"Years now, week in, week out," Katie began tempestuously. "I makes lots cakes, pies, everything nice, you all eat, say 'Katie, how nice.' 'Katie, do so good!' her voice fairly dripped scornfulness. 'And now do I settle babee, he come to hees first birthday cake, and Katie, she not good enough to make eet. You I think how I paid me all time for dot cake me. Jooost same as eet I feex for my own babee not never see me, oh—oh, I could keel! I could keel!"

She threw her arms above her head in an emotional gesture, then hung her hands before her face. To do Mother Graham justice, I don't believe she understood half the girl said, and surely not the reference to the little dead baby, for my mother-in-law, while stern, is yet just, and has besides a running benevolence of human kindness. And I am sure she never would have spoken in the manner she did if she had fully comprehended Katie's words.

"Margaret," she said coldly, "will you kindly take that girl out of the kitchen and keep her out until I get this cake made? I do not wish anything to disturb me, for it is a complicated recipe, and I certainly cannot think with so commotion like this going on."

I stepped quickly to Katie's side, seized her arm, for she had dropped her hands from her eyes at my mother-in-law's first words, and was looking at the elder woman with the expression of an outraged animal about to spring.

"Come with me, Katie, dear," I said softly into her ear, regardless of my mother-in-law's snort of disapproval of my gentleness. The girl stood tense for a moment, then with a wild burst of tears, Katie's invariable safety valve, accompanied me docilely enough to the library, white, bowing to the inevitable. I buried deep my plan for making my little lad's birthday cake.

not are in the same pocket with the handkerchief.

Proper Nose Hygiene.
Yes, the mother may think these contents "cute" and boyish, but when they are kept in the same place with the handkerchief, some day the boyishness and "cuteness" will have been forgotten when disease or some kind of infection makes its way unwelcome into the nostrils, throat and lungs of the little one.

Small bits of absorbent cotton should take the place of the old-fashioned handkerchief. They can be carried easily and snugly in a cotton gauze bag made pocket size. These modern hygienic pieces should be burned after use, of course.

In order to boast of a healthy and normal nose it is necessary that all had hygienic conditions inside your anatomy and out be corrected. The shell-like shelves inside the horizon or sky-line of the nostrils called the "turbinates" must be uncompressed or annoyed with glycerite of tannin. A morning and evening douche of the nostrils with an alkaline solution and water will clean out dirt and germs and make the nose antiseptic.

Answers To Health Questions

R. B. S.: Q.—Kindly tell me if there is any cure for a person that has had pus settle on the pericardium?
A.—Yes, it usually heals by itself. You can do nothing.

M. A. S.: Q.—Kindly advise me what to do for constipation.
A.—One good method of giving temporary relief for colicky flues as well as for constipation is to put a layer of cotton and adhesive plaster over the irritated parts.

H. B. Q.—Kindly advise me what to do for an oily skin.
A.—Apply the following to the affected parts each night:
Rosewater 1 pint
Glycerine 3/4 ounce

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of the paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subjects are not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, in care of this office.

The Globe
Some of us may live to see the day when as a result of this great measure (Confederation) a great and powerful people may have grown up on these lands—when boundless forests all around us shall have given way to smiling fields and thriving towns—and when one united Government, under the British Flag shall extend from shore to shore.—George Brown.

Robert Jaffray
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The Globe can give no greater guarantee of its integrity than this, not that it doubts its readers' belief in its sincerity, but its publishers wish to impress upon all readers and prospective readers that their sole ambition is to produce a newspaper in keeping with the wishes of its founder, and thereby continue to deserve a place in every Canadian home.

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"Tinker Bob" Stories
by Carlyle H. Holcomb

IN HIS OWN TRAP.
Major Polecat took from his bundle some lumps of cherry gum and spread them out as smooth as he could on a log nearby. Then he scattered some berries about. "Now," said he, "watch me catch that saucy Jay when he comes this way." And he hid himself in the end of the log to wait.

It wasn't long until Jerry the Jay came flitting through the trees as usual. He soon spied the berries on the log. Then he was silent. The warm sun had softened the gum on the log, and when Jerry had decided that Major Polecat was a fool, he hopped over to the log and perched himself in the midst of the berries where the gum was thickest. He ate until the berries were gone, then he called at the top of his voice: "Major Polecat! Major Polecat, come out! All your berries are gone."

Major Polecat did come out of the log, to the surprise of Mr. Jay. But when Jerry the Jay lifted his wing to fly away his feet were fast in the cherry gum on the log.

"Now, will you call me names and make fun of my fur coat?" said Major Polecat. "I will have you for my supper."

"Please, Mr. Polecat, I was only fooling," cried Mr. Jay. "You wouldn't harm a poor Jay bird who has a family of four to feed?"

"What do I care about your family? I have a family feed also, and you came and stole my berries!"

"Oh, let me go, let me go!" pleaded Jerry Jay. "and I'll never do it again."

"It's too late now. You should have thought about that before. I'm going to pull every feather out of your wings and stick them in this log to warn your friends to keep away from my home."

Jerry Jay screamed and cried, but Major Polecat laughed. Tinker Bob was sorry to think of Mr. Jay's fate, but he dared not interfere. Major Polecat

climbed upon the log and sat beside Jerry Jay and started to pull the feathers from his wings. Jerry screamed as one by one the feathers came out. Then there came to Tinker's ear another sound. Down the winding path-way came the Hunter's Hound. Major Polecat scented him and crouched close to the log. As he came closer Jerry the Jay screamed the louder. Then Major tried to climb down off the log. But sad, indeed, he, too, was fast to the log, in his own trap—the cherry gum.

Seeing the terrible condition of Major Polecat and Jerry the Jay Bird because of their greed and selfishness, and thinking both would be killed if something did not happen quickly, Tinker raised his arm and threw the first stone the Little Old Man had given him at the Hunter's Hound. Instantly the scene changed.

Tomorrow—The Black Stone.

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