



they grow, increase, branch out, and contract for months and months as only

A. B. C.-Q-1-My hair is thin and comes out easily. What remedy would you

2-What will lighten the hair and still

T. G. E.-Q-1-Every morning I awake with an odorous breath and a bad taste in my mouth. What would you suggest? 2-I am knock-kneed. Can you sug-

Some Amazing Experiments. Physiologists then adopted a simple expedient to keep the hearts of animals alive for experimental purposes. One experimenter used the hearts of frogs, chicken, rabbits and birds removed from the animals used on the dinner table of the animals used on the dinner table of the source such as the form the source source and the source source source source and the source source source and the source so friends, who were Diluted milk, salt, water and simi- oyster and clam, all kinds of fish, fresh ists. Diluted milk, sait, water and simi-lar fiulds were passed into the hearts, and they could thus be kept alive and throbbing at the normal pulse rate for hours and days. When the hearts used came from animals gluttonously eaten by such illogical persons as these anti-widescriptionists, there was, of course. there was, of course, before each meal. Be outdoors in the sunlight as much as you possibly can, ivisectionists, vivisectionists, there was, or course, before each mean. Be outdoors in the little ground left for them to object. Bits of muscle tissues, kept as warm as they are naturally, will survive for a

a half sigh.

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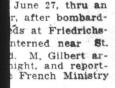
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hments, a conm 5 until 8.30 be served in the

T'S ESCAPE -Eugene Gilbert, ho was obliged to



## OCKET PICKING

nto World. 23.-A man who eorge Homer of believed to be a well-known in es, was landed in crosse match heand Cornwall or is said to have coal and wood rowded street car.

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Just a girl the other day, just a foolish, inexperienced, light-hearted, light-headed girl-and now she's a woman with a woman's love and a woman's faith and a woman's fidelity-all at once, the miracle has happened -the old, old miracle that is always new.

I suppose the girl's mother is wondering how on earth the June Bridegroom is going to eat the fearful things that the June Bride will cook for him, and there isn't a doubt in the world that the Bridegroom's father is still puzzled to see what on earth a sweet girl like that can see in such a young, heedless rascal as that son of his

And nobody sees and nobody realizes-and nobody understands-but the June Bride and the man she loves-the June Bridegroom and the woman he bears in his heart.

It isn't the same world to them, any more. It never will be the same world again-for the power and the glory of Love is shining into their lives like a lamp in a darkened room-and, after all, they see as no one without that light can ever see.

For, when it's all said and done-there's only one thing in the world that's worth the trouble of living-we can laugh about it, we can make fun of it. we can sneer at it as much as we please-but here he comes again, singing down the moonlit road-Young Love, with a crown of roses, Young Love with the merry laugh, Young Love with the sweet, sweet sigh-and when he arrives, there's nothing else in all the world-but him.

Three Minute Journeys

WHERE THE MOTHER-IN-LAW CARRIES THE BRIDE HOME.

N British East Africa, in Safariland. | in the twilight before turning in to

there are all manner of odd customs sleep, when right before us on the side

that the dusky natives practice, but of a mountain there sprang up the

Be kind to the June Bride, Love, be gentle with her-she is so young and in, and while Mary so brave. and Mrs. Brink were

Be good to the June Bridegroom, oh God of wondrous power, he's young, off upstairs combtoo, and hopeful and full of courage-stay with them to the very end of the ing their hair into road, won't you Love? They will sing along the roughest path-if they only some semblance of have you for company-and are-together. respectability, Brink

By Temple Manning

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.

PETER'S ADVENTURES

**r**OU will see this situation repeated many times

this summer, and, really, it sometimes looks

very funny. Then, again, the young man has

the skill to make his part look quite clever. If they

also serve who only stand and wait, maybe they also

capture who know how to pretend to be led. Cer-

In the Farm House. FTER Brink hadr

taken his pill,

and I, too, dried our

your shoes in the oven.'

Brink Shows Shame.

breakfast," he said.

oven, and as his clothes dried his good

"Let's ask that woman to get us some

"It's already been done," I told him. supposed you'd be much too ill to

though, I did suffer coming across that

Shame was beginning to assert itself

now. No man likes to feel that he's shown a yellow streak. "And then," he went on with some

"I feel very much better now.

wet clothes.

about it.

protested.

lake.

barely 7."

he. too, came

Mary and I for all the travail of the night had a wonderful time. But Brink talked most of the sleep he must have mmediately after breakfast.

> By the Fire. "Do you want to sleep, Mary?" asked.

had hot biscuit and jam and broiled ham

and boiled eggs-fresh eggs-and that

"I don't think so," said Mary. "I suppose it's just nervousness, but I'm fearfully wide-awake." 'I, too. Suppose, then, that you and I go in and sit by that roaring old kitchen fire while Brink and his wife are rest-He was very wet

ng." "You're sure you're not tired, Peter?" "Not sure at all. I am tired, but I'm growled a great deal LEONA DALRYMPLE His shoes had been new, he I am tired, but I'm about it. His snoes had been hew, he not suce at an a three why. I've not sleepy. I don't know why. I've been thinking a lot. And there's some-"Wet feet." I said curtly, "are not thing—a great deal-that I want to say "Wet feet," I said curtly, "are not

good for any one. They're no better for to you." "To me, Peter? Why so serious?" "Not serious. Just-well, just proud of my brave little sportsman-just wonder me than they are for you, and they're no better for our wives. Here, stick "It will dry them out of shape," he ing why we must go through this night of misadventure to have me discover-

one that I saw strick me as par-lights of innumerable torches and the noises of dance and revelry. I called whatever he chose. He was too perjust-well, just anxious to talk, that's to our head bearer, intending to ask him what it was, but there was no sniff, he put his own shoes into the

A New Story of

Married Life

bot house and quietly slipped the key in the lock, preparing to give the grand surprise to Bob. I had carefully band of Maisie's and your own weren't band of Maisie's and your own weren't grand surprise to bob. I had carefully painted a picture of our flat in my mind's eye before I arrived. I expected the worst-piles of news-to an empty home. We finally agreed to

tainly being in tow sometimes seems to be very pleas-

The biggest joke of all is to discover that the victim

Cupid MAY have something to do with this. He

ant if we may judge by the attitudes of the victim.

really is doing the DRIVING.

never tells.

papers scattered through all the rooms, unwashed dishes stacked four feet high on the kitchen table, cigar or cigarette on the kitchen table, course. Bob

would have entertained some irrends. And, of course, poor Bob would be sit-ting lonesomely in the living room after having partaken of his bachelorly res-taurant dinner. I quite choked up when I thought how pale and tired he might "At the Scheme," replied Bob cryptically. "The Scheme is a real, sure 'nough camp 25 miles out. Both of us fellows have been camping out there, look, and here was I blooming after my selfish little vacation. But when I opened the door I nearly commuting every day, doing our own cooking-such as it was-and 'roughing it' generally. The second chapter of the

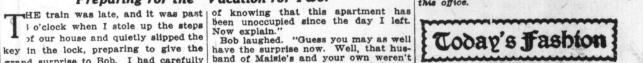
But when I opened the door I nearly fell over in my amazement. The house was exactly as I had left it. There wasn't anything that appeared to be touched-from teaspoons to chairs, and there was a thin layer of dust on the furniture, which proved that no sud-denly hired cleaning woman had come in to straighten up. Three days' mall, unopened, had accumulated. There wasn't a sign of Bob anywhere.

unopened, had accumulated. There wasn't a sign of Bob anywhere. It was too late to telephone him at the affice, and as 7, 8 and 9 o'clock passed and no Bob appeared, I felt that the joke of my "surprise" was on me. Where to a beap those days?

had he been those days? It was 10 o'clock when I was about falling to sleep over the story I tried to read that I heard Bob's step on the stairs. In a minute in breezed Bob-a very much tanned and blooming Bob. "Peter's Adventures in Matrimony" ill be concluded in three more in stalments. On Monday next will begin a new story of married life, stairs. In a minute in oreated block very much tanned and blooming Bob. "Well, well, when did you arrive, Missy?" he asked when we had finally finished telling each other that we had finished telling week that had ing in a camp in my life. Bu from a woman's point of view, by 'Revelations of a Wife' finished telling each other that we had spent the lonesomest week that had where I learn a few more housekeeping ever been. "I think I'd better do some investi-Don't miss the first instalment gating first, sir," I said sternly. "Where have you been? I have occult methods sport!

join a gymnasium if it is convenient. 2—There is no remedy for knock-knees other than an operation for one A Bride's Own Story of Her who has reached maturity.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this 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 subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.



ERE is a dainty frock for the

frills forms the belt.

me. What can I do to win his affectively trimmed tion? PETITE BLUE EYES. Now, Petite Blue Eyes, prépare for a lecture. At 14 it seems to me you could find enough studying and working and playing to be done to keep you busy and let the boy problem wait awhile to be solved. You may have the offection of the hox you like and be the solution of the box of the plasure enjoyed by the girl who eats it as it comes, antici-pating the luscious chocolates in the last affective of the box you like and be the plasure enjoyed by the girl who eats it as it comes, antici-pating the luscious chocolates in the last fills forms the belt

anxiety, "how are we to get to the train from here?" "Mary attended to that," I told him. Advice to "She telephoned. There's 'a stage or DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am 14 years old and just begin-

Adrie Garrison, entitled

VEXT MONDAY.

ing to go with the boys. I find that unless I allow them to kiss me and hold me on their laps that they don't seem to care for me.

things, and I want you to advise me what to do.

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dancing in the torchlight. Then there burst out from the crowd young girl who ran shrieking down the mountain. An old woman swiftly followed her and a dozen or so younger romen came in her wake. Close to us the girl was caught and we would have nterfered had not our headman, who had joined us, told us that she was the bride playing her part in the ceremony. The woman who caught her was her mother-in-law and the other women, ner bridesmaids It was the bridesmaids' duty, we

him what it was, but there was no

the night in a body and the camp was

We armed ourselves and walked

across the valley to the mountain. As

we drew nearcr we could see that there

was some sort of a celebration in prog-

ress. Hundreds of dusky forms were

empty, save for ourselves.

reply. The bearers had desepted for humor returned.



Off to the New Home.

ticularly funny. It happened at a native wedding. Out in the bush near a village we

had pitched our camp and were resting

something that conveys passengers from the boarding house to the station." "What time will the stage be here?" "Not until 11." "Good heavens!" Brink stared. "It's "It's the best we can do. Breakfast

learned, to help the mother-in-law chase the bride all over the mountain and when she was caught to follow after in a procession that was con-spicuous for noise. It was the bride when when the undertile was con-spicuous for noise. It was the bride who cried the loudest, however, for her mother-in-law was carrying her to her yet." We breakfasted heartily in the owner's

"She only fooling," said our servant, "she very much pleased all the time." we oreaktasted neartily in the owner's private dining room, a country break-fast that filled the damp morning air with satisfying aromas. I remember more with satisfying aromas. I remember we

My mother doesn't approve of such

affection of the boy you like, and he laver. There is a particular boy whom I

Girls X

am in love with, and who is very nice to me when he calls, but he doesn't seem to want to go out with me. What can I do to win his affec-

Household Adventures

**By ISOBEL BRANDS** 

Preparing for the "Vacation for Two."

By Annie Laurie may be such a likable boy that he will not ask you to go out with him for sev-eral years to come. Better heed what

I'm not quite so confident in my mind,

Scheme, and both of us have been liv-

ing there ever since." "Where?" I asked, puzzled.

your mother has to say about all this white batiste effectively trimmed

Little Girl's Frock of White Batiste, Trimmed with Lace.

