

Of Interest to Women

The other day a man said to me, "I wish you would write an article for your page on the influence women have over men. I wish you would make girls realize that and then perhaps they would not be so careless about using that influence."

"Yes, that is all very well," I said, "and I quite admit that a woman should be careful about using her influence to the highest good, but aren't you getting a little tired of hearing so much about a woman's influence on a man and so little about a man's influence on a woman?"

"Every newspaper you pick up, if it has a Woman's Page in it, has something of advice to women, and though we do need advice and though I do give it myself, I'm getting tired of it. I want to write some advice to men; want to tell them to be kind and tender and considerate."

"You men always seem to think that a woman no matter how tired or ill or cross she may be, should always be sweet and sunny and charming, while a man can be just as disagreeable and bearish as he likes?"

"Why should women have a monopoly of all the sweeter, softer graces of life?"

"Not that I want to see women become cross and disagreeable and horrid, but I would like to see men get more ideas of their duty to women and less of a woman's duty to them. I'm very tired of it all."

"We are told when a man comes home tired out after a long day downtown that a woman should be nice to him, and try to make him 'comfy'."

"A man doesn't seem to think that when a woman comes home tired out after a long day of shopping or social duties that she is just as much in need of comforting."

"Why should men, who boast of their superior strength and wisdom, be so much more in need of cosseting than the weaker vessel, woman?"

And then he said slowly, "Yes, you are quite right, I feel and realize that, although I had not thought of it before, but still I repeat women have a very great influence over men, greater than they ever appear to realize, and I do wish they would."

"If a girl only knew what it means to a man to have her interested in everything he does and desirous to have him do it to the best advantage; glad, in all he is glad of and sorry whenever he is sorry, she would certainly try to be to him all he would have her be, and that is, a good and true woman."

What do you do when you go through a day where everything goes wrong from its annoying beginning to its miserable close? When you wake up too late to do the things you should have done at 9 o'clock, when you are late for everything all day long; when your watch stops for no apparent reason and refuses to go again; when you break the handle of your shopping bag and lose some things you particularly want to keep; when you miss an important telephone message and are just in time to get one you wanted to avoid; when—why, why continue?

You have all gone through just such a day, when a succession of maddening little pin-prick annoyances beset you all day long and irritated you almost past endurance.

We were discussing this point the other day when three of us met at the table, every individual one being so "cross" that she did not want to speak.

It was so funny that the girl with the sense of humor laughed long and unrestrainedly, and finally cheered the trio a little, when suddenly the tele-

phone rang. She dashed to the phone and we heard a conversation that became more and more heated, until suddenly she said, "Oh, very well," and put up the receiver with a bang that shook the wires.

She came back to the table and said, "Girls, do you mind if I bang a few doors, break some china, tear something, or otherwise relieve my feelings? I'm sick of being sweet and lady-like," and she vigorously attacked the unoffending meat on her plate.

Said one of the others, "When I'm cross, I bite—anything or anybody. Sometimes I tear my handkerchief to pieces with my teeth. It is the only thing that does me any good."

Said the third member of the party, rousing herself dejectedly to speak for the first time since we had sat down: "Well, I'm worse than either of you—I sink. You'll notice I have not spoken since we sat down. I can't. If I begin, I'll start a recital of all my woes and thereby make you crosser than ever. It will be two or three days before I can talk cheerfully, and I'll go around with a face like a thunder cloud."

"I know I'm making a fool of myself, but I can't help it. You don't know how I envy you girls who can flare up and get it all over with. My temper will last anywhere from a day to a week, and everyone I know will be disgusted with me."

The pathetic tone in which she said this last was too much for us, and someone said, "Well, never mind, we all know how it goes and we'll do our best to help. Anyway the demon that lurks in inanimate things has been exorcised for a few minutes, and that is something."

And so saying, we left the table, each of us, I think, a little brighter because we had talked it out, for after all, a little sympathy goes a long way.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A HAPPY MAN?

If So Find One Who Has Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Can Now Eat and Enjoy Three Square Meals a Day.

Three happy is the man who can take three square meals a day and enjoy every one of them. But in these days of bad teeth and quick lunches, how many people can do this? Can you? If you can't it's your own fault.

Modern science has overcome the handicaps of bad teeth, quick eating and acid saliva. It has provided Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, the greatest help to the stomach ever discovered. They contain the necessary ingredients for digestion to put it in brief, they digest the food while the stomach rests and recuperates. That they are an easy and natural cure for all stomach ailments anybody who has used them will tell you. Louis M. Bond, of St. Louis, N.B., says: "I recommend anyone who suffers from dyspepsia to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I had it badly, and the doctors I consulted did me no good. These boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely."

Settlers' Low Rates West
Via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway every day from March 1 to May 15, 1934, settlers one-way second-class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, also to Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Rossland, and other points in the Kootenay district. Correspondingly low rates from all points in Canada. Write for full particulars and folders to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 King Street, Toronto, Ont.



DEACON SMITH'S LAST RESOURCE.

Deacon Smith (to Mrs. Smith)—I know it's mighty unpleasant, 'Mandy, but you know Brer Jackson's moved into de nex' plot, an' he walks in his sleep.

HOME-MADE SACHETS.

Every woman wishes her garments and belongings to exhale some faint and delicious perfume quite unlike any one else, a perfume that shall be linked in some subtle way with her own personality.

Different scents call to mind different people, and the choice, use and abuse of perfumes is quite characteristic of the individual.

The proper use of perfume is an art, almost a science, in fact, for we are assured that besides their stimulating and refreshing qualities, sweet odors are not without their influence on the temperment and on beauty.

It is even asserted that they influence the moral nature—the rose, for instance, predisposing to delicacy of feeling, the geranium to tenderness, dark violets to piety, etc.

Taking these things into consideration, it certainly is quite a serious subject, worthy of due cogitation, to get just the right odor or combination of odors.

Certainly no woman will from choice use precisely the same scent as her friend. Let us be original or die!

To achieve a distinctive perfume all kinds of combinations are resorted to. I know of one woman who uses at random about seven different varieties of perfume. The result is always different from what was expected, but often quite satisfactory and delightful.

Nothing is so odious as the use of much perfume. The woman who literally pours the scent bottles over herself may do it from sheer delight in the fragrant odor, but she is not very liable to excite disagreeable comment from those to whom her particular odor is not agreeable.

In fact, the abuse of a strong perfume is vulgar in the extreme, and is not aware of the quantity one exhales, since after the sense of smell gets accustomed to an odor it becomes oblivious to it.

The most delicate perfume is that which emanates from the woman whose every garment is laden with odors. To a certain degree each one of us has her own keeper. "Influence is to be measured not by the extent it covers, but by its kind," says "Channing," and we are too apt to overlook in our lives.

It is difficult to overestimate the influence we all exert in our association with others. To a certain degree each one of us has her own keeper. "Influence is to be measured not by the extent it covers, but by its kind," says "Channing," and we are too apt to overlook in our lives.

It is this influence, dear mistress of a home, this example, should be only in act, but in spirit as well. You will have to cultivate it, perhaps. May, then, you are hampered by your descent from long line of ancestors, harsh ancestors, who were exacting, morose, who called cheerfulness, levity and laughter, daughter of the devil, the sooner you find out the truth about you are sowing seeds to bear future harvests of agony of soul and self-torture for their own and their children's lives.

Because, when you learn that "cheerfulness" is healthy, and "melancholy" is disease, you may name your debt to those dear, helpless ones for whom you are responsible. "Cheerfulness" is the inward spring, all the blossoms of the outward life. You may want your children to not only be happy to outward appearance, but to have a life of cheerfulness, and you may not have known in your girlhood the true beauty of a cheerful home; how its radiance, brightness, sorrows, makes lovely every unspoken word, every unshared smile, much more than should you strive with all your strength to bring its health and joy-giving into your own home.

Never say, even to yourself, that you can not be cheerful. Every effort you make in that direction, every time you check an ungracious look or look of action; every pleasant, cheering commendation, every drop of the oil of peace you pour upon turbulence and feud, every smile that comes back to you in the rebound and make you so much the better and happier.

There are so many reasons why you, dear woman, should be cheerful in spite of unworldly happenings. If you are beautiful, believe me, you can not retain that beauty unless you cultivate cheerfulness. It is the life of a feature, a cheerful expression will impart that nameless charm we call personal magnetism, making you far more attractive than the most classic features and exquisite coloring. Moreover, cheerfulness draws down the corners of the mouth, makes lines across the brow, takes life from the brightest pair of eyes ever seen, and lessens every outward charm.

A joy, unspoken, the weary partner of your life, shall you be, my dear, if you will but determine to make the best of the unavoidable small annoyances that beset your path. Cross moods, fractious children, frozen pipes, delayed parcels. I know all about it, you see, I know how trying these apparently insignificant trials are to you when you are not strong, maybe, and life seems such a burden!

But I beg of you, make just one effort to try the example of cheerfulness each and everyone with a smile of amusement. If you do not feel amused, never mind; that will come in time. Let it be the first thing you do, and tell her how nicely she did so, and yesterday; give the children some paper dolls to cut or tell them a story; get to work, costly no doubt, of effort, please; meet the dilatory delivery with gentle inquiry as to reasons.

Only try this and see if your example does not do the domestic wheels and set the machinery at an easier gear.

You can never make things better by moroseness; you can not ease matters the tiniest particle by being cross over them. But you can make yourself and your family miserable; you can work yourself into hysteria and your

husband into a "cussing" fit; your maid into giving warning, and your baby into a nervous war.

MODERN GIRLS MARRY IN TOO BIG A RUSH

An Experienced Bachelor Gives His Opinion of Twentieth Century Girl's Haste to Marry.

"Now, please, mother dear, don't repeat that old, trusted proverb about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. It is true Jack and I have only known each other six weeks; but we love one another so very dearly that we are only happy when together, and you can make both of us happier still by allowing our marriage to take place in a month's time."

"Mother dear" made a feeble protest against such "hustling" marriage methods, but she was overruled by the pleading of her daughter, who was a great pity that she was a widow, and consequently without the support and advice of a husband. Friends who ventured to talk of the folly and danger of such a hasty marriage were given to understand that their lectures and advice were not required, and the wedding ceremony took place a month after it was first mentioned.

The result was what everybody feared would happen. Six months after the wedding the "hustling" couple met and confessed how unhappy her daughter was. She repeated the arguments—some of which I have quoted at the beginning of this article—by her daughter in favor of a speedy marriage, and plaintively remarked that she could not understand why her child was so unhappy with her husband.

As an old friend, I visited the couple on several occasions, and discovered that while love still existed between them, the real source of their trouble and unhappiness lay in the different attitudes of the two. There had been no time to study each other's characteristics and dispositions before marriage, and after the wedding ceremony the disillusion came. Mabel had faults which Jack had never suspected, while Jack possessed weaknesses which shocked his wife. The love which had been so strong at the time of their discovery and disappointment in each other.

The serene and ideal married life which they had pictured to themselves during their brief courtship was disturbed, and consequently quarrels followed. For, unfortunately, quiet talks and discreet suggestions were not to be made every day, but to try and remedy matters, with the result that their home life was becoming much smoother and happier.

It is not every hasty marriage which turns out badly, however, which can be set right. The "old trusted proverb" is so-faith and the science of beauty, which may have been a help to you when you were a girl, but when you come to know of it, it is too late. It is too late to remedy matters, with the result that their home life was becoming much smoother and happier.

The world is always romantic if you have the three gifts useful to make a man, and the sense of beauty, and the sense of humor.

Every day medical science becomes more simple and MORE CERTAIN. Plain, too, why ordinary medical treatments are wrong—why medicine so frequently fails.

For, despite the discoveries of science, the common remedies of the day are designed to treat the organ, not the nerve—the SYMPTOM instead of the cause.

For, though you, though you may not know medicine at all, see that this is wrong? That it is mere patchwork? That while the suffering organ is filtering, why does not life itself depend upon these life governing power nerves—why?

I realized, too, that all ailments which result from one cause may, of course, be cured by one remedy. I resolved not to doctor the organs, but to treat the one nerve system which operates them all.

For, though, what if the symptoms need a different remedy for each. Such treatments are only palliative; the results do not last. A cure can never come in disease of the stomach, heart, liver or kidneys, until the inside nerve power is restored. When that is done, Nature removes the symptoms. There is no need of doctoring them.

My remedy—now known by druggists everywhere, as Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not doctor the organ or deaden the pain—it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it well, and strengthens it and makes it well.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold fringes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain.

In more than a million homes my remedy is now known, and relied upon. Yet you may not have heard of it, so I make this offer to you, a stranger, that every possible excuse for doubt may be removed. Send no money—make no promise—take no risk. Simply write and ask. If you have never tried my remedy, I will send you an order on your druggist for a dollar bottle—not a sample, but the regular standard bottle he keeps constantly on his shelves. The druggist will require no conditions. He will accept my order as cheerfully as though your dollar lay before him. He will send the bill to me.

Will you accept this opportunity to learn at my expense absolutely how to be rid forever of all forms of nervousness—but to be rid not only of the trouble, but of the very cause which produced it? Write today.

For a free order for a full Book 1 on Dyspepsia, dollar bottle you Book 2 on the Heart, or a full address Book 3 on the Kidneys, Dr. Shoop, Box 4 for Women, 41, Racine, Wis., Book 4 for Men.

State where you live, and I will send you a book you want.

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

RADWAY'S PILLS

FOR YOUTH, HEALTH AND BEAUTY
CURE CONSTIPATION
AND All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Catarrhes, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bileous Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, and all derangements of the System.
RADWAY'S PILLS are purely vegetable, harmless, small, easy taken, perfectly coated and tasteless.
Druggists have them. TAKE NO OTHER. 25c a Box.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR RADWAY'S 1860 ALMANAC & BEAUTY CALENDAR.
RADWAY & CO., Ltd., Montreal, Can.

KEEP YOUR BACK WARM.

British medical men and scientists have declared war against chest protectors, padded vests and other inventions designed for the express purpose of aiding us to keep ourselves warm during winter.

They have begun by calling attention to the fact that when we decide to "wrap up" we do so by increasing the number of layers of clothing in front of those covering the back. This, it has just been pointed out, is a great mistake. The main "telephone exchange" of the nerves of the body lies in the spinal cord, in the spinal canal, and this exchange has immediate, complete and instantaneous connection with the skin of the whole of the back of the trunk, and is much more sensitive than that of the skin in front.

This can be proved by the application of a cold sponge alternately to the skin of the trunk in front and behind and noting the effect.

Again, writes "A Physician" in the London Daily Mail, how many people, especially in a draughty house, unconsciously or otherwise endeavor to cover the back either by an additional wrap or the comfort of a cosy armchair.

It behooves us, then, to see that the back is covered, if not more, at least as much as the front, especially between the shoulders. In men the thin back of the waistcoat is "the undertaker's best friend." In women it is the space between the top of the corset and the center of the neck, many especially in the type of garment popularly known as the "pneumonia blouse."

Very many persons are afflicted at this time of the year with a "little nagging cough." Let them look to the warmth of the spine from the root of the neck to the center of the loins. To effect this it is not necessary to add another layer of covering to the front, in the style of the old back and front chest protector; a double fold of thick flannel sewn into the waistcoat or blouse at the back is quite ample.

If possible, for man or woman alike, it were better that he or she had never known or been used to any form of neckcloth or wrap. The writer was once a martyr to "bad throats" while he effected coverings in the form of neck wraps, and was rewarded by repeated attacks of laryngitis or painful sore throat.

As a rule the people who begin by believing too little end by believing too much.

Melancholy is the "dungeon of the soul."

How the Stomach and Kidneys Depend on the Inside Nerves

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For, though, what if the symptoms need a different remedy for each. Such treatments are only palliative; the results do not last. A cure can never come in disease of the stomach, heart, liver or kidneys, until the inside nerve power is restored. When that is done, Nature removes the symptoms. There is no need of doctoring them.

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State where you live, and I will send you a book you want.

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative



INGENUOUS PUZZ.

Mamma—I thought there was an apple on the sideboard, and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there! Freddy—Well, will you give me something else, Mummy, 'cos it wasn't a very good one?

FOR TWENTY YEARS

Mrs. C. H. Burkholder, Norwich, Ont., tells us that she feels like a new person, and why? Because during all that time she suffered with Kidney trouble, and not until she found "Bu-Ju" could she get relief.

"Bu-Ju" Kidney Pills are the infallible remedy for all Kidney troubles of all descriptions. They are easily obtainable; all druggists sell them; and they are guaranteed to do their work. Mrs. Burkholder writes: "I feel like a new person."

Norwich, Ont., May 15, 1934.
Claffin Chemical Company, Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen—I have had Kidney trouble for 20 years and tried any number of remedies with very little relief. I believe "Bu-Ju" will cure me, as I feel like a new person. I cannot praise them too much. Yours truly,
MRS. C. M. BURKHOLDER.
331-21