

WHY ARE WHISKERS? WHY NOT WHISKERS?

This Once Infallible Badge of Manhood Has
Many Distressing Vicissitudes
of Popular Favor

(Toronto Globe.)

Why are whiskers? And—contrariwise, as Tweedledum would put it—why not whiskers?

In years gone by whiskers were the honorable badge of manhood. In the early and middle ages no man received recognition as a man unless bearded to the eyes. Even as late as the mid-Victorian era whiskers were accorded a respect that amounted almost to homage. Shorn of his silky beard and moustache, the hero of a Quixote novel would have cut a sorry figure in the realms of nineteenth century romantic literature. Whiskers, which generically include moustaches, beards and those particular forms of shaggy confound and restricted to growth upon the cheeks, were looked upon in those dear, dead days, as things of beauty; highly gentled appendages to be cultivated with care and trimmed only by the hand of an artist. Smooth faces were reserved for the members of the higher clergy, who, as a class, were not supposed to indulge in the frivolity of fun-trimming.

But within the past decade whiskers have fallen into disrepute and have become a hissing and a byword throughout the land. This has been the result of a hygienic propaganda which cried aloud from the house-tops, in lecture halls and in the public press, that whiskers in any quantity, of any texture, or of any color, were insanitary! that they were menace to the public health; that they were gatherers of germs which they redistributed broadcast by means of the otherwise harmless connubial, filial or overgrown osculation. Thus they were decreed utterly undesirable in an age of sanitation carried to the nth degree.

Advent of the Razor.

Dame Fashion—blind as her sister, Mrs. Justice—basing her judgment upon this sanitary, or insanitary hypothesis, thereupon decreed that no attempt should be made to so lay out, or arrange that cranial area lying between the hat rim and the collar that it might present the appearance of a well-ordered garden, with the natural and unalterable features gracefully set about with clumps of neatly-clipped and trimmed whiskers. Thereupon like sheep headed for the sheavers, the vast majority of the nation's manhood fell in line and became victims of the razor, presenting to the world faces as uninterestingly devoid of decoration as the concrete court of an apartment house.

The vogue in heroes swung to the other extreme. Novelists feverishly reached for their safety razors and pruned their leading males to the bone, taking their hairless cheeks and chins and presented them to an unimpaired public, with such naive references to their hairless conditions as: "A flush of anger mounted to Richard's clean-shaven cheeks—or: "Sheldon passed his hand thoughtfully over his smooth, firm chin—"

Now, although whiskers became an abomination in the eyes of the prophylactic and hygienic, the efforts to retain and encourage the scalp-locks abated not lessened. No outcry was raised against the man who wasted his substance on nostrils guaranteed to grow hair upon a hard-boiled egg. The bald head was not exalted to a place of honor, nor was the shining pool extolled as a thing of beauty and a monument to sanitation. The whisker-haters did not carry their theories to the extent of becoming tonsured, and this is emphatically

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have
Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weakness? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says after trying it: "It was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble

and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Have the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent physician to whom this article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The effectiveness guarantees it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or to cure them. It can be obtained from any drug store and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in this city by Watsons Drug Store and others.

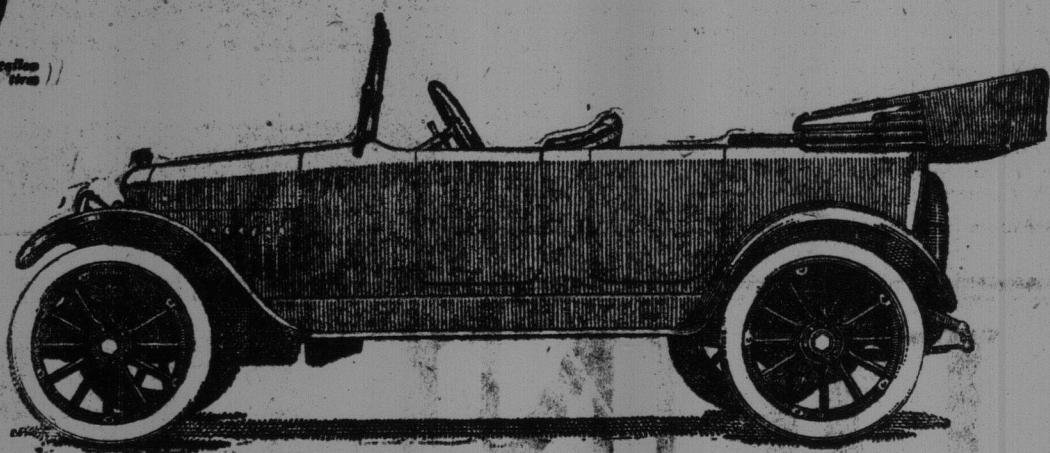
ly pointed out by those who still cling to the whisker tradition, who go further, and say that if it is a matter of sanitation the head that is the greater siner, for they argue, the whisker is subjected to a cleansing process every time the face is washed, while the shampoo is usually but a periodical event, commensurate at intervals of days.

War-Time Reaction.

Since the outbreak of war, in the fall of 1914, there has been a timid attempt to resurrect the old ideals of manly beauty, but as yet the results have not attained the luxuriant proportions of bygone days, when the "Piccadilly-weeper," the "waterfall-lip-fringe" and the "full-lace-curtain" were the vogue. Rather, there has appeared to be an attempt to curtail growth after the fashion of the Japanese dwarf gardens, until the crop, restricted to the upper lip, suggested nothing more lavish than a worn-down nailbrush. Authorities are widely divided upon the origin of this style, but it has been conventionally accepted as stamping the wearer as a son of Mars, although it is not on record that the god of war ever affected a hirsute adornment of this kind. Quite the reverse.

However, the fact remains that, instead of the utterly barren, desert-like faces that used to greet one on one's walks abroad, the majority of masculine faces now carry amidst their some tribute to the days when man's crowning glory was his whiskers.

"I hear your father is ill."
"Yes."
"Is his malady contagious?"
"I hope not. The doctor says he is suffering from overwork."—Detroit Free Press.



We couldn't make the Maxwell any better; so we made it better looking

AN artist never frames his masterpiece until he finishes it.

So the new Maxwell, a completed work, is now robed in new garments.

They do not make it run any better. They make it look better.

Mr. Whistler, the famous artist, were he here today and saw a new Maxwell pass on the street, would probably himself give it a second look.

A little touch here, the straightening of a line there, the bringing of a fender a little closer to the wheel, a circassian walnut dash before you as you sit at the wheel, the strength lent by putting the gas tank in the rear, the multiplication of bonnet vents, the adding of three more painting coats, the increased thickness of the seat cushions—these, though but a few of the many changes made,—show the tendency of the new beauty.

It is in the sum of many little things that the full story is told.

The car was first checked off in squares, as a doctor sometimes marks off a man's chest and back to test every square inch of the lungs.

And there was an improvement made in nearly every square.

When the task was done it looked like a different Maxwell.

But it wasn't.

It was the same, sound, go-get-there

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St. John, N. B.

chassis built to stand the gaff of rough and ready driving, built to endure, to "stay put," to stand all the erratic moods of the careless driver.

It was a five year drive to reach this present peak of Maxwell efficiency. But the engineers, and the manufacturing men knew that building a chassis without fundamental change in design year after year would ultimately tell in results. For every one knows that doing one thing results in doing it well.

So in five years 300,000 Maxwells have come forth, all built on the original chassis plan—each new one better than the last.

There is no self-starting automobile in the world that has such a manufacturing record.

Think what it means to a man who owns one:

He has not paid for a false overhead.

He has not paid for manufacturing mistakes.

He has not paid for experimental work.

He has not paid for the changes of mind of another man.

Today you get a better Maxwell than any of the 300,000, and a better looking Maxwell. It is a finished work, a completed task, a thing well done.

You run no risk—and when you cast your eyes on it you are tempted to feel that the price might easily be \$200 more.

The Ram's-horn—able assistant to the Hot Spot, which makes Chalmers a great car

THERE has been so much favorable comment on the Hot Spot device of the Chalmers that often the Ram's-horn of this great car is overlooked. The Ram's-horn completes the magnificent work of the Hot Spot, the main purpose of which is to fletcherize or "crack up" and heat the gas coming from the carburetor. Having done its work the Hot Spot passes the 100% conditioned gas on to the Ram's-horn. Now here is where an important job begins.

Gas is a peculiar thing. It "sticks in corners," "collects at any angle," goes back to its raw state unless it is handled quickly and scientifically.

So the Ram's-horn, as one might gather from the name, is without sharp corners, has easy bends and entices the gas smoothly into each cylinder. The inside of it is not a rough casting. It is as smooth as glass.

Note the drawing above. See that the distance from the Hot Spot to each cylinder is the same. That is the great secret of the Ram's-horn.

Most cars have a manifold that feeds gas into one cylinder, whatever is left over goes on into number two, the residue to number three and so on.

Cylinder number six is usually "starved" or gets "raw gas."

Thus you see why the Chalmers engine runs so smoothly, why it gets every last bit of power out of gas, why cold weather does not affect its starting, and why it runs cool on a warm day.

If you have not looked over a present day Chalmers you have an incomplete education on the modern motor car. For Chalmers now is considered one of the few great cars of the world.

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