

## DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND  
ADELE GARRISON'S CONTINUATION OF  
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Lillian Begged Madge To Do As "Dicky's Only Chance."

Lillian looked at her wrist watch, then hastily tucked her notebook and pencil away.

"What time does Dicky get home from the city?" she asked.

"Six o'clock, generally, but occasionally he arrives at 6."

"Well, take no chances on the later train, then," she replied, "but we have plenty of time at that. Come on to his room, and remember, no quailing. It's Dicky's only chance."

I needed her bracing reminder, for the remembrance of Dicky's contumacious behavior of his belief that I had opened his desk and had taken from it his personal checkbook was vividly before me. And my Puritan scruples were protesting furiously at the high-handed procedure which Lillian was about to put into effect. But I led the way meekly enough to Dicky's room, where Lillian proceeded to lock the door and then to study his desk with the ludicrous padlock upon it.

A Piece of Luck.

"I thought so," she said, after a minute's scrutiny of the lock. "Commonest type there is. Now you stay here while I run down to your local hardware store and bring back a duplicate of this thing. As I haven't your memory I'll just let

LEAVE YOUR SAFETY RAZOR BLADES TO BE SHARPENED AT WALLACE'S DRUG STORE

Durham Duplex Blades, dozen .....50c  
All other double-edge blades, dozen 25c  
Single-edge blades, dozen .....25c  
Star hollow-ground blades, each.....25c  
Old style razors, each.....25c  
419 RICHMOND STREET.

down the number and the name of the maker so I'll make no mistake."

The faithful little notebook flashed out again, and the next moment she had departed on her errand, an errand from which she returned a quarter of an hour later flushed with triumph.

"Talk about luck," she exclaimed, "there must have been an epidemic of padlocking things in Marvin. This was the last of its kind the gifted gentleman had in his stock."

The Open Desk.

She tore apart the brown paper covering the lock, and crumpling the paper into a ball tossed it to me.

"Don't let a shred of that remain in the room," she commanded. "With luck we'll be able to manage this without the Dicky-hind ever suspecting we've been here."

She took the key from the padlock she had bought and inserted it in the lock of the one fastening Dicky's desk. In another moment the chain which had been put around the desk fell clattering to the floor. But the tiny, fragile lock to which Dicky had originally trusted still remained open.

Lillian studied it for a minute with frowning brows.

"If I only had my box of old keys here," she mused.

I started with sudden recollection. "There's a whole collection of Dicky's in one of the boxes in the attic," I said. "I won't be two minutes getting them here."

"Make it one," Lillian returned grimly, and while I wasn't able to obey her command to the second, yet I made most creditable time in transferring the dusty box to her hands.

She sorted the keys over quickly, yet carefully, and after trying two or three

of the smaller ones, finally found one which fitted into the tiny lock as if it had been made for it, and in another moment the contents of Dicky's desk lay open before us.

"Fine job we've got on our hands, I must say," Lillian commented disgustingly, as letters, bills, manuscript, small drawings, finished and unfinished, and a number of photographs with which the desk was crammed bulged outward as she lowered the lid, many of them falling on the floor. "I'd know this was the Dicky-hind's desk if I came on it in Vladivostok. No one else in the world could ever match it in disorderliness."

"We'll have to sort it all in order to find what we want," I said practically.

"And then we'll have to take a stick and stir it all up again realistically," Lillian retorted. "I'll just remember that these drawings tumbled out first. They, of course, will go back on top."

She picked the illustrations up and laid them to one side, bestowing a hasty, speculative scrutiny, in which there was a trace of surprise, upon each as she did so. Then she turned her attention with me to the rest of the desk's contents, and for the next half-hour we worked swiftly, silently, until everything in the desk was arranged in neatly docketed piles.

With the resolve that Lillian shouldn't have to criticize my memory again I concentrated as I worked, and thus put away for future reference in my mind several facts concerning the things we found.

There were dozens of letters, most of them in two distinct chirographies, one that of a man, the other a dainty, woman's handwriting.

There was a pile of manuscript, which Lillian sorted, and which consequently I didn't see. That it was of vital interest to our quest I judged by the intense scrutiny she gave portions of it as she sorted and piled it.

And finally, tucked away in a pigeon hole, we came upon the cancelled checks, the only neatly arranged papers we found. Lillian pounced upon them avidly.

Some men are like rusty needles; the best way to clean and brighten them is with work.

Secrets of Health and Happiness  
How Your Manner of Walking Tells Doctor What You AreBy DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG,  
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University.)

DR. HIRSHBERG

The swing or gait of an individual often discloses to the well-trained observer that he has some unrecognition malady. The way a man swings his arms, throws out his legs, increases or diminishes his gait and the shape of the footprints all reveal some peculiarity about the pedestrian.

There are various types of walk or gait. The patient with paresis is almost as quickly distinguished from the one with locomotor ataxia or tabes—disease of the spinal cord. The victim, paralyzed on one side, drags his leg, his toes drop and turn inward and his leg makes a part of a circle as it swings around.

A tense, stiff, spastic pair of legs, which tremble in their tension and rigidity, indicates to the neurologist's eyes that there is a double spastic paralysis.

A pompous gait, which exhibits the upper part of the anatomy, leaning far back, with the abdomen projecting like a key window and the back hollowed. This gait is noticeable in obesity, droopy, abdominal tumors, rickets and cretinism.

A hobbling gait is fairly characteristic of corns, bunions, Morton's toe, blisters and other foot ailments.

tered feet, knee joint disease, hip trouble, sciatica, tight shoes, flat feet, sprains, short leg, appendicitis and arthritis.

Intermittent limping is ascribed to hardened arteries and arterio-sclerosis of the legs.

Pain and fatigue in walking, which disappears after a short rest to reappear again after walking is resumed, sometimes accompanies high blood pressure or varicose veins in the legs.

The waddling or goose gait occurs when there is muscular paralysis of a hereditary kind in boys under 10 and in double dislocation of the hip.

A wobbly gait is seen when one hip is diseased, paralyzed or dislocated.

The tottering gait is an easily recognized gait in those who take certain drugs, who are mentally unstable, who have enlarged heads—hydrocephalus—or who have Torsion's psychosis, a form of insanity.

The gait peculiar to old age and senility is a shuffling, slipper gait; it is also present in degenerative diseases, paresis and lazy persons.

Happily, muscular discipline and a variety of prescribed exercises and gymnastics have succeeded in correcting many of these peculiarities of locomotion. Surgery helps some, and the method which heals the disease cures others.

## Answers to Health Questions

MRS. E. S. Q.—Kindly advise what to do for the whooping cough.

A.—Whooping cough vaccine should be given and emulsion of cod liver oil.

F. Mc. Q.—Kindly advise what to do for an ulcer.

A.—It is dangerous to neglect these. You do not have to go to a sanatorium for treatment. Any hospital can give the proper treatment, but as to operation, each individual differs. However, a few weeks' hospital care and proper diet usually heals the ulcer without an operation.

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 stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

Three Minute Journeys  
BY TEMPLE MANNING

Where Asylums Are Maintained For Male Animals Only.

Exactly contrary to the Hindu's eager prayer for a male child runs his prayer for increase from his herds and flocks. For to the Hindu farmer the male offspring of his buffalo, sheep and goats isn't an asset, but a liability.

The reason is a curious one linked with his religion and sadly mixed with his poverty. To the Hindu animal life is sacred. According to his doctrine it's a great sin to kill any animal, even the smallest and most annoying of insects.

The Hindu considers the act of great merit to prolong the life of an animal, though it may be dying of a dangerous disease.

An American living in India sometimes has a hard time to get even a sheep, because the Hindus won't sell him one, fearing he wants it for food, and thus they become parties to the sin of killing.

So it is that the Hindus feel it a great misfortune for their flocks to bear male offspring. They can't keep the animals on their farms and they can't sell them for fear they will be killed. What are they to do?

The answer is found in every Hindu city—an animal asylum. To these asylums the Hindu farmers carry their male animals soon after birth. But they aren't paid for the animals. On the contrary, they are compelled to pay an admittance fee for each animal accepted.

A large percentage of these animals slowly die of starvation and thus are lost to the nation.

about Mrs. Spider and declared Peggy was nothing more than a dreamer. But Peggy—well, she didn't care, and many times when the weather was too bad to play outdoors Mrs. Spider kept her

Cost of Living  
Deader Bread  
Deader Meat  
Deader Rent  
Deader Soap  
Deader Clothes

"it's all right"

MADE IN CANADA

Bread—up! Meat—up! Clothing—up! Rent—up! But, you can get a bigger bar of soap for the money to-day than you could a year or so ago—if you will just insist on the Comfort "Bigger Bar"—the same old high Comfort quality which has given it the largest sale in Canada and made it the favorite for 25 years.

Use Comfort and get a brighter, cleaner, easier wash. Ask for the Bigger Bar to-day.

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COMFORT SOAP

DALLEY BAKING POWDER

Gives sure results—and makes most delicious biscuit, cake and pastry—because it is pure and wholesome. CONTAINS NO ALUM

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

An interesting array of planetary aspects, both "mutual" and Lunar, denote benefits, promotion, activity, success.

## How Many Crowns for Your Honor Flag?

Of course every city, town and district will earn its Honor Flag.

But how about the crowns?

For every twenty-five per cent. in excess of its quota, each city, town and district will be entitled to add a crown to its flag.

Can you do fifty per cent. better than your quota—that means two crowns for your Honor Flag.

But double your quota and it means four crowns.

Hang a flag in your hall, that for years to come will show that your city, town or district did better than well—

That it was a real factor in the huge success of CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN 1918.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

Good Night Stories  
By Charles Sted

PEGGY AND THE GRATEFUL SPIDER

Peggy gathered up her dust rag and ran into the front room to wipe down a spider's web that was hanging in the corner. She climbed on a chair, and as she reached up her dust cloth she heard a tiny voice crying.

"Oh, please, little girl," a tiny black spider ran out on the wall and waved her six little feet at Peggy.

"Please don't pull my house down. I just came in here because it was so lovely and warm—the wind's growing colder every minute outdoors."

"But we can't have you hanging in our parlor," laughed Peggy. "Spiders should live outdoors and not come into people's houses."

"I'll freeze if you throw me outdoors," cried Mrs. Spider, wiping her eyes with her feet. "For the winter snows will soon be covering the fence corners."

"Why not build up on the roof next to the chimney," suggested Peggy. "It would be nice and warm up there."

"A fine place, indeed," laughed Mrs. Spider, shaking her funny little head.

"Why, before night I'd be gobbled up by some hungry sparrow. Spiders are never safe in summer time, let alone winter time, when food is hard for Mr. Sparrow to find."

"But Mamma told me to tear down your house," exclaimed Peggy.

"Then there's no use talking any longer," sighed Mrs. Spider. "For little girls should always mind their mamma's. But just wait until I gather up my things, and then I'll go."

Mrs. Spider darted back into her webby house and soon came out dragging a tiny spinning wheel and a very tiny spinning chair.

"What have you there?" asked Peggy, her eyes as big as saucers. "And where will you go?"

"My spinning wheel and chair," replied Mrs. Spider. "You see, I have to keep busy these days, for the Queen of Fairyland has ordered new gowns for her fairies, and I must help spin them for her. I shall build—guess I'll try your suggestion and build on the roof near the chimney."

"What Have You There?"

"But the winter sparrows might find and gobble you up!" exclaimed Peggy.

"Some of my more fortunate sisters would take my place," replied Mrs. Spider. "However, I'll look on the bright side and not cross the bridge before I come to it."

Mrs. Spider gathered up her tiny spinning wheel and chair and started on her way, when Peggy called her back.

"Mamma would not object if you built your house back of the wood box in the kitchen. I'm quite sure it'll be nice and warm there all winter."

Lifting Mrs. Spider, her tiny spinning wheel and tiny chair on her dust rag, Peggy took Mrs. Spider into the kitchen and placed her behind the wood box.

Mamma laughed when Peggy told her

## "Perhaps you are right, Mary, I think I will follow your advice"

"In what way?"

"By trying Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have been reading here about the symptoms of exhausted nerves, and the description just suits my case."

"I am sure it will help you just as it did me when I had nervous prostration, for you know yourself that nothing else seemed to do me any good."

"That is about right."

"Well, I have been telling you that the Nerve Food is what you need."

"I know you have, but I did not think there was anything wrong with my nerves, for I was always pretty well."

"Well, I cannot sleep nights, and get up so tired every morning that I don't feel like taking hold of work like I used to."

"I have felt that I am losing grip on business and sometimes get discouraged. Of course, I have been working hard since we are so short-handed, and I suppose this is beginning to tell."

"Well, I have been worried about your health, but you would not take my advice and so I could do no more. I am awfully glad you are going to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I am sure it will build up your health."

"I have been reading here a letter from Mr. Myles of Lindsay, and I am not going

to delay treatment until I get like he was. When the Nerve Food cured him it will surely help me."

This is the letter:

Mr. Alex. Myles, 5 Regent street, Lindsay, Ont., writes:

"For the last five years I had been troubled with my nerves. At times I could not put on my coat alone, and often when trying to read the paper my hands would shake so that the paper would rattle and I could scarcely read it. When drinking a cup of tea I was difficult to get it to my lips. I did not sleep well, and sometimes would only be asleep short time when I would wake up and then lie awake the rest of the night. On, also, I used to take cramps in my legs so badly that I would have to get up at night and walk the floor. Sometimes during the day the cramps would bother me too. My muscles seemed to tie up in knots. I had tried different medicines without success. Last fall I secured a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and as this box helped me, I got some more and continued taking them till my nervousness was cured. I feel much better generally, can eat well, and sleep right through the night. I have not had any cramps for two months, and I give all the credit to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Some years ago, too, I was troubled with piles, and upon the advice of a friend, used Dr. Chase's Ointment, which cured me. I have great faith in all of Dr. Chase's medicines."

Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies to the body the vital substances from which new, rich blood and nerve force is created it cannot fail to be of benefit to the system. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75. All dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., is on every box of the genuine.