

# RYBODY

## Secrets of Health

### The Automobile a Fine Source of Real Exercise

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

There is a sentiment broadly disseminated that to ride in an automobile or even to drive one is an over-exercising, lazy, almost provocative habit—the very antithesis of exercise.



At first blush, this notion might seem to have many things to support it. The chauffeur and rider in the easy, swiftly moving machine seem to have the least exertion to do in order to hold their seats and to yield up their anatomy to the luxury of quick answers and evenly pulsating motion.

While it is true that a 200-pound fowling, heavily weighted with avoirdupois, snugly enclosed in the deep cushions, cannot, in the nature of things, obtain a modest amount of any caloric benefit while at the wheel, it is because of the good weight and not because the automobile lacks the facilities for exercise.

The man who drives an automobile, and only when necessary, short of 20 pounds weight, is given almost as much, and in some respects, more muscular working and driving up than a horse-back rider or a polo player.

The driver of a car with his hand on the steering wheel, the other hand on the gear shifts or emergency brake, his feet on the powerful clutch, and his right on the accelerator or brake, has an almost continuous, albeit not upon every muscle of his trunk and limbs.

Moreover, there is added to this the inevitable vibration of the apparatus or motor, the bumping and oscillation of the steering wheel, the rattling of the bolts and nuts across gutters and gutters, the abrupt jerks and shocks, and the massage of the vital dashed upon the ribs' flesh at a varying rate of 10 to 20 miles an hour.

Any one who has sailed before the mast in a blow of more or less miles an hour in the way of exercise, it whips up the most impatient of sluggish muscles. It is almost the equal of a swift sprint of an athlete or a 20-yard dash, or bucking the line by a football player.

That is not all, as far as the driver of the car is concerned. In addition to the pedal, gymnastics of his breathing muscles and the titanic strength of his palm muscles and his deltoids of the shoulder and arm, each and every fibre of his muscular system is occasionally put at a tension, ready, so to speak, like a tiger to spring past or retreat from an impending accident or change of direction.

Finally, the type of exercise which an automobile gives is so variable and comprehensive in its liberality that it lacks the often common-like exercise of walking or the performance of some perfunctory dumb-bell calisthenics.

Answers to Health Questions  
B. F. M. Q.—I am 60 years old and have kidney trouble. Please advise correct diet.

A.—The kidneys may be affected in many different ways. It will be glad to help you.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygiene 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: 1171-1173, St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo. Write care this office.

## Dressed Girl

### The Easter Wedding Turned Out.

Foundation of net were sewed gathered ruffles. A instructed Miss Marcot to have the net under-dress made entirely by hand. Over it she draped the tulle, gathering it about the waist line, and extending it across the back and sides. Over the hips she draped the silk gracefully to form bouffants.

The ruffled panel in front is dotted here and there with single pink roses tied with tiny loops of pale green ribbon with a pleated edge. This idea I took from the frock of a court beauty on a Watteau fan.

The bodice will wear Watteau hats of natural tulle, the crown wreathed with pink roses, while loops and ends of green velvet hang from under the hem at the back. Mine hasn't come from the milliners, but I saw Ellen's last evening. We are to carry old-fashioned bouquets of tea roses, mignonette and valley lilies tied with pink and green ribbons.

I explained this all to the Editor-Man as he stood admiring the frock. He thinks it quite the prettiest costume he has ever seen, and has asked me to have a parcel made of myself in the role of Nature's hair-ornament.

I wonder if he always goes away from home to spend Easter?

## Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am in love with an elderly gentleman about 20 years of age. He is going to Europe, and has proposed to me, but my parents say I am too young. I love him dearly, and would like to know what you advise. BLUE EYES.

BLUE EYES: Do you really and truly love this man, or are you simply enamored with the idea of "going to Europe"? You should certainly seek some one nearer your own age, particularly as your parents do not approve.

Frocks. I am in love with an elderly gentleman about 20 years of age. He is going to Europe, and has proposed to me, but my parents say I am too young. I love him dearly, and would like to know what you advise. BLUE EYES.

BLUE EYES: Do you really and truly love this man, or are you simply enamored with the idea of "going to Europe"? You should certainly seek some one nearer your own age, particularly as your parents do not approve.

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## THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

CHAPTER LVIII.

King Arthur Marries Queen Esther.

MISTRESS of Stanley Hall, Esther, my wife to be, I salute you!" said Arthur in deep earnestness as he drew Esther to him. "Too long have you been cheated of your birthright. I am not guilty of any wrong except to you, and you have forgotten me. Blair Stanley is guilty of the death of Dr. Lee, and I feel sure that Blake has the proofs. "The time has come when, for your sake, the truth must be known, and you must take your place in this stately home of your people, where I dwell so long an impostor to foster the ambitions of the dead and to augment their feuds and hatreds."

Esther shuddered and threw herself into his arms. "No, Arthur," she cried, "I have never been happier here! Let the dead and their secrets rest in the grave. "Rich and of position, you know no happiness, nor would I. It was not your dying mother's wish, I know. Looking into the face of death, she saw clearly. All she desired was that we should be happy together. "When last within this gloomy house with her I asked for a sign, and it was given to me. And I repeat this to you as we repeat it together that night. "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and



Vivian and Blair-Make Merry in London.

where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

And as the twilight turned to darkness these two rode away from Stanley hall to dwell unknown, obscure, among the simple gypsy people who loved them.

Here the astute Tom Blake of Richmond found them, and here he brought a copy of the proofs of Blair's guilt, the finger print markings from the murder scene, the library where Blair had slain the kind old doctor, Henry Lee, in his first attempt to gain the diamond from the sky.

Blake pleaded with Arthur to halt Blair in the hour of supposed triumph, but Esther and Arthur refused. "Let Blair have the Powell millions; let him have Stanley Hall; let him have the earldom in England and the diamond from the sky," said Arthur. "We have more than all these things, for in casting them aside we have found love and happiness."

"Your mother, Hagar Harding, was my best friend. She gave me my start in life," said Blake huskily. "I will abide by your wish. Alas! Bloom suspects much, but knows little regarding Blair Stanley."

"Bloom dare not move unless I say so and I can hold him quiet. Even near Fairfax you will never be recognized in the gypsy, Arthur Harding, by the people who knew you as Arthur Stanley."

"The few short years have changed you, but it is different with Miss Esther Stanley here. Who could not tell her? You cannot keep the secret on this account, I know."

"This is a sheltered place which only the gypsies know the way to, only the gypsies, with the exception of yourself," replied Arthur. "You know the way because my mother taught you, and you know the Romany password that admits you past the outer vans."

"This is the old rendezvous of my mother. The gypsies over the very land. We will not be here long—only for our wedding, which will be a gypsy one. None but a Romany can be at the wedding—none but you, for you were adopted into the tribe as a boy. I am told."

"Yes, I was picked up by your mother, a starved and wretched lad, a runaway from a miserable almshouse in the middle west," replied Blake softly. "I was adopted into Hagar's tribe, fed, clothed and educated by your mother. "But I cannot come to the wedding. I think you are wrong, and I could not bear to see the mistress of Stanley hall wedded as a gypsy when she should be wedded as her mother was—the way her people have been."

"You will pardon me for speaking from my heart?"

Esther smiled. "You are too serious, Mr. Blake," she said. "It is the only way I would be wed. You may be an adopted gypsy, and Arthur may be a born one, but of us three I am the real Romany, and I will have the wedding of a gypsy queen and none other! But in the privacy of his sanctum in

his Richmond agency the next day Blake smiled to himself as he said: "Blair Stanley, you destroyed one set of proofs when you struck down Hagar and wrested them from her. Arthur destroyed the set I took to him, but Tom Blake had the originals!"

Then he sighed and gazed at a portrait of Hagar that hung upon the wall of his sanctum. The picture was inscribed from Hagar to Blake. The eyes of the portrait seemed living ones in the earnest gaze of the detective.

"You are dead!" he said, "but your spirit lives, I know. Whatever was the wish of your steadfast heart that thing shall be accomplished, and perhaps I yet shall be the instrument of it."

He spoke prophetically. In far away London the sincerely faithful lawyer Smythe writhed in secret protest at the title having come to Blair and Vivian while the two dine and make merry in London's famous restaurants.

Smythe had seen Blair take his seat in the house of lords, and no word came from Blake, although he had called the Richmond detective to send proofs of Blair's guilt and secure a requisition.

Blake now went to this latter task. But, influential as he was, he found the Virginia jurists were averse to moving in the matter. After long delay he secured with all the secrecy possible a warrant for Blair and a requisition to return him to America, and this he sent to Smythe.

Meanwhile in the fastness of the Blue Ridge there is a royal wedding, the nuptials of royalty in Romany. King Arthur marries Queen Esther, and gypsies from all over the land have gathered for the event. There is a maypole, and there is music, and there are games.

The vans are garlanded; the little children strew flowers and the elder gypsies bear branches of blossoms to form a flower archway for the royal young couple. The goats and horses are garlanded. Quabba wears a garland and a big bridal favor and leads the gypsy musicians, who play all the while the merry Romany wedding strains.

Clarence the monkey, has a wedding favor and wears a garland and is made to bare the triangle, though, in sooth, Clarence is cynically indifferent, being a bachelor by instinct.

And so the maypole ribbons are twined and so the wedding dance goes on, and so at sunset the royal pair, King Arthur and Queen Esther, jump over the gypsy broomstick held by Quabba—and so they are married.

But because Esther is a Stanley of the blood a minister is brought from Richmond to marry them in the conventional manner also. And the minister comes and goes and wonders.

Then the happy, dancing gypsies light them to the royal van with flambeaux and return to dance and drink and sing beneath the moonlight by the maypole.

But the royal pair steal away unseen and clamber up the sheer hillside, and

never stir outdoors, Smythe descends to the portals of Stanley house.

Called to my lady's boudoir as he passes in the corridor, the lawyer informs the questioning lord of the registered mail package for Smythe.

Fearful of some bitter disappointment, fearful of his criminal past in America, Blair, earl of Stanley, leaving the key to do some service for the Countess Victoria, hurries down in the great Gothic stairway to intercept any ill omened message that may have come from America to Smythe.

On his breast there gleams the diamond from the sky that the American earl would wear into his earldom, as the ancestral funder had decreed.

The funkeys usually loitering in the hall have been drawn by curiosity to follow the family lawyer out to the small man waiting with receipt book and the registered package.

As Blair, ninth earl of Stanley, reaches the last landing of the Gothic stairway the armor of Sir Geoffrey Stanley of Agincourt is behind him. Then the diamond arm is silently uplifted and then it descends, bringing the battle mace it holds down with crushing force upon the yet uncoronated head of the American earl.

Down the stricken man falls headlong. The clattering figure in armor treads down the steps and bends over the crumpled, bleeding figure in the robes of an earl and from the crumpled breast of the prostrate Blair a mailed hand draws away the diamond from the sky!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What She Learned.  
The Husband—Do you think, my dear, that all this so called education, these facts, these lectures and ethical and philosophical movements of yours really do you any good?

The Wife—Incalculable good! Why, every day I live I appreciate more and more fully what an insignificant creature man is!—London "Tit-Bits."

An Early Finish.  
"You are sentenced to be shot at sunrise," announced the villain of the melodrama. "Have you anything to say?"

"Very little," answered the comedian. "Sunrise is an early hour. I shall not dilate."

And then the base drummer hit the drum a violent crash.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lending a Helping Hand.  
"What a beautiful dog, Miss Ethel!" exclaimed her husband's admirer. "Is he affectionate?"

"Is he affectionate?" she asked archly. "Indeed he is. Here, Bruno! Come, good doggie and show Charley Smith how to kiss me."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Should Keep It Quiet.  
Mr. Stuffer—"I'm very fond of fried onions.

His Wife—"That's nothing to brag of. If I loved fried onions as you do I'd never breathe it to a soul!"—New York Globe.

Suggestion.  
"Sir, I am sorry I cannot accept your affection."

"My dear madam, I will be just as well satisfied if you return it."—Baltimore American.

"Old Guard" leaders predict that the nomination of Justice Hughes at Chicago will be forced by the demand of the people.

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