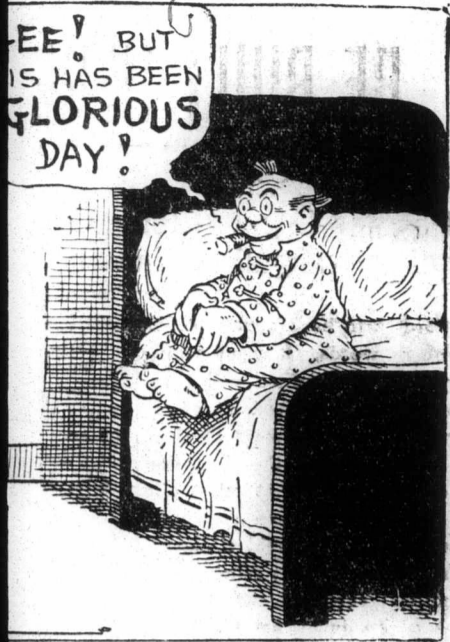


DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY



L GUESSERS A HARD WEEK

Country Games on Saturday the Uncertainty of the Exceptionally Keen Interest Competition.

Southern League. Scarcely a single person marked Crystal Palace to beat the league champions, which they did by the odd goal in three. Swindon were general favorites for this match, and did the unexpected when they yielded the points. The three draws are unparalleled, as coupon spoilers, whilst Cardiff to beat Coventry was the only fairly sure thing in the lot.

Mr. Percy Williams, last week's winner, with 18 correct, has not yet called for his consolation, and the management would be obliged if he would call and take his prize.

ADNOR

press of Table Waters Hamilton & Co. Brantford Agents

Best of living soap in cakes 10¢ on every dollar? You ever used, costs than four 5¢ cakes than five cakes of

IT. TRY IT.

Fancies of Fashion

Soft Tulle Replacing Neck Frill

By Madge Marvel

THERE is an apparent effort to soften all outlines in the new dresses. This is shown in the necks of the collarless gowns, whether for afternoon or evening wear. Instead of the little standing frill, which has been so much worn, there is a splash of strong color being introduced into the new clothes.

The Paris evening gowns that are just reaching here and are being shown of the spring season are startlingly low at the back. And as so many of them are devoid of sleeves, or have the merest apertures for sleeves, they are viewed with disfavour, not unmixt with alarm, by the conservatives.

High Collars in Vogue. As the season advances and the real winter begins, though we may talk of spring clothes we have still to keep warm, and the waistcoat is being made more and more of a necessity.

One of the most delightful dress accessories is the new veil which is gathered into a narrow band of buckram and fastened around the throat. This keeps the veil in place and also adds the whitening charm which the black velvet neckband always gives.

One sees more and more high starched stiff linen collars being worn. They are entirely unbecoming, and have either a narrow four-in-hand tie or a bow of black satin.

Remnants Attract Shoppers. By the way, I am told by several exclusive shopkeepers that they are selling more and more canes for women each day, and the favorite style is the plain stick with the crook, the brother of the one carried by men, only a bit lighter.

The wise woman is recurring about the shops looking for the treasures on the remnant counters. They buy not because things are cheap, but because they have taken inventory of their wardrobes and know exactly where a few dollars may be expended with greatest results.

There are wonderful bits of lace, motifs and edges that will add tremendously to the summer gowns and that are to be had for a trifle of their first price. Also there are staple colors in staple colors that are offered at little more than half their former price.

The silk counters are furnishing bargains in linings, and now and then it is possible to pick up a few yards of brocade which will make the most lovely evening coats for the proverbial "song of price."

The wise bargain hunter is the envy of her sex. She is the true economist. But—she is a rare species.

Death never loves a shining mark so well as when working in the guise of a sharpshooter.

It is not as much Justice as the jury that should be bludgeoned if an unprejudiced verdict is expected when a handsome woman is concerned in the case.

Pulling strings makes some men rich, but the practice keeps the conductors on the street cars poor.

His Little Day Is Done

By Tom Jackson

IN OLDEN days the Troubadour would wander near and far, and fill the midnight air with noise, accompanied by guitar. Beneath some fair one's window he would sing long hours through; his songs were sixty verses long—and had a chorus, too. The maid would throw him down a rose, which he'd kiss, and depart; but sometimes, when he p'd throw things, he'd make a quicker start.

There never was a Troubadour who worked at anything—except wait till the moon came out, then do a stunt or sing. Somehow he got his daily eat, and ribbons gay and bright, with silk pants that came to the knee, and always fitted tight. Unto a lady's eyebrow, or unto her shoulder, he'd sing enough of stuff to make six columns of brevier.

The lucky for the Troubadour he sang in ancient days, for things have changed from olden times in many sorts of ways. Fair maidens mostly now reside in swell and lofty flats, and there's no singing in the streets, except it be by cats. But, even if there were today a festive Troubadour, how could he make his voice extend, say, to the eleventh floor? At his feet throw the janitor would rush the noise to stop, and if he wasn't big enough, he'd whistle for a cop, who'd pinch the festive Troubadour and put him in a cell, then ship him to the burghouse place where crazy people dwell. Ah! Yes, indeed, the Troubadour has had his little day. This is the age of German bands, ragtime and cabaret.

THAT "DISTANT" FEELING :: :: By Michelson



Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.

A SOFA isn't very long if you measure it with a foot rule. All this time SHE is life size. Oh, yes! She is all right. She is very sure of that. She was sure of that when she said YES just a long journey—when you may be at one end of it and see the other end receding like a horizon.

It's an awful feeling, even if your bluff doesn't show it. And never shrink again. To remove that distant feeling is the biggest job he ever undertook. In this instance it is one calling for IMMEDIATE attention.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diene of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judge.

The truth, plain and unvarnished, about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

Test of Nerve? WHERE did you go, Peter? I inquired, referring to the weekly household check. "The reason I ask is that it was in the National late this afternoon and Drake said you hadn't been in."

"I was in the National late this afternoon and Drake said you hadn't been in." "At the Waverly Trust Co.," she said absently.

"At the Waverly Trust?" I exclaimed, in pardonable surprise. "Why, Mary, we haven't a cent in there and the check is taken to her home in Yorkshire, she said."

"My lord!" I exclaimed with some fervor, after looking carefully all over the check to see if it was quite right. I suppose, he said he'd prefer, if I didn't insist on my own bank, hardly a stone's throw away."

Great Novels in a Nutshell "The Moonstone"

Condensed from the COLLINS novel by HELEN S. GRAY

THE Moonstone, by Wilkie Collins, is one of the greatest mystery stories ever written. It is based in some particulars on the stories of two of the royal diamonds of Europe. One of the Russian imperial stones was once the eye of an idol, and the famous Koh-i-Noor is supposed to have been a sacred gem of India with a curse on whoever should divert it from its original use.

Before the Moonstone was seized by a Mohammedan conqueror, it adored the forehead of an idol in India. In the storming of Seringapatam by the British, one of the soldiers, a dervish fellow, vowed he will obtain it and does so, presumably by killing the watchman. On his death he bequeaths it to his niece, Rachel Verinder, whether in revenge or forgiveness of her mother's reader must judge for himself.

On the day that the Moonstone is taken to her home in Yorkshire, three Hindoos, disguised as jugglers, arrive. That night it disappears. Suspicion points to them and they are arrested and searched, but released for lack of evidence.

A great detective from London is sent for. He discovers an important clue in a seam made by a garment on a freshly painted door of the room where the Moonstone was kept the night of the robbery. That seam was not there at midnight that night, and by morning the paint is dry. If he can find out who stole the jewel, Rosanna Spearman, a maid, who has a record as a thief, is suspected by some. Several days later she commits suicide.

Rachel Verinder's strange behavior leads the detective to think she has taken the diamond herself. She is greatly agitated and at times hysterical and refuses to be questioned. Furthermore, she is greatly offended with her lover, Franklin Blake, who has not been with her since she was a child. He calls on Rachel, but she refuses to see him. So he goes to Yorkshire to learn the truth about the mystery. There he finds a letter awaiting him from Rosanna Spearman, to be delivered in person by the friend entrusted with it. It tells him where she had hidden a box. In the box is a paint-stained night shirt, marked with his name, and a letter, which says she is expecting to commit suicide because of having a talk with Rachel and demands an explanation. She tells him she saw his shirt at the Moonstone's disappearance that night, and by morning the paint is dry. If he can find out who stole the jewel, Rosanna Spearman, a maid, who has a record as a thief, is suspected by some.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Many Medics Brand Rheumatism as Fiction

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

DO YOU know what "rheumatism" is? Oh, you do, do you? Suppose you are told that "rheumatism" is a fiction, a shadow, a mare's nest, a Fata Morgana?

You smile. You are skeptical. You, maybe, think this a jest. Yet, it may be solemnly, seriously sworn by, bell, book and candle that there is no such entity, scientific or pathological, as rheumatism. "Rheumatism" and "rheumatoid" are apologetic white lies, mockeries, clap-traps and stalling devices of doctors, near-doctors and domestics who do not take the trouble to drink deeply of the Plerian spring of knowledge.

What passes for "rheumatism" in the public judgment is a whole gamut of miasmas, which are symptoms, aches, pains and irritations of 10 Colossian legions of disease. Tuberculosis, hip troubles, infections of a scarlet fever nature, venereal gut malades, the beginnings of locomotor ataxia, the pains of a grippe, tonsillitis, pneumonia, typhoid fever and gout, lead poisoning, flat foot, housemaid's knee, bruises, bumps and bone disorders are all mistaken by the snap-shot doctor and ready-to-wear diagnoses as "rheumatism" and a "uric acid" disposition.

It is high time that the thoughtful part of the public, as well as that portion of the medical profession which the Carnegie educational board brought to book, came to their senses.

Once they admit the truth, to wit, that there is no human ailment known as "rheumatism," then many an un-studied affection, which has been carelessly thus dubbed, can be cured.

"Rheumatism" has for many years been a name for leakers, heifers, patient medicine men and complacent Chiropractors to confute with. If a man is swollen with pain, if he limps or has a flat foot, if he has kidney colic or stone in the bladder, if he has a rigid wrist or stiff arm, conditions in the wise healer's wisdom was at once established by the magic word "rheumatism."

Let us admit, with such hocus-pocus. Even the acute infections of childhood and youth which are due to microbial poisoning, even those with their inflammatory joints and high fever of six or more weeks' duration, are not "rheumatism."

Have done with this absurd and ancient name. Seek out the real only, and then, and then, and then, can it be removed.

Said by Wise Men

Every man is a volume if you know how to read it. There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.—Tacitus.

Never read a book through merely because you have begun it.—Walter de la Mare.

The purest pleasures lie within the human mind. The pleasure of the intellect, sought outside of usefulness, is fraught with poison.—Beecher.

Forsees misfortune, that thou mayest prevent them, but whenever they happen, bear them with magnanimity.—Zoroaster.

The merit of originality is not novelty, it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; he believes for himself, not for another.—Carlyle.

What a person prides is perhaps a sicker standard of value than what he condemns of his character, information and abilities. No wonder, then, that most people are so shy of praising anything.—Hare.

Nature never deserts the wise and pure; no plot so narrow, but that nature there is ready to be interested and employ each faculty of sense, and keep the heart awake to love and beauty.—Coleridge.

There exists a strict relation between the class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filling from the first. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all many virtues. It is virtue gone to seed; a kind of posthumous honor; a hall of the past. Great men are not commonly in its halls; they are absent in the fields; they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children.—Emerson.

Every man exhibits the talent of organization—or construction. It may be in a poem, a philosophical system, a policy, or a strategy. And without method there is no organization, no construction.—Bulwer.

That we would do, we should do when we would; for this world changes, and hath abatements and many as there are tongues, are hands, are accidents; and then this world is like a spendthrift; which hurts by eating.—Shakespeare.

If a man has a querulous temper, let him beware. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight with a man, but whoever is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

This, I moreover, hold, and dare affirm wherever my rhyme may go: Whatever things be sweet or fair, love makes them so. Whether it be the lullabies that charm to rest the nursing child, or that sweet confidence of sighs and smiles, made without a word. Whether the dazzling and the dusk, or softly sumptuous garden bowers, or by some cabin door, a bush of ragged flowers.—Alce Cary.

There exists a strict relation between the class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filling from the first. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all many virtues. It is virtue gone to seed; a kind of posthumous honor; a hall of the past. Great men are not commonly in its halls; they are absent in the fields; they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children.—Emerson.



Dr. L. K. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

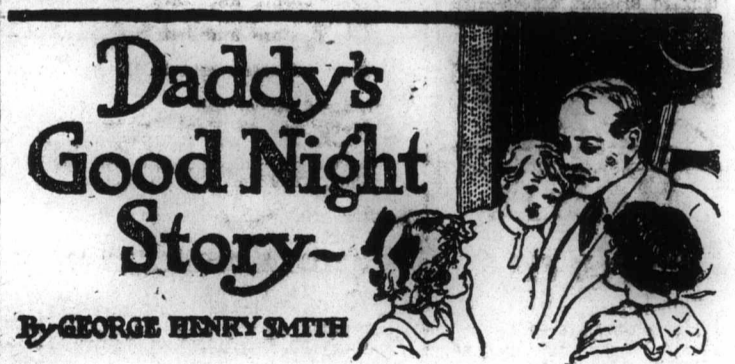
L. M. G.—What sort of pet animal is safest for a 4-year-old boy? One that will not give him a disease.

A fine \$15 parrot, not over 3 months old, is an intelligent and interesting pet for a boy. A parrot learns from the child and also teaches him new things. It is clean, safe and interesting.

S. R.—My dentist says I, as well as my whole family, have a uric acid predisposition. What shall I do?

What dentists call uric acid is a mixture of salts, lime and mineral deposits from food, mouth microbes and mucous. Milk of magnesia or peroxide of hydrogen will free your teeth of this "tartar."

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not 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. Hirschberg, care this office.



Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

WHAT are you going to say in your essay about Billy Bunny's ears?" asked Peter Possum of Willie Squirrel, as they started up the steps of the Woodland school.

"You will hear soon enough!" exclaimed Willie. "Sure enough, the very first thing Miss Rabbit asked Willie Squirrel to read what he had written about Billy Bunny's ears. He began: "Billy Bunny's Floppers."

"What's that?" shouted Billy Bunny, jumping out of his seat. "Be quiet," said Miss Rabbit. "Willie listened to all you had to say about his tail, now you must listen to what he has to say about your ears. With that Billy Bunny sat down, and Willie Squirrel began again: "Billy Bunny's Floppers."

"Billy Bunny is the only living flying machine. All he has to do is to jump off the top of a hill, pop his ears and wiggle his tail and he sails away like a bird.

"One day he sailed as far as the north pole, when one of his floppers gave out and he went down 'Cher-plunk!' right on the north pole, and then he stuck. After a while his flopper began to work and he got off the north pole and started home again.

"A rabbit, as you all know, is the ugliest living thing. That is why Billy makes such a good flying machine."

"Teacher, I—" started Billy Bunny. "Quiet!" exclaimed Miss Rabbit. "Willie Squirrel ended up with: "You see that what I say is true, for it is the truth about Billy and the truth always hurts."