

WER DROP

rell as mow the difnferior or

; a straightery product That is why m and makes nts unneces-

any of our minion. COMPANY

nilton's Best Hotel

Canada

TEL ROYAL

N AND EUROPEAN PLANS room furnished with new ew carpets and thoroughly ated during 1914. mple Rooms in Canada.

N SHIP HIT IN SOUTHEND RAID

That it Fell Into th f Heligoland—Casualies Not Known

May 29.—A despatch r on Lake Constance, one of the Zeppelin three days ago raided the outhend, at the mouth of 40 miles east of London one of the British shells Owing to the resul it was unable to reach the Whether the crew was wherher the crew of is not known.

It is nown.

It is

DAT HAND WAS OWNED IN THE BAY

drowning accident of the pronto occurred early Satng, when the body of Wm. Pape avenue, was found the south end of the Eastthe crew of the tug Emily body was taken to

the body indicate that the

OMOBILES

5-passenger Touring Car, mally good running order, ratively new Kelly-Sprins all around and spare tire.

Yesterday with her suit spotted with automobile grease of the blackest variety. I had to laugh, and poor variety. I had to laugh, and poor Cloely, thinking me unsympathetic, burst into tears.

Then I told her of mother's prophesy, when she heard 1913" Model — 5-passeng r, equipped with electri-starter, has been overhaul ainted, and is in good runand she had to laugh when she heard of the never-falling results of mother's over having gone on the stage than there are aching because their fair pos-To my suggestion that she take the suit to the cleaner's and have the spots removed. Cicely answered that she had lust come from there, and he had said that anothing would successfully take out the spots. This avenue being closed I the find another and a suit to the find another and the suit that any harm would come. I come. Of course I do not mean to imply that there is anything wrong with the stage or that any harm would come in love with a sweet girl, but I am so think I have never told her

3800.

5-passenger touring car, in good running car, in good running condition Dayton — Light 5-passes car. Price \$400.

Model "X" — 5-passenge Price \$1200.

ation of any of these c inged at our garage. DMINION AUTOMO OMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto.

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR FVERYBOD

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

LEONA DALRYMPLE

Mary and Myra.



woman ever thoroughly approves of her husband's associates saw Myra, and though she did not sniff, there was a pronounced rustle of disapproval I fanied to her gown. I had a most un-comfortable feeling

FONA DALRYMPLE. too, for eyes missed nothing. fter Mary had departed.
"Very," I said cordially.

"Very," I said cordially.
"Born with everything she wants,"
mused Myra wistfully. "That's the
way-hair, eyes, complexion—and an air
—a regular air. A 'My! My! Who are
you? sort of air."

I must have bridled a little.
"Don't fuss," said Myra. "I'm not
knocking. Honest, Injun, what was
it about me, do you suppose, that
quered me with your wife?" Peter on Peroxide.

Myra," I said desperately, "it's that hair, I'm sure. See here, I'm going to talk plainly to you. Don't you realize that everybody who glances at that hair of yours is going to misunderstand? It isn't just the fact that you got it with peroxide. It's the mental things which they all imagine lie back of it. I once knew a man who swore that the psychology of a girl who would weer a beauty patch was such that he

wear a beauty patch was such that he didn't care to know her."

"He was a dub," said Myra.

"Maybe he was," I conceded. "But he had it right. The psychology of the average girl who would bleach her hair or wear a beauty patch is antagonizing to say the least."
"But," said Myra, looking away, "this does look better than my real hair—honest Injun." a pretty girl and I'll show you a heap of vanity and egotism. Even if it doesn't show it's smouldering underneath. If a fairy came along to me and

"I don't believe it." Myra was quiet so long that I thought I had offended even her usual good-

neath. It a fairy came along to me and said, 'Myra, do you want to have riches, wisdom or beauty?' I'd say: 'Run along with your riches and your wisdom, Friend Fairy, I'll take looks!' And every other women's the small riches. "I wonder," she said, "if you realize what it is to be born into a sex that was meant to be pretty—that's expected

has a particular fancy for this

Charming Coat-Suit of Sand-Colored Gabardine, Braided with Soutache.

that it is extremely becoming, refuses to

wear her dark blue suit. I couldn't be a bit surprised when she came home crestfallen and repentant day before the suit spotted with

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD-

Making a Spotted Suit "Good as New"

WHEN mother said "I have a premonition" I made up my mind that some catastrophe was going to happen to some member of the family. When she continued "that Cicely's sand-colored suit will not be fit for and I cut a full, lower skirt and joined it to the ton which formed a deep voke.

wear very long if she continues to wear it upon every occasion" I knew that the suit was doomed.

It to the top which formed a deep yoke. I left the front plain and gathered it at the sides and across the back.

The skirt hung and fitted perfectly, but there was something wrong with the seam where I joined the sections.

It would not lie flat, but insisted upon

bulging in a most unbecoming manner.
The coat was trimmed with braided

medallions, so I put Clcely to work drawing off the design on tissue paper. Then we basted this to a strip of the

This I neatly stitched to cover the

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

tried to find another, and, telling to you simply because you were working to take off the suit, we went ing there, but I do mean that you have downstairs to the laundry armed with little talent for the work and most like-

cleaning fluids. We scrubbed at the spots for an hour and a half, but the skirt was "ringed, streaked and striped."

"It's no use to try any more. We'll back to your handwriting seems to tell me that. So, my dear, turn your thoughts back to your home and to all the happinassy make it look worse," I said, and ness that iles there for you.

I am a young girl 18 years old and I have a very nice boy friend,

but there is another fellow always asking me to go on the vaudeville

stage and be an actress, but my peo-

friend does not approve of this. I would love to go, but I don't know what to do. Please advise me.

PROVIDENCE.

ple will not let me go; also

Advice to Girls

AKE your mother's advice, my dear Don't tell him that you love him, don't

Providence, and give up this wild in any way show him how you feel thought of going on the vaudeville toward him—until the time comes when stage. More hearts are aching today

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl 17 years old and am in love with a boy 19. He seems to care a great deal for me, but has never told me so. How can

I let him know I care for him?
MINNIE.

Y dear Minnie, boys like best to make all the advances and there-

he will be glad to ask you to marry him

in love with a sweet girl, but I am so timid that I have never told her

that I love her, nor even gone out with her. What could I do to over-

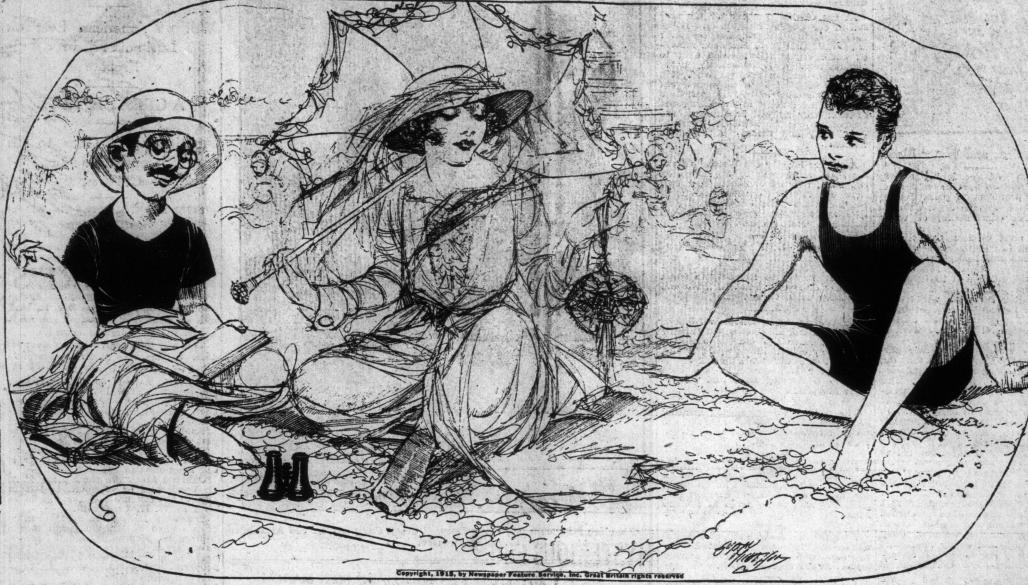
some this timidness? TIMID. THE best way to overcome timid-

fore girls should wait for them

Y dear Minnie, boys like best to are today.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

By Michelson



FOU might decide to do nothing at all, but that would be rather stupid. Really, a young man with EYES that questioned better than any spoken words possibly could. had become conscious of an entirely different sort of young man on the other hand-

you would have to do SOMETHING if a very intellectual young man who was You couldn't let them BOTH go on—the one dreaming and the other questioning—for fond of poetry was sponting rhythmic romance to you on the one hand, and you the whole afternoon. Wouldn't there be a very good chance that you would decide

Beware of the Person Who Is "Misunderstood"

other woman's the same.
"The woman with money always marwas meant to be pretty—that's expected to be pretty—and not have any of the with everybody else he meets. It's a business partnership. And the wise ones don't win out. Men hate anybody on the worst dub of a man that ever smarter'n themselves, though the Lord man, not a bad looking man, and, on the whole, man, not a bad looking man, and, on the whole, man not a bad looking man, and, on the whole, man not a bad looking man, and, on the whole, man not a bad looking man, and, on the whole, man not a bad looking man, and, on the whole, man not a bad looking man are smarter'n men. on the worst dub of a man that ever grew, even if he squints and has a hair lip, but none of that for the other sex. A man gives you a cold stare, and if you don't measure up he walks right on to the butterfly with the glided hair. Isn't that right? He's not wasting time to the butterfly with the glided hair. Isn't that right? He's not wasting time to the butterfly he's not wasting time to the butterfly he's not wasting time pretty people. I think your wife's the prettiest thing I ever saw. All very cial, and he has been a good deal of a success

on anything that lacks looks.

"And don't you ever tell me it isn't the homely ones that would make the best wives, for I know better. They think less about themselves. Show me on her hands and began to cry.

I think your wites the and make himself agreeable at the church so-prettiest thing I ever saw. All very well for you to talk, she don't have to peroxide her hair."

And suddenly Myra put her head down on her hands and began to cry.

But all at once there was gossip about him.

A certain yours woman in the congregation

A certain young woman in the congregation seemed to be particularly fond of the preacher, and now Mrs. Reverend declares that her hus-

band and the certain young woman have been in love with each other for some time. So she brought suit for divorce, and the case is attracting a great deal of attention all over the Pacific coast. The clergyman's letters, written to his wife after she discovered his in-

They make interesting and edifying reading-they are so absolutely typical, so utterly unescapable in the cruel logic of their weak egotism. They are exactly the sort of letters that sort of man would write, and

couldn't help writing to save his life. situation was the perpetual conviction that I could not really belong to two saving. women and keep my soul whole.

"You will wonder how I could go on preaching and deliberately enter preciated," there's nothing to be done with him, anyhow or anywhere. the ministry with this duplicity in my life, and my only answer to that is," that it was no duplicity at all. "This was not an expression of the real feeling and actualities of my would snatch her away from a coiling snake. nature at all."

The Self-Deluded.

material, and using soutache braid to correspond with that used on the coat and imagination? we duplicated the braiding in the long There was a least of the coat and imagination? Pretty letter, isn't it, so full of sentiment and conscience and fine feeling There was a lot more in the letter about romance and dreams and love, and all that sort of thing, but not one word about honor and truth and loy-

seam, and on each hip extended the top alty and conscience and a promised word. of the skirt over the braiding to form a Not a syllable—there never is. pocket-like flap, which I trimmed with buttons and loops of braid. They resemble the pocket flaps used on the friend? Who intended you to be one? And are you just a puppet in the Louis XIV. coat, and are a decidedly hands of fate, or did you ever hear of such a thing as making an honest

fight to overcome a dishonest impulse? The coat has a flat collar continuing "The horror of my situation! My real feeling and actualities of my lown the front in revers, and a cravat if a wonderful shade of cornflower blue nature!" I, me, mine, my, myself—not a word about you, yours, yourself: rosgrain silk which matches Cicely's not a syllable about her, hers, herself.

The utter crass egotism of that letter makes it a perfect specimen of

traw trimmed with sand-colored ribon with the suit, and I do not blame
her for being partial to this costume.
She is happy again now that her suit
is "better than when it was new," as
she enthusiastically declares.

The utter crass egotism of that letter makes it a perfect specimen of
every such letter written by every such man.

The kind of man who deludes himself about himself can no more help
writing letters than he can help thinking that everything concerning him is
a matter of vital importance, and ought to be set down, somehow, somewhere.

By WINIFRED BLACK

"The horror of my situation!" Oh, the ineffable vanity of the creature! What about the horror of the situation of the woman you promised to "love cherish and protect," good sir?

What about the horror of the situation for the poor, silly girl who alwas helping a natural born deceiver to go on deceiving? The horror of the situation-where did it come in for the man in the cas

pray tell? Where does it ever come in for either the man or the woman who deliberately wrecks two lives for a merely selfish pleasure? There was no duplicity at all, says the gentleman. Oh, no, of co

Everything was as open as the day and as clear as sunshine! There were no lies, no evasion, no miserable half-truths. There never

are in affairs of this sort, there never can be, of course, in matters of such high and noble import. Of all the deluders in the world, the most dangerous and the most absorbed

lutely selfish are the self-deluded. The Silly "Unappreciated."

When a man says, boldly, I have no morals, I don't believe in them; I'm fatuation for another woman, are being published in the San Francisco going to do what I please, when I choose, without any reference to anybody or anything but my own desire, we know how to deal with him. We can keep our daughters and our sisters away from him and pass hir

by ourselves on the very cool side of the street. Or we can take hold of him and help him to let the honesty and candor of his character pull him up out of the mire of his inclinations. For the man

"Perhaps, I was intended to be a Mormon," he says. "The horror of my who openly declares himself has, after all, something about him worth the But the sentimentalist, the self-deluder, the "misunderstood," the "unap-

If any man began to tell a little sister of mine that he had never beer understood by any one who knew him, I'd snatch her away from him as I Beware of the man with his head in the clouds! He's almost sure to have

his feet in the mud. Some say he has to have them there to keep any kind Congratulations, Mrs. Reverend! You're rid of an impossible situation

and through with the most irresponsible curse of the human family-a senti-

The little girl? Oh, well, she will have to eat her bitter bread as bes

For now that the man is free to love her, he'll suddenly discover that sh doesn't "understand," either. I hope some of her friends will take up a collection and send her

It's the only thing left for her now.

THE SOAP BROWNIE :: :: By Vernon Merry -EDDY was a little boy who would never wash his face. Every day his mother

had to coax him to come and be made clean, and when the soap got into his or bile-salts after meal. Exercise several hours daily in the open air. Sleep in a well ventilated room, and get more Now, Teddy was a firm believer in fairies. One evening the Fairy King summoned the Brownies to his council hall and said: "Something must be done to J. C. B.-Q-I have suffered about six

teach Teddy a lesson that he will never forget. It's all nonsense for him to object to being washed. He ought to be glad that his mother takes so much interest in him. I have thought of a plan, and you Brownies must carry it out." He explained what they must do and then dismissed them.

That night a strange thing happened to Teddy. Waking up suddenly he saw a queer creature sitting on the foot of his bed. Its body was formed of a large soap bubble, its legs and arms were tooth brushes, and about its head, in turban fashion, was wrapped a towel. In its hand it held a cake of soap and a wash cloth. "Come here, you helpers," shouted the Soap Brownie, "we'll give him a bath he'll not forget!" And suddenly 20 more Brownies hopped upon the bed and selzed Teddy and dragged him off to the bathroom. They filled the tub with hot water, and the Soap Brownie threw in his cake of soap and made the suds rise high above the top of the tub.

Then they dumped poor, frightened Teddy into the bath. "We'll show you what it is like to have soap in your eyes and ears. When we're through you'll never object to having your face washed."

Then each Brownie took a scrubbing brush and rubbed Teddy so hard that he felt himself growing smaller and smaller.

When he was too tiny to find in the big tub full of water the Brownies lifted

Secrets of Health

How to Cure Self-Drugging the Newest Way

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

tal man lowed with free will that was the beginning of human creation. Much was left to him, such as the cultivation, discipline, education and training in



self - denial and DR. HIRSHBERG. control. Just as the want of some perfection makes an evil, so the lack of eternal vigilance in the matter of the appetites and the will means a defective moral and physical being. So a man given to taking heroin, cocaine or any other habit-forming drug must be re-claimed at any cost, even though he be

the fiend incarnate.

It is estimated that the excellent na. It is estimated that the excellent national law recently put into effect has thrown from 40,000 to 100,000 persons addicted to drugs upon the tender mercies of the merciless world. Who is to save them, and how? There are not dispensaties, hospitals or institutions enough to do so. It is, therefore, up to each of us

The First Steps.

Once you are presented with the Christ-like opportunity of restoring one of these abased persons to health and happiness, give him or her at once a drastic eliminant such as five compound drastic eliminant such as five compound cathartic pills. Some half a dozen hours later a tumblerful of citrate of mas-

cataratic pills. Some hair a dozen hours later a tumblerful of citrate of magnesia or a tablespoonful of sulphate of magnesia in water.

A well known anti-narcotic mixture contains one ounce of the fluid extract of hyosyanus, one ounce of the fluid extract of zanthoxylum, and two ounces of the tincture of belladonna. After the purgation has taken effect six drops of this mixture in capsules is given every hour for six hours. Sometimes physicians allow the victim to take his drug at the same time in a smaller dose. However, I always stop it forthwith.

After this first six hours, eight drops of the mixture are given hourly for another six hours, when it is jumped to 10 drops. This is continued at six-hour intervals until the two-drop increase reaches 16 drops. When signs of belladonna disturbance, such as misty vision, dry lips and mouth and widely dilated pupils appear it means that some reduction must be made in the number of drops.

again administered 12 hours after the original dose with a repetition six hours later of the saline drink to wash the mercury out. Meanwhile, the drops are given every hour unless the belladonna.

given every hour unless the belladonna symptoms have shown themselves. The whole process of cathartics and salts are also given a third time until the 36th hour. If the drug has not yet been stopped, one-sixth of its original dose should be the maximum amount now given. This is to be absolutely the last dose of that habit-creator.

The triple effervescent bromide tabloids, together with one-sixtleth of a grain doses of strychnine have to be employed at times with the other treatment. Notwithstanding all of this, it may be possible to dispense entirely with the belladonna mixture and use these two all through the treatment. The blue mass and cathartic pills are most helpful in all treatments.

Answers to Health Ouestions

W. F. R.—Q—1—Is sage tea and sulphur good for falling hair and dandruff?

2—Is chewing gum an injury or benefit to the digestion?

A-1-I do not recommend the use of sage tea for the hair. The following, applied twice a day to the scalp, will eliminate dandruff and prevent falling hair: Resorcin, 15 grains; balsam peru. 14 drams; castor oil, 14 drams; oil of theobromine, 2

2-It is neither an injury or a benefit to the digestion.

M. S.-Q-I am a woman 41 years old and have been troubled with stomach complaint for some time. I get up in the morning with a sick headache, my stomach seems to be turning inside out, there seems to be a hard lump between my throat and stomach. Will you kindly advise me what to do?

A-Drink alternately, distilled water A—Drink alternately, distilled water and a pure carbonate water, 3 quarts daily. Eat green vegetables without much starch, whey, cereals, spinach, prunes, prune juice, carrots, clear soups, grapes, oranges, figs, mush, corn bread, stewed pears, ginger bread, currants, dates. Drink 2 glasses of distilled water orangely hour before meals. Take one one-half hour before meals. Take one teaspoonful of milk of magnesia before meals. Take 5 grains of ox-gall, ox-bile

I must say I nave spoken to always ent ones, but they have always spoken first. Should I speak to any of these boys when I meet them outside of school hours, or just pass them by? HIGH SCHOOL LIZ.

GOODNESS, gracious, what a common name you have chosen to sign to your letter! There is no reason why you should make it a point not to speak to a boy whom you know and speak to in school when you meet him outside.

Then each Brownie took a scrubbing brush and rubbed Teddy so nard that he felt himself growing smaller and smaller.

When he was too tiny to find in the big tub full of water the Brownies lifted him to the was no larger than a pin.

Then the Soap Brownie pulled out the stopper and shouted: "Watch him go, hygienic and santiation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or ofger advice for indown through the pipe. He tried to call for his mother, but the water filled his mother had asked him to. And then—

Why then, Teddy heard his mother calling him, and knew that he had been inquirles to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, oare this office.

ness, my dear Timid, is to stop thinking of yourself and worrying about what others think of you. Every-(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

By Annie Laurie

one seems to be looking at you and watching you and criticising you with their eyes, don't they? Well they aren't,

you only imagine it, my dear boy. For get yourself, think more of other people

and very soon you will wonder how you

ever could have been as timid as you

I am a young girl of 17 and I would appreciate it greatly if you would give me your advice in this matter. I would like to know if it is

proper for me to hold conversation

with the boys in my class at school. I must say I have spoken to differ-

ent ones, but they have always spoken first. Should I speak to any of these boys when I meet them out-

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE