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DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

of a Wife

Why Madge Put Dicky to

By ADELE GARRISON

Y recovery from the attack of tonailitis, thanks to Dr. Pettit's remiedies, was almost as rapid as the seizure had been sudden. My mother-inlaw, forgetting her own invalidism, carried out the physician's directions faithfully. The choking sensation in my throat gradually lessened, until by midnight I was able to go to sleep.

I have no idea when Dicky came home from his "impromptu studio party." His mother, whose deftness, efficiency and unexpected tenderness surprised me, arranged a bed for him on the couch in the living room, and I did not hear him come in at all.

living room, and I did not hear him come in at all.

'My poor little sweetheart!" This was his greeting the next morning. "It I had only known you were ill the old blow-out could have gone plump. It was a stupid affair anyway. Had a rotten time."

"It doesn't matter. Dicky." I said wearily, and closed my eyes, pretending to sleep. I knew Dicky was puzzled by my manner, for I could feel him silently watching me for several minutes. Then evidently satisfied that I was really bleeping he tiptoed out of the room, and a little later I heard him depart for his

sleeping he tiptoed out of the room, and
a little later I heard him depart for his
studio, first cautioning his mother to call
him if I needed him.

I spent a most miserable day after
Dicky had left in spite of my mother-inlaw's tender care and Katie's assiduous
aftentions. The studio party, of which
I was sure Grace Draper was a member,
rankled as did anything connected with
this student model of Dicky's. The memory of the village gossip concerning her ory of the village gossip concerning her friendship for my husband which I had heard in Marvin troubled me, while even Dicky's solicitude for my illness seemed to my overwrough imagination to be forced, artificial.

His exclamation, "My poor little sweet—

His exclamation, "My poor little sweet-heart!" did not ring true to me. I felt bitterly that there was more sincerity in Dr. Petti's low words of the day before: "Poor little girl, I wish I could bear the pain for you!" than in Dicky's protesta-

How genuinely troubled the tall young Katie Is Sympathetic.

Dicky I had felt that I ought not to call shown to me during my mother-in-law's possessions as to make it absurd in me never can tell.

n my face when she turned on the light Earlier in the afternoon I had insisted that Mother Graham, who was really wearled with her care of me, should lie down, and she was still asleep. She had Thousands of marriages have been kepl from the rocks by a little my care. Thad managed to avoid the girl's searching eyes by pretending to be asleep, but she was deceived no longer.

"Oh, dear Missis Graham, poor Missis Graham," she cried, almost upsetting her tray in her haste to reach my side, "don't cry no more. I not be bad girl any longer. I go along to dot place in country. I not know you feel so bad."

She imagined that my low spirits were caused by her attitude toward our proposed removal from the apartment to the house in Marvin. The absurdity of the idea was a better tonic than any medicine. I wined my every sure that any longer and for medicine. I wined my every medicine that any medicine. I wined my every medicine that any medicine. I wined my every medicine that any medicine that my low spirits were caused by her attitude toward our proposed removal from the rocks by a little my every m

medicine. I wiped my eyes and sat up, resolved to put down my weakness with an iron hand.
"I wasn't thinking about you, Katie," I said quietly, "but I am glad you wish to stay with me. I am sure, too, you will like it in the country."
"Maybe, yes, maybe, no," returned Katie, non-committally, "but I try any-

Revelations THE TWO UNIFORMS





"Love Can Do Anything," says Winifred Black, "Even the Impossible"

HE'S married the policeman—the belle of the garrise Her father was a major, one of her brothers is a lieutenant in the navy and she has two first cousines, one tenant in the navy and she has two first cousines, one physician had been! How resentful of Dicky's absence from my bedside! How tender and strong in my paroxysms of choking! I felt a sudden added bitterness toward my husband that the memory of my suffering should have blended with it no recollection of his care, only the tender sympathy of a stranger.

The tenant in the navy and she has two first cousines, one of them at West Point now, and one just out of West Point She was born in an army post, brought up in a garrison taught to ride by a sergeant in her father's regiment, taught to swim by another sergeant in another regiment, and taught to shoot by one of the scouts attached to the regiment in a western army post.

She's waked up with the reveille ever since she was

She's waked up with the reveille ever since she was born and she knew what taps meant before she could talk. Miniful Brown and she knew what taps meant before she could talk. The first thing she played with her dolls was dress parade. And whenever she wanted to punish one of the boy dolls she put him this young physician on account of the in the guard house, or took off his uniform and made him do service unusual sympathy and kindness he had werk fixing the lawn in front of the doll's playhouse. in the bosom of the family."

And now she's married-out of the army. And she's married a illness! I laughed a little bitterly. Sincere friendship, sympathy, tenderness, to be happy, and her husband thinks so, too, bless their innocent to be such rare commodities in my list of hearts—and the queer thing about it is that maybe they are. You

Of course, the odds are against it. You can scrub along somehow By the time the day was over, while my throat was much better. I had worked myself into a most miserable state, mentally. Katie, coming in with some soft toast and tea, saw the marks of tears morning in the year unless you really want to. morning in the year unless you really want to.

A Change Often Saves.

she is. I know an actress who's married to a writer, and the actress says:

fried potatoes and three orders of wheat cakes with lots of syrup—it's different. Perhaps it ought not to be, really, but somehow it is. It's the little things that make or mar happiness in marriage. A weman can be perfectly happy with a man who's really rather a gump if he likes the same things to cat and is interested in the same sports

The analis whose of your tissues on he seem rewing themselves month after month.

When your finger and toe nails grow along to die! His idea of life on the road is—a cold shower at sky, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—a hearty one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk or a long ride, a skx, breakfast—bardy one—a brisk walk from three till four, a simple dither one of the laboring classes, a picture gallery in the afternoon, tea at five, dinner at seven and then the theatre.

"My idea is—called at eleven, my bath, a light breakfast in bed, letters, the morning papers, leisurely dressing, a walk from three till four, a simple dither one of the sking the youth renewly mala at a long of the sking the youth renewly mala at a long of the sking the youth renewly the sking to want takes of the pain" (but he pain") (but he sking th

alone if possible—dressing room at seven, and, after the performance, a big supper with a lot of friends.
"I love Billy to madness—but if he tries to make me live his way and at his hours, don't be surprised if you read of a divorce suit right

And yet the writer loves the actress devotedly. He would give his life for her cheerfully-but he simply can't change the way he's used How will the army girl like the hours that her husband, the police-

man, is obliged to keep? How will she like the food he wants and the time he wants to And his friends-will they like her, or will they feel self-conscious

and ill at ease in her society?
Will she like her husband's friends? Will she see the good in sands of marriages have been kept from the rocks by a little them or will she just notice all the little ways that are "so When the children begin to come-what then? Which way will

Right Now Is the Best "Reducing" Time



first home."

Well it will probably be our last together if you roam around like this much sether if you roam around like this much more." he retarted, practically. "It's a wonder if you haven't creight your death or cold. Come on to bed and can the centimental guil. If this were a little centimental guil. If this were a little woodhand coutage or something romantic woodhand coutage or something romantic woodhand coutage or something romantic woodh, over having this dump-Police!"

Wooshy over having this dump-Police!"

Wooshy over having this dump-Police!"

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DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

Dear an a young girl, and all my triends consider me beautiful. I am very fond of a certain boy. I go out with his.sisters aloften, and when we zo out his sisters always send him up to my house to get me. Then we you to their house, and he always stays in until we go out, and then he goes out with some boys.

His sisters always try to get us together, The other night I was up at their home for supper. He wanted to stay in, but his younger brother wanted him tog out, so he did go. He cannot dance, but if we go to a dance he always says he wishes he could

Outs of the care for me? I love him dearly.

Do you think he cares for me? I love him dearly.

OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL: I am sure it does not look as if he cared for fills of the batiste. I finished the V-shaped neck line of the bodice with a turned-back collar of white organdie, and beneath frils of the batiste. I finished the V-shaped neck line of the bodice with a turned-back collar of white organdie, and beneath frils of the batiste. I finished the V-shaped neck line of the bodice with a turned-back collar of white organdie, and beneath frils of the batiste. I finished the V-shaped neck line of the bodice with a turned-back collar of white organdie, and beneath frils of batiste to correspond with the swirt him, bow every more to the back of the bodice with a turned-back collar of white organdie, and beneath frils of batiste to correspond with the swirt him, bow every more than for line of the batiste. I finished the V-shaped neck line of the volument of the batiste. I finished the V-shaped neck line of the batiste. I finished the V-shaped neck line of the bodice with a turned-back collar of the badice of the badice

By Will Nies Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Perpetual Youth Is Actually a Possibility

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

HILE the flight of time is interwoven in man's existence, senility and old age are not at all necessary accompaniments. Birth, growth, childhood and youth are inseparable from life, because life buds from life. Age, however, in the sense of lost youth, fossilism and decay is a deprivation, a taking away, a subtraction from that which is life.

If a human being, an animal, a plant, a microbe or any other living thing is not crowded with its own waste products—if it is given its required air, light, noisture, minerals and food—if it is not stimulated by artificial means or depressed with the over-gratifications

of its appetites, it is evident from observations and ex- DR. HIRSHBERG periments upon simple living things that life, like a great river, can flow

on forever.

It is now well known that microbes, amoebae, paramecia, hydra, flat worms and the units of man's flesh when simplified and separated from the complex syndicate called "the human body," can, if gently and steadily bathed and washed free from the home-made poisons and waste, renew and perpetuate their youth.

To be sure, air, food, moisture and appropriate interchanges between the living thing and the environment are demanded. Otherwise there will be no fuel, heat or stocking to keep the tissues supplied with the mortar and cement of life.

What "Growth" Is.

The extraordinary regenerative power of certain types of animals, as well as the human fabric, proves that in health, youth is almost constantly renewed. The skin is shed in unseen scales day by day. The hairs drop out and new hairs grow in. The nails alone of your tissues can be seen renewing themselves month after month.

When your finger and toe nails grow

Answers to Health Questions

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

-By SYLVIA GERARD-How She Trimmed Her Very Newest Frock with

she bring them up—the way her husband approves or by the method
that she's been taught to think the only one?

Who's going to do the work in the policeman's home? No handy enlisted men there to be called upon in an emergency, no swift-footed butler, no agreeable Filipino girl, soft voiced and deft handed, to pass around the tray.

Won't she be lonely without the comraderie of life in the garrison? Will he always find her practical and courageous and resourceful and good-humored as the wife of a man who's drawing a policeman's salary must force herself to be, or make a failure of her job?

"Love can level ranks," they say. Yes, love can do anything—even the impossible.

But isn't it sometimes a bit of a pity to expect the little fellow to work so awfully hard—overtime?

Time

By LUCREZIA BORI

of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

Flowered Silk.

The bodice was not so easily made. It required careful cutting and fichastifut for season a note of a baskleful of roses and a note of he seams together I managed to get the might come over with his "Yellow-might come over



the flowered silk, edged with the pleated frills of batiste to correspond with the skirt. They seemed rather plain, how-ever, so I added graduated, pleated

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