

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

**STORIA**  
 Children  
 Know That  
 the Castoria  
 is  
 the  
 Best  
 For Over  
 Thirty Years  
**STORIA**  
 In Use  
 For Over  
 Thirty Years  
**STORIA**

Excursion  
 Be a Light  
 One This Year

July 27—A meeting  
 of the C.N.R.  
 G.T.P. was held at  
 the  
 offices this morning to  
 discuss the  
 question of bringing to  
 the  
 West farm labor-  
 ers.  
 It was  
 decided that the number of  
 men  
 to be called upon to bring  
 in  
 will be considerably smaller  
 than  
 was  
 expected. Conditions are such  
 that  
 there is already on  
 a  
 considerable number of  
 men  
 for work during harvest.  
 The  
 districts report an in-  
 creased  
 demand, while a very  
 large  
 portion of the supply  
 is  
 being  
 demanded. It is cer-  
 tainly  
 a  
 migration from the south  
 will  
 be negligible this year.  
 It  
 is  
 needed will come from  
 the  
 west and from the cities  
 of  
 the middle West.  
 The  
 meeting of the railway  
 agents  
 arrangements were  
 made  
 for the shipment of these  
 men  
 to the harvest fields.

Week Decorations  
 the  
 time to buy your decora-  
 tions  
 the  
 assortment is good,  
 and  
 I like to show every cus-  
 tomer  
 the  
 line as we are satisfied it  
 is  
 none in the city. Flags,  
 etc.,  
 in  
 great variety.  
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LIMITED, MONTREAL.

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel "Diane of the Green Vase" awarded a prize of \$50,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as Judges.

No. 120  
 Dad's Great Gift.

MARY was a sparklingly expectant at our Christmas breakfast. "Peter," she said, "I'm simply dying to know what you have for me." All this pretty display of delightful ignorance in face of the fact that Mary had, at varying intervals, mentioned very concisely the things she wanted. I may say right here they were every one of them, things I couldn't afford. "Well," I began, "I don't have a diamond necklace, and it isn't a diamond ring. It's a sensible gift."

"Why be sensible on Christmas?" pouted Mary. "Why, indeed?" I asked. "But I notice just the same that I usually get socks and slippers and ties, and exceedingly sensible things of that sort." "Nobody knows what to give a man," said Mary petulantly, and she colored guiltily. I thought, "If women would spend one-half the time thinking up some desirable gift for the men of the family that the men spend thinking up things for the women, the sock and the slipper would fall off considerably at Christmas."

"Hum!" said Mary, "that sounds very well, Peter, but men don't do their own Christmas thinking. They ask some woman to do it for them. And women can always think better for women. I glanced over the array of mail at my plate. It was chiefly Christmas cards and Christmas greetings."

"I thoroughly approve of this 'ard stunt,'" I said carelessly to my wife. "You can let your friends know that you think of them, and it's much better than well-planned cushions, for instance."

"That," said Mary, "is just as you look at it." Which was one of Mary's speeches that doesn't mean anything at all. She has a lot of them that fill in various conversational places and don't make anybody think. I picked up a letter addressed to me in Dad's handwriting. Opening it I found that it contained a letter written by mother and signed by mother and dad. "Son, dear," began mother's letter, and somehow that way of beginning always rings so true that I get a choke in my throat and a warm feeling around my heart.

"Dad and I want to give you for Christmas what you need most, and after a great deal of talking here nights by the fire—and, son, dear, we do miss you still when the log glows, and Dad's growling and chatting alternately in his easy chair—we want you to accept the \$25 that Dad lent you as a Christmas gift with the love of both of us. Dad says you'd get it some day—what little we have—and, therefore, we'd like to see you have some of it now, when you need it. Don't you see some time through the day and wish us Merry Christmas."

And, as I read, I sat quite still, choking back a flood of feeling. Mary seemed very far away from me. I couldn't tell her. I didn't want to tell her. She seemed apart from the moment. There is only one big love in the world that counts, and that is the mother's love for her child. Every other love is sticky and queer beside it.

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER—THEN AND NOW



Mother and Daughter Fifty Years Ago.

AWAY back in the last century—Mother was an elderly person at forty, and being an elderly person she settled down into an elderly person's place and wore an elderly person's clothes. It was easy to know by her bonnet and gown that she was a settled person—just Mother. To Daughter was left the privileges and responsibilities of being fashionable and picturesque. There wasn't the slightest chance in the world that you wouldn't know which was which, even when you couldn't see their faces.

Mother and Daughter Today.

NOWADAYS it is quite different. There are no elderly feminine persons today—this side of seventy. The older Mother grows today, the greater the need for combating facial signs of age by the aid of other outward signs. Mother takes a lot of trouble to keep her youthful figure, and feels discreet enough to take chances on sensational clothes that Daughter is far too young to risk. Probably it is Daughter who is demure. This is MOTHER'S century. And isn't she charming?

### The Short Cut to Beauty By the Perspiration Route

By LUCREZIA BORI  
 Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

Special arrangements have been made with Senorita Lucrezia Bori, the famous prima donna soprano, who has created a wonderful impression in Europe and New York on account of her remarkable beauty and artistic attainment, to write for this paper a series of articles on beauty. There is probably no authority her equal in giving the newest and most approved methods of attaining and preserving the divine radiance of woman.

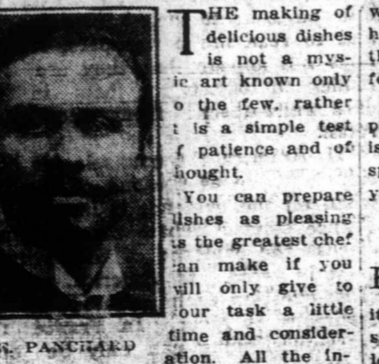
If you would be beautiful you must perspire. You never perspire even on the hottest day in summer. I heard a girl say the other day, and I felt like saying: "You look it, my dear, and you will do well if you set yourself about proper perspiration right away. Don't boast about it."

BORI boast about it. An expert histologist and into all the details of telling your body is formed, and how much work the skin should do to rid the body of effete matter. I am going to take the word of a dermatologist who says there are 25 million of pores in the skin of the body, and when the pores do their proper work they discharge two pounds of waste matter every day. Perspiration is the chief aid in this important work. Healthy, open pores will perspire. If you don't perspire, something is wrong with your system. It is clogged. You need medical attention. Value of Exercise.

Bathing is the first step toward starting perspiration. Exercise is next. Walk, run, play tennis, golf, hand ball, skip rope, roll, do something in the form of energetic exercise until you start the glands and the pores of your body working. Hot baths, with some softening agent in the water and good soap, will greatly help. The warm bath should always follow exercise, and a cooler shower and brisk rub-down complete the treatment. You need never expect a good complexion, girls, unless you perspire. A girl wrote me that she had tried all the advice of her friends and still her hands are red. I would advise her to see her physician. Her circulation may be wrong. Outward applications will not cure until inward causes are removed. "What perfume do you think is most pleasant?" writes another girl. Perfumes should suit the personality of the user. If one is very fastidious, I think the most delightful perfume is that of absolute cleanliness, and, perhaps, the faintest suggestion of violet or orris. Heavy perfumes are bad enough any time. They are unendurable in summer.

### Masterpieces of the Cuisine

A Favorite Recipe of E. Panchard  
 Chef of the Hotel McAlpin, New York

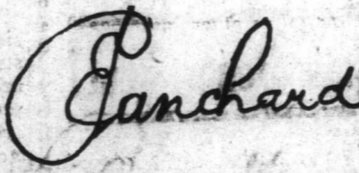


THE making of delicious dishes is not a mystery, it is a science. It is a simple test of patience and of thought. You can prepare dishes as pleasing as the greatest chef can make if you will only give to your task a little time and consideration. All the ingredients that the chef uses are at your command, and all that you need do is to give to your kitchen the study and time that he gives to his.

With all possible speed, how can you hope to economize? Out of the scraps that you waste a chef would make a feast to delight a king. The following dish takes time to prepare, but I offer it to you exactly as it is made by me. I hope that the time spent in preparing it will be repaid by your pleasure in eating it.

**Ramp of Beef a la Mode.**  
 For this dish use a piece of beef prepared with six pounds of ramp. Lard it with fat pork, and season well with salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped parsley. Then place the meat in an earthen bowl with sliced carrots and onions, pour over it one-half pint of brandy, and let it macerate for one day in a cool place, turning it over frequently. Drain and dry the surface. Set it in a sauceman with some fat, roast it until brown, add a pint of white wine and enough beef broth to cover the meat. Add some bones and two split calf's feet which are blanched, a bunch of parsley tied up with some celery, thyme and bay leaves; one whole pepper, two carrots, two onions and some garlic. Then add the brandy which was left in the bowl, let it come to a boil, cover and put it in the oven to simmer for two hours, or until well done.

Drain the meat. And strain the gravy. When nearly cold cut into slices and spread over an oval dish, range round some braised carrots, glazed onions, the calf's feet boned and cut in small pieces, and some green peas; pour the gravy over it and keep cool in an ice box until set like a jelly.



### ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: I am a girl of almost 18. I read the letter in today's paper and perhaps I, too, have made a mistake. I am engaged to a young man, 25, and am to be married this fall. I fancied I was too young, but as he is a bachelor with no one to help him in any way, living in a strange place, I took pity on him. He has been keeping company with me for almost two years, and I have found no fault of any account in him. And he says the same of me. Do you think it would be wiser and better for us both to wait a couple of years under the circumstances? My father and mother consent. Now please tell me what you think about it.

WHY you funny little girl, you whatever is the matter with you? You have a sweetheart you love truly, and he loves you the same. What in the world do you want to go around hunting for some excuse to be miserable for? Here a bachelor, alone in a strange place; he needs you and you need him, and your father and mother consent. What more do you want in the name of love and all love's puzzles? Do you want him to take to drink so you'll have to marry him? To save your? Must he rob a bank to get you to be his wife—on the day he is sentenced to the penitentiary—like the heroine of your favorite book? What or what do you want. Blue Eyes, and why do you want it? You've found a pearl in the road—a pearl of great price. Don't throw it into the grass just to have the fun of hunting for it again. You might not find it this time. If you have the true love of a good man, be thankful for it, and give him your love and make him happy—and whither, Blue Eyes, a few "I do's" stories just now—and a little more sewing on the pretty things you're going to wear at your wedding. You ask your mother if that isn't a good prescription.



Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care of this office.

### Secrets of Health and Happiness. How Your Nerves Work By Own Electric Power

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG  
 A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

MOST biologists and physiologists claim that a distinguishing feature of life is the irritability of living tissues. If this were not true animals and plants could not grow, adapt themselves or survive and reproduce offspring. Irritability of this nature does not in any way partake of the popular meaning of this word. It has nothing to do with petulant ill humor and huffiness. When any living thing takes food, avoids poison, or otherwise maintains a definite equilibrium with its surroundings, it has a normal, healthy irritability. Brutes as well as vegetables, man no less than animals, must change eternally, and so alter their activities as to preserve a peaceful, progressive balance between their own internal mechanism and the outside surroundings.

A tonic or a stimulant is associated in most opinions with drugs and medications. That is to say, most persons think of alcohol, coffee, broths, tea and pharmaceuticals such as strychnine, as "tonics" and "stimulants." Yet many of these, such as whiskey, wine and beer are so far from being stimulants that they are poisonous sedatives. There is, however, an easily ascertainable electric current—"bioelectric action," as it is termed—associated with a nerve in action. In fine, a nerve in tone and irritated is, more or less, the same as a copper wire with electricity flowing through it. This electrical condition in living tissues, more particularly the nerves, is the essential peculiarity that accounts for its self-extending impulse or "message."

**Alcohol Not a Stimulant.**  
 Prof. Ralph S. Lillie of Clark University says that a stimulant or tonic of the living body is anything which arouses a tissue into new activity, or modifies the activity of one already active. Chemicals are not by any means the most common causes of renewed or altered activity in living things. One of the characteristic features of stimulation is that a very slight touch may initiate a large series of changes. When one of your nerves is given a stimulus such as a pinch, a burn, a freeze or a punch, the disturbance set up in the nerve, no matter what its nature, spreads also to the other nerves in contact with it, until it reaches the brain and spinal cord. There is no visible or ultra-visible mechanical change in a toned, stimulated or irritated nerve. There is some chemical change in the nerve fibers. This explains how a ray of light is carried to the other tissues; how movements of the air are finally "heard"; how a pinch is felt; how heat, cold, pain, taste, smell, movement and the other things are registered in your common sense.