# EES GREAT FUTURE AHEAD OF VICTORIA

## anitoba Official Is Loud in His Praises of This City

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

V. P. Smith, superintendent of the me for Incurables at Portage la irie, Man., a government institu- n, accompanied by Mrs. Smith and and Mrs. R. V. Turner of Bran- , the latter a daughter of Mr. and s. Smith, left for Seattle last eve- g after spending several days in toria. This is their first visit to toria, and they were all more than ghted with all they saw while here. Mr. Smith is one of the men who the first furrows of civilization on prairies of western Canada. He ved in Winnipeg, then Fort Gar- in the early '70s and immediately ck some 60 miles to Portage la irie, then the extreme of civiliza- , where he took up land in what ow the richest portion of the whole irie country. In the early days Smith took an active part in pol- s and had as an opponent on one asion about 20 years ago, the re- btable Joseph Martin, when that tleman was breaking into the lime- t of publicity. After a contest that nothing if not strenuous, Mr. th was defeated by a dozen votes. he seven years ago he was ap- nted superintendent of the Home Incurables, which is run by the vincial government. This insti- on is a large one, housing in the ghborhood of 200 inmates, who are ed for at the public expense. Sur- nding it is a large farm, which is rated in conjunction with it, mak- the institution practically self-sus- ing.

r. Smith, having watched the de- pment of the prairie country and wing of the progress in such a paratively short time, in conver- on with a reporter for the Colonist erday, said that he looked for a lar development on Vancouver is- l in the next few years. Here na- has been kind and as the island's antages and resources became er known capital and population ld undoubtedly flock here in ever- easing volume, as it had in the rie country. As the island was loped Victoria would be benefited, altogether apart from the increase ch the city's residential advantages bound to secure for it in the way dded population from the ranks of e seeking a pleasant place in ch to live. Should he live to visit oria five years hence he would, was sure, see a city of very much ter population.

Victoria has a great future, and I ost feel like coming here myself ive," added Mr. Smith.

### Typhoid Among Japanese

ncouver, Sept. 16.—At the regular thly meeting of Richmond Council Saturday last the health officer re- mended the cleaning of the ditches Steveston. He reported 45 cases of hoid fever amongst the Japanese among the Indians. He attributed to the drinking of the river er.

### Supplies for Stewart River

hitehorse, Y. T., Sept. 16.—After a t amount of red tape, the little mer Pauline was permitted to sail Dawson on a trip up the Stewart r in which mining district work d have been suspended for the er had not the Pauline been per- ed to make the trip. She carried he freight she could stow away if she can get in another trip or the pressure of the Stewart coun- will be relieved for the coming er.

### Predict Great Future

illewack, B. C., Sept. 16.—A Line- , Victoria, is spending a few days he Valley. Mr. Lineham was at time assistant superintendent in the C. E. in Victoria, and has been xtensive traveler in Australia, Ar- ine Republic, South Africa and y parts of the United States. In essing his opinion of the valley declared that in all the places he been Chilliwack beat them all, he predicted a wonderful future n once the railway and tram lines completed.

### Reg Jamieson Drowned

oronto, Sept. 16. — Reg Jamieson, nto University graduate, whose rs under the name of "Junius Jun- caused an investigation of uni- ity affairs about a year ago, was vned in the French river. With his and another woman he was poned on an island and lost his attempting to swim to the main-


e Child Cured of Summer mplaint and Six Cured of amps by Half a Bottle of DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF ILD STRAWBERRY.

rs. Wm. Flewelling, Arthur, Ont., : "I find it much pleasure to mmend DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF D STRAWBERRY as a grand cure for mer Complaint. My little boy, one old, was very bad with it, and a few s cured him. I also used it on my six children for cramps, and still half the bottle left. I cannot e it too much."

. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD WBERRY is the greatest of all cures ll bowel complaints such as Diarr- , Dysentery, Colic, Summer Com- t, etc.

ware of imitations and substitutes by the unscrupulous dealer for sake of greater profits. They are erous to your health.

is manufactured by The T. Mil- Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. See the name appears on the wrapper. 35 cents.




# A Corner for the Young Folks

There are in this province thousands of boys and girls who are old enough to learn a great deal of what is going on in the world and yet too young to care for or understand much that it is necessary to put in a newspaper intended for grown up people. It is to these young people that we propose to devote a department in Sunday's Colonist.

This will contain an editorial written especially for the children about the news of the week, suitable selections of poetry and a story. Some space will be given to brief memoirs of the men who have done great things for this Canada of ours, for the Mother Country, or for the world at large.

We want the boys and girls to feel that this is really their paper and to do their part to make it so. They must send us letters about anything that interests them and their friends. The birds and flowers, animals and insects they see around them, their lives at camp or their excursions to the beach, the stories grandmother or grandfather tell them about the early days in Canada or British Columbia, all would form good subjects for letters. The little folks need not hesitate to write because they are not good scholars. If only they say anything interesting it is an editor's business to correct such little matters as errors in spelling or mistakes in grammar. Harmless fun and innocent mirth will always be welcome to our columns, but we shall try to keep them rigidly clear of vulgarity or foolishness.

The Children's Page will not contain long, dry sermons, but we hope that it will help (if ever so little) the boys who read our paper, to become brave and wise and honest men, and the girls to be true and gentle and pure women. With this aim in view we bespeak for the Children's Page the sympathy and assistance of our patrons young and old.

## FRIENDS AND RIVALS

By George H. Ford

"Polly Brown dit it."

"Don't believe it."

"Yes, he did. We saw him."

The individual at whose head these and a multitude of similar exclamations were hurled was a lad who at the moment was seated on the gate-post in front of a pretty cottage in the village of Browntown, industriously engaged in whittling.

He was surrounded by half a dozen or more smaller boys whose costumes varied, from the country boy's accepted summer style of a cotton shirt, a pair of butternut trousers held by one suspender, and bare feet, to that of a well-dressed and booted city lad.

In one respect at least these boys were alike —the hair of all was soaking wet. Proof positive that they had just returned from swimming.

Ned Saunders, for so our whittler was named, was a city boy and not a product of Browntown, but he had spent so many of the summers of his short life there—he was just past fourteen—that he regarded himself half a native, at any rate, and in fact was so regarded by the villagers.

The whole river on the banks of which Browntown stood was a magnet strong enough to draw any boy, and fishing and swimming formed the principal occupation of all the village lads.

In these sports, especially in swimming, Ned Saunders was an acknowledged leader among the boys. Of course he did not claim to vie with George Brush, who was eighteen years old. But within the limits of a boy's strength even George could not view Ned as anything but an equal.

When we say, however, that Ned was a leader we do not mean that he was the leader of his mates. There was another, the Polly Brown whose name opens our story.

What 'Polly" stood for, no one knew. It might be Pollux or Polyphemus or Apollonius. The nickname certainly was not given for any trace of girlishness in his character, for if there ever was a strong, manly boy he was one.

Born in the village, the son of a boatman, Polly's life had been spent in the open air, and, straight as a lance-shaft and as lithe as a hare, he was a dangerous competitor at any sport, and divided with Ned the swimming honors.

Such were the rivals, both self-respecting boys, who also each respected the prowess of the other. Ned's brain then was continually racked to "stunt" Polly in swimming, and the latter's ingenuities were no less taxed to down Ned.

Up to the day our story opens the accounts were even between them, each one having safely accomplished every task set by his mate.

"Well," said Ned, finally, when the babel of voices had ceased, "what did he do?"

"He went off the cedar pile!" shouted the chorus.

"Jump or dive?" queried Ned.

"Jump."

He inwardly heaved a great sigh of relief. Jumping into the water from a height is one thing and diving is quite another.

Ned, like most boys, had never figured out all the reasons why it was easier to jump than to dive, he only knew that it was, and it was a relief to him to know that if Polly had really set any new "stunt" for him it was a jump and not a dive from the cedar pile.

He turned to Bob Spencer and said: "Say, Bob, tell me honest. Did he jump off the cedars?"

"Yes, he did, Ned, but are you going to try it?"

"I've got to," gravely answered the boy, "as long as Polly has."

The next morning, just as the first ray of the sun began to lighten the east, the back door of the Saunders' house was stealthily opened and Ned emerged. Hastily proceeding along the deserted streets he soon reached Smith's Dock. With him he took some twenty-five thin wooden wedges made of old shingles which he had found in the woodshed the day before. Hastily climbing on the pile of logs from which Polly jumped, he inserted the wedges under the logs in such a way that a firm path was made to the very edge of the pile—if you knew just where it was.

Now, there was more than ordinary reason for Ned's taking all these precautions; he intended not only to take up Polly's "dare," but to give good measure and dive instead of jump. But of this he said nothing to his friends. Two hours later Ned answered the bell which summoned him to breakfast.

Breakfast over he strolled out of doors. He was too absorbed to play a game of tennis with his sister and her friend, who was their guest.

So after a stroll about the grounds he wandered out to the street and had barely mounted to his familiar seat on the gate-post when he spied little Spencer and Redney Foster coming down the street together.

Without a moment's hesitation New walked over to them.

"Redney," he said, abruptly, "you are a friend of Polly Brown are n't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee," responded Redney.

"Well, you're the fellow I want," continued Ned. "Will you come down and be witness if I do it?"

"When?" asked Redney, sarcastically.

"Right now," replied Ned.

"Let her go," assented Redney, with ready slang, and they then started off for Smith's Dock.

A walk of a few minutes brought the three boys to their destination and the two witnesses stationed themselves on the string piece at the outer end, while Ned, after carefully measuring with his eye the distance from the pile of logs to the edge of the crib dock, climbed to the top.

He walked carefully over his pathway, testing it to see that it was undisturbed, and then hailed his waiting companions.

"All ready down there?"

"Yes"; "All right," came up from below, and Ned retired to the further end of his path and turned to start. Then, swinging his arms two or three times, he leaped into the air, in a graceful curve cleared the edge of the pier, and, with both arms extended well over his head, took the water like an arrow.

The instant he felt the coolness of the water, out went his legs and arms to stop his downward rush. A few strokes and he emerged on the surface, and, amid thunders of applause from Bobby Spencer and a rather perfunctory hand-clap from Redney, swam quickly to and clambered upon the dock.

Polly, who, strangely enough, had come around the dock in a boat just in time to see him jump, called heartily, "That was a great dive, Ned. I guess we're square now."

"Don't you think we are something more than 'square'?" replied Ned, ignoring Polly's attempt at being friendly.

Polly's resentment rose like a flash, and he walked over to Ned and said: "I'll show you right now that you can't and never could "stunt" me. But if I am hurt remember it's your fault and not mine. I nearly rolled off those loose logs at the top, the last time I jumped"; and Polly began to pull off his few garments.

Ned watched this proceeding with varied emotions. Polly's warning troubled him, and he thought of the advantage his solid path had given him in a good firm footing. He knew he had not been fair about this, and now Polly would go up there ignorant of it, and over those rolling logs—Ned shuddered. He must tell him. But how could he stand the ridicule of the boys. Polly might, but they never would forgive him. On the other hand suppose Polly should slip and fall. He glanced down at the jagged rocks with which the old crib was filled. He must tell him.

Polly was by this time at the foot of the inclined way which led to the top of the pile. Ned hastened after him and called, "Polly, don't try it. It's too risky."

"Much obliged for your kind advice," replied the lad, without pausing in his climb nor deigning to glance back.

Continued Next Sunday

## What the World Is Doing

This is a big world, but such wonderful things have been done in it during the past century that it is possible and necessary for those who are going to take part in its work during the next fifty years to know what is going on in every part of it. A man or woman does not need to be very old to remember when almost the whole of Africa was an unknown region and when half of the North American continent was a wilderness. Fifty years ago even steamboats were not very common and the great railroads that now cross the continents had not been built. The first great submarine telegraph had not been laid and even the idea of electric light and the telephone had not entered the mind of man. If Sir Walter Scott or even George Stephenson could revisit this world of ours and see the electric cars, the brilliantly lighted streets, the steeleess carriages that rush through our towns, if they read in the morning of what had happened the day before in China or Africa, or talk to a friend hundreds of miles away, would they believe that they were on the same earth in which they lived and wrote and thought in the days when people traveled in stage coaches and when the weeks stretched into months while one took a voyage across the Atlantic. This is one of the reasons why the Colonist has considered it well to print a news column especially for boys and girls once a week. Today, however, we will introduce the subject by taking a brief and imperfect glance at some of the general happenings of the world around us.

In Canada the great body of the people have been for the few weeks past so busy gathering in their harvest that they have had but little time to think of anything. Especially in the great region between the Rocky Mountains and the Great Lakes the wheat crop is the most important of all things to the people, and on its success or failure the prosperity of every class depends. We are thankful to be assured that while it is not so plentiful as in some other years there are many more farms than formerly, and no one is likely to go hungry. You will all have heard of the collapse of the great bridge that was being built to span the St. Lawrence at Quebec and have seen pictures of the wreck. Although the enquiry into the cause of the accident that has cost the loss of so many lives is not over, it is apparent that if the contractors had stopped work the moment there was known to be danger, the great loss of life would have been averted.

There is scarcely a case of loss of life in the accidentts that have taken place during the past few weeks (and there have been far too many of them) that was not due to some one's carelessness.

In our own province the mines are being developed and the country opened up, on the whole quietly but very steadily. Plans for bringing the new Grand Trunk Pacific railroad to the coast are taking shape and people are getting ready to do the work in building towns opening up mines, or clearing farms in the country through which it will come.

In Vancouver on Saturday and Sunday last some hot-headed people undertook to drive out by force the Japanese laborers whom they did not like because they were doing work cheaper than white laborers were willing to do it. Whether the Japanese and Chinese should be here or not is a question that it will take very wise men to settle, but British people have long ago learned that nothing is to be gained by breaking the laws. If laws are bad they can be changed, but while they are in force they must be obeyed. This makes the great difference between a civilized and an uncivilized or partly civilized nation.

The King of England has been during the summer visiting his friends and relatives among the other European kings. It seems a little hard that a king cannot go where he likes and say what he pleases, but one of the disagreeable things about being a king is that he has to take much thought about what the other people may think of his goings and comings.

Quite the most important thing that is going on in Europe is the peace conference at the Hague, which you all know is the capital of the little kingdom of Holland. There a number of the wisest men in the world have been busy for many weeks trying to devise some way of settling disputes among nations wiser, less costly and less wicked than war. Whether they will be successful or not men cannot come together for any good purpose without doing something to make the world better.

In Russia many people have been executed for plotting against what everyone, even the rulers themselves, knows is a very bad government, and the Czar has ventured out of his hiding place in his palace of Tsarkoselo to meet his cousin, the Emperor of Germany. Punishments, however severe, cannot in these days force people to submit forever to injustice and tyranny.

Our fellow-colonists in South Africa are preparing for a Confederation such as we have in Canada. Some of you will remember that only seven years ago there was a war there between England and the two Dutch colonies. Now General Botha, who directed the war, is anxious that the Transvaal and the Orange River colony shall unite with Natal, Cape Colony, and Rhodesia, to form one great South African confederacy under the British flag.

In Morocco in the north of Africa, there has been some fighting between the Mahommedans there and the Christians settled among them. The French, who have undertaken to see that the Sultan conducts his government properly, felt themselves obliged to interfere, and have sent an army there. Germany looks upon the doings of France with a somewhat jealous eye.

In India some of the natives are dissatisfied with the British government but the majority of Hindus know that they have been very much better off under English rule than they formerly were under their native princes. England's wide dominions need great wisdom on the part of her statesmen.

The country of Japan, about which your father probably scarcely heard when he was a boy, has grown into an important kingdom. The other day she took possession of a little island close to the Phillipines, and is really in very much the same position to Korea as England is to Egypt or France to Morocco, although it is said she does not treat the neighbors she professes to take care of as well as these powers do.

There is unrest among the millions of people who inhabit the great Chinese empire.

## Twenty Winks a Minute

The average person winks his eyes every three seconds—that is to say, twenty times a minute, or twelve hundred times in an hour. This means that an ordinary day's work for a pair of eyelids is from eighteen to twenty thousand winks.

A wink is acomplished in about one-fiftieth of a second—so quickly that, as anybody may observe for himself, it does not in the slightest degree interrupt continuous vision. But the notion that winking is intended by nature to give repose to the eyes is a mistake, the object of it being merely to keep the surface of the sensitive little organs constantly moist. The moisture, which is necessary for the health of the eyes, is supplied, of course, by the tears.

For this purpose—that is to say, to keep the eyes continually bathed—considerable quantities of salty water are secreted. The water is flowing all the time, and would pour out over the edges of the eyelids were it not for an oil which is furnished to prevent this. This oil is secreted and supplied by little glands along the rims of the lids. There is also a tear-duct, which carries off the superfluous water and gets rid of it.

The mouth of the tear-duct is plainly visible on the edge of the lower eyelid near the inner corner of the eye. It is a small pipe, which leads down into the throat, so that, when one puts into the eyes anything with a pronounced taste, like cocaine, the flavor of it is presently distinguishable in the mouth.

The eyelids, if closed, are absolutely water-tight. They do not exclude light, however, nearly so well as most people suppose.

## Strong Men

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and sour olives, yet he walks off with his load of one hundred pounds. The Coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro, fed on fat meat.—Scientific American.

## The Pelican and His Pouch

Among the curiosities of nature must be reckoned the pouch of the pelican, which serves equally well as a net with which to scoop up fish and as a bag to convey food to its young. When not in use the bird can contract its pouch so that it is barely discernible, but when it is fully distended it will hold two gallons of water. When the pelican is hunting for food it flies slowly about twenty feet above the surface of the water, scanning its depths for any sign of its prey. As soon as a fish is seen there is a sudden folding of a pair of wings, a downward plunge with the speed of an arrow head first into the sea, the unerring marksman reappearing in a moment and floating on the waves long enough to reveal a glimpse of a fish gliding down its capacious gullet and to shake the water from its disheveled plumage.

## Great Britain's Standards

Packed away in a wall of the house of parliament, in London, are carefully preserved a solid bar of bronze and a block of platinum, says Chicago News. Both are in cases, but the platinum is guarded with special care. It is inclosed in a box of silver gilt, which is itself inclosed in a case of bronze. Outside of the bronze case are other cases of mahogany, lead and oak, and the block of platinum itself is wrapped in a peculiar kind of paper containing no silica, so as to provide against any kind of decomposition.

Why all this great care? you ask. Because that block of platinum weighs exactly one pound and is the English official standard of weights. The bar of bronze is the standard of measure, for it has the yard length, thirty-six inches, marked off on it, the whole bar being thirty-eight inches long.

Once in twenty years the bar and the block are solemnly taken from their resting place, and all the official weights and measures of the government are compared with them. Very delicate apparatus is used in making the comparison, and if the slightest difference be found the standards used in the bureaus are made to conform to the standards so sacredly preserved in the parliament house wall.

If all the pound weights and yard measures now in common use were lost or destroyed, there would not be any trouble, as you see, in getting others.

## Capping Verses—A Game

The players are supplied with slips of paper and a pencil, and every one writes a line of poetry, either original or from memory. Then the slips must be folded so that the line is hidden, but the last word of the line must be written over the fold. The slips are passed on, so that a different writer supplies the next line, which must rhyme with the last word of the previous line. Again the slips are passed on. A new line is written and passed on, with the new rhyming word written on the fold. When the papers have gone the round of the company the slips are unfolded and the verses read out.

## The Middle-Aged Tablecloth

When tablecloths are beginning to wear out in the folds, cut two or three inches off one end and one side and rehem them. This process will change the place of the folds and will add new life to the cloth.

I find so many uses for old tablecloths, that I have come to look upon them as only middle-aged when they have been used to cover the table for the last time.

The ends make first rate everyday napkins for the little people of the household, and three of these can generally be cut from either end of a cloth of good quality. Along the sides are strips which may be made double into dainty bibs for the younger children, or if there is a supply of these on hand, these pieces hemmed make most satisfactory glass towels, either for windows or tableware.

From the middle portion may be cut one or more bread or cake cloths, according to the size of the original cloth. A good way to prolong the usefulness of these larger pieces is to sew them around three sides, like a bag, turn and fold in a seam around the fourth side. Stitch this and you have reinforced double cloths, without raw edges or hems.

In thus making over a tablecloth there are sometimes bits and corners too small for the various uses. When not too thin cut them into small squares, about fourteen inches is a good size. These are just the thing to use at little folks' tea parties. They correspond in size to their dainty, little dishes. A quick and substantial way to finish the edges of these play napkins is to fringe them about half an inch deep, and just inside the fringe stitch all around the edge twice on the sewing machine. It only takes a little while to make them and they do please the children so much, they always like their things to be like big people's; I am sure of it, for I was once a child. Or, if you don't care to use them this way, save them to put in lunch boxes, for after they are used they can be thrown away with the box.—Woman's World.

## Wit and Humor

When Aunt Hitt began to ask questions she kept at least one person employed with little chance for any other word than direct answers.

"What's become o' that likely kitten you had last time I was here?" she demanded of her small nephew. "I hope she wasn't poisoned like that other one you had two years ago, was she?"

"Oh, no'm, she—"

"Was she drowned then?"

"No'm she—"

"Stolen?"

"Oh, no'm, she—"

"Well, I should like to know what made you give away such a handsome kitten."

"We didn't; she—"

"Well, what's happened to her? Speak up, boy."

"S-s-she's growed into a cat!" gasped the small nephew, stammering in his haste.—Youth's Companion.

One morning as the late Henry Bergh was walking along the streets of New York he saw a teamster whipping a balky horse.

"Stop that, you brute," he exclaimed, "or I'll have you locked up inside of five minutes! Why don't you try kindness on the animal? Don't you suppose a horse can be reached by a kind word, the same as a human being?"

"I b'lieve ye're right, sor," replied the teamster, a quick-witted Irishman who, with all his faults of temper, was not a bad man at heart; "an' if a harse has feelin's, sor, don't ye s'pose his dhriver has, too? Thry a koind wor'd on th' dhriver, if ye plase."

The stern face of Mr. Bergh relaxed into a smile, and in the better understanding that followed the horse forgot that it was balking, and started off on a trot.—Youth's Companion.

## WITH THE POETS

### The Search

I met a child with troubled eyes, that
straight my heart did win;
"Oh, could you find tomorrow, please?"
said little Dimplechin.
"The lovelest things are happening, to-
morrow, don't you know;
I never quite catch up with it, however
fast I go!"

I met a man whose eyes were dim with
many tears unshed:
"I have been looking everywhere for
Yesterday," he said;
"The tenderest and the sweetest things,
the things I loved the best,
They all were Yesterday's—I pray your
kindness in my quest!"

And all the while a Presence sweet
stood wondering between,
With gentle eyes, and gracious hands,
and tender, bounteous mein;
"I am Today!" she whispered low, and
spread her eager hands;
But child and man, unseeing, looked afar
to other lands.

—Anna Burnham Bryant, in Forward.

### The Little Questioner

Sometimes they call me troublesome,
Because I question so;
But if I mustn't ask 'bout things,
How will I ever know?
I asked grandma who made the wind,
She said, "Why 'course 'twas God."
I asked her where he kept his wind
When things don't shake and nod.
She said, "My dear just eat your pie.
And think about your doll;
Such questions are for older folks,
Or best, not asked at all."
One day I asked my new Aunt Kate
What made her hair so red.
Then Uncle Charlie pinched my arm
"Don't ask such things," he said.
When Dr. Jones was at our house
To set our Bessie's arm
He said if questions cost me cash,
I'd sink my papa's farm.
But they don't cost me anything,
Because no one, you see,
Can tell me what I ask of them,
They don't know more than me.

—Atwood Miller.

### The Sleepy Song

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.
And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's
tail,
The top of the hill they find.
And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.
And over they go and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.
And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says I fall asleep.

### Who Is He?

There's a little bit of a fellow whose
name you all know well,
Who has a pitiful grievance of which I
wish to tell.
He makes but little pretension, is satis-
fied all the while
To linger around the ends of things and
finish them up in style.
But plenty of boys and girls, he says,
and folks much older, too,
Seem often bent on slighting him in a
way they shouldn't do.
They're cuttin' him off and shuttin' him
out and snubbin' him one by one,
Till he really can scarcely hear himself
from morn to set of sun.
Dressin' and drinkin', they're always
keepin' him down,
While talkin' too, and studyin' too, or
goin' about the town.
Now I want to put it before you, the
boys and girls and all,
If it isn't mean and unfair and hard to
crowd against the wall.
And shove him out of his proper place
—set him off on a shelf—
A wee little modest fellow can never
help himself.
And worst of it all is coming, that,
when this wrong you do,
It is not only bad for him but very
much worse for you.
So now, young friends, with your dainty
ways, who always wish to please,
Don't let your tongues do careless work,
but try and mind your g's.

—Sidney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.


Skin Disease is Blood Disease

"Fruit-a-tives" clean the blood of all Impurities and clear the Complexion.

Pimples and Blotches—Redness—Boils—Eczema and other inflammations of the skin—mean Impure Blood.

A person with a bad complexion always suffers from poor digestion — non-action of the bowels (or Constipation) and often the kidneys are weak.

These unhealthy organs cannot rid the system of the waste matter. It is this waste—taken up by the blood and carried to the skin—that ruins the complexion.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure all skin troubles because they cure the kidneys and bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cause the eliminating organs to do their proper share of the work of ridding the system of waste. This purifies the blood — and instantly the pimples and blotches disappear, and the complexion clears. "Fruit-a-tives" cure skin troubles when everything else fails.

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