

ted him; gets a button, too. 00000000000000

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Up On Your Toes

What a thing it is to be fit! To be not Nujol prevents constipation because it softens the food waste and encourages the be well, absolutely well-and to have the intestinal muscles to act naturally. It with physical well-being. which go thus removes the cause of constipation and self-poisoning.

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SICKNESS PREVENTION and the state of the state

of your maid as an old family retainer I expected to see an older person. How long has she been in your familv?"

Mrs. Rooral-"Ever since nesday.

Appreciation. Husband (handing his wife some morey)—"There, Amelia is five pounds, and it has bothered me a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little applause." Wife-"Applause? Why, my dear, you deserve an encore."

The Old and the New.

The old man sits in his corner chair, Shut in from the rain and wind; His eyes have the dreams of the past

in them, And his face is gray and lined, And now and again he shakes his

And utters the thought in his mind:

"The old time was a fine time-Ah, God be with it, too! An, God be with it, too! But the new time is no time at all For a man to be living through: A strange world is the new world— A mad world, I say, With its bird ways and its fish ways, And its turning of night to day."

The smoke goes up to the blackened

Where, playing at come and go, The shadows dance at the fire's will With its thick red logs aglow; And the old man, thinking of shadowy

things, Talks on of the Long Ago:

"The towns stand where the trees

Ah, God be with the trees, With their green leaves that danced in tune To the pipe of the morning breeze! The flame's work and the blade's

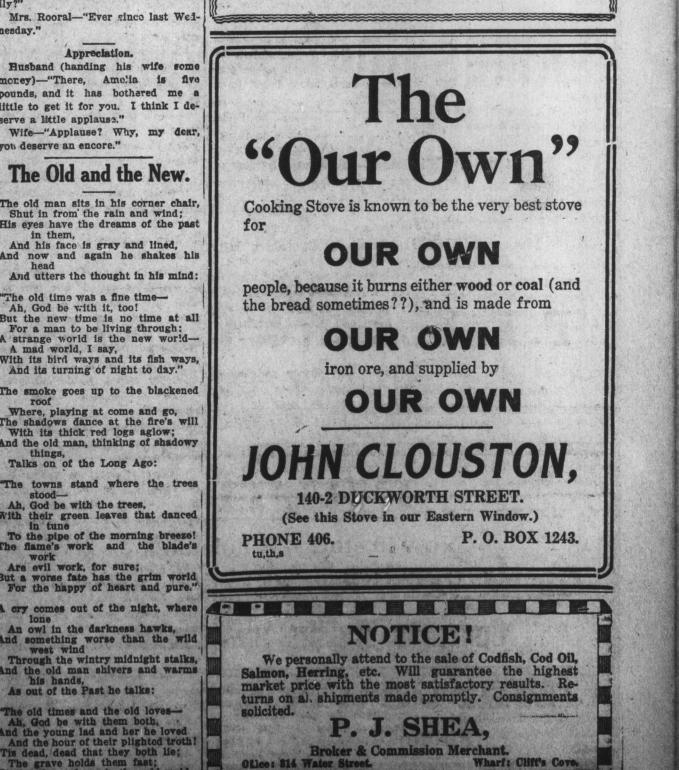
work

Are evil work, for sure; But a worse fate has the grim world For the happy of heart and pure."

lone An owl in the darkness hawks, And something worse than the wild west wind Through the wintry midnight stalks, And the old man shivers and warms his hands, As out of the Past he talks:

"The old times and the old loves— Ah, God be with them both, And the young lad and her he loved And the hour of their plighted troth! "Tis dead, dead that they both lie; The grave holds them fast; For her form sleeps in the cold mold, And his heart in the ashen Past."

The Booksellers



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