

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

I WANT to make myself the mouthpiece today, of what I believe to be the average shopper's approval of a new attitude on the part of many merchandisers.

And this attitude is the treat-you-decently-even-if-you-don't-buy-and-be-fair-to-our-rival-instead-of-trying-to-out-bid-his-throat attitude.

Yes, I know that hyperbolic manner of expressing myself is decidedly uniterary, but I couldn't seem to think of any other clear way to put what I mean.

There was a time, when as soon as it became evident that you did not intend to buy, the saleswoman immediately became friendly and uninterested. That she did this with the approval of her employers, was evidenced by her compressions in all the shops.

Now I believe that this condition of affairs is rapidly changing.

In the first place, the saleswoman who acts as if she might do you personal violence, when you leave the shop without buying, is nowadays the exception rather than the rule.

Furthermore, in most of the progressive shops, you will even find many salesmen and women who, when they find they can't give you just what you want, will smile and say, "I'm sorry, I hope you can get it somewhere else," or something like that.

Again, and more marvelous still—at some shops when the sales people find they cannot fill your need, they will even advise you where to go.

An older woman who has been used to the cut-throat regime told me, with much interest, of an experience she had when trying to match some silk the other day.

After the salesman in a certain shop had told her that he could not match her sample, half in a spirit of desperation, and hardly expecting any advice, she asked him if he could think of any place where she might get it. "Where have you tried?" he asked. She told him, "Well," she said, "you might try C's and S's and if you can't get it there, you might as well give it up."

Evidently, the idea that it is bad business to mire one's own nest and good business to be obliging to a customer and fair to one's rivals is gaining strength in the business world.

Again, I went to a dyeing establishment with a gown I thought of having dyed. The price quoted was more than I wanted to pay and I said so. And yet the pleasant manner in which the saleswoman had unwrapped my parcel didn't change one bit. She wrapped it up again with great care, and smiled me out of the store with as much courtesy and kindness, as if I had ordered a hundred dollars worth of work.

One doesn't forget things like this. They leave one pleasantly disposed, not only towards the salespeople, but towards the shops they represent. Other things being equal, one's trade goes to that shop.

And in saying this, I believe, as I declared above, that I speak for the average shopper, for I have heard a great many of them express the same sentiments.

The woman who found the silk salesman so obliging declares that henceforth she will always go to that shop first. And in this case, other things are not equal, for this shop is up four flights and most shoppers give a ground floor establishment the preference.

The new attitude pays. I suppose merchandisers and schools of salesmanship and salespeople know that already, but perhaps they will not spurn the reassurance of its value even from so humble a source.

THE MAN SHE REFUSED AND THE MAN SHE MARRIED



"A girl who will marry nobody but the ideal (and non-existent) man while she is young, dark-haired, and beautiful, is ready enough to marry the ugliest and most insignificant man imaginable when she is fair and forty. Women are warned not to be too scornful. Youth is brief, London Mirror."

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST JOHN, DEC 15. A.M. High Tide... 7.55 Low Tide... 4.03 Sun Rise... 7.35 Sun Sets... 4.40 The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST JOHN

Arrived Yesterday. Sch. Hazel Trahey, 145, Morrisey, New York, C. M. Kerrison. Sailed Yesterday. Star Corsican, 7276, Cook, Liverpool direct, Wm Thomson & Co.

CANADIAN PORTS

Halifax, Dec 14—Old, star Royal George, Bristol. Arr. Stms Uranium, Rotterdam; Naudian, Glasgow.

Tested in Every Way

and in all lands under the sun—in all conditions of life—by generation after generation—the safest and most reliable family remedy the world has ever known is Beecham's Pills.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

can do the same sort of good for you, and for your family, Beecham's Pills do their best work in accordance with Nature's laws. Try a few boxes, and as soon as physical trouble shows itself and see how immediately effective they are—see how quickly the whole bodily system will be benefited.

The Greatest Family Remedy Known

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

A Lost Will and an Attempt to Acquire the Property Devised by it—The Apothecaries Society of London

(Copyright, 1911, by the Brentwood Company)

Lord St. Leonard, who has just celebrated his coming of age, has many relatives on this side of the Atlantic, where he spent a considerable portion of his youth.

The first Lord St. Leonard was the most celebrated aristocrat of the time, one of the most famous lord high chancellors of the Victorian reign, and one of the most distinguished statesmen of the nineteenth century.

The first Lord St. Leonard was the son of a well-known baronet of Duke Street, St. James' London. He died full of years and honors, in 1813.

He was predeceased by his eldest son, Henry, who had left two sons, the eldest of whom was Edward, the second Lord St. Leonard. The second son was Henry Suggden, father of the present and third Lord St. Leonard.

The old lord high chancellor conceived during the closing years of his life, a most profound aversion for the two sons of his first-born, an aversion due to the constant scandals to which their behavior was giving rise and some time before his death he drew up a will, written in sixteen sheets of ordinary quarto paper, in his own handwriting, in which he bequeathed all his considerable property to his two elder grandsons, bestowing upon his second son, the Hon. and Rev. Frank Suggden, an upon his third daughter, the Hon. Charlotte Suggden, who for the last quarter of a century of his life had been not only his constant companion, but likewise his trusted confidante and amanuensis.

Will Was Lost

This will, to the existence of which the Hon. Charlotte Suggden and a number of other people were able to furnish conclusive testimony, could not be found on the death of the old lord high chancellor, and it was asserted in court, and generally believed that it had been feloniously destroyed.

While the evidence was insufficient to justify criminal proceedings to be instituted for the destruction of the will, yet it was sufficiently conclusive to cause the learned president of the court of probate, Lord Hanmer, to grant a decision in favor of the Hon. and Rev. Frank Suggden, and against the second Lord St. Leonard.

Lord Hanmer, for the first time in the annals of the English court of probate, admitted to probate a will which no longer existed in writing, but only in the memory of the plaintiffs, and of their witnesses, awarding the whole of the property to the extensive landed estates, and some half a million dollars in money, to them on the ground that it was in that manner fulfilling the intentions of the testator, despite an attempt to frustrate them, through the felonious destruction of the will.

This is a matter of court record. The case is one celebrated in the annals of British jurisprudence, and the case of the sector was taken to task and criticized by the leading English newspapers for neglecting to institute criminal proceedings against the second Lord St. Leonard, based on the decree of the court of probate.

Not Long Daughter From Infancy

Not long afterwards, the wife of this second Lord St. Leonard, who was the daughter of an ancient and historic house of Dashwood, obtained a judicial separation from her husband on the ground that he was intemperate, and later on he was convicted of an assault on a poor servant girl, for which, despite his rank as an hereditary legislator, he was sentenced to a term in jail. He died, forgotten, despised and in poverty, in a remote Welsh village, in his sixtieth year, leaving an only daughter brought up by her mother, who he never saw after her infancy, and who is married to Captain Drury Lowe, of the Grenadier Guards.

He was succeeded in his peerage by his nephew, son of his brother, the late Henry Frank Suggden. The latter, with his wife and children, spent several years in the United States, where indeed some of his younger daughters came to the United States to take her and the children home. Subsequently a reconciliation took place and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frank Suggden lived together until the former went into another career of drunkenness. During one of his drunken fits he had a battle royal with his wife, which resulted in blows. The divorce court granted Mrs. Suggden the decree of judicial separation, for which she had petitioned, and at the same time confined the two children of the marriage to her custody. He died in 1892.

The aunt of the present Lord St. Leonard, namely, Emma Suggden, in marriage to George Reid, of San Jose, Cal., and is by no means the only member of the house of Suggden who has found domestic happiness on this side of the Atlantic.

Young Lord St. Leonard has no brothers, and were he to die unmarried, the title, Leonard's peerage would fall to Frank Suggden, eldest son of that Rev. and Hon. Frank Suggden who was the principal beneficiary of the will of his father, the old lord high chancellor.

The New Lord Mayor

London's new thorough metropolitan Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Crosby, M. D., the first physician to hold that office in the thousand years of its existence, has just been elected in the stead of the aged and venerable "The Apothecaries Society of London," which has been the only body that some of the others, dating only from 1084, when King James I. granted to the apothecaries the right to set up their shops and parcel of the City Guild of Grocers, a corporate existence of their own, by means of a royal charter, owing to the disputes between physicians and apothecaries a judgment of the House of Lords was admitted to the fore.

The bill of the society, situated in Water Lane, London, and which the bankrupts and members of the society are held, covers an acre was acquired in 1825, was destroyed by the great fire, but was rebuilt ten years later. The society had at one time, a botanic garden in Chelsea, and also physic gardens, presented by Sir Hans Sloane, under certain conditions. These were found so onerous by the society that eight years ago they were turned over to the State Charities Commissioners.

ASK A MAN WHAT HE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS AND WHAT WILL HE SAY? SOMETHING TO WEAR.

We Are Now Ready to Solve Your Problem of What to Give Him.

With the gift-giving spirit beginning to take tangible form, and people are figuring what to buy, we ask you to visit this store and examine our large and varied stock of suitable things for men.

Great care has been taken in selecting these goods, as regards the quality and styles, they combine the most fashionable ideas and are more than usually attractive.

Read this list through it will help you wonderfully in making your selections.

Neckwear

A Special Line of Xmas Ties in Fancy Boxes, regular 35 and 50c. ties. Only 25c. a box

Rich and lovely are the Ties we are showing at 50c. a box

Gloves

Wool lined Mocha Gloves 75c. to \$1.75 a pair Lined Kid Gloves, \$1.00 to 2.00 a box Wool Gloves, 50c. to \$1.00 a pair Fur Lined Gloves, \$2.00 to 3.50

Daily Hints For the Cook

LAYER CAKE.

One egg and one cup of sugar. Stir until cream color, then add one cup milk, or milk and water, or all water, in which one level teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Now add one and three-quarters cups of flour, and two level teaspoons of cream of tartar. Stir thoroughly, and steadily add three tablespoons of melted butter.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

One-half cup sugar and half tablespoonful of lard mixed well together, then add half cup molasses and half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoonful of ginger, half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix well and add two and one-quarter cups of sifted flour; bake in a biscuit tin.

QUICK BREAKFAST PUFFS.

One and one-half cups of flour, two rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of milk, one egg, stir quickly and carefully into the dry mixture; beat, and add the shortening; beat again. The batter should not be stiff; well a little more milk if necessary. Butter tin greases, and fill them two-thirds full with the mixture; bake for about 15 minutes in a hot oven. This recipe will make a dozen puffs.

GREAT YEAR FOR BRUNETTES

Blondes Do Not Show to Advantage in Season's Modes

At a recent style show held in Washington under the patronage of a committee of society women the living models chosen were girls with brown hair and brown eyes. No matter how beautiful a girl of the blond type might be, she did not have a chance of being chosen for the show. The blonde girl is not in vogue this season, for she does not bring out the good points of the new "creations" and dresses launched by the Paris dress-makers for the winter season.

Robert, the most daring of the Paris dress artists, still clings to the oriental in his latest models. He has finally acknowledged his "jupe pantaloon" or Turkish trouser skirt, so much employed at any of the big style shows held in the United States or Paris. Only the languorous beauties who suggest the mystery of the orient are in demand.

"DIVORCE RING" NEWEST FAD

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15.—The "divorce ring" was disclosed to Chicago by Mrs. Marina Delgado Parke, divorced wife of Fred K. Parke, formerly secretary of the Board of Supervising Traction Engineers. Mrs. Parke was found at the Wellington Hotel wearing a plain gold band on the little finger of her right hand. The peculiar effect caused comment, and she said:—

"Why that's a divorce ring. Quite a few women are wearing rings like it and explaining its object to their friends. 'Pretty soon everybody will know that a plain ring on the right little finger means its wearer is divorced. The divorce ring saves a lot of embarrassment. New acquaintances do not enquire about your husband' and old friends who haven't heard of your divorce do not embarrass themselves with awkward questions."

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

THE SHOPPERS.

See the Christmas shoppers shopping! See them round the counters hopping. Hardly stopping, Gaily popping Here and there and everywhere Picking bargains up and flopping, Woolly lambs with ears a flopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. Toys that last and games that tear, See them rush and their forehead peering. As they hurry on their shopping, Buy things that no one has a use for, Things that father must 'produce' for; With their endless lists clutched tightly, So that they may purchase rightly—See them! Watch them, hopping hopping, Flopping, flopping, Never stopping, Till they're dropping, Worn with shopping, Dolls exceeding large and whopping. And go home-worn and weary, With a sorry sigh, "Oh, dear!" I forgot to buy a present, For my cousin's aunt—that's pleasant! And I fear I made mistake In those gloves for Uncle Jake—Praps a larger size he's take! I'll be happy when it's through, For I'm tired out—ain't you?" Oh, the shoppers, Christmas shoppers! How they come financial croppers, Spending money that they need! Do they like it? Yes, indeed! For it comes but once a year, And they revel while it's here! Paul West, in New York World.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Of course Christmas is on your mind. Why not buy what you want now? It's the only way to get through the Christmas rush with satisfaction to all concerned and some degree of comfort to yourself. Better assortment now of

Ties in Boxes from 25c. up. Lined Mocha Gloves. Silk Handkerchiefs, plain and initial. Tooke's Coat Shirts. Umbrellas, Collars, Braces, etc.

CORBET'S

196 Union St.

REMARKABLE SLAUGHTERING SALE GOING ON NOW AT S. JACOBSON

PRICES JUST CUT IN HALF

MEN'S BLACK OVERCOATS, worth \$9.50, Sale price \$4.98 MEN'S BLACK OVERCOATS, worth \$15.00, Sale price 6.98 MEN'S FANCY TWEED OVERCOATS, worth \$12.00, Sale price 7.98 MEN'S FANCY TWEED SUITS, worth \$10.00 and \$12.00, Sale price 6.98 MEN'S FINE ENGLISH WAISTED SUITS, worth \$15.00, Sale price 10.98 MEN'S SWEATER COATS, worth \$12.50, Sale price 8.98 MEN'S SWEATER COATS with collar to button around the neck, worth \$1.75, Sale price 98cents MEN'S ALL WOOL DRAWERS, a snap, worth 48cents per pair Hundreds of many more bargains which we cannot mention here. Come and see how much you can save by buying from us.

S. JACOBSON, 32 MILL STREET

THE STORE FOR GIFTS

This year finds our store brimful of bright, new goods for Christmas giving.

Our stock is large and comprises goods suitable for gifts for man, woman and child.

For prices we are second to none for lowness, and our cash coupon system is an additional saving for you, as it enables you to secure a picture or clock on presentation of coupons to the value of \$10.00.

Shop early.

N. J. LaHOOD

282 Brussels Street Near Corner Hanover

THE KAISER'S SONS

Berlin, Dec. 4.—The question whether the popularity or prestige of the crown prince has suffered as a result of his recent demonstration in the Reichstag is still a theme of interest, if inclusive, speculation.

If public opinion, as a whole, has deprecated his action, the military and ultra-nationalist elements, of course, are inclined to regard it with sympathetic approval. The assumption is general, however, that for a time at least, the prince will keep out of the public eye and maintain a discreet reserve.

The incident has evidently awakened the public to a new interest in the occupations, associations and inclinations of the Kaiser's sons. They are all now holding positions which impose at least nominal duties, and presumably provide an outlet for the energies. The crown prince himself, commander of the First Royal Hussar with headquarters near Danzig, has a military position which the average army officer cannot hope to attain until well advanced in middle age. An unfriendly newspaper suggests that ordinarily the command regiment affords quite enough work for a man.

Prince Dietrich Feodoroff, the second son, commander of the first squadron of the Guard Hussars, stationed at Potsdam, Prince Adalbert, who lately commanded torpedo-boats, is in the Kiel Naval Academy, and the Princes Oscar and Joseph are in local regiments. Prince Angus Wilhelm, the civilian member of the family, is just completing a course of his training in the Potsdam Courts. According to a rumor long current, Prince Angus is ultimately destined to receive the post of governor-general of Alsace-Lorraine.

DULL, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS BREATH, BAD STOMACH, CONSTIPATION—TAKE CASCARETS

Sick headaches! Always trace them to lazy liver, delayed, fermenting food in the bowels, or a sick stomach. Poisonous matter, instead of being thrown out, is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that produces the obnoxious sickening headache.

Cascarets remove the cause by stimulating the liver, making the poison more and out and purifying the blood. Their effect is almost instantaneous. Ladies who are delicate or especially sensitive to such headaches, need not suffer, for the morning 10 cent box means a clear head and perfect health in 10 minutes. Don't forget the children—their little ones need a good, gentle, cleansing, too. Childen gladly take Cascarets, because they taste good and never gripe or sicken.

Cascarets

REGULATE STOMACH, LIVER & BOWELS TASTE GOOD—NEVER GRIPE OR SICKEN.

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 50c boxes

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c per box 40c 25c per box 5