

MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

When Prof. Munyon says his Dyspepsia Cure will cure indigestion and all forms of stomach trouble he simply tells the truth. It will cure a stomach that has been abused by over-eating and over-drinking. It will cure a stomach that has been weakened by old-style drugs. It will do much toward making an expensive habit like a sound one. At all druggists, 25 cents. Fifty-cent bottles, Munyon, New York and Philadelphia.

MUNYON'S INHALER CURES CATARRH.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A DIFFICULTY OBIATED.

Mr. T. Toatler—My dear, I do not think it is very appropriate for you to wear that wine-colored silk to the W. C. T. U. convention.

Mrs. T. Toatler—Oh, but it is watered silk, you know.—Baltimore American.

BALEFUL IGNORANCE.

Little Willie—Paw, where is the Isthmus of Panama?

Father—The Isthmus of Panama? Willie, do you mean to tell me that you have been studying grammar two years and you don't know where the Isthmus of Panama is? If you ain't able to conjugate the Isthmus of Panama for me by tomorrow night I'll make you go to bed at 6 o'clock.—Ohio State Journal.

OFFICE AND MAN.

Once upon a time, a postmaster who lived in a Kansas town was seated in his office reading postal cards, when a native cyclone suddenly came his way. The wind carried him through an east window, and in the direction of a chestnut grove, three miles distant.

In a few seconds he was safely seated in the top of a high tree, busy picking chestnut burrs out of his hair and clothing, when he saw the building that he had so suddenly left coming directly towards him.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty looking for me!"

Moral—Sometimes the office seeks the man.

A BANK TELLER'S SCARE.

While eating his luncheon in the cozy corner of a downtown restaurant last Friday, the teller of a Broadway bank told an interesting experience that he had had the previous day.

"I never had such a fright in my life before," he said. "When I left home in the morning I planned to have my wife meet me at the bank at 4 o'clock, when we were to start on a little spree—have a dinner at the Waldorf and attend the theater at night."

"I took a dress coat and wore a silk hat, so as to be all ready to start when she came. The hat was placed on a shelf above my window, and from the beginning I planned to be all ready when my wife called. I kept tab on my checks and my cash in such shape that but little time would be required to balance my accounts when we closed at 3 o'clock."

"Matters went along as usual, excepting that a black cat kept in the bank came to visit me shortly after luncheon, jumped on the shelf and knocked my hat down on my checks and cash. You know that black cats are supposed to bring bad luck."

"Well, 3 o'clock came, and I hurried with the closing of my accounts. As fate would have it, for the first time in weeks there was an error. I was \$10,000 short. Then I was frightened."

I went over everything again with the same result. Four o'clock and my wife came, and I could not account for the \$10,000.

"I saw trouble, with a probable accusation of embezzlement. There was no leaving the bank with matters in that condition, so at it I went again—with the same result. Then I told the president of the situation, and he sent one of the bookkeepers to assist me. We went over everything, and yet the \$10,000 could not be accounted for."

My wife was patiently waiting for me, and when 6 o'clock came I decided to go with her to dinner, and come back afterward to renew the search for the error. I reached my hat from a shelf, and as I was placing it on my head out of it fluttered a check for \$10,000. The black cat was responsible for all my trouble."

A SAD SYMBOL OF HUMANITY.

Lessons Drawn From a Bit of Exquisite Tapestry.

"It Is Not What You Do, But How You Do It, Decides Your Fate"—The Example of Christ

Whoever shall give a cup of cold water.—St. Matthew, x, 42.

My friend and I were looking at a bit of exquisite tapestry. It was the product of a loom that had brains and a soul. Generations had gazed upon it with admiration, but I doubt if anyone had done so with more reverence than my friend and I. He called my attention to the coloring of the central figure, to the dignity of its pose, as though it were half-conscious that it represented the nobility of thought and deed, which has always been the world's ideal.

Then, having assented to his criticism, I ventured to remark that three-quarters of the threads in the picture constituted a background at which no one looked a second time. Still, each separate thread was necessary to the perfection of the whole. The dull gray was as truly a component part of that whole as the brilliant colors in face or robe. What nobody ever saw was as important as what everybody looked at. The unnoticed thread on the farthest edge had its mission, and who shall judge its worth by its failure to excite admiration? I said to my heart that to be conspicuous is not the chief factor, and I thought to myself that perhaps the dullest thread in the entire fabric, were it endowed with consciousness, might be as happy with its humble task as its brother thread which was woven into the halo above the head.

That bit of tapestry is a somewhat sad and pathetic symbol of humanity. There are some among us of whom it may be said that they have been decreed to be successful in worldly affairs without any special merit on their part, and our crime is that they excite jealousy and envy in us, which is not only discouraging, but gives us a feeling that injustice has been done. Their work has a blaze of light on it, and becomes historical. Our work, on the contrary, is done in a corner, and though we be honest and faithful, we live without observation, and die unknown and, therefore, unregretted. We are the threads in the background, demoralized because we are not conspicuous.

But whether our task is great or little it is the task that God has set us, and that fact should give us good cheer. What matter is it whether we are in the world's eye if what we do is done well and with a true heart? Is anything small in the judgment of the Almighty? Is a man of no account in heaven because he is of no account on earth?

Are riches, or fame, or great deeds, in peace or war, any foundation for happiness? If we do our best with what has set us to do, need we worry because men do not look at us as we pass by? Is it applause or is it faithfulness that we seek?

"I am so little," moaned one the other day; "in the great aggregate I am so insignificant that I am quite invisible." That may be true, and yet one may build a great character out of honest though humble work as well as in the great aggregate of opportunities. It is not what you do, but how you do it, which decides your fate. Once get rid of desiring a high place, and be satisfied to do an honest day's work, the whole of it God's work, and you will make a little world of yourself, in which the spirit of Christ and contentment will dwell. Instead of comparing your condition with that of others, and so disturbing your soul, if you would think it enough to have the approval of God and conscience, and to labor cheerily, making the best of what you have, you would find yourself stronger, healthier and happier.

The Christ is our example in this as in all other things. He had no jealousy of the good fortune of others, but lived his own life amid the surroundings which God ordained. He found pleasure in the friendship of those who were loyal, and when sorrow came the companionship of the other world sustained him. What this world could not supply he drew from the approval of God, and the Father worked together, and a peace which passeth understanding was the consequence.

Be yourselves, therefore. Measure your worth by the standard of duty well done, by the opinion of others. What they think of you is a matter of small concern, but what your conscience thinks of you is important. Be strong enough and independent enough to care for nothing except the right and true. You will not then need to seek for happiness, because it will come as sunshine comes to chase away the darkness. The smallest soul is great in the judgment of God, therefore keep that soul pure and manly, with heaven always in sight.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Christmas in Servia.

In Servia they keep Christmas eve in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the woods and cuts down a straight young oak, choosing the most perfect that he can find. He brings it in, saying: "Good evening, and a happy Christmas," to which those present reply: "May God grant both to thee, and mayest thou have riches and honor." Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is placed upon the coals, where it remains until Christmas morning, which they salute by repeated firings of a pistol.

The national dish in Servia is pork. The poorest family in Servia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner, stories are told and songs sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs, after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck, and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow.

THE REAL GOOD.

"What is the real good?" "Order," said the court; "Knowledge," said the school; "Truth," said the wise man; "Love," said the maiden; "Beauty," said the page; "Freedom," said the dreamer; "Home," said the sailor; "Equity," said the seer. Spake my heart full sadly, "That is not here." Then within my bosom Softly this I heard: "Each heart holds the secret; Kindness is the word."

THE POETS.

METAMORPHOSIS.

The golden voices of the nobler day, Uttering the Statesman's or the Sage's thought, Or from the Muse's mountain fastness blown; Great voices of great lovers of their land; All have departed, all return no more.

What of their mighty Mistress, her whom these Gloried to serve? Behold! she staggers forth, Paving her path with babes and sucklings slain; Shouting her own applause, it haply so She may shout down the hisses of the world; Warned vainly, and rebuked by all her past, England, our ancient England, strange and new!

O loveliness transformed, what Comus-wand Hath touched thee? What enchantment hath prevailed, That thou so deep descendest from so high, Fall'n to this ogre's work, more meet for them, That painted crimson the Anatolian snows?

At least one singer, honoring evermore Thine inmost soul through all its outward change, Shall not, in life's last passion of farewell, When the dark wings close over him, bear hence The dreadful memory, that he once blasphemed, With benison on cruelty bestowed The holy spirit of song; or stood at gaze, Unto these deaths consenting, foully mute.

W. Watson.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl When fortune seems our foe; The better bred will look ahead And strike the braver blow. For luck is work, And those who shrink Should not lament their doom, But yield the play, And clear the way. That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health In drugging after gain, And he is sold who thinks that gold is cheapest bought with pain. A humble lot, A cosy cot, Have tempted even kings; For station high, That wealth can buy, Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays—a blunt refrain Well worthy of a song, For age and youth must learn the truth, That nothing pays that's wrong.

The good and pure Alone are sure To bring prolonged success; While what is right In heaven's sigh Is always sure to bless.

—Anon.

THE BUILDERS.

I dwell near a murmur of leaves, And my labor is sweeter than rest, For over my head in the shade of the eaves

A throstle is building his nest, And he teaches me gospel of joy, As he surges and shouts in his toll; It is brimming with rapture, his wild employ, Bearing a straw for spoil.

So I know 'twas a joyous God Who stretched out the splendor of things, And gave me my bird the cool green sod, A sky, and a venture of wings.

But why are my brothers so still? They are building a lovely hall— They are building a palace there on the hill, But there's never a song in it all! —Edwin Markham.

BEAUTY.

Not majesty in mountain, brooding, vast, Not charm of valley at the foothills cast; Not myriad stars thrilling the silent night, But lowly flowers painted with pencilled light; Not day, but dawn; not sun, but its fine setting; Not matchless deeds, but their divine begetting.

Older than time, more than embracing space, Before all truth, beyond uplifting grace— Gleam of an eye, the sweetness of a smile; In form and face that to fair love beguile;

In character great characters adore: In sacrifice that only craves for more; In wisdom, goodness, usefulness and art; In evil's purpose, but of it no part; The essence of all feeling that is kind; The faith and worship of a present mind;

In heart and home more than in house or head, To all things worthy most worthily wed, Not what man sees so much as his rapt seeing, Not in his life, but his immortal being! —Charles W. Stevenson.

THE UNIVERSAL ROUTE.

As we journey along, with a laugh and a song,

We see on youth's flower-decked slope, Like a beacon of light, shining fair on the sight, The beautiful Station of Hope.

But the wheels of old Time roll along as we climb, And our youth speeds away on the years;

And with hearts 'hat are numb with life's sorrows we come To the mist-covered Station of Tears.

Still onward we pass, where the mile-stones, alas! Are the tombs of our dead, to the west. Where glitters and gleams, in the dying sunbeams,

The sweet, silent Station of Rest.

All rest is but change, and no grave can estrange

The soul from its Parent above; And, borrowing the rod, it soars back to its God. To the limitless City of Love. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



You'll be simply astonished and delighted at the wear and beauty of

S. H. & M.

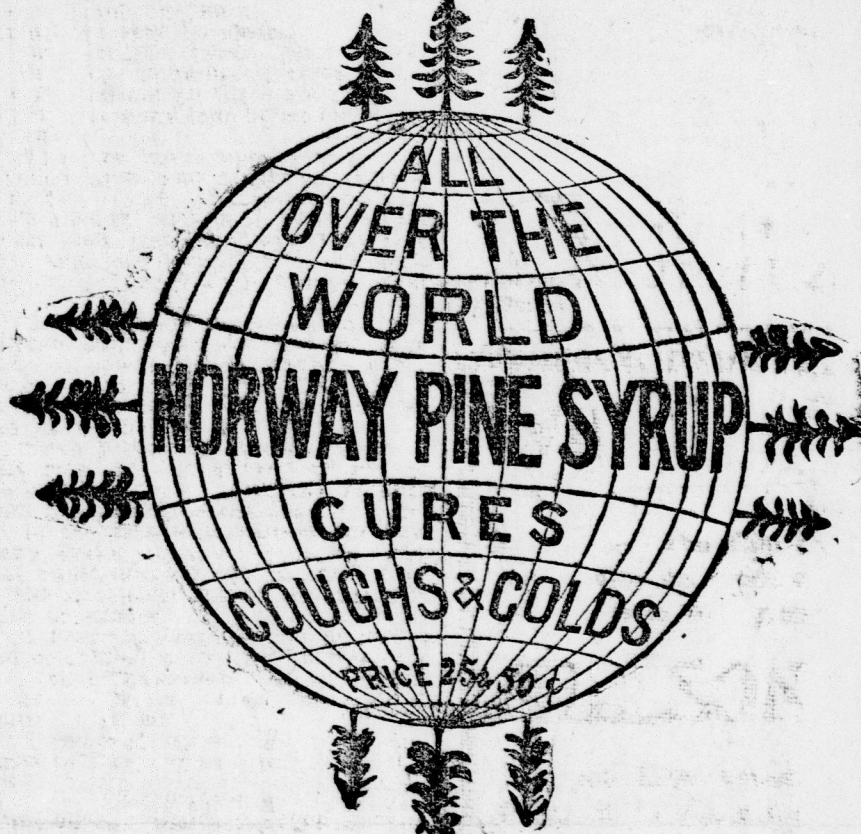
DUXBAK

Waterproof Bias Velvet Brush Edge Skirt Binding

Your skirt will never need rebinding, and DUXBAK will not chafe the shoes. It is waterproof, and does not hold the dust and dirt.

The genuine has the letters S. H. & M. stamped on the back of every yard.

It's one of the S. H. & M. make.



ALL OVER THE WORLD

NORWAY PINE SYRUP

CURES COUGHS & COLDS

PRICE 25c. 50c.

Christmas Games For the Children.

Games for the children always find their proper place in the Christmas gatherings around the Yule log. Here are one or two which provide plenty of fun for players and onlookers:

Queen Dido Is Dead.—The company must sit in a circle, the larger the circle is, all goes the merrier. The leader says to his left-hand neighbor, "Queen Dido is dead." "How did she die?" asks the neighbor. "She died going so," replies the leader, at the same time raising his right hand and letting it fall on his right knee. The question and answer has passed from one to another until every one in the circle has his right hand thrashing his right knee. A second time the leader asserts that Queen Dido has left the land of the living, and asserts that she not only died with her right hand in perpetual motion, but her foot as well. The third time round he raises his left hand, then his left foot, and finally wags his head from side to side, and the company follow suit. The game may be further continued by working one's eyes and running one's tongue out and in.

Simon Says "Thumbs Up!" is another very old and ridiculous game. The company sit in a circle, as for "Queen Dido," and when the leader remarks: "Simon says 'Thumbs up!'" all place their fists on their knees, with their thumbs sticking up. When he asserts: "Simon says 'Thumbs down!'" all reverse the position. The funny part of this game is that the position is to be changed only when the leader says "Simon says." If he merely remarks: "Thumbs up," or "Thumbs down," the position must not be changed, and those who forget this and reverse thumbs at the wrong moment, must pay a forfeit. As the commands are given faster and faster, much merriment follows, and usually the whole company have numerous forfeits to redeem.

The Potato Race.—A game requiring no effort of the mind, and invariably laughter provoking is the Potato Race. Place in two parallel rows and about two feet apart, five large and irregular potatoes, and at the end an empty bowl. The contestant must pick up each potato on a teaspoon, carry it to the bowl, and drop it in. The potato must not be touched by hand or foot, and if dropped must be picked up on the spoon again. Watch attitudes and faces and exultations of will, for, oh, how that left hand will want to help! Even the most dignified must unbend in his genial struggle. Record is kept of those first succeeding in getting all the potatoes into the bowl, and these again race against each other until the champion reveals himself or herself. This should be played, if possible, on an uncarpeted floor.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

MEERSCHAUM

CUT PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO.

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

Sold everywhere. 10c per package.

Only vegetable oils—and no coarse animal fats—are used in making

"Baby's Own Soap"

Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing

Doctors recommend it for Nursery and Toilet Use.

Beware of Imitations.

Albert Toilet Soap Mfrs., Montreal



TRADE MARK

This Trade Mark stamped on every garment, insures you genuine

HEALTH UNDERWEAR

the most perfect, most healthful, most delightfully comfortable underwear made. Endorsed by physicians.

For Men, Women and Children.

All druggists, and stores keep full range.

FIT STOPPED FREE. Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. TREATISE AND 25c TISSUE BOTTLE sent through Canadian Agencies FREE to FIT patients, they paying express charges only when received. Write to Dr. Kline, Limited, 831 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. zxt&w

MEN WHO ARE WEAK and wish to be permanently cured, write for our books. It tells how you can be restored to perfect health. Post free. Dr. Baer Institute, Private Address A. C. Walker, P. O. BOX D. 164, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Gas was first used as a street illuminant in Baltimore, gas lamps being introduced in that city in the year 1816.

NIGHT COUGHS

Don't you dread to have night come? The children cough so hard. And how many things have you tried? A great many, certainly. They don't seem to reach just the place. But you can reach it exactly by using Vapo-Cresolene.

You put a little Cresolene in the vaporizer cup, light the lamp beneath, and let the children breathe-in the vapor. The throat is soothed, all inflammation is allayed, congestion is relieved, and sleep is not disturbed. Continue this each night until a cure is effected, which will be in a surprisingly short time. Remember it's harmless to the youngest child. There isn't any trouble of the throat or lungs that cannot be relieved with Vapo-Cresolene. It always does good. And for whooping-cough it is the one great specific. Doctors everywhere endorse it.

S. H. MUNYON, M.D., Glendale, N.Y.—"I have used the Vapo-Cresolene in six cases of whooping-cough of long standing, with marked relief in twenty-four hours, and entire cure in from three to five days. I have also used it in nasal catarrh, bronchitis and pleurisy, catarrhal and diphtheritic, with great benefit. It is of great value in diphtheria."

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, at 50c; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 150 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

