## Stephen Leacock Visits Cave Man In His Native Haunt To Find Him Just As Much Abused As the Modern Man

His Wife Is the Trouble, of Course-Orders Him To Put On about quite simply. the Alligator To Boil and All That Sort of Thing.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK.

I think it likely that few people besides myself have ever actually seen and spoken with a "cave-man." Yet everybody nowadays knows all

and the new fiction have made him a familiar figure. A few years ago, it is true, nobody had ever heard of him. But lately, for some reason or other there has been a run on the cave

without him. The hero, when the man. I had a clear mental picture for a moment the wild primordial depassion of the cave-man surges fering without a moan.

When he fights, on her behalf, against a dray-man or a gun-man or an ice-man or any other compound that makes up a modern villain, he is of the cave-man." If they kick him in the ribs, he likes it. If they beat him over the head he never feels it: because he is, for the moment, a is known to be quite above sensa-

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



The heroine, too, shares the same point of view. "Take me," she murmurs as she falls into the hero's embrace, "by my cave-man." As she about the cave-man. The magazines us, something of the fierce light of the cave-woman in her eyes, the primordial woman to be wooed and won only by force.

So, like everybody else, I had, till l saw him, a great idea of the caveheroine slights him, is said to "feel of him-huge, brawny, muscular, a wolfskin thrown about him and sire of the cave-man, the longing to great war-club in his hand. I knew seize her, to drag her with him, to him as without fear, with nerves carry her away, to make her his." untouched by our effete civilization, When he takes her in his arms it is fighting, as the beasts fight, to the recorded that "all the elemental death, killing without pity and suf-

but admire.

I liked, too-I am free to confess it said to "feel all the fierce fighting joy take them by the neck and bring over his eyes. He did not see me till flerce, primordial way of "wooing" floor of the cave. the modern woman, so we are told, startled me!" would still like it if only one dared to try it on. There's the trouble; if bling. one only dared!

away with me; or, what is the same water! I must quit drinking it." thing, allowing for modern conditions, have an expressman carry them. I notice them at Atlantic City, I see

Yes-But Would They?

But would they come? That's the deuce of it. Would they come right along, like the cave-woman, merely biting off my ear as they came, or are they degenerate enough to bring an action-at-law against me, indicting the express company as a party of the second part?

Doubts such as these prevent me from taking active measures. But they leave me, as they leave many another man, preoccupied and fascinated with the cave-man. One may imagine, then, my extraordinary interest in him when I actually met him

It so happened that I spent my va- Well, he's the greatest boy you ever cation in Kentucky-the region, as saw. He was only two this nineteenth everybody knows, of the great caves. of August. And you should hear him They extend—it is a matter of com-mon knowledge—for hundreds of grown up. He is really, I think, about miles; in some places dark and sun. the brightest boy I've ever known-I mean quite apart from being his less tunnels, and here and there again father, and speaking of him as if he they are lighted from above through were anyone else's boy. You didn't rifts and are dry and sand strewn-

fit for human habitation. I Come Upon Him! meet them?"

"No," I said, "I didn't."

"Oh, well," the Cave-man went on,

"there are lots of ways and passages

through. I guess they went in another

take a stroll around in the morning

"But, say," he interrupted, "I guess

Oh, we find it in parts of the cave

"Sit down and be comfortable and

say, if you hear the woman coming

out of sight. Do you mind? Now

try one of these elm-root cigars. Oh,

pick a good one-there are lots of

What He Lets Her Do. ?

We seated ourselves in some com-

fort on the soft sand, our backs

against the boulders, sipping cave-

water and smoking elm-root cigars.

It seemed altogether is if one were

"Yes," said the Cave-man, and he

spoke, as it were, in a large and

patronizing way. "I generally let my

wife trot about as she likes in the

great firmness, "if I liked to put my

"Exactly, exactly," I said; "it's the

"Is it, now?" he questioned with in-

terest. "I had imagined that it was

all different Outside. You're from the

Outside, aren't you? I guessed you

"Have you never been Outside?" I

"No fear!" said the Cave-mail. "Not

for mine! Down in here in the caves,

clean underground and mostly in the

dark, it's all right. It's nice and safe."

He gave a sort of shudder. "Gee!

You fellows out there must have your

nerve to go walking around like that

on the outside rim of everything,

where the stars might fall on you or

"Had you never seen any Outside

Our Way With Women.

"Why, my dear fellow-

suddenly upright, interrupted.

But the Cave-man, who had sat

that infernal mug! She's coming!

As he spoke I caught the sound of a

"Now, Willie," she was saying,

speaking evidently to the Cave-child,

you come right along back with me,

and if I ever catch you getting in such

a mess as that again, I'll never take

Enter the Cave-Woman.

But as I was sitting, the Cave-

she turned at once to speak to her

husband, unconscious of my

you anywhere, so there:"

slobbered face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "but never

Men?" I asked.

must be from the skins you wear."

same way with us!"

and see some of the neighbors.

through the soil of this state.

In such caves as these, so has the obstinate legend run for centuries, there still dwell cave-men, the dwindling remnant of their race. And here I had penetrated into the caves far

beyond my guides. I carried a re- I'm forgetting my manners. Let me volver and had with me an electric get you a drink of cave-water. Here, lantern, but the increasing sunlight ir take it in this stone mug! There you the cave as I went on had rendered are, say when! Where do we get it? the latter needless.

There he sat, a huge figure, clad in where it filters through the soil above. great wolfskin. Beside him lay a Alcoholic? Oh, yes, about fifteen per It was a picture that I could not great club. Across his knee was a cent, I think. Some say it soaks all spear round which he was binding sinews that tightened under his mus--his peculiar way with women. His cular hand. His head was bent over system was, as I understood it, to his task. His matted hair had fallen just slip your mug behind that stone them along with him. That was his I was close beside him on the sanded

them. And they liked it. So at least I gave a slight cough. "Excuse me." we are informed by a thousand cred- I said. The Cave-man gave a startled ible authorities. They like it. And jump. "My goodness," he said, "you

I could see that he was quite trem-

"You came along so suddenly." I see lots of them-I'll be frank said, "it gave me the jumps." Then back in civilization, talking to a genial about it—that I should like to grab, he muttered, more to himself than to to sling over my shoulder and carry me, "too much of this darned cave-

Reminded of Grand Opera.

them on Fifth Avenue-yes, every- on a stone, taking care to place my nowadays are getting up all these revolver carefully behind it. I don't different movements, and the way I mind admitting that a loaded revol- look at it is that if it amuses her to ver, especially as I get older, makes run around and talk and attend meetme nervous. I was afraid that he ings, why, let her do it. "Of course," might start fooling with it. One can't he continued, assuming a look of be too careful.

As a way of opening conversation, foot down-I picked up the Cave-man's club. "Say," I said, "that's a great club you have, eh? By gee! it's heavy!"

"Look out!"! said the Cave-man with a certain agitation in his voice as he reached out and took the club from me; "don't fool with that club! It's loaded! You know you could easily drop that club on your toes, or on mine. A man can't be too careful with a loaded club.

He rose as he said this and carried the club to the other side of the cave, where he leant it against the wall. Now that he stood up and I could ex-In fact he was not big at all. The effects of size must have come, I think, from the great wolfskin that he wore. I have noticed the same thing in natural elemental fearlessness about Grand Opera. I noticed, too, for the you that we Cave-men have lost. I first time that the cave we were in tell you. I was pretty scared when I eemed fitted up, in a rude sort of looked up and saw you standing way, like a dwelling-room.

"This is a nice place you've got,"

Harlem Flat-like.

"Dandy, isn't it ?" he said, as he east his eyes around. "She fixed it up. close. The most I've done is to go out She's got great taste. See that mud to the edges of the cave sometimes sideboard? That's the real thing. Al and look out and see them, Outside mud! None of your cheap rock Men and Women, in the distance. But, about that. We fetched that mud for of course, in one way or another, we two miles to make that. And look at Cave-men know all about them. And that wicker bucket. Isn't it great? the thing we envy most in you Out-Hardly leaks at all except through side Men is the way you treat your the sides, and perhaps a little through women! By gee! You take no nonthe bottom. She wove that. She's a sense from them-you fellows are the humdinger at weaving."

lost it somehow." He was moving about as he spoke, showing me all his little belongings. He reminded me for all the world of a man in a Harlem flat, showing a visitor how convenient it all is. Somenow, too, the Cave-man had lost all appearance of size. He looked, in fact, quite little, and when he had Don't you hear!" pushed his long hair back from his forehead he seemed to wear that same woman's voice somewhere in the outer worried, apologetic look that we all passages of the cave.

Brightest of Two-year-olds.

I knew that he must be speaking bout his wife.

"Where is she?" I asked. "My wife?" he said. "Oh, she's gone out somewhere through the caves with the kid. You didn't meet our

H OW much shall I give? A man can afford and ought to contribute to philanthropic purposes such a part of his income as his informed intelligence, guided by a sincere concern for the common welfare, dictates, and this amount he can afford, and ought to give, "even though he be the poorest man in Israel."-

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Headache

Neuralgia

Lumbago

Colds

Toothache

Earache

Convine

Rheumatism

Neuritis

Pain, Pain

United Welfare Fund Campaign - April 2--8

From "How Much Shall I

.Give?" by Lilian Brandt.

ONLY

At the first sign of bleeding gums, be on yourguard. Pyorrhea, destroyer of teeth and health, is on the way. Four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to it.

FOR THE GUM

"Don't you my-dear me!" she answered. "Look at this place! Nothing tidied up yet, and the day half through! Did you put the alligator on to boil?"

My Gracious!

"I was just going to say-" began the Cave-man.

"Going to say! Yes, I'don't doubt you were going to say. You'd go on saying all day if I'd let you. What I'm asking you is: Is the alligate, on gracious!" She broke off all of a sud-

direction. My wife generally likes to She had hustled across the cavewith a pool of water as a mirror.

fect fright! You must excuse me," "for being in this state. I'd just slipped on this old fur blouse and run around to a neighbor's, and I'd managed to hit the no idea that he was going to bring time, even when this historic object in company. Just like him! I'm! afraid we've nothing but a plain alli-

She was hustling about already, good primitive housewife that she was, making the stone-plates rattle on the mud table.

"Why, really-" I began. But I was interrupted by a sudden exclamation from both the Cave-man and the Cave-woman together. Willie: where's

Ho, for Little Willie!

"Gracious!" cried the woman. "He's for him! Something might get him! He may have fallen in the water! Oh,

They were off in a moment, shouting into the dark passages of the outer cave: "Willie! Willie!" There was agonized anxiety in their voices And then in a moment as it seemed they were back again, with Willie in their arms, blubbering, his rabbitskin all wet.

"Goodness gracious!" said Cave-woman. "He'd fallen right in, the poor little man. Hurry, dear, and get something dry to wrap him in! Goodness, what a fright! Quick, face, who chew gum in public darling, give me something to rub

Anxiously the Cave-parents moved about beside the child, all quarrel

"But surely," I said, as they calmed down a little, "just there where Willie fell in, beside the passage that I went periodically to this inclosed I came through, there is only three inches of water."

"So there is," they said, both together, "but just suppose it had been three feet!"

"Didn't you say," said the Cave-

a thousand things happen to you. But then you Outside Men have got a natural elemental fearlessness about you that we Cave-men have lost I vou that we Cave-men have lost I. "I thank you." I answered "I hav

aiready all the notes I want!" (Copyright, 1923, Metropolitan News-paper Service and Dodd, Mead & Con-ten minutes or more. When he left his wife said apologetically:

## ANGUS SHOPS SUSPEND **WORK UNTIL APRI**

3,000 Men Are Affected by Decision To Close Works.

Canadian Press Despatch. real primordial, primitive men. We've Montreal, March 26 .- The Angus shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway here closed down Friday night, and will not reopen until April 3. Notices to this effect have been posted in the shops by the company. small cities and towns-and some of "Quick! quick!" he said, "Hide Approximately 3,000 men are affected.

The long stoppage is the consequence of an arrangement between tics, in Business, at Home") be in-the company and the employees, un-cluded in the curriculum of every der which the men, instead of submitting to a reduction of staff, suggested that the services of everyone should be retained, and the work

OLD SARNIA LANDMARK

ing by the hand a pathetic little mi s before the march of progress. Dur- as certain of myself as if I had been in a rabbitskin, with blue eyes and a ing the past week workmen have been engaged in tearing down the easterr half of the old Exchange Hotel building on the corner of Lochiel and Vic-toria streets. This structure has been It would still be quite pos oman evidently couldn't see me, for toria streets. This structure has been standing for more than 60 years, old use the salad fork for the fish fork, residents say.

it may be replaced by a modern store "Well, of all the idle creatures!" building within the next year by the she exclaimed, "loafing here in the present owners.

FOODS

MARCH 24-31 WEEK MARCH 24-31 THE CONSUMERS OPPORTUNITY

Do you know you can serve a delicious, wholesome and economical meal from soup to dessert with Canadian-grown and Canadian-packed canned foods -the world's finest. Your grocer is now featuring Canadian canned goods. See his

Buy a Dozen Cans or an Assorted Case

**People of This Continent** Are An Ill-Mannered Race

Awful Persons Jostle Us As We Travel Across the Continent, and Shuddering People Dive Opposite Us and Make Horrible Noises.

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

International Book Review, New York).

I have always said that there should be a school for manners in the United States, and in Canada, too, as character. I fancy there are more limited sequent and a sequent annex, a separate buildshould be a school for manners in the to boil for dinner or is, it not- My United States, and in Canada, too, as a matter of fact, and that every man den, as she caught sight of me, "Why and woman (particularly man) who didn't you say there was company? has not enjoyed the higher advant-Land sakes! And you sit there and ages should be compelled to enter it never say there was a gentleman for a post-graduate course. For, as a nation, we are the most ill-mannered in the world.

and was busily arranging her haif The south may be exempt from this national vice. It has always had "Gracious!" she said, "I'm a per- the reputation for courtesy, and certainly during three brief visits there she added, looking round toward me, I experienced nothing less. It is also manner in which its leading citizens d'art was on the other side of the gator stoo to offer you, but I'm sure and outside of certain groups, severely you'll stay to dinner—"

east and the dest and the dest and the sector of the east and the west very thoroughly, bred parents, manners, even in the good and the kind, are sadly perforated, and polish is nil.

The awful people, so ruthlessly portrayed in "Babbitt," are identical with the awful people we see and hear and are jostled by when traveling across the continent. In summer may assure himself that he is as go into the dining car in their men go into the dining car in their shirt sleeves and suspenders, assuming, apparently, that hot weather is must be shuddering people to live with.) They also eat with both el-bows planted on the table and make wandered out alone-oh, hurry, look horrible noises. Crossing the ocean is protected from such for they go second or third class, but on a Puliman train, where the exhelpless as if in an indiscriminate

Not Worst Offenders.

But they are by no means the worst offenders. It is the men you meet, not only on trains, but in statricts, in hotel lobbies, who push and almost trample, who never raise their hats if they nearly knock you down, the who shove you aside if there is only the house, come into wour presence with their hats on, who merely nod well, what's the use? The list is endless. But life at home is paradise compared to traveling in the United

Here are two personal examples out of many. I spent some time once in small western city. There was no bootblack in the hotel, only one in the entire town. Like everybody else sation with the bootblack, who was she

Later on, when Willie was restored they both renewed their invitation to extremely genial. He was, indeed, one standard of good manners. of the most agreeable men in the place. Suddenly, in the middle of a phace. Suddenly, in the middle of a as of less exalted circles, have ab-

A few days later I was calling on a woman when her husband entered. He had his hat on, and he kept it

"I know you think that was dread-il, but no one ever taught him any tter when he was young, and now is too late. It is a pity, because he descended from one of the historic families of America. But his people emigrated here before he was born,

life was hard-they were really not to blame. Of course I had no resentment against those two men, nor did I like them any the less. But I felt sorry for them. They were both amiable and intelligent men, more so, perhaps, than many more highly polished, and yet they would appear at a disadvantage in the society of a Raffles.

I have met innumerable men and women whom a little polish would convert into delightful members of society, and I would suggest that Emily Post take up a collection and start schools of manners in all the the larger ones. Her name would go lown to posterity as a public factor. failing that, I would suggest that her book ("Etiquette: In Society, in Polipublic school, and that no pupil be

can stand an exhaustive examination Primed for Debut.

allowed to graduate unless he or she

I never read any other book on eti-GIVES WAY TO PROGRESS

quette, and it is probable that I should not have read hers, if the editor of this magazine had not asked me to review it. Certainly it is ex-haustive. If I were the wife of a Her voice had grown louder. She entered the cave as she spoke—a big-boned woman in a suit of skins lead-Sarnia, March 25.—Another of profiteer, making ready to storm the portals of society, I should feel primed for the debut, and quite or almost born in lower Fifth avenue in 1886 Almost, for panic sometimes invades the ample bosoms of profiteer ladies

or inscribe oneself in a visitors' bool If tentative plans are carried out as Mrs. So-and-So, under the momentary delusion that one notel. But at least they will see how to answer a note, and not sign it Mrs. So-and-So; how not to introduce their guests by the hideous collocation, "Mr. Blank meet Mrs. Dash"; forbear to laugh in public at the top of their voices, or to look too ostentatiously rich; learn how the furnish their new houses and tables properly; observe the formulae when visiting country houses, particularly in regard to clothes; treat their servents decently; forbid a man to take vants decently; forbid a man to take vants decently; forbid a man to take their arm on the street; and, in short, behave generally as if they were civilized beings.

It is a curious fact that while the

lower classes in England are quite frankly vulgar and the middle classes merely smug, and similar classes on the continent either picturesque or inoffensive, the great masses of the American people alone are common Whether this is a result of democracy or the terrific pressure and struggle for existence, I cannot say, but the fact remains. Commonness is the national vice. It is worse and more deteriorating than alcohol and toacco, and only a degree less so than drugs. Why has it escaped the re-

What Need of Polish?

doubt it will be asked: "What of polish when a man has a en heart?" And the G. H. is the

is: If only because good manners The

character. I fancy there are more subconscious knowledge of commonon the front page of a newspaper, feriority; and no man, with or withmanners, if universally culti-

edges of contact would be smoothed away; life would be easier, for "feelmasseuse procurable would be respected. Egos are as sensitive as pockets. And if a certain formality were observed in the daily life of every household, no matter how humble, that pride in

ness, would ensue as a matter of The man with a frowzy household d as the man in the mansion, but he doesn't really believe it, and subconscious wounds canker. There is too much arrogance in America and too little pride.

self, so necessary to human happi-

sibly to avert them.

Moreover, in every business deal, in orchestra plays every night. every controversy, public or private, the man with breeding has an in-estimable advantage over the rough diamond or the golden heart in the uncouth shell. Breeding gives poise, and the inferiority sense induces

As for women-a woman who is poor but well-bred is happy in her sense of infinite superiority to the plutocrats that snub her, not even wound her pride. that good manners are invariable in hardly go wrong on detail. people of the "best society." habit of wealth, of exalted position, the irritation induced by climbers, and the constant attacks upon their ll-mannered indeed, sometimes brutal. Moreover, there is often a streak which may not bear looking into. ings with the less fortunate, however little it may be agitated by their equals. most popular members of their world blage

and are always censured. The New York woman who said she was famous in her circle because been loved for her golden heart and One day, while enthroned, the chief tolerated because she was "one of banker of the town entered, not for service, but because he had seen me severely criticized. Society, using severely criticized. Society, using while passing. He kept his hat on the word in the fashionable sense,

divagation is due to the backwash of the war or to the movies, where the most picturesque "manners" obtain, and may appeal to the imaginations of the young, it would be hard to say; but at the moment the manners of the flapper are far worse than her on the next generation and its "soctety"-for they are the future mothers and leaders—is hard to predict.

Flapper May Shange.

Perhaps there will be a natural reexcrescence, just as we have had temporary excrescences in literature and art, before this; or perhaps they will decide that anarchy would be fun and do all they can to help it

along. But it is hardly a phenomenon for worry. They are all conservatives at heart.

Says Mrs. Post: "Etiquette, remember, is merely a collection of forms by which all personal contacts in life are made smooth." Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. No argument could be stronger. And it safe to say that if all employers who held the championship. had been invariably polite to their employees, there would have been fewer strikes. Not only because the poor man is particularly susceptible tivation of gentle manners involves more sympathy of understanding, tion was "diet"—"exercise." Today it and acts as a dissolvent on congenital is "Take Marmola Prescription Tablets." selfishness. Let no one be alarmed at the pros-

Let no one be alarmed at the prospect of being obliged to read "ctiquette," even if it is put into the school curriculum and is made as compulsory as geography. Not only is its style delightful, but it reads like a first-class society novel. Mrs. Post carries a set of characters, de-

scriptively named, that are quite as true to life as any hero or heroine of a small-town novel. And as for facts, she can handle them more freely tha a novelist, because the latter (with reputation to preserve) often under states, lest he be accused of exag-

Take this description of "Golden Hill," for instance:
"Golden Hill is not an imaginar place, except in name. It exists with in a hundred miles of New York house is a palace, the grounds are a park. There is not only a lon inferiority complexes due to this luxurious country club. ness than to the failure to compete baths for each. The third floor ha with abler men, or to get one's name bachelor rooms and rooms for visit The third floor has No man ever was an anarchist who did not have a hideous sense of in-

small breakfast room; a large living room filled with books, magazines, his breeding is as good as theirs. billiard and pool table; beyond the living-room is a fully equipped gyms vated among our Babbits, would not nasium; and beyond that only give a man a poise and serenity white marble glass-w which would enable him to meet the ium. The swimming ills of life with equanimity, but posfeet by one hundred: white marble glass-walled natator The swimming pool is fifty Many a "deal" has failed because but the fourth is wide and furnished the man bringing a "good thing" to as a room with lounging chairs up-a person of wealth and polish was holstered in white oilcloth. Opening found personally insufferable—pos-sibly suspicious. Moreover, the rough Turkish and Russian baths in charge of the best Swedish masseur at

A Riding Ring.

"In the same building are two squash courts, a racquet court, a tennis court and a bowling alley. glass-roofed and inclosed riding ring -not big enough for polo, but enough for practice in winter-built along one entire side of it. "The stables are full of polo ponies and hunters, the garage full of cars.

the boathouse has every sort of boat—sail boats, naphtha launches, a motor boat and even a shell. In the main house there is a ball room with a stage at one end. An moving pictures are shown and vaudeville talent is imported from New

uncouth shell. Breeding gives poise, and the inferiority sense induces confusion of mind and loss of temers who have been inspired with the desire to write a "society story" and have been obliged to cull the society papers - with trimmings-for substance, Mrs. Post's Not that "Etiquette" will be a godsend. I am arguing-nor does Mrs. Post- may miss "atmosphere," but they can

She tells how people of all purso in polite society live and dress entertain, and you know are all real people lightly disguised. Moreover-wonderful fact!-you ar never antagonized by snobbery. The author is as free from it as she should be. The last thing she ever have thought of was writing a book on etiquette. She only did so when she accepted the job, she did it thoroughly. It is merely an assemf facts, presented in straightforward, convincing and en

No Longer Afraid. Perhaps those reading it will not be as afraid of the words lady and years past. In fashionable societyas in old society no longer fashidesignatory appellations have never been dropped. No doubt even the flappers still use them. Certainly their mothers do

The abolition of the word lady and the substitution of woman to designate every member of the sex, from he top to the bottom of the soci structure, is entirely a middle-class fashion. No doubt it originated in the housewife's irritation in her cook's constant illusion to "my gen tleman frien" and "my lady frien". Unconscious snobbery! Or, possibly merely one of the obscure workings of democracy. Hard to have your cook more aristocratic than yourself point is that for universal comfort we want better manners on this side of the water. "And the quickest of the water. "And the quickest solution I can think of is either for Mrs. Post to start a chain of scho

it as a prize with the suggestion that it be read at home by the elders.

or for the high schools to include

her book in the curriculum-and give

NEW FRENCH CHAMP. Paris, March 25.-Fred Bretonnel last night wan the French lightweight box-Poutet, holder of the title. The middle weight title was won by Francis Charles on points from Charles Prunier,

REDUCE YOUR FAT WITHOUT DIETING

Years ago the formula for fat reduc Friends tell friends-these friends tell



## METHER, YOUR CHILD'S BOWELS NEED "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Even Cross, Feverish, Sick Children Love its Taste and it Never Fails to Empty Little Bowels.

If your child is listless, full of cold, | Millions of mothers keep "Califorspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" tion. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works the constipation poison, sour bile and waste right out and you have a well. You must say "California" or you

has colic, or if the stomach is sour, nia Fig Syrup" handy. They know : breath bad, tongue coated, a tea-spoonful of "California Fig Syrup" child tomorrow. It never cramps or will quickly start liver and bowel ac- overacts. Ask your druggist for genmay get an imitation fig syrup.