

"Cascarets" if Bilious, Constipated—10c a Box

If Dizzy, Headachy or Stomach is Sour, Clean the Bowels

To clean your bowels without cramping or over-acting, take "Cascarets." Sick headache, dizziness, biliousness, gases, indigestion, sour upset stomach and all such distress gone by morning. Nicest laxative and cathartic on earth for grown-ups and children. 10c a box—all drug stores.

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"I'll Be Home Soon, Mother," Writes Sammy

Sammy is a keen little lad. He looks much younger than he is—only sixteen—and he has much more wisdom than is usual at his age. For two years he worked in a foundry doing a man's work. His father worked beside him and helped him master the art of pouring molten metal. One day Sammy complained of a sore side but his people didn't worry much. "I'll be all right in the morning," mother said, "go and take a rest." But it wasn't all right in the morning, nor the morning after, nor a week after. It was then time for a doctor to examine Sammy. The doctor looked him over several times, then took him to a specialist. Both medical men agreed that Sammy was consumptive and both held out some hope if he "took the cure" at once. Sammy is quite a favorite up in the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives. He keeps the other patients in good humor with his pleasant smile and his quaint stories of French Quebec where he spent his boyhood days. "Tell the folks I'll be home soon," he wrote in his last letter; and he probably will be, for he is making splendid progress. The Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, the Haven of the poor afflicted with tuberculosis, is in a large measure reliant upon public generosity for its funds to carry on its work. Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Miller's Worm Powders do not need the after-help of castor oil or any purgative to complete their thoroughness, because they are thorough in themselves. One dose of them, and they will be found palatable by all children, will end the worm trouble by making the stomach and bowels untenable to the parasites. And not only this, but the powders will be certain to exert most beneficial influences in the digestive organs.

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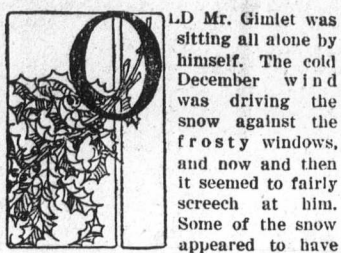
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"Sickness Stalked Into This Happy Little Home"

When Jim Harrow moved into his pretty white-washed cottage he thought he had reached the height of happiness. His wife and his baby boy loudly voiced their pleasure, too. Everything seemed to be "breaking right" for Jim. But the happy days didn't last long. Sickness fell upon Mrs. Harrow. "It's just a pain in my back, maybe rheumatism," she said. But Jim knew how a previous attack of pleurisy had weakened her, so he called in a doctor. The doctor hinted at "lung trouble" and advised a complete examination. Jim took his wife to a specialist, who quickly confirmed the first verdict. "Consumption," he said. Husband and wife stared at each other in hopeless misery, but cheer was forthcoming. "Don't worry," said the doctor, "a year's treatment at the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives will put Mrs. Harrow on her feet again; but she must go now—no delay." A kindly neighbor is taking care of the baby boy while Jim is "keeping house" by himself. Every day the postman leaves a letter, which tells how Edith nurses, and careful doctors all the time at home, so that she can be ready to go back to the hospital. The letters are full of news, and Jim is ready to cheer up to some extent. "I should have been in a hospital in such a way," he says. "I don't know how good your treatment is, but I'll go." W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Mr. Gimlet's Best Christmas Present BY CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD



LD Mr. Gimlet was sitting all alone by himself. The cold December wind was driving the snow against the frosty windows, and now and then it seemed to fairly screech at him. Some of the snow appeared to have got into his hair, and some of the frost into his beard, for he looked old, and cold, and grim. The freight shadows that played on the wall were like the thoughts that went to and fro in his mind in the light of the memories of the brighter days of the past. The empty chairs reminded him of his friendliness, the slow ticking of the old clock, as it tried to be a companion, only made him feel how lonely he was. He felt as much out of the world, as far away from its gladness as the picture of his grandfather that hung over the shelf.

Mr. Gimlet was wondering what he would get for Christmas. He had spent many years in wondering what he would get, and had gotten a good many things. No one had a better house than he, few had as much money as he had. There was a park, there was a garden; within and without and all about him were the things that money can buy. Yes, Mr. Gimlet was as rich as money and things can make a man. And yet, although all these things had not made him happy, he was wishing for more. He did not know any better than to wish for more, and though he could not think of anything that he needed, he hoped that someone would think of something of other that he might want and that might give him a gleam of real Christmas joy.

Away out on a prairie the Bump family were holding a consultation, after the children had gone to bed. At that moment the father and mother of the family were perplexed and even a good deal worried. The Bumps had been practicing farming for some time, but without anticipated results. The children didn't see anything the matter with farming. The move out of the smoky city had been an entrance into paradise for them. Donald had ten hens and a rooster. Dorothy owned two Muscovy ducks, with green feathers. Kenneth had a little pony that they called "Bigger," because they thought he would grow. Small Edith kept a flower bed that she called her "gardy." There was a pony cart. They had raised a 43-pound watermelon. Father had said that the rest of the garden wouldn't amount to a hill of beans, but it had. There was apt to be enough for yum yum cake, with raisins in it, to go around. Why, it was like a perpetual picnic! And even now, with all things under the snow blanket, and the pony and the two cows safe in the



Yes, Mr. Gimlet Was as Rich as Money and Things Can Make a Man.

barn were safe, yet there was a blanket on them. The consultation was about that blanket. Farmer Bump called it a mortgage and didn't know how he was going to pay it. No wonder it was an anxious consultation. Short crops, and a mortgage enough to flatten out even the Bumps. But while the Bumps were talking this over, the children were having a dream. They had had a vision of a "blanket" that does not keep things warm, but makes them cold, and wondering what a mortgage could be, and why no one could take it off without money. In his dream Donald heard a boy singing this song: "Sing, little Jesus, sing for me. There's nothing on my Christmas tree." You see, this little boy had a tree, but there wasn't a thing on it, not even a leaf. So he planned how to get something to grow upon it. Finally, he sang the song that Donald heard in his dream, and the next time he looked out there was his tree, full of red and gold apples, with leaves on all the twigs and many pretty things among them, and Donald saw it all in his dream. So, when he awoke, Donald thought he would sing the song too, and see if Jesus couldn't take the shadow of that awful mortgage away, and he sang: "Sing, little Jesus, sing for me! There's a mortgage on our Christmas tree." When Dorothy awoke she remembered that she had dreamed about writing a letter to Santa Claus, and so she went and wrote it. This was the letter: Dear Santa Claus: There's something the matter with our cows. They've got a mortgage on 'em. Only money can cure 'em. Please come and cure 'em, so's we can have a Christmas tree. I will be good. Your hopeful DOROTHY. Then, when father went to town, with the little pony, Bigger, he put the letter into the post office, only he directed it to Mrs. Bump's brother, Mr. Ephraim Gimlet. Mr. Gimlet was very much surprised to hear from the Bumps. He had

marks upon it, too. It made me and man very happy. He was sitting among a lot of pleasant things that had been sent in for his Christmas tree, but he was not thinking very much of them. He sat with the letter in his hand and a far-off look in his eyes as he thought of the sweetness of love, and felt that the best gift that he had received was the happy surprise that he had given to the people on the prairie farm.

"Divinity" Fudge.

Boll together two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of maple syrup, one cupful of water and a teaspoonful of vinegar until a little of it hardens when dropped in cold water, and then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and take from the fire. While this mixture has been cooking, a cupful of granulated sugar should have been put over the fire in another saucepan, with a half-cupful of cold water, and boiled until the mixture spins a thread from the tip of a spoon. This should at this stage be beaten up with the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs, and this stirred into the first preparation, which should by now have cooled slightly. Beat the two hard until they begin to stiffen, when turn in two cupfuls of chopped nut kernels. Drop on paper or pour into pans and cut in shapes desired.—Delineator.

Then, when father went to town, with the little pony, Bigger, he put the letter into the post office, only he directed it to Mrs. Bump's brother, Mr. Ephraim Gimlet. Mr. Gimlet was very much surprised to hear from the Bumps. He had

forgotten that he had a sister, and that there were a lot of little hopeful Bumps. An old trouble had made him bitter and forgetful, and he had felt more alone in the world than he really was. As he sat again by the firelight, but on a clear and moonlight night, he mused on things past with a new tenderness in his heart and welcomed a new thought that came warmly to him and brought a lovely purpose with it. He would play Santa Claus, and give himself the surprise of making others happy!

So, the day before Christmas things happened at the Bump house. As Mr. Bump went to the wayside post box he found two letters. One of them made him sad, for it was from the man who held the mortgage, and it said that the time for payment had come. It meant to Mr. Bump, "your money, or your cows." But the other letter was from Mr. Gimlet, and it made Mr. Bump laugh until he cried, for it was a check for \$300, with some kindly, friendly words and good wishes, enough to cure the cows and all the family troubles.



The Next Day the Carrier Brought a Promising Looking Box.

The next day the carrier brought a most promising looking big box from Uncle Gimlet, so that the Christmas tree was full of happy surprises for the little folks and a gift or two for the big ones. Mother made a big pie in the dishpan and the children found out what was in it. Dorothy poked a hole through the pasteboard crust and pulled out a maple sugar heart. Kenneth got a white sugar heart. Edith got a yellow sugar heart. Mother said it was Uncle Gimlet's kind heart that had made them all so happy.

Then Mr. Gimlet got another letter. It was a round robin from all the Bumps, with the little Bump names and

See Deacon for every pastor J. W. Conkey MEN OF WATFORD & RAGE OPPOSITE

marks upon it, too. It made me and man very happy. He was sitting among a lot of pleasant things that had been sent in for his Christmas tree, but he was not thinking very much of them. He sat with the letter in his hand and a far-off look in his eyes as he thought of the sweetness of love, and felt that the best gift that he had received was the happy surprise that he had given to the people on the prairie farm.

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Hospital for Sick Children 67 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

Dear Mr. Editor:— Your readers have probably had their appetite for statistics satiated during the past few months. Still they will, no doubt, want to know something of the work accomplished by the hospital to which they have so generously contributed in the past. They are shareholders in a Mission of Mercy. Their dividends are not paid in coin of the realm. May I trespass upon your space to outline what those dividends are?

Firstly, the daily average of children occupying cots in the Hospital for Sick Children was 255. The total cared for as in-patients was 6,397. That is equivalent to the population of a good-sized Ontario town.

And secondly, the out-patient department. This is a wing of offices given over to consultation and minor operations. On an average there were 190 young callers a day.

That is where the dividends are earned—in the difference made in the lives of thousands of children through the voluntary contributions which render it possible to maintain an institution where pallid cheeks become rosy and twisted limbs are made straight.

If that were not dividend enough, one might try to estimate the enormous salvage of child-life in Ontario which has taken place since "Sick Kids" doctors and "Sick Kids" nurses have been going out through this province equipped with a knowledge of children's diseases, which they could not get except in some such highly specialized and pre-eminently efficient institution as the Hospital for Sick Children.

On this year's service the Hospital expended \$245,126 and finds itself in the hole to the extent of \$134,284. What comes in around Christmas-time keeps the Hospital going. So long as the word "Christmas" retains its original significance could any charity possibly enlist more of the sympathy of your readers or entitle itself to more of their support?

Faithfully yours, I. E. ROBERTSON, Chairman Appeal Committee

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