ters. Memory has rounded off the jur-

ged corners which pierced us at an earlier date, and time has let in a

clearer light upon those which we

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Lever's Cigar. For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god Nick o' Teen.

old cigar-box-let me consider. ight a new— lends, and who is Maggie, that I hould abandon you?

A million surplus Maggles are willing to bear the yoke; And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke. Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Smoking

To the London woman who picks up This paper and glances at the heading, the subject appears to have very little interest. Why write about smoking on a woman's page? It is a subject for men, and you are not at all interested. Perhaps not now, but the "smoking for women" wave is coming this way and we may as well be prepared for it.

Among the smart set in Old London smoking is the mode. As far back as' two years ago all society women smoked, and there were smoking rooms all know that French and Russian wo- follows: men have smoked from time immemorial and that to them a cigarette is the most ordinary of pastimes; American women, too, we suspect of the use of the fragrant weed, but it comes a great many Canadian girls are addicted to the "sly cigarette," and yet this is the case.

I do not say that this is so in London, for I do not know of any girl in this city who has formed this disgusting habit: but I do know that in the larger Canadian cities, and more espe-

POSSIBILITIES OF THE POSTAL SYSTEM. Ches Mail Facilities One of the Chief Factors to Our Prosperity and Progress.

"Common is the commonplace," The most valuable of civil benefits is such a commonplace matter, that we scarcely give it a thought. It would take a winter on a whaler nipped in an ice floe to make us truly appreciable of the worth of the postal service. What a wonderful thing it is! Wonderful in its organization, with its vast machinery for the collection and distribution of letters, its railway mail cars, its route riders, the unfailing order and precision of its methods. Wonderful it is too in its re-



separated. It carries across the sea some tender lover's message or perhaps a little flower picked from the daisied grave of an English churchyard. Every our of every day the mail bag is packed with words which waken love and laughwords which deepen the furrow neek and dim the failing sight with atter tears.

But with all this there is going on through the mail service a dissemination of human knowledge, a reaching out of human help which is one of the crowning blessings of our century. The correspondence . hools led by Chautauqua, are sending to every village and hamlet the broader knowledge which is so eagerly craved by many who are shut in to the homely duties of a humble life. Without the mail system this pian

of education would be impracticable. Every mail, too, carries from the great centers, the advice of great physicians, which it would be impossible for the distant public to obtain were it not for the mails. Few people realize how many thousand people depend on the mail service for medical treatment. Not long ago when some postal affairs were being discussed in connection with the erection of the new postoffice building in Buffalo, N. Y., some light was thrown on this subject by the statement that the mail by Dr. R V. Pierce amounted daily to something over 1,500 pieces. Of course this is not a common case, because Dr. Pierce's relation as chief consulting physician to Buffalo's famous institution, The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, makes his advice and that of his staff of nearly a score of skilled and experienced specialists much sought after, especially by women, to the treatment and cure of whose special diseases Dr. Pierce has devoted over thing years of almost constant labor. But though this example is out of the ordinary, it may serve as an evidence of the amazing benefits reaped by the public from the mail service. It puts every outlying hamlet in touch with the most advanced medical specialism of the day. It gives at a cost of a two-cent stamp, the skill and experience that it has taken years to acquire. Literally at the cost of a two-cent stamp, since Dr. Pierce invites sick women to consult him by letter without charge. And this would seem to be one of the most remarkable services rendered by the postal system, perhaps the supreme service of all. For while it is a splendid thing to be able to shop in New York while living in Kancommand the learning of great pro-fessors while working in the Michigan woods, it is a still grander thing that by means of this cheaply supplied service, men like Dr. Pierce, who have the disposition to be heipful, are enabled to place their skill and knowledge at the disposal of those who are being dragged down by disease, without the possibility of help from those about them. When one contemplates the vast and far reaching benefits of the mail service, so briefly touched upon in this article, it makes the familiar gray uniform of the postman the most glorious of all uniforms, for it is worn by the soldiers of the army of peace. It makes one feel like taking his hat off

to the on-rushing mail train, and cheer-ing the work and wisdom of Uncle Sam.

girls who smoke habitually, and I have heard of one of two who are even what one might call "cigarette flends." This comes with rather a shock of horror to the well-bred woman, who has been striving to bring up her daughters properly. To realize that the pretty girl you meet on the street, daintily clad, fresh and sweet in manner, is a smoker of cigarettes! It is quite enough to "stagger" the most evenly-poised of matrons. You gaze at the rosy lips in horror and wonder if it is really true that they ever held a cigarette.

The next cause for wonder is why did she ever begin to smoke? What possible motive could she have for contracting such a habit? It is a question hard to answer. Perhaps she thought it was "smart." that word that covers so much in modern society, delightfully wicked, or something equally insane. If she would only stop to think what all right-minded people say on the subject of women smoking, I am sure' she would pause before taking her first whiff of the pernicious

In a recent symposium in a New York paper on this subject, President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanin the women's clubs. Of course we ford University, expresses himself as

"I should say in regard to the smoking of women, that those women who do not recognize the innate vulgarity of it would hardly be reached by argument. There is no question as to the as rather a shock when we know that injury to the nervous system produced by smoking, and this injury is, of course, greatest on the personnel of fine organizations, but outside of that, the fact that a woman is tempted to smoke is evidence enough of her essential coarseness of nature, and those of us who admire fine and noble women are simply satisfied to pass her by on cially in Toronto, there are very many | the other side. The average man, even though a smoker himself, has this view of the case, whether he expresses it or not. Surely nothing is more repulsive to the majority of men than the breathe of women tainted with nicotine or alcohol."

Nothing could be added more forceful than that, but below is given Ella the least.

Sophie Gay—The best shelter for a man compensation, if compensation she needs, for the fact that she is not able to smoke and that consequently she is not able to realize that "a woman is George Sand-The love of a bad woman only a woman, but a good cigar is a kills smoke."

Compensation.

The tendency of the age is to incline woman to do everything man does-or know the reason why. She wants to attempt all his labors, adopt all his vices and enjoy all his

If he objects, she demands a fuller explanation than the mere difference in

Yet that is a most expansive explanation, if she but stopped to realize it, she should not do some things which men do. The moderate use of the cigar I have

never been able to class among masculine vices. It is altogether probable that the world would be better off had tobacco, tea and coffee never been used by human beings. Yet it is possible to be moral, sane and useful citizens and make an occasional use of all three of

these products of nature. The outdoor life of man, and his habit of using all of his lungs and his abdominal muscles in breathing (while women rarely use more than one-third of the lung cells) makes smoking less injurious to him than to her.

Woman's thoughts, desires, appetites and habits for three-quarters of a year, before she becomes a mother, are chisels, fashioning the mind, body and habits of her unborn child.

It does not leave a lasting impression -or any impression at all-upon the child when the expectant father is impatient for his cigar. If the expectant mother, however, is anxiously waiting the opportunity to smoke, her child in the vast majority of cases will come into the world with an abnormal taste for the weed, and with less power of controlling such a taste than other children ordinarily possess.

This is one reason why a woman should not form the habit of smoking. Now we are asked, "What compensation has woman for the cigar?" Man's enjoyment of the weed-when moderately indulged-is undeniable

I say when moderately indulged, for there is no enjoyment in anythingoverindulged. Excess is death to pleasure, and only

the fool is guilty of the crime.

It strikes me that woman's chief compensation for the cigar is two-fold: First, the pleasure of witnessing mon's enjoyment in it; and, second, in realizing her own freedom from such a need. There is absolute happiness in watching a child's delight in a new toy: and there is a sense of quiet satisfaction in the thought that we no longer need that toy to be entertained. We do not ask. "What compensation have we for the toy?"—we simp' or its sweet echo, yea, all three, my dreams of Used To Be.

terward a physical enjoyment to man. But its need is an evidence of a certain weakness, which makes him none the less lovable and none the less admirable in other respects. Still it is

Nothing else brings the same look of anticipated comfort into a man's eye after dinner which the cigar brings. The woman who could equally anticipate her own cigar or cigarette would miss the reflected pleasure in the masculine eye; and she would be as dependent as he is upon a weed. As it now rests, the man is woman's first compensation for the cigar - either the man who is, the man who

has been, or is to be. Afterward comes her own enjoyment personal freedom from the habit. With the exception of the few women who consider smoking a crime, almost every woman has some romantic association connected with

What memories awaken, when opening a letter from an absent lover or a husband she detects the foint fragrance of a cigar clinging to its pages.

She thinks of him immediately alone his room or off in a quiet corner of the smoking room, puffing away at his cigar as he writes to and dreams of her; and she recalls cozy moments when she has sat with him and talked about their mutual interests while he

What other compensation could wo-

man ask than this subtle effect of the odor of a cigar upon the memory and the senses?

No man should smoke before he has reached 21 years of age. He is not physically or mentally developed until that time. He is wise if after that age he does not contract the habit. He is weak morally if after he contracts it he allows it to dominate him. He is an assassin of health and pleasure if he smokes to excess. If he takes an occasional smoke af-

ter meals, I for one do not hold him guilty of a vice, nor ask any compensation for myself but to witness his

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. RECENTARY CHERRENT CHERRENT CONTRACTORY

Old Letters.

Siekelekelekelekelekel There are few women. I venture to

who have not stowed away in their possession some place, a bundle of old letters. For we are sentimental, and sentiment-I do not say sentimentalitybarren without it. It is an this sentiment, nothing more or less - the treasuring of old Why, to most of our sex, the fable of the spring of eternal youth acquires an added meaning when we look into the written words of the friends of long ago. As long as we have them to go over, to recall this, to revive that, to bring life again to the day and the hour that are dead and gone, youth has not faded, but preserved immortal freshness. The string that them is old, the knot is hard, bundle is dusty; but lo and behold! as soon as you have shaken off the dust a fairy godmother has touched the yellowing leaves with their fadlines — a godmother who whisks back to that blessed time when all the world was young. How often those old pages are a golden How present to a sweet and sacred past. Somehow they never grow old, the people of these letters — they never died—they are only laid away here to rise again at a touch, a and repeople the past with life! when the consciousness of the present weighs one down with disappointments and vexation, it is letters pleasant to turn to a folio of old let- away:

Cecile Fee-Do not take women from bedside of those who suffer; it is their post of honor. George Eliot-In a woman's face we love we can see all sorts of answers to our own yearnings.

Madame de Rieux—In all unhappy marriages the fault is less the woman's than the should depend on her

Said of Women.

man's, as the choice depended on her is a woman's love.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford—Why should man,
who is strong, always get the best of it, and be forgiven so much; and woman, who is weak, get the worst and be for-

kills others; the love of a good woman kills herself. Margaret Ossoli—Woman is born for ove, lives for love and by love; and dies Madame Guizot-Women use their hearts

as men do their brains—as the directing power of their lives.

Madame Brisson—Women are slandered for the same reason that stones are thrown at trees loaded with beautiful Madame Dunoyer-How better the

en whom they love! Flora Tristan—Women do not argue;

scence is the perfume of the soul. There are women so good that the flowers sent to them by men can only give a faint idea of the fragrance that is left about ople who have come in contact with Mile. de la Fayette-It is through the lips of woman that the breath of divinity

Madame de Saussure—Women have been given a few faults by a thoughtful Providence in order that they might compete with men.

Countess Dash—The love of a good woman is enough to make the most inveterate atheist believe in God.

Madame Geoffrin-A woman belongs by right to the man who loves her, and whom THE LAND OF USED TO BE. Beyond the purple, hazy trees

Of summer's utmost boundaries; Beyond the sands, beyond the seas, Beyond the range of eyes like these. And only in the reach of the Enraptured gaze of memory, There lies the land long lost to me, The land of Used To Be. land enchanted, such as swung

In golden seas when strens clung Along their dripping brinks and sung To Jason in that mystic tongue That dazed men with its melody. O, such a land, with such a sea Kissing its shores eternally, Is the fair Used To Be.

A land where music ever girds The air with bells of singing birds, And sows all sounds with such sweet

words, That even in the lowing herds A meaning lives so sweet to me; Lost laughter ripples limpidly From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee Of rare old Used To Be.

O, land of love and dreamy thought And shining fields and shady spots, Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots, Embossed with wild forget-me-nors, And all the blooms that cunningly Lift their faces up to me Out of the past; I kiss in thee The lips of Used To Be.

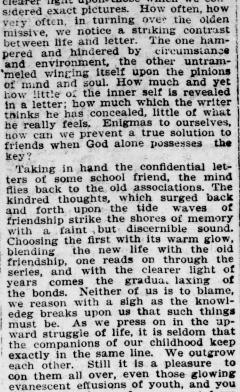
love ve all, and with wet eyes Turned glimmeringly on the skies, My blessings like your perfumes Till o'er my soul a silence lies, -James Whitcomb Riley.

WHY WILL YOU ALLOW a cough to lacerate your lungs and run the filling a consumptive's grave, when, by filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis atc.

bronchitis, etc., etc. Canada's foreign trade for the last six months of 1902 aggregated \$231,-342,201, an increase of over \$18,000,000, compared with 1901.

For Out Door Costumes Cravenette

Is pre-eminently the fashionable material. Can be had in plain colors, mixtures and blacks. By the yard or in ready-made garments. Rain will not penetrate or spot it. Ask your dealer. gan



get many a gleam of amusement from them some dull gray day.

It seems to me that the joy one gets in reading old letters oftentimes borders closely on pain. The muta-bility of all earthly things is borne in upon one's mind, and the changes strike minor chords on the heartstrings. So perhaps after all not best to save too many of these dear letters in the beginning. It may be wiser to give them to the flames before they are deared than set with precious jewels, bind- on their first reading. For, while the perhaps restless, tumultuous reading them in later years may renew one's youth, like the eagles, no very feeling person can read the letters of the long ago, without a greater expenditure of nervous force, either in joy or sorrow, than is safe or comfortable.

What do you think about it, you women with those little bundles letters tied up and tucked secretly

For Nurses.

Two bright young women, each holding the certificate of a trained nurse, have discovered an entirely new field of usefulness for members of that profession. Having a talent for imparting knowledge, rather than a le tending the sick, they have opened classes where well-to-do women in private life may learn the rudiments of trained nursing-enough to enable them to assist the doctor intelligently in their homes, in cases not serious enough to require the services of the professional nurse, or where an invalid member of the family has constantly to be cared for. As almost every mother and daughter of a household has experienced at some time or other the need of such knowledge, the two nurses in question have met with most gratifying success. Their classes

Though they conceived the idea, and thought out their plans together, the two young women decided that would be if women would only choose | would be wisest to start out independ-men who love them instead of preferring | ently of each other. They rented two small flats in different parts of the city, three rooms of each of whichhey love. Michelet—For a woman remin. a bedroom, kitchen and bath—were Madame Michelet—For a woman remin. fitted up as models of their kind for bedroom, kitchen and bath-were nursing purposes. They contained all modern improvements and appliances. When a class is in session it moves from one room to another, according as the lesson of the day demands.

How one should dress in the sick room and personal hygiene in order to prevent contagion is the first piece of instruction given to the class. Each pupil is asked to provide herself with the necessary cap and apron, and a linen dress is recommended, for regular sick room work is done, and street costumes might get damaged, or be

very inconvenient. The care of the bed, how to keep it clean and comfortable, is the next thing learned. The shaking of the mattress, how to spread the sheet, and how best to arrange the pillows that the patient may lie easily and be cool. Lifting the patient lightly and gently in order to change the bedding or shift the position is then mastered, followed by instruction in moving the convalescent, with many hints toward making her comfortable on any available couch or chair. For lessons, when practice of this kind is required, women is engaged by the teacher to represent the patient.

SICK ROOM HYGIENE. After this the class turns its attention to the model sick room itself. Methods of ventilation, the temperature, sweeping without raising dust, dusting without disturbing the quiet of the room, are discussed and explained. The most convenient and sensible furnishing for the sick room, the use of the various appliances and utensils, the disinfection of these, the keeping of them clean and in order, and every point of sick room hygiene is thorough

ly gone into.

The class then proceeds to devote its attention to administering to the pa-tient personally, beginning with the simplest duties, such as taking temperature of the body and keeping the daily register for the visiting phy-The care of the teeth, hair and nails, both of the patient in bed and the convalescent; bathing the patienthot cold and alcohol baths, when advisable; frequency of bathing; baths, both in and out of bed, and prevention of bed sores, are taught in or-

tion, care of appliances, douches, etc., is then taken up, after which the pupils are taught the use of external applications, such as hot-water bags, hot bottles, flannels, salt bags, iodine, liniment and how to prepare and apply mustard plasters and poultices of various kinds.

The last few lessons are devoted to teaching the most approved diets for patients in various cases, the cooking of food for the invalid, the dainty serving and best methods of feeding Altogether, this course, which

thoroughly complete for its own purpose, consists of 40 lessons, two being given to each class in a week, and a lesson lasting two hours. Not more than six pupils are admitted to one class, so that all may have the benefit of practice as well as the instruction. The charge is a dollar a lesson, for each pupil, which enables the nurse to almost \$3 an hour on every

DESERVING CONFIDENCE - NO ARTICLE SO richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as Brown's Bronchial Troches, the wellknown remedy for coughs and throat

"They are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective." — Christian ... World, London, England.



There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of a few moments s very sick woman was brought in on a stretcher — she was pale as death and evidently suffering keen agony. , and in less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was There was a hasty examination and const n for ovaritis.

on the operating table to undergo an incident which occured in New York recently; the young The above is an accurate account her dangerous condition in the terrible pains and burning woman in question had warnings enousensation low down in her left side. She had no one to advise her, and she suffered torture until it was too late for anything to save her life.

Women should remember that if they do not care to tell a doctor their troubles, they should be willing to tell them to a woman, who stands ever ready to advise and help them. Again we state that Mrs. Pinkham's advice is freely and confidentially given to every one who asks for it. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The following letters prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the power to cure, and does cure thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries, womb, and all other derangements of the female organism.

MRS. OTTOSON SAVED FROM A SURGICAL OPERATION.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I cannot thank you enough for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. If it had not been for your medicine, I think I would

"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat.

Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had inflammation of the ovaries, and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that. I received a little book of yours, and after reading it I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and also recommend the same to any one suffering as I

was." - Mrs. Minnie Ottoson, Otho, Iowa. (June 9, 1901.) Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these thousands of cures of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want — a cure. Moral—Stick to the medicine that you know is Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

INFLAMMATION OF THE OVARIES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.
"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation. "I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds

and was in excellent health, and am now. "You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes." - MISS ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga., Treasurer St. Francis Benevolent Association.

\$5000.0 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will protect their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the goldenrod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry and flurry and worry,

Well, that's easily settled. I'm Prince Blueflame, son of King worry,

Well, that's easily settled. I'm Prince Blueflame, son of King worry,

Well, that's easily settled. I'm Prince Blueflame, son of King work work work well and stay awhile! So much for bothering with people."

He seemed quite disgusted.

"Oh!" mumbled Margery, still too surprised to speak. "Oh! you see I—"

"Yes—yes! Of course—you mean you don't know me? Well, that's easily settled. I'm Prince Blueflame, son of King with people." worry, Away from earth's shadow and gloom;

To a world of fairer weather we'll float off together,
Where roses are always in bloom. Just shut up your eyes and fold your

hands, Your hands like the leaf of a rose, And we will go sailing to those fair lands That never an atlas shows.

ne north and the west they are bounded by rest, On the south and the east by dreams;
'Tis the country ideal where nothing is

But everything only seems. Just drop down the curtains of your dear Those eyes, like a bright bluebell, And we will sail out under stariit skies To the land where the fairies dwell. Down the River of Sleep our bark shall sweep, Till it reaches the mystic isle,

have been, And there we will pause awhile. I will croon you a song as we float along Enemata, the methods of preparaTo that shore that is blessed of God.
Then, ho! for that fair land, we're off for The beautiful Land of Nod.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

> MARGERY'S FAIRY. "I think it's just a mean old shame!" sobbed little Margery, as she buried her tearful face in a sofa cushion.

She was a very foolish little girl, indeed, to cry in this fashion, and all because her papa and mamma had gone to Mrs. Hall's for Sunday dinner. Nurse was upstairs looking after Harold, so here was this dismal little maiden all alone in the big library spoil-

ing one of her mother's prettiest sofa cushions with her tears. "I don't care! I hate Mrs. Hall! I do, came from that naughty

I do!" came from that naughty little mouth hidden in the pillow.
"Oh, no, you don't!" said a tiny voice, close beside her.
"Oh!" screamed Margery, bouncing off the sofa on to the floor.
"Goodness gracious! have I scared you?" cried the same little voice.
And, looking down, Margery saw perched on the sofa just the oddest little man, a regular tiny live doll. He was dressed in gorgeous bright blue velvet, and at times flashes of light seemed to shimmer from the curious cloth of his suit. On his head was a wee velvet cap, with a long white plume, and in his belt was thrust a sword—not half as big as the finest needle.

Margery gazed at him in wonder. Margery gazed at him in wonder. "Well, you're polite," he began.

haven't even asked me to take off my hat

Firelight—you've heard of him, of course —and I came from yonder kingdom called Hearthland. That is to say, our winter home, 'Fireplace,' is there, but in summer we go to the land of gloom. There in darkness we impatiently wait until merry Jack Frost summons us to this gay country again. "Then you're a really truly fairy," be-

or not she was seeing and hearing true things.
"Well, now, what a question! Can't you see, little girl, that I'm not a paper doll? I'm telling you the truth, my dear. Still, since you insist on sitting there, very unladylike, on the floor, with your pretty mouth wide open and your blue

eyes as big as saucers, I may as well pull out my timetable and see if it isn't leav-He thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at Margery with a comical squint. Poor Margery felt quite confused, and a bit hurt, too, at these unkind remarks. She got up quickly from the floor and sat Which no man hath seen, but where all

on the sofa beside her unusual guest.
"There! I knew you'd come to your sense after awhile. And now let me tell you what I'm here for," said the little man, jumping up on Margery's knee.
"What are you here for?" questioned Margery. "Well, that's what I'm going to tell

"Well, that's what I'm going to ten you. But don't joggle your knee so. You'll dump me off, sure."

Margery sat very still.
"That's better," approved the fairy. "Now then, you know, everyone has a task to do in this world, and it's my duty to cheer people up. So when I saw that a little girl named Margery wasn't as hanny as she ought to be, I said to as happy as she ought to be, I said to myself: 'There, now, Blueflame, is your chance.' So I left the gay dancing party that was going on at Fireplace, and here I am, ready to amuse you, my dear. S'pose we play tag." "Oh!" gasped Margery, and then she

smiled, for it was so funny to think of her playing tag with such a midget. "Why, we couldn't play tag, Mr. Blue-flame—you're too little! I'd walk on you!" 'Enough!" thundered the indignant little man, for he thought he was being laughed at. "It's too much." he cried. "Miss Margery, you're nothing but a child! I'm twice your age and more. I've seen the world. I've even killed dragons with this very sword—and now to be told the marginary little girl that she is like. by an ordinary little girl that she is like-up to walk on me! Ugh!" and Prince Blueflame fairly trembled with rage. He raised his tiny fist and shook it defiantly at Margery, which act caused the little

would carry him back to his home in the fireplace.

And as he disappeared he gave a sigh of satisfaction and a knowing wink-for Margery was cheered up.
Of course Margery awakened just then, Of course Margery awakened just then, for she had fallen asleep on the sofa, and mamma, who had returned from the din-

ner party, was giving Margery the softest, sweetest little kiss.

Here are three amusing new tricks that will help to keep up the jollity at indoor gatherings in the longer evenings now here.

Picking up things with one's teeth seems easy enough, but see if you can do it this way: Stand a newspaper on end, open, take hold of your left foot with your right hand and your right ear with your left hand, and then see if you can stoop down and pick the paper up with gan Margery, still doubtful as to whether your teeth. You will not find it easy as it looks. Be careful not to

fall on your face. Here also is a little balancing feat that looks exceedingly easy and is not: Draw a line on the floor and toe it -that means put both your feet together with your toes on the line. Then put a matchbox in front of you, about three times the length of your foot from the line. Now lift your left foot, kick over the matchbox and bring your foot back to the line, all without touching the floor. There is no secret in doing this, but it is rather hard to do, and if you want to do it well you must do it very often and very slowly.

Walking round a stick has a queer effect on one.

Place your forehead on the top of a walking-stick, looking hard at the of brass at the point of it. Walk four or five times round the stick, then walk across the room, holding the stick in your hand, and try to hit some object with it, such as a reel of cotton, which has been put there on purpose. However hard you may try you will find you are so giddy that you cannot walk straight, and will go in every path but the right one.

A Guaranteed Care for Flies. Itch ng, Eline, Bleeding and From the A No cure, no pay, till discretate and a Mo., who also manufacture pare Quinine, the celebrated Co

said to have been the oldest person in Texas, is dead, at Hattonville, age

106 years. maiden to go off into peals of laughter.

This sudden outburst of merriment so startled the little man that he made a double somersault on to the floor and ther hurried just as fast as his small legs

If Tormented With Gorns
go to the nearest druggist and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. It is guaranteed to cure, and acts quickly. Refuse a substitute