

# THE BEST FRIENDS OF PE-RU-NA ARE THE MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

## When Sickness Comes to the Little Ones

It is the Mother Who Chiefly Suffers.

She suffers even more than the child who happens to be sick. Her sympathy is deeper than that of any other member of the family. The mothers look forward with dread to the torrid heat of summer, thinking of their children and the many liabilities to disease that are before them. Spring and summer are sure to bring ailments, especially among the little folks.

It does not take a mother very long to discover that Peru-na is the best friend she has in times of illness among the children. The doctors may come and go with their different theories and constant change of remedies. The doctor of years ago gave entirely different remedies than he does today. Each year finds some change in his prescriptions and in the drugs he relies upon.

A Multitude of Mothers have discovered that Peru-na is the stand-by, and that in all the ailments of spring and summer to which the children are subjected, Peru-na is the remedy that will most quickly relieve. Whether it is spring fever or stomach derangement, whether it is indigestion or bowel disease, a catarrhal congestion of the mucous surfaces is the cause. Peru-na quickly relieves this condition of the mucous membranes. Its operation is prompt, the children do not dislike to take the medicine, it has no deleterious effects in any part of the body. It simply removes the cause of the disagreeable symptoms and restores the health.

Peru-na is not a physic. Peru-na is not a narcotic. Peru-na does not produce any drug habit, however long it may be taken. Peru-na is not a stimulant. Peru-na is a specific remedy for all catarrhal ailments of winter and summer, acute or chronic. The mothers all over the United States are the best friends that Peru-na has.

The Mothers Hold Peru-na in High Esteem. Not only because it has cured them of their various ailments, but because it always rescues the children from the throes and grasp of catarrhal diseases. We have in our files hundreds of testimonials from mothers whose children have been cured by Peru-na. However, the large majority of mothers who use Peru-na, we never hear from.

But we do hear from a great number of mothers who are so overjoyed at some special good they have received from Peru-na that they cannot restrain their enthusiasm. They are anxious to share these benefits with other mothers.

MRS. THREJA ROOKE  
MOTHER and CHILD



## The Benefit Which the Children of the United States Have Received From Peru-na Can Never Be Put Into Words.

The chronic ailments it has prevented, the suffering it has mitigated, will never be fully recorded. But at least this much can be said that the coming generation owes a great debt to Peru-na, for it is in the tender years of youth that slight ailments are liable to develop into lasting disease, thus blighting the whole career of the individual.

The mothers who are bringing up their children to-day to believe in Peru-na are doing a great work for humanity. These children brought up to believe in Peru-na from the start, will when they become heads of families themselves, use Peru-na with unquestioning faith.

## Peru-na Protects the Entire Household.

As soon as the value of Peru-na is appreciated by every household, both as a preventive and cure, tens of thousands of lives will be saved, and hundreds of thousands of chronic, lingering cases of catarrh will be prevented.

MILDRED, INEZ and MARIE  
SAILER.



## No Doctor Required.

Mr. Edward Otto, 927 De Soto street, St. Paul, Minn., writes: "I cannot say enough for Peru-na. It has done great work in my family, especially for my oldest boy. We had doctor with three or four different doctors and they did not seem to do him any good. We gave up hopes of cure, and so did they, but we pulled him through on Peru-na. We had several doctors and they said they could do no more for him so we tried Peru-na as a last resort, and that did the work. Since then we keep it in the house all the time, and no doctor is required."—Edward Otto.

## Peru-na Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why Peru-na has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. Peru-na is perfectly harmless. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit. Peru-na does not produce temporary results. It is permanent in its effect. It has no bad effect upon the system, and gradually eliminates catarrh by removing the cause of catarrh. There are a multitude of homes where Peru-na has been used off and on for twenty years. Such a thing could not be possible if Peru-na contained any drugs of a narcotic nature.

G. H. FARMER and SON



## Peru-na Should Be Kept In Every Household

## Where There Are Little Children.

Peru-na should be kept in the house all the time. Don't wait until the child is sick, then send to a drug store. But, have Peru-na on hand—accept no substitutes. Children are especially liable to acute catarrh. Indeed, most of the affections of childhood are catarrh. All forms of sore throat, quinsy, croup, hoarseness, laryngitis, etc., are but different phases of catarrh. Mrs. Amelia Sailer, Menasha, Wis., writes: "I have used Peru-na for a number of years. It cured me of chronic catarrh which I suffered with from infancy. When my three children were born they all had catarrh, but I have given them Peru-na and find it very effective in ridding them of this horrible trouble. I find that it is also good to give them as a tonic and a preventative of colds and colic. In fact, I consider it a household blessing. I would not know how to raise my children without it. I am pleased to give it my recommendation."—Amelia Sailer. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

## Our Students Say:

St. John's, Manager and Editor, St. Thomas Street, St. Thomas, P. R. writes: "I give the schools full system of teaching electricity perfect." Dr. Foreman M. C. R. St. Thomas: "I would not my Mechanical Course for the amount paid for it." Langdon, B.A., Dist. Representative, Box 541, St. Thomas.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal. You can stay after school with a little while. Stella stayed, and in the quiet of the night, alone with her father, found it less easy to keep her spirit of ill-doing. Miss Ray and her mother a little and write a letter, which she did without wishing ink all over the page as she had done before. "Sign your name at the end," Miss Ray said, and Stella did so. Then they went out and walked toward home. "Do you know what your pretty name means?" asked Miss Ray. "No," said Stella. "There is one of your little sisters up there." "Where?" asked Stella in surprise. "Why, I haven't any little sisters." Miss Ray pointed to where, through the gathering twilight of the winter day, the first star was shining. "Stella means a star. Now, what is the duty of a star? I mean what do stars do?" "Shine," said Stella. "Yes. See it up there, smiling and beaming at us. I like stars." "So do I," said Stella. "They twinkle at us as if they wanted to speak to us. I can fancy one saying: 'I like you and I'd like to do something for you. But I can't do anything but just twinkle, twinkle. That is what God set us here to do. So I'm going to twinkle the very best I can. Every little twinkle means that I am thinking lovingly of you and hope that I'm helping you. For I can do nothing but shine.'"

## YOUNG FOLKS

## HER LITTLE SISTERS.

"I'm afraid you will have trouble with her." Aunt Emily said to the mother the first day she brought Stella to school. "Oh, I hope not," said Miss Ray. "There are different ways of managing little ones, you know." "I hope you may find the right way," said Aunt Emily. "She is idle and careless and self-willed. Her mother has been ill for a long time, and she has had a little training." Stella had seen her aunt speaking to Miss Ray and had guessed that it might be about her. "If Aunt Emily's saying I'm a bad girl, I will be," she made up her mind. And for two days the foolish little girl tried hard to show how naughty she could be and how much trouble she could give. She did not study. She played tricks on those who did, she whispered and laughed. At the end of the second day Miss Ray said to her: "You can stay after school with a little while." Stella stayed, and in the quiet of the night, alone with her father, found it less easy to keep her spirit of ill-doing. Miss Ray and her mother a little and write a letter, which she did without wishing ink all over the page as she had done before. "Sign your name at the end," Miss Ray said, and Stella did so. Then they went out and walked toward home. "Do you know what your pretty name means?" asked Miss Ray. "No," said Stella. "There is one of your little sisters up there." "Where?" asked Stella in surprise. "Why, I haven't any little sisters." Miss Ray pointed to where, through the gathering twilight of the winter day, the first star was shining. "Stella means a star. Now, what is the duty of a star? I mean what do stars do?" "Shine," said Stella. "Yes. See it up there, smiling and beaming at us. I like stars." "So do I," said Stella. "They twinkle at us as if they wanted to speak to us. I can fancy one saying: 'I like you and I'd like to do something for you. But I can't do anything but just twinkle, twinkle. That is what God set us here to do. So I'm going to twinkle the very best I can. Every little twinkle means that I am thinking lovingly of you and hope that I'm helping you. For I can do nothing but shine.'"

## Stella laughed a little as she looked at the star.

Sure enough, the twinkles seemed like merry smiles beaming down on her.

"I wonder," went on Miss Ray, "if that star and others of your little sisters ever wish they were little girls. Because, you know, little girls can do more than stars can—oh, so much more, because God has made them so they can. They can twinkle, twinkle, in their homes, and every twinkle can be a bright smile or a loving word or something to help some one. Just think of the happiness of being a star in a dear home."

"Oh, I never, never thought about it before," said Stella. "Nobody told me my name was a star. I haven't twinkled a bit, Miss Ray."

"But you can begin now, dear," said Stella. "They were at Stella's gate now, and Miss Ray kissed her and left her. Stella looked up.

"There's another—and another. Oh, more coming all the time, so many, many of them, and all twinkling. O you dear little stars, I wonder if you do really and truly love me! I'm going to be good, so you can."

And Stella whispered it, for fear any but the stars might hear. "I'm going to be a star myself. I will. I will. But I wouldn't tell anybody but you."

Stella went in and did not scowl when Aunt Emily, having been uneasy about her, made many enquiries as to what had kept her, adding that she hoped it would be her some good. She caught sight through a muslin curtain of a star peeping down on her and twinkling as if it would like to say, "Don't you forget about being a star, Stella. And it seemed so funny, the having this little secret with the stars and being a star herself, that she laughed as she went in to her mother.

Yesterday she had gone to her with a tale of woe. She did not like school. She did not like the teacher. She did not like the girls. She could not learn the lessons. She hated to be still. But now she drew up a little chair and sat with her head on mamma's lap, and told her how nicely she had done after school, and she was going to do just so all day in school.

And she kept her promise. The stars were not shining by day, but she knew they were somewhere and might be looking at her. She felt that she had given them a promise and must keep it. After two or three days Miss Ray held her hand as she wished her good-night, saying: "I think your little sisters, the stars, must be getting proud of you." And it was not long before she heard Aunt Emily saying: "What a good thing that we sent her to school!" And mamma squeezed her tight in her arms, saying: "She's a blessed little comfort! I always knew she meant to be a good girl."

## Stella laughed to herself as she thought, "It is because I am a star, and nobody knows it."

She took special care to speak gently instead of with the old petulance. "If stars could speak—poor little things, how sad that they can't—they would always speak softly." She took care to be helpful when a chance came in her way, to let others take the lead. She tried to do her best in school, and to be patient in doing things she did not like, still always carrying with her a thought of the stars.

"They have to stay up there all the time. They can't ever come down and play with me and have a good time. How tired they must be of it! But they keep on twinkling, twinkling, all the same. I wonder if they think everything I do is a twinkle."

And, as the little maiden trained herself in ways so lovely, any one who stopped to think of it might have seen the heavenly light shining from her eyes while she still kept up her little secret between herself and the stars.

"I am a star, too, but nobody knows it but you."

As the winter passed away the stars did not peep out so early, but some were so bright that she could make out their twinkles almost before the summer twilight settled down. She looked for them one evening when, after supper, she was going to see one of her little friends who lived at the edge of the town; but the sky was too bright with the afternoon sun. She stopped to speak to a very small girl who seemed to be going the wrong way.

"Where are you going, Elsie? Did your mamma say you might come away out here by yourself?" "Goin' to gra'ma's," said the little one.

"But you are too little to be going all alone."

"Mamma's coming."

So Stella went on and thought no more of the little one until, on her way home at dark, she met Elsie's brother, a morsel one size larger than Elsie. He was crying.

"Elsie's lost," he said. "Mamma and Aunt Emma and all are gone to look for her."

"Where are they gone?" asked Stella.

"Way over that way—"

He ran on, and Stella stopped a moment to think. Right here she had seen the little truant as she crossed a pasture lot toward a strip of woods not more than an hour and a half ago.

"She must have gone into the woods," Stella looked toward them. She was perhaps the only one who knew that Elsie had strayed this way.

"I ought to go after her. But—oh, it's getting so dark! But—there are the stars—"

They winked and blinked and twinkled and beamed on her. How easy it was to fancy them looking

## with kindly, loving eyes. Stella climbed the bars into the pasture and ran up the slope, calling Elsie. No little voice answered. How dark the woods looked as she drew near them! She knew that the house of Elsie's grandmother lay beyond, only about a quarter of a mile; but how could she make herself go into those shadows!

She looked up.

"You're looking at me, you dear stars. You think I ought to do it because I'm your little sister. I will. I will."

She ran under the trees, her voice sounding strange and trembly as she called for Elsie.

Deeper the darkness grew. She could scarcely see where she stepped. But once in a while she could see one of the twinkling, friendly eyes above through the trees. "What would they think of me if I should give up?"

She held herself bravely, but caught her breath with a gasp of relief as at length she came out into the open meadow—the house of Elsie's grandmother. The naughty little star was there and quite ready to go home with Stella.

It was not at all hard to go back through the woods holding tightly the plump little hand. And, when she brought Elsie to her frightened mother, Stella felt that she would gladly go twice as far in the dark if it would make any two people so happy.

There was no use, Stella found, as she went home, to try to keep her precious secret from mamma. She told her of her little star sisters, adding, as she finished her story of the search for Elsie: "I know they were watching me all the time."

"O my little daughter"—mamma held her close in her arms—"it is the loving Lord who watches you through the stars. And he looks at me every day through your dear bright eyes, for they are my stars."

## ROYAL COURTESIES.

At a recent state banquet in Naples the King of Italy, in toasting the Kaiser, spoke in Italian, while the Emperor replied in German. There is an etiquette in the use of a language on such occasions which Bismarck may be said to have introduced after the French war—an etiquette which always guides the Foreign Office at Berlin in its correspondence with members of diplomatic corps. Had the King used French, a neutral tongue, the Kaiser would also have responded in the same language, but as the King spoke in his native speech the Emperor had to stand upon his dignity and do the same.

I had—A gentleman called, you say? Did he leave any name? Far—formid—Oh, yes, in. He said it was immaterial!"

## SHOOTING AT THE DEVIL

## GRAPHIC SCENE IN MANITOULIN ISLAND.

## Indian Custom Which Has Been Given a Christian Significance.

It is a bright morning in spring. The air of West Bay, Manitoulin Island, is filled with the soft odors of buds and flowers. The sun lends a sparkling brightness to the rippling surface of the bay. On either side rise lofty wooded hills, and here at the head of the bay, where the hills leave an open space, nestles the little village, a scattered group of small, whitewashed houses, among which dusky men and women are lounging about, while the children are playing in the sand.

## THE CELEBRANTS.

Men, women and children from every part of the island have assembled to offer tribute of thanksgiving to the white man's God.

The church bell summons them to mass, and soon the dusky throng disappears within the church. When they re-assemble, a procession is formed. At its head an altar is borne by four young men, draped in white and strewn with flowers, over which is spread a richly embroidered canopy, and upon it are the sacred emblems of the Catholic Church.

## THE PRIEST IN FULL GARB.

Immediately behind the altar, in full canonicals, walks the priest. Following him are some twenty girls, prettily clad in blue and white, behind whom are a dozen young men, dressed in the conventional black suit of the white man. These are the choristers. After them come, in every variety of costume, all the rest of the Indian men, women and children present in the village.

Two by two they march, reverently, with heads uncovered; the motley throng in the rear presenting a striking contrast with the neatly dressed choristers, the priest, and the flower-strewn altar—a curious combination of the civilized and the barbarous.

## WINDS THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

Slowly the procession winds through the village, out into the woods, under the leafing trees, now and then passing under a rude arch, the monotonous chanting of the priest, alternating with verses of song from the chorists. Now the procession halts, the altar is set down, the choristers collect about it, the priest recites.

Finally it emerges from the wood, some phrases and makes the sign of the cross, then the choristers sing and their songs savour of the breath of the forest.

There is a wild yet gentle note of pathos in these Indian voices—a mysterious something from the past—which carries one's imagination irresistibly backward to the time when the ancestors of these worship-

pers roamed the free, unbounded forest, and celebrated their wild sun dance, or the white man came to civilize—and to destroy—them.

## VOICES MINGLE.

But the procession moves on; the priest resumes his chant, and the Indian voice responds.

Once more they halt, and the choristers collect about the altar. Again the sweet girl voices mingle with the deep bass of the men; and ever that strange, pathetic note of longing, here amid the trees, the birds and the flowers, calling up visions of departed days. But, ere there is time to dream, the procession is astrid again, and out upon the grassy common, beneath an arch more elaborate than the others, pauses for a considerable time.

## CONCLUDING SCENE.

Prayers of some length are recited, and hymn after hymn is sung. Then the procession winds slowly back to the church; the altar and the priest disappear within, and the ceremony is ended.

Many who have come to look on are disappointed. Where are the salutes of musketry and the other startling performances they expected to witness?

Many of these were the mere fruits of fertile imaginations; while the more spectacular features originally connected with the ceremony are now omitted, partly to discourage the visits of curious spectators, but mainly through an endeavor on the part of the priests to reduce the celebration to a more pure and consistent form of Christian worship.

## TAKE A REST AT NOON.

Get into the practice of taking a rest at noon. Lie down if only for ten minutes, or five minutes. If you cannot lie down lean back in a chair and close your eyes. Just forget everything. Rest; relax. Even if you do not sleep, rest. This practice will make you live longer. It will make you healthier while you do live. It will probably make people want you to live longer. It will take the tangle out of your nerves, the irritability out of your temper, the wrinkles out of your face. It will make your eyes brighter, your face fuller.

## WORTHY OF APPRECIATION.

Wife—"How do you like my new hat?"

Husband—"The idea of paying big prices for—"

Wife—"Big prices! Why, I made it myself."

Husband—"Um—yes—or—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came straight from Paris. Beautiful, my dear."