

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1913.

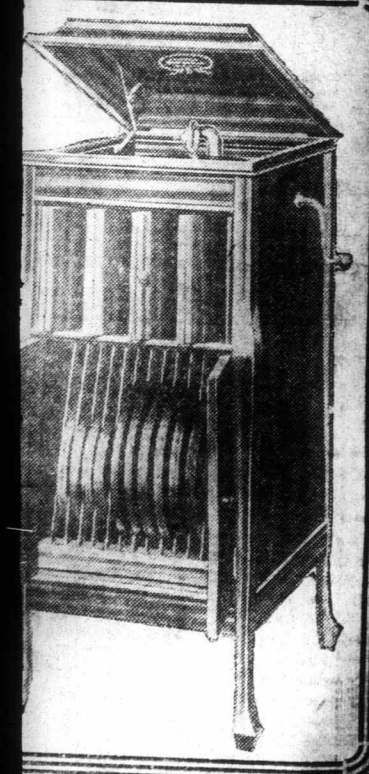
OLD GENTLEMAN 187 LETTERS IN "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

of Canada Wanted To
about These Wonderful
from Fruit Juices.



BERT, Esq.
"Fruit-A-Tives" to all who suffer from Constipation
I am now over 74 years old and suffered
nd Piles. I tried all kinds of remedies, saw
but nothing cured me. About four years
were doing me good. Then I procured an
ad at the wonderful good they did me. After
were regular and the Piles had disappeared.
years with Asthma, and Ecema on the
e useless. The doctor gave her several
y effect. He also advised her to use rubber
rashed her as a last resort, to try "Fruit-
Her hands are cured and the Asthma has
sent good health to "Fruit-A-Tives".
N. JOUBERT, CHAMBERLAIN, P.O.
nightforward face that inspired confidence
as a silver bell, that made so many
ay. But the fact remains that one hundred
d gentleman who is now 74 years old—
d for his cure—took the time to answer
"Fruit-A-Tives".
At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt

Hosiery
MARK
ter wear than any hosiery known.
n 25c. to \$5.00 per pair, in any color.
lk. Be sure to look for the trade-
pair. Sold by all good stores.
NEW YORK



"WANT ADS

Roof?

can't have roofs
roofs don't leak.
ly experienced
estimates for
ALVANIZED
GLES, THE
We make a
al Work.

Limited
HANTS

OUR YOUNG FOLKS



The Camel is a patient beast
With humps upon his back
Besides these humps he has to bear
A very heavy pack.

He travels on the desert wide
For many days and nights
Without a thing to eat or drink
And never feels or lights.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES FOR THE LITTLEST ONES

Bimble-Bumble and the Little Princess.

HERE now, Dorothy," declared Mamma, as she placed the little shoes under the bed and hung the stockings across the back of a chair, "now you're all ready for bed. Tumble in and let me cover you up all snug and warm. What? Oh, no, indeed, I haven't forgotten your Sleepy-Time Tale. Shall it be a fairy story? All right. Give me your hand to hold and we'll begin."

And this is the story Mamma told, finishing it just as the tiny lids closed over the bright, blue eyes, dimmed somewhat by the sleepy-mind and Sand-Man was scattering so recklessly around her bed.

"Once upon a time there was a little Princess, Alita, but ten years old, if you please, who was the proudest and the most beautiful of her kind."

And yet, come to think of it, he wasn't an ordinary bumble-bee at all, for he did wonderful things and neither the Princess, or the King or the Robber Baron ever forgot him. Besides, he had a name. It was Bimble-Bumble and he was very, very small."

"Yes, just a plain, ordinary bumble-bee such as you are apt to see flying about any day over the fields. And yet, come to think of it, he wasn't an ordinary bumble-bee at all, for he did wonderful things and neither the Princess, or the King or the Robber Baron ever forgot him. Besides, he had a name. It was Bimble-Bumble and he was very, very small."

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TALES OF THE RED LOT TEAM

CAUGHT BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND.

FOR days before the great game between the famous Red Lot Team and the "Peepers" from Oak Center, the one topic of discussion in the juvenile world of the little village had been whether or not "Swift" Miller, the speedy left-hander of the Red Lots, would be able to "run wild" on the bases as he did in most games, or whether "Snappy" Williams, the cunning pitcher of the Oak Centers, would be able to hold him on first-base, once he got there.

The argument had waxed fast and furious between the two factions for weeks preceding the game. It was conceded that in batting and fielding the two teams were about equal. And, since "Snappy" Williams, the cunning left-handed pitcher of the Red Lots, was still in bed and threatened with leprosy, it looked as though

first on purpose—just so he could "pick him off" and show him up as an over-estimated base-runner.

But, others declared, that scarcely seemed probable—with a runner on third waiting to come home on the slightest slip-up, and the score nothing but a nothing.

However, whether it had been done purposely or not, the fact remained that "Swift" was there at the initial sack hopping around like a flea on a hot griddle.

Moreover, "Snappy" was regarding fairly daring him to take a good lead on the bag. The battle was on, between the two past-masters of their respective arts, and the crowd held its breath.

Quick as a flash "Snappy" hurled the ball toward the batter.

Instantly, "Swift" was a dozen feet off the sack, up on his toes and hopping around and dazing "Snappy" to try to get him.

The ball flew from the pitcher's hand to the first baseman like a streak of lightning.

But it was just a fraction too late for the guardian of the first-base, reached down to touch the runner.

"Swift" came in, feet first, and escaped the outstretched hand. His famous "fall-away" slide had saved him.

Again the Red Lot rooters broke forth. But this time the Oak Centers joined them, for "Snappy" had almost caught the daring base-runner.

From then on the excitement grew apace. Over and over again "Swift" would take a lead only to dash back as "Snappy" threw the ball to first.

Several times the decision was so close that many of the Oak Center rooters howled their disapproval at the umpire. But both teams knew that he was honest and, besides, he had been one of the stars in the big leagues in his youthful days.

In the meantime "Three balls" and "Two strikes" had been called on the batter though, indeed, hardly anyone was thinking much about the batter.

Since every eye was fastened on the duel between "Snappy" and "Swift," then "Snappy" decided to use his best trick—that deep-seated half-motion with his left elbow, held close to the body, which almost any runner would imagine was a feint preparatory to striking the ball to the plate.

"Swift" saw it—and started straight for second-base.

This trick had worked! The Oak Centers let out one tremendous yell and "Swift" stopped.

"Strike one!" yelled the Umpire. "Swift" danced off the bag a good ten feet.

And the ball straight as a die from the Oak Center, pitched in the mitt of the first-base.

The two infielders stacked up well, side by side. Each was as much of a stone-wall as the other. And the outfielders—well—from the Red Lot viewpoint there was to be found the deciding factor. For while its out-gardners were no better fielders or batters than those of the Oak Centers, it did boast "Swift" Miller, who stole bases with the daring of a Ty Cobb and could graze them like the wind.

In answer to this argument, the Oak Centers replied confidently:

"Well, he's some base-runner, all right, but you just wait until he tries to get a lead on 'Snappy' Williams. Humph! Why 'Snappy' is a wonder at holding a runner on first. He's got the most deceptive motion toward the plate—without being a balk—ever saw?" Believe us, if "Swift" doesn't wait to be caught that for he'd better stick mighty close to the bag."

And now it was the seventh inning of the great game.

And "Swift" Miller was on first-base, having been given a base-on-balls. The captain of his team, "Bud" Allison, repeated on his base, eager for a chance to "let home."

Some in the crowd declared that "Snappy" had given him the pass to

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He was a bee of a different kind, not so fast as a bee can fly. So, straight at the hand of the robber—the very hand that held little Alita's early nest—he held his wings straight at the big, thick, dirty hand of the Robber Baron. And when he did sting him, he stung him down into the dirt. He stung him so hard that he stung him down into the dirt.

"Ouch!" cried the robber. Only he said it in words that showed plainly his mouth was open, washing with soap and water.

"And again, Ouch!" Christine Bimble-Bumble had stung him on the forehead.

"And again and again and again!" "Really, when Bimble-Bumble stung at his big, black, cruel eye, he stung him so hard that he stung him down into the dirt. He stung him so hard that he stung him down into the dirt."

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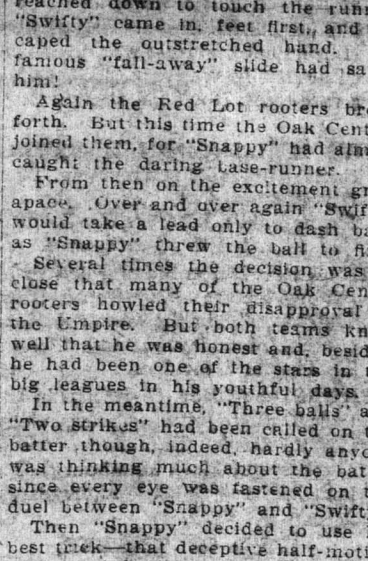
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DOIN' RITHMETIC

