

Fry's Cocoa



Prepare it properly—and that is easy to do—and no beverage compares with this luscious drink in flavor. Nor does it merely delight the palate of youth and age alike. Fry's Cocoa nourishes. It fortifies the body. It digests easily, and easily yields its nutriment to the most enfeebled system. Fry's literally is

The Cocoa You Never Tire Of!

Unlike tea or coffee, it tones, not shakes, the nerves. Unlike milk, it agrees with everyone.

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DELICIOUS!
At The Best Stores.

Fry's is an economical beverage, too; and one agreeable with every meal and any bill of fare.

At Your Grocer's

Trade Supplied by J. S. Fry & Sons, Limited, 32 Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE LOST TICKET AND CONDUCTOR

How Easily the Misplaced Cardboard is Usually Produced.

"I've never yet taken a train out of or into the union depot that there wasn't someone on board, at some stage of the trip, who had lost his ticket," observed the railroad conductor to the Kansas City Star, "and I've been at it long enough to see my hair turn grey, too," he added.

"I say lose their tickets—but that's going too far. About nine times out of ten they haven't really lost 'em, but have stuck 'em down in some out-of-the-way pockets that they don't use except on these special occasions when they go for a trip on the steam cars. I can spot a man that has lost his card-board almost the length of the train. His hat is off, a look of intense fear covers his very red face, and he is making the twentieth trip through his pockets. By the time I get to where he is he generally is down on the floor looking under the seat, or running a rapid hand through his gaudy suitcase.

"Now, if I were to bluster up to him and demand his ticket with the threat of putting him off in a strange and hostile country unless he produced right now, that man never would find the ticket until after he'd paid his fare again and got off at his destination. Instead, I walk up and interrupt the wild search with some soothing remark like:

"Lost something, old man?"

"Sure," says he, "my ticket. 'Til take an oath that I had one and that I pinned it on the inside of my left suspender, and now it's gone! I bet I saw the man that got it—he had dark eyes and face like a wasp and a—"

In Inside Pocket.

"Easy, easy!" I say, "you haven't lost it. You've just put it some place and you'll find it in a second. I'll be back through here in a few minutes and you'll have found it all right; and I pass on."

"That reassures him—some people have an idea, anyhow, that a man with a blue uniform on must have a disposition like a last year's citron—and when I come back through there is the man sitting back comfortable in his seat reading a magazine, and with the little piece of cardboard held by a death grip in one of his hands.

"It was in my inside vest pocket," he says, "and I went through that pocket a dozen times. And then he grins a foolish grin.

"The answer is easy. When a man gets a railroad ticket he begins immediately trying to think of some impossible place to put it, where he won't lose it, and where it won't be stolen. He may have a \$500 diamond stickpin about to fall out of his tie and a solid gold watch on an unanchored chain in the most unguarded pocket in

his clothes, and that ticket may only be from the Union depot to Kansas City, Kas. It doesn't make any difference. The human race seems to have developed a horror of losing a railroad ticket. So, when a man has bought this precious card he thinks he will put it in his hatband, changes his mind and determines to carry it in his right hand, and ends by putting it in his trousers pocket with his small change and the key ring. Then, when the conductor calls on him he is away up in the air, so rattled that he could not see the ticket if you were to hold it up in front of his eyes and tell him about it.

"The craziest place one can think of is the only logical place to hide a ticket. They forget that it would put it in his hatband, changes his mind and determines to carry it in his right hand, and ends by putting it in his trousers pocket with his small change and the key ring. Then, when the conductor calls on him he is away up in the air, so rattled that he could not see the ticket if you were to hold it up in front of his eyes and tell him about it.

"Two known men to stick their tickets in the outside band of their hats and forget about it. When I got in they would be chasing around in wild circles looking for a ticket that was in plain view of everybody but themselves. Women aren't quite so bad—but it isn't their fault. They haven't the advantage of getting all mixed up in a lot of pockets that a man has. They generally have only a series of purses that have swallowed each other to rummage through, and then if they don't find it I take the cue and vanish. I don't put it on the floor looking under the seat, or running a rapid hand through his gaudy suitcase.

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WORK FOR MAIMED AND DEFORMED

Employment Bureau and Special Training for the Cripples.

A beggar holds out in mute appeal two haunting stumps of arms. Miserable apologies for arms; both hands are missing. "Poor fellow! he'll never be able to do anything," people think, and he reaps a toll from the passing crowd.

Well, what can he do? More things than at first seem possible. He can learn stenography. This is not a flippant joke. August Grembel, of Munich, Germany, was born without hands. With the aid of special apparatus he writes with a pen and has become fairly proficient as a stenographer. Other kinds of possible work are: tending news-stands or serving as timekeepers and watchmen. If the man is intelligent he could answer questions at the information window in a railroad station.

When it is realized that every minute some one in the United States is being killed or injured, the need for an agency to find suitable jobs for the disabled is obvious. Approximately

half a million people a year are injured in factories, mills and foundries, by accidents on railroads, trolley cars, and boats, and in mines and in other industrial catastrophes.

The handicapped to earn a living? The Special Employment Bureau for the Handicapped in New York and Chicago partially answer the question. A porter who has lost a foot must change his work. The bureau finds him a position minding a private telephone exchange.

A typesetter lost his right hand from blood poisoning. His friends pitied him and thought he could never be able to work again. It did seem so. He could not dress himself or cut his own food. His self-reliance was gone. At the bureau he was met with a bracing contempt. "You've got two legs and two eyes and strength. Why, you might have lost both hands. Then you would have been in a fix."

The typesetter was sent to a farmer on trial. A month later he was seen by the manager of the bureau driving a four-in-hand.

Often it is difficult to get a man into a self-reliant frame of mind. If he is suing some company for damages he believes that he will get more if he can plead that he is unable to work. While waiting weeks, months, and even years for the trial, he is acquiring the habit of not working.

A man who loses an arm is industrially more seriously handicapped than one who lacks a leg. Almost any trade calls for two hands. There are possibilities open, however. Such a man can serve as telephone operator in a small private exchange, or as a messenger, not to mention tending a news-stand or serving as timekeeper or watchman. A one-armed man is one of the telegraph operators on a great daily paper in New York; receiving newspaper copy is one of the hardest tasks in the telegrapher's trade, outside of work in Wall street.

The disability of old age is the heaviest handicap of all. Two years ago many men who had held steady jobs for decades lost their work. A clerk who has labored for thirty years in a house dealing in wool is practically unable to get out of the rut. For such men places as errand boys, elevator operators, or hall porters are sometimes secured. The choice is limited and it is depressing to see men who have held responsible posts refuse to work that is such a contrast to their past.

Special employment bureaus are not a sufficient solution of the problem. The man with one leg, the woman with hip disease, the girl with heart trouble—these cannot compete on an equality with the able bodied. Yet they may often be capable of good work and worthy of more than the economic waste of mere dependence. To overcome the handicap a physical and mental defects special training is needed. By becoming expert in some trade they will not have to earn a precarious living as newsboys or drift into institutions.

Two years ago 200 factories were canvassed. Many excellent openings

were found for the handicapped in work which permits the operator to labor while seated and does not require unusual strain. Institutions for training the blind, and the deaf and dumb have already shown their usefulness. Similar methods will succeed with the handicapped. Factory work may seem undesirable but the drudgery of fixed hours is onset by the number of light tasks that can be performed while seated.

Among occupations open to the handicapped apprentice, the artistic jewelry and leather trades are foremost. The work is done while seated. The materials are light. The shops usually are well lit and sanitary, and the wages and hours good. The artisan has an opportunity to use creative talent. The manufacture of jewels and feathers is not so highly paid, unless the worker becomes expert at making roses or ostrich feathers.

A number of occupations can be pursued either at home or in small shops by those who are unfit for factory life. Rugs, sofa cushions, piazza mats, etc., can be made on small hand looms. The manufacture of flannel and woolly toy animals or of jigsaw animals are other callings that can be developed.

The training necessary to fit cripples for these callings must be furnished in special trade schools. The school should conform in hours and regulations as far as possible to those prevailing in factories of a high standard. Wages must be regulated by the pay given in the trade. The step to the factory must be marked by an appreciation of the worker's value. He should be covered partly by sale, but before the student can make salable articles the remuneration must come from philanthropic sources. In some cases special machinery adapted to the worker's deformity must be devised. Such a school would teach several trades in the city where it is located and the pupils would be taught those for which they are best suited. By such methods much can be done to restore the handicapped to the great race of life and to relieve the community of a large part of its burden of charity.

ONE VENOMOUS CREATURE.

One venomous creature there is in this country which may justly be termed a public peril in the widest sense. Proportionately to population, more victims fall to it yearly in the United States than to the malarial cobra in India. Some twelve thousand Americans are killed every year by its bite. Three hundred thousand more are made seriously ill from the after-effects. Unfortunately, the virus works so slowly that alarm is stifled. The victims do not sicken at once. The bite is forgotten; but ten days or two weeks after the subject falls into a fever. His blood is poisoned within him. Eventually, in extreme cases, he becomes delirious, succumbs to a stupor, and dies.

Yet, because there is nothing heretofore to the sensation-loving imagination in the malaria-bearing mosquito, public inertia or ignorance tolerates it with a grin and permits it to breed in city and country alike throughout the

ERNST HAECKEL IN RETIREMENT

Famous German Philosopher Visited His Home in Jena.

Serene, crowned with kingly honors and filled with a radiant optimism and a deep faith in humanity, this aged Homeric thinker (Ernst Haeckel) now lives in retirement at his handsome villa in Jena. To look into the blue, clear blue eye, to listen to the buoyant and youthful enthusiasm of his speech or hear the wonderful crystalline laughter ringing from a heart of almost childlike innocence, are the more impressive as they stand in relation to the Titanic mind, energy and achievement represented by the famous evolutionist. His silver locks bared to the autumn sun, we walked together through the pretty streets of the picturesque Thuringian town, he chatting gayly and swinging his great pilgrim's hat of soft beaver—a peculiar headgear resembling the slouch hats of Bismarck. Some unknown admirer of the scientist sends him one of these costly hats every four months. Close to the Zoological Institute nestles a little garden above a brook which flows past Haeckel's study windows. Here we sat down before a massive stone table—the same at which Schiller wrote his "Wallenstein," and Goethe drank his Rhenish wine in the fair old days. Later, as we strode through the charming public park called "Das Paradies," or edged along the waterways of Jena's "Little Venice," Haeckel, speaking happily as one speaks of his family or familiars, touched upon the diversified plant and animal life in air, earth and water. A sweep of his hand, a few words, and the beauty of the surrounding hills lay expressed in poetic phrases or their ancient secrets revealed in geologic terms.

In his study lie the monuments of his toll, arousing in the beholder an inevitable astonishment even at their physical magnitude. His more than 50 volumes were all written and copied by his own hand, the thousands of exact and delicate drawings in his works were all executed by himself, the endless specimens in his museum were gathered, mounted and labelled without the help of a single person other than his faithful old body-servant Pohl. The artist could in Haeckel often leaps to the fore both in pictorial and literary expression. His huge portfolios bulge with over 1,000 landscape sketches in water-color, executed with a fine, free technique and splendid color sense—glimpses of Ceylon and India, Roman ruins, ice fields and bays, Norwegian fjords, seascapes

of Corsica, Java or Teneriffe, deserts of Africa and mountains of Malaysia—all these he laid before me with a joy centripetal, tarantulas and other pet bugaboos of our childish romanticism, are utterly negligible; are as figments of reality, as shadows of substance.

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length and breadth of the nation. Compared with it, as a real menace, all the combined blood of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and other pet bugaboos of our childish romanticism, are utterly negligible; are as figments of reality, as shadows of substance.

Send 10c in postage for a nice sample and booklet on "The Hair and Its Cure," to The Herpicide Company, Dept. 37B, Detroit, Mich.

ANDERSON & NELLES, 268 Dundas Street, CINCINNATI & LAWRENCE, Special Agents.

tion, is a lodge that seems as if hewn by the hand of nature for the use to which it is put.

The rocks offer suitable watch towers from which sentinels can readily observe the approach of eavesdroppers should any by rare chance pass that way.

In such a spot as this, with only the blue dome of heaven over head and the impenetrable walls on both sides, Masons of today imitate the habit of their ancient brethren, who, tradition says, met in just such places to perform the ceremonies of the craft.

The spot is not easy of access. The ascent is difficult and at all times hazardous, though at dangerous points, whenever a meeting of the brethren occurs, ropes are stretched for the climbers.

This unusual lodge room has been in use for half a century. Golden Rule Lodge, No. 2, of Stanstead, Quebec, was in 1871 granted a dispensation to open and hold a lodge once in every year on this mountain top, the first meeting being held July 24, 1872.

The original dispensation for this purpose was granted to William M. Wilson, the first grand master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and in 1882 the dispensation was renewed and confirmed by John H. Graham, the first grand master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec. It is the only lodge in existence, it is said, that has a warrant for holding regular meetings on a mountain top.

About Herpicide

You need not fear that it will change the color of your hair one particle.

It Does Not Dye It Does Not Stain You Use It Time and Time Again

Herpicide makes the hair beautiful, and allows it to grow as nature intended. Other preparations are claimed to be "just as good," but Newbro's Herpicide is the original remedy. It kills the dandruff germ, prevents falling hair, stops itching of the scalp. Ask for genuine Herpicide, and be sure you get it.

READ THIS LETTER FROM LANCASTER, OHIO.

Newbro's Herpicide is one of the best hair remedies in the world. It has stopped my hair from falling out, making it beautiful and fluffy.

I shall always have a bottle of Herpicide on my dressing table.

(Name and Street Address upon request) For sale by all druggists. One-dollar bottles guaranteed. Applications obtained at good barber shops.

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