

A Madonna of the Tenements

(By Maud Tucker.)

The dark face of Mrs. Carrucio looked pale and wan and bitter as she brought her children to the day nursery; and although she had turned to go, she seemed to expect the questioning voice of the teacher.

"Oh, Miss Florence," she said, in very broken English, "there is no God! There cannot be a God! If there is one, He has long since forgotten us! No one cares for us! And life is very hard!"

Then she rolled back the shawl from her left arm, and showed an ugly wound in the arm where her husband had stabbed her with a stiletto.

The young teacher lost no time in telling the poor woman to a surgeon, who dressed the infected wound, and dealt with a case so difficult that he barely saved the arm from amputation.

The poor woman accepted the help readily, for embittered spirit, a drunken, brutal husband, hard, incessant toil, and the care of three pining children weighed down her forlorn life.

She lived in one basement room, and her washing supplies she took from the shop when her husband did not succeed in getting the money first and spending it for drink.

There is not a dog upon the street whose lot is not happier than mine," she said, "No, there is no God!"

To the three children, Leonardo, Michael and Angelo, a fourth was soon added, and to her was given the name Rosie; for the mother did not recall the names of any Italian artists that would have fitted a little girl.

And when the little girl was born, the worthless father deserted the home, which was perhaps the only thing he had done to help it for a long time.

was still, much bigger now, and not a star at all as she had thought, but a tiny golden ship, with sails all set, and it floated down the sky straight to her bedroom window. There it anchored and down the gangplank to the sill stepped the most wonderful little creature Ethel had ever seen.

She tapped the window with her icicle wand. "I would come in," she said, and Ethel could hear her voice quite plainly through the glass, "but your room is warm and I do not want the frozen dewdrops on my cap and coat to melt. Dewdrops are very rare in our land and besides they were a Christmas present to me from Santa Claus, and I value them very much. And that reminds me of what I came for. About ten minutes ago I received a wireless message from His Royal Highness asking me to sail over here in my airship and leave a little magic that would make you go to sleep. He'll be along himself presently and he wants your eyes to be closed when he comes. Now, I have only a short time left, what shall I tell you about?"

"About yourself, and all you know of Santa," answered Ethel quickly, "but I wish you could come in and be comfortable."

"Thank you, I am accustomed to standing, and this new aeroplane costume is not very hard to sit down in, but I think it's tremendously becoming, don't you?" and she opened her coat and showed her little figure clothed in a velvet doublet and breeches of emerald green.

"You see," she went on, "reindeers are awfully out of date now, and Santa and the whole North Pole community use airships. I suppose you heard," she said suddenly, "about our all having to move. Think of it! After all the years we have lived in the hidden Polar region, to have our land discovered by some fussy old explorer, who didn't know what to do with it when they did find it. But they didn't discover us. We saw them coming and vacated in time. We are settled very comfortably now in new quarters where they are not likely to stumble across us in some time. I tell you, Santa was angry about the whole affair. He said if it was not for all the dear little children in the world he would go out of business altogether, but he could not bear to disappoint them, so he is busy again this year just the same as usual, and if I do not hurry he'll catch me gossipping here, and cut me off without any presents in the morning. So good-night little Ethel, and Merry Christmas!" The night was over and Christmas Day had come.

"WINDOW SHOPS."

"Don't you know the window shops?" inquired one woman of another.

"What are they?"

"Oh, the shops that have all kinds of attractive bric-a-brac and novelties artistically displayed in the windows; the place that you loiter in front of and stare at for hours."

"I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT." REV. WM. BROWN.

"I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT." MRS. S. KAULBACK.

"I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT." MRS. S. MASTERS.

THROAT BECOMES DISEASED FROM NEGLECTING COLDS

Then Catarrh Sets in, Mucosin Drops into the Stomach, Coughing, Headaches and Debility Follow.

That the best method of curing catarrh disease consists in using Catarrhizone is now freely admitted. Catarrhizone is infinitely superior to cough medicines, tablets, sprays and emulsions, which for the most part are of no practical value except to ease the cough for the time being.

"For five years I suffered from a severe bronchitis. A harsh, dry, racking cough kept my throat in a raw condition from one year's end to another. Before going to sleep at night I always had a bad attack, and in the morning before breakfast I suffered greatly. My voice was harsh and raspy, and sometimes I found it difficult to make myself understood. Catarrhizone seemed to soothe and heal from the first day. It cured me, and now I wouldn't think of being without a Catarrhizone Inhaler—it means life to me."

The above experience is related by Mr. Alexander P. Savary, of Hamilton, Pa., and proves the effectiveness of Catarrhizone, which will cure every cough, cold, bronchitis or catarrhal attack. The dollar size of Catarrhizone contains two months' treatment and is guaranteed. Smaller size 50c, sample size 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhizone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

NEW PARIS TOYS.

Among the new toys recently displayed at a special exhibit in Paris, says Popular Mechanics, were two which are related to aerial navigation. One of them, called "modern war," represents an attack on an airship which carries a target consisting of two crossed lines. The projectile is a small aeroplane plane, propelled at the stern. It is launched by means of a pistol, the barrel of which has a longitudinal slot for the reception of the wings, and when the target is struck by the projectile, the wings separate into two parts as shown in the illustration.

The other aerial game is called "a race across the channel." Starting from the French coast as Biorlet did, the toy airman endeavor to reach the cliffs of England. The aeroplanes are attached to each other by a wire stretched between relays on the two coasts. Each player, by turning his pulley, produces vibrations which frequently result in a fact into the air, where the sails of realism, is dotted with little vessels.

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A LUXURY. (Success Magazine.) Jim, who worked in a garage, had just decided Mr. Smith's invitation to ride in his new car.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Mr. Smith. "Are you sick?"

"No, sah," he replied, "I ain't that—I jus' had 85, sah, an' I jus' natchurly got tuh sit an' grieve."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garglet in Cows.

THIS AND THAT. France possesses 19 lary harvesters, 10,000 in number in Norway, England, 2,000.

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THE WIGWAM BABY.

Just as Much of a Tyrant as the White Child of Luxury.

In the far north of Canada, where the stillness of the wilderness is broken only by the sighing and moaning of the wind in the forests and the cries of animals, and where the wild roving nature of the red man finds happiness in freedom, there, in some sheltered nook, the Cree pitches his wigwam.

Encased in a snug log of soft moss, which is faced to the woods, the cradle, beautifully decorated with beads and ribbons, is placed in the most convenient spot amongst the conglomeration of traps, hunting implements, cooking utensils, and bedding, which streak the wigwam. It is all she needs—warmth and comfort.

Why should she not be happy? Blissfully ignorant of the privation around her, she is always the same contented, smiling puss— a little olive-colored lump of fat, with a rosy nose and rosy cheeks as the country she inhabits.

Why TROY FELL. The Trojans locked out and saw the wooden horse. He, Ha, they cried, someone has left a horse standing at the curb for more than an hour. Let's run it in.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD. If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality, if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 5, Windsor, Ont.

THE SAGACITY OF BEES. I recollect a most interesting occurrence (says a correspondent) concerning the ordinary working bee. Of two boxes housed in straw skeps—it was before the war frames had not been introduced—was in another skep, which was placed in a far corner of the bee house, with the skep which had not swarmed in the middle and the third on the other side.

STAMMERERS can be cured, not merely of the habit, but of its cause. The Arnold Institute has permanently removed natural speech to thousands in a few days. Write for full particulars.

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NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES. are new and entirely different from ordinary preparations. They accomplish their purpose without disturbing the rest of the system, and are therefore the ideal laxative for the nursing mother, as they do not affect the child.

ISSUE NO. 51, 1911

AGENTS WANTED. A GENTS WANTED, TO SELL LA France Laundry Tablets. Washing without washboard or washing machine. Makes clothes as white as snow.

JAPANESE SHOE POLISH. 100 SHINES FOR 10¢.

CHILDBIRTH. Without Danger & Almost Painless. A Room to Prospective Mothers.

A CUP OF RUSSIAN TEA. The Russian method of drinking tea is quite a vogue. Especially so now milk and sugar are denied the woman with a superabundance of flesh.

THE LONG AFRICAN FOREST. One of the great natural treasures of Africa is the immense extratropical forest that extends almost unbroken from the extreme southern end along the eastern highlands to the equator.

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THE USE OF LATIN. (Vancouver Province.) Takashi Komatsu, at one of the dinners of the recent Harvard commencement in Cambridge, praised the study of Latin.

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LUMBER WASTE FOR PULPWOOD.

For the purpose of manufacturing the four hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of wood pulp produced in Canada in 1910, nothing was used, except logs of various species, which as our timber supply decreases are becoming valuable for lumber and other uses. One of the other sawmill waste was reported as being converted into wood pulp by neglecting the sawdust practice. Canada is losing greatly. During 1909, in the United States six per cent. of the total pulpwood consumption was from slabs and mill trimmings.

THE WARNING OF FOOD EXPERTS AGAINST THE USE OF ALUM POWDERS. There are many housewives that unthinkingly use alum baking-powders in making biscuits, cake and pastry, when it would only take a little precaution to avoid doing so.

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BONDS THAT INCREASE IN VALUE. When the demand increases for a bond of a certain denomination, the price goes up. A new issue of 5 per cent. bonds may be made which will sell at 95¢ on which basis they would yield 5.65 per cent. Future demand for these bonds would probably force them to 105¢. The original purchasers could then sell at a profit and re-invest the funds.

As Near Perfection as Possible. Most People Already Use--And Always Will Use. St. Lawrence Sugar. They know from years of experience that St. Lawrence Sugar is absolutely the best they can possibly buy. There is never even a suspicion of unevenness about it.

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