and gladness; Christmas, with its flood of sad and bitter recollections; Christmas the one festival of the year when men strive to forget their unhappiness, has gone once more more, and a new year, with all its immense potentiali-

of the "eternal fitness of things" in mas, with its tide of sad or joyous thoughts, is just a fitting preparation for the opening of the new year.

Even the hardest of men, the most Fancy carries one back to the days of receive the assurance that "it is exactprayed to for nights beforehand. You round the room with them. remember the Christmas Eves on which you called up the chimney, and then, memories; you turn away from afraid lest Santa might get you mixed | thoughts of the empty chair, the vacant with your numerous brothers and sis- corner, and only after it is all over ters, you pinned a little note to your | do you sit down all alone in your room small stocking with all your wants and think of all the sad things that duly set forth. Then, on Christmas have happened during the year. You morning, you found your note gone and ponder over the things you might have all sorts of toys and story-booys filled | done and the things you did do, and your chair. Those were the days when | you probably make good resolutions as "Merry Christmas" meant a truly to the things you are going to do dur merry one to you and Christmastime ing the coming year. only meant unlimited candy, nuts, oranges and presents, with nothing to do but have a good time.

Christmas, with all its wealth of joy | mas and its joys. Then, as you grew older, you realized that it was infinitely better to have shown forth to you the love of father and mother than the beneficence of an unknown fairy.

Then came the time when you began to give Christmas presents of your ties for good or evil, is about to dawn. own. Year by year your list grew. There seems to be another example | and now for weeks beforehand you are past. busy getting ready for Christmas. The the juxtaposition of these two great festival means more to you now than festivals of the Christian world. Christ- an unlimited supply of goodies and presents, but it is none the less a happy

Only the churl regrets his Christmas gifts, and he knows nothing of the joy frivolous of women, feels a touch of of giving nor the true blessedness of tenderness at the thought of Christmas. Christmas. What a pleasure it is to childhood, when Santa Claus was a ly what I wanted," and still better to patron saint, to be appeased by long watch the expressive faces of the chilweeks of previous good conduct, to be dren as they seize their toys and dance

Resolutely, you try to banish all sad

You think of all the unexpected kindnesses that have been shown you this year, the little gifts that have glad-Then came the fearful disillusionizing | dened your heart today, and you reprocess, in which you began to have solve that next year and next Christdoubts as to the reality of Santa Claus | mas will find you able to look back and finally came the terrible moment | with some pride on your acts during when Santa Claus stood revealed to the year, and so with all these good reyou as only father and mother. It was solves in your heart and the joyous an awful shock, and for a little while message of the Christmas bells in your all the savor seemed gone from Christ- ears you make ready for another year.

## FLOWERS FOR THE SICK No custom, thoughtfully carried out, beauty is enhanced by the manner in

affords greater pleasure than sending which they are sent forth. Sometimes flowers to the sick, yet its possibilities are rarely developed. The shopper who hurries into a florist's, tosses out a ten an oddly-shaped basket is emcard, and orders a dozen roses or twice as many carnations sent to a sick friend goes on her way rejoicing in the sense of a duty promptly and well performed. In reality her flowers, like a formal call, will lack personality, bespeak a merely perfunctory courtesy, and give the invalid little or no pleasure beyond the thought of having been

On the other hand a little attention to the time and the season or deference to the taste and fancy of the recipient, will double the value of the gift. Particularly during convalescence will properly selected flowers afford much entertainment.

Conventional hothouse flowers, such as American Beauties and huge corrouguets of violets represent only well-filled purse, and their heavy scent is not always desirable in the sick room. The invalid is heartily tired of indoor life; therefore, select flowers that suggest meadows, cool shadows, woodland dimness and purling streams. Pansies, wet with drew or a simulation thereof from a fine spray; lilies of the valley swathed in their own sheathlike leaves; oldfashioned garden flowers, such as the spicy, single pinks your grandmother raised; wall flowers, with their faint, evanescent perfume; small roses of the various climbing varieties; long sprays of honeysuckle-all these are blossoms to conjure with in a sick room, and, strangely enough, are now to be se-

cured from florists in all large cities. Invalids with hosts of generous and well meaning friends have actually been heard to rebel against the daily onslaught of hothouse offerings. The daughter of a millionaire was once roused from thoughts of the aches and pains incident to typhoid fever by a woman who, in her very ignorance of so-called good form, wrought better than she knew. The patient's younger sister entered the room bearing an immense box from a fashionable florist. The invalid glanced languidly at the latest accession and closed her eyes again. Suddenly she was roused by

Well, this does look just like Mrs. Smyth. In her vulgar anxiety to make a big showing she has flowers from every plant that grows!'

The invalid opened her eyes and reached pettishly for the box. At sight of its contents she smiled. Roses of every hue, bright crimson carnations, and yellow tulips, modest marguerites and saucy cosmos and half a lozen varieties of ferns, with a bunch of forget-me-nots snuggling in one corner! These and more!

"I wonder if we have ases enough in the house. The Japanese are the only people who understand the arrangement of flowers. I want the coarse ferns and cosmos in Grandmother Mitchell's old soup tureen. The combination will be so artistic. The high Bohemian vase in the butler's pantry will hold the narcissus. And, Jessie, you know that Tiffany bowl in

the library--' Well, the upshot was that nurse and eister were sent scurrying from room to room for correct receptacles, and the box of flowers condemned by a critical circle of relatives, provided delightful entertainment for the tired

Better, even, than this, is to lay aside the florist's box and pack the blossoms in a moss or leaf-lined basket. In a historic suburb of Philadelphia lives an old lady whose tiny greenhouse sends almost daily messages to the sick. She raises single violets, old-fashioned Johnny-Jump-Ups, mignonette, petunias, phlox and their simple floral relatives, whose quaint

## For Out Door Costumes

Cras eneth: 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. 75u

acquaintance.

a low, flat tin is filled with moss, into which the flowers are stuck; more ofployed, the dear little gardener being always on the watch for bargains in wicker work. It is her one hobby,

A more lasting p casure is afforded

and a most unselfish one, too.

by plants of a size which can be easily moved and cared for by the nurse. Feathery ferns in a dish of simple design are refreshing to fever-tired eyes. Common wood violets bear trapsplanting to the sick room, and, if well watered, will live and bloom many days. A pot of small English daisies or pansies with intelligent faces make cheerful companions for the invalid. A fern dish filled with woodland plants once helped to save a young woman's life. She had fallen into a dangerous condition of melancholia, and woke with a dull, fixed belief that she would not outlive the day. Against this a friend, quite accidentally, but fortuitously, played a mass of growing blood root, hepaticas and anemone. Both blood root and anemone blossoms folded their petals at night and woke with sun. The latter operation seemed particularly to divert the invalid whose first waking thought was whether the flowers had been the earlier risers. She sternly ordered the nurse that under no circumstances were these to be removed each night with the other flowers. This was the first step in drawing her out of herself.

On the other hand, flowers thoughtlessly selected sometimes have a most unexpected effect. A young woman who was rallying from a serious operation, and who was in highly nervous condition, received a box of pure white roses and carnations nestling in maidenhair ferns. At sight of the well meant, but ill-advised offering, she became fairly hysterical, and declared that people need not send her funeral until she was at least dead. And last, but not least, with your flowers send a characteristic note, if it is only scribbled on the back of your card. Invalids prize these messages highly, especially if no visitors are

admitted to the room. THE MODERN WIFE.

It is rather the fashion to decry the modern girl, to point to the days of our grandmothers and to declare: "Ah, those were the days for good wives. Then girls were domesticated and had no thought beyond taking good care of their husbands and their homes. They did not even read the papers."

The modern girl is a much-abused creature. Because she has more freedom, more independence and asserts herself more than grandmother did when she was a girl, many people have persuaded themselves that the latterday girl lacks stability and merit. She e trequently than not settles down into a model wife once she is married. Certainly the brides of today are better suited to rational and enlightened men than the girl of grandmother's

If a girl is not a good housekeeper in these these days she ought to be. She learns cookery on scientific principles. She is taught to make her own dresses. She knows why a kettle boils and what the proper sanitation of a house should be. The domestic instinct has in no way abated in the hearts of women. But people don't stop to consider that life and its conditions have en-Housekeeping has tirely changed. omplex to an extent our grandgron never dreamed of. There is an altogether different system involved in conducting a house after modern methods. The best housekeepers of old days would be at sea in a modern household and probably of less use than the average modern girl.

Nowadays women read as much as They form their own opinions on subjects; they are well informed, and well educated. A girl who marries in this age is capable of being her husband's friend and help; vice will un-derstand the management of his money and be able to advise and discuss vital matters with him. He can turn to her for intelligent sympathy, which the woman of the past could not always be expected to give. She has ceased to be hysterical, timid, foolish. She does not cry when she wants a new bonn at, or torment him with trivial jealousies and suspicions. She does not deceive him and wheedle him, and boast that she knows how to manage her husband better than any other wife of her

Today's girl is healthy in tone. She is full of interests that need not in any clash with her love of home though they cease to cramp her down

talk about, and can keep her hus and all ready for afternoon tea, set w delighted and amused to the end of the tea equipage, bonbon dishes and chapter. She likes the things he likes and shares his tastes. She is a "chum" as well as a wife, and upon that strong and lasting foundation it is an excel-lent thing to build domestic happiness.

The modern girl has no nonsense about her as a rule; but she is capable of deep and lasting affection, and manly devotion to husband and children is by no means an obsolete virtue, though grumblers would like t.s to think so. The modern girl is likely bring out what is best in the man she marries, and that could not always be said for the woman of the

A girl of today is worth waiting for, and the man will be wise who does not attempt to marry her at a very early age. Girls of 18 cannot be pected to manage a house properly. They are better at 22. They have that time got over the frivolous period, and are more fit to take up the responsibilities of married life. A wife who is girlish is attractive, but seriousness is also necessary where a husband has to battle with the world.

A recent bride chose an artistic method of displaying her wedding gifts. There was a small room on the first floor at the end of the hall. All the furniture was taken out, and here she arranged her gifts most attractively. The pictures, which are such popular wedding presents, were grouped on the walls, and a cozy corner made by the window with a pillow- A woman without children has not heaped divan, a tabouret holding a yet the most precious of her jewels.

to its four walls. She has plenty to large fern, and a charming little table. all ready for afternoon tea, set with vase of carnations. In the opposite corner, on a cabinet, were the bric-abrac and books. Photographs of the bride and groom had been slipped in the photograph frames, the pitchers, vases and punchbow! Mied with flowers-in fact, everything had been done to give the effect of a daintily furnished room rather than a mere ostentatious display.

> loveless marriage is entering a hell with one's eyes open. A marriage with love is entering heaven with them shut.

JAPANESE SAVINGS Respect always a silent woman;

A haughty woman stumbles, for she Trust not the woman that think-The gods honor her who thinketh

Give heed to her to whom children have come; she walks in the sacred ways and lacks not love.

# A BARGAIN SALE

ment store, and the basement was full of excited bargain hunters, who bus-tled busily about clutching at odds and ends that seemed to offer the biggest returns for the smallest amount. One voman, after a long search, discovered two pieces of silk that she decided would make lovely tapestries if she could only find two more pieces of the same kind. She rejoiced mightily in her discovery. She held the two pieces up to the light, had the clerk swing em over a pole, and looked at them from every possible point of vantage The price of the remnants was extremely low, and the customer became excited over her wonderful bargain. "I'll take them if I can only find two more pieces like them," she told the clerk. "I am sure there are more pieces here if you will only look care-

fully for them. She laid down the two precious remnants that so charmed her, and she and the clerk went to work ransacking basement for two more pieces like the first two. They turned everything upside down on half a dozen tables, and finally to the customer's great joy two more pieces similar in every respect to the first two were discovered. joy knew no bounds, and hugging the precious remnants in her arms she bustled back to where she had left the years. first two remnants.

Why. I left them right here, I know hem here," exclaimed the pargain hunter in great perturbation of spirit. "Where could they have gone? Someone has mixed them up again

with the other remnants.' The customer and the patient clerk went on to work turning things upride down again, and the won an commenced to look as though she rere going to swear out a search warrant. when suddenly a steely glare came into her eyes. She stood pointing to another woman who was proudly walking four pieces of red silk. She edged around the department turning over remnants. On her arm the new customer had two pieces of red silk.

"There," gasped the original customer, "there are my portieres. That woman has taken them."
She whirled about and demanded of the clerk that he immediately take the precious remnants away from the other customer. The clerk meekly said that he didn't believe he had any right to do that. "You laid the remnants down, you

know, he said, "you hadn't bought them. You know you said you would not buy them until you found two more, and in the meantime before the purchase had been completed other customer secured the goods you wanted.

"It makes no difference," snapped the first woman. "I shall report you to the superintendent of this division. I said I wanted those remnants and down there while I was finding the other two pieces. They are hanc by home and I intend to have

While she was talking she had laid down the last two remnants she had exhumed from the bargain stack and the second customer suddenly saw them and gave an ecstatic little shrick as she bore down upon them.

"Ah!" she exclaimed to the clerk who was following her. 'How fortunate. There are two more pieces to match these two and now enough for my portiere. Oh, how lucky

before she could lay violent hands on the objects of her delight the first customer had snapped them

Those are mine," she said proudly, "and I'll thank you to give me the pieces that you are carrying, as I picked them out and laid them down until I found the other two pieces to go with them.' said the second woman, "I

found the two pieces I am carrying, and now they are mine, or will be as soon as I pay for them. As two pieces are of no value without the other two, or course, the remnants will be of no use to you, so I will take them." "You are quite right," said the first woman in low, scornful tones, "two pieces are of no value without the other two pieces, and as I have two

here and you have the other two that belong to me I will take them, please." "Indeed, and you will do nothing of the kind." hissed the second woman. "If you were so foolish as to lay down the two remnants you wanted while you were trying to find two more like them it is certainly not my fault. I shall not give up these remnants, and as you cannot possibly want pieces without the other two pieces

"You've said that several times," snapped the first woman. "I am going to have these remnants. I shall never give up the two I have." By this time quite an interested crowd of spectators had

## If It's Catarrh, Here is a Cure

Relief in 10 Minutes.

Too many people dally with catarrh. It strikes one like a thunderclap, develops with a rapidity that no other disease does. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the radical, quick, safe and pleasant cure that the disease demands. Use the means, prevent its deep-seating and years of distress. Don't daily with ca-tarrh. Agnew's gives relief in ten minutes.

Ur. Agnew's Ointment curas salt rheum teffers, eczema

Address of

Sold by C. McCallum & Co.

great is the wisdom of the woman that holdeth her tongue. A vain woman is to be feared, for she will sacrifice all to her pride.

cannot see what may be in her way eth more of herself than another; mercy will not dwell in her heart. long before opening her lips.

A woman that respects herself is beautiful than a single star; beautiful than any stars at more

#### It was remnant day in the depart- Other bargain hunters were deeply interested, as the outcome of this grave case was liable to establish a precedent in remnant counter procedure,

and they were feverish to see the outcome. "Ladies." suggested one of the clerks, who was growing extremely ner-"I would suggest that, as neither of you will take two pieces without the other two, you arrive at some amicable understanding, and that one of you waives her right to the two pieces she possesses."
"Let her waive her right," snapped the first woman. "It's for her to give up those pieces has to me," declared the second "Never," hissed the first. 'Nor me," hissed the second.

The two champions, each hugging two samples of red silk, stood glaring at each other. "Ah, throw dice for it," said a man with a red necktie and horsy clothes, who stood over by the sporting goods

counter. with the paste diamond, who stood alongside. "Fight it out, see; fight it

"I intend to stay here until I get those other two remnants," said first customer. "I don't care if it's fifty "And she hain't even goin' out for meals." said the man with the red

wonder will they miss her at me," said the fat man with the paste diamond. The crowd snickered and the women glowered afresh at each other. 'I am prepared to stay as long as it is necessary for me to get my rights,' said the second woman. Say, dey either ought to fish or cut

bait," said the man with the red neckwoman stood back in the crowd with glistening eyes fastened on the around to the clerk, and, in a trembling whisper, asked him the price for all four pieces "I'll take them," said the woman,

promptly, and tendered a \$10 bill to the clerk 'But you see," faltered the clerk, dubiously, while the two original cus-tomers turned horrible freezing stares on the common, enemy, "you see, these ladies wish to purchase-

that is-

"As I understand it, neither one bought those remnants," said the third customer resolutely. "The pieces are customer resolutely. "The pieces are still the property of the store. I buy them. You have my money. Please send them to this address." The clerk stood mopping his head in sect grew quite tiresome.

hopeless bewilderment. The two original customers were so mad they could not speak. They stood gasping with indignation.

"Dat's right," said the fat man with the diamond. "De lady what butted in and went round de course and under de wire while de odder two were fockeying gets de money. Fair play, me boy, fair play."
The clerk seemed to reach the con-

clusion that this solution was the easiest way out of the dilemma. He started to take the pieces of silk from the women who still held them tight. "Never," gasped the first woman.
"Never," said the second.

Three floorwalkers and two superinndents finally induced the women to give up the remnants, and the last woman received them and went delightedly away. The two customers who had lost out

still stood glaring at each other. "Serves you right," said the first in awful tones. "I'm just as glad that she got them," said the second woman between her

set teeth. "Some people love to show their breeding," said the first. "And some people love to show their lack of it." said the second. "Time," said the fat man with the diamond. The women still glaring over their shoulders walked away in opposite directions.

"Say," said the man with the red necktie and the horsy clothes, to the clerk. "I'm a prize fight referee, but, say, my job hain't a marker to yours,

Don't.

Don't think because you have taken many remedies in vain that your case is incurable. You have not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney complaint, dyspepsia and general debility—many cases that may have been worse than yours.
What this great medicine has done for others it car do for you.

Charles F. Klein, of St. Louis, has much of the furniture in his house made of horns of different animals which he gathered during his many years' residence in Western Texas.

Refreshing and Agreeable.

CALVERTS CARBOLIC A pleasant Antiseptic Soap (containing 10%) pure Carbone Acid). Should be used regularly

is improve the sign and complexion and fre F. C. Chayer & Co., Manchester, Eng.

# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

MY COUNTRY. think while I'm little I'll make up my To be just the kind of a boy that I like, For if I am playing with Tom and with And don't like what they do I can leave pretty quick,
But if I am cross and ugly and mad
I must stay with myself all the time, and

I'm a pretty good judge of the fellows I I can see when they play fair and never tell lies; Sometimes when I shirk or sneak off and I'm just such a boy as I cannot abide. Bo the kind of a boy that I like I will be, For I always must live with myself, don't you see!
-Lydia Avery Coonley, in Youth's Com-

A Game Little Indians Play

Can you fancy Indian children on the wild western plains playing at anything as mild as "Button, button; who's got the button?" or "London bridge?" Yet these games are two amusements of which they are very fond. They make much more of these games than we do and usually play them out of doors, with often a big circle of braves and chieftains for spectators.

Another game, which is the greatest favorite of all, is "woolball." One of the young warriors winds a bit of raw wool or loose cotton into a light ball. All then seat themselves in a circle. and the leader takes his place in the center. The ball is tossed towards the leader, and the game is begun. As soon as the ball gets near enough to him the leader, without touching the ball, blows it to some one in the ring. It is immediately blown back to him, and so the play goes on. When the leader succeeds in blowing hard enough to send the ball outside the circle, he is relieved from his post in the center, and in his place is put the one who has allowed the ball to go outside.

LUCK AND LAZINESS. Luck tapped upon a cottage door, A gentle, quiet tap;
And Laziness, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire And gave a sleepy yawn;
"Oh, bother! let him knock again!"
He said; but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again. more faintly still, Upon another door,
Where Industry was hard at work
Mending his cottage floor.
The door was opened wide at once;
"Come in!" the worker cried.
And Luck was taken by the hand,
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there-a wondrous guest, From out whose magic hand Fortune flows fast—but Laziness Can never understand

How Industry found such a friend; "Luck never comes my way!"
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock Upon his door that day.

DOLLY'S NICKNAME. Dolly Perkins was a little girl who could "make things." When patterns for doll clothes were given in the newspapers she could follow the directions and make such dainty frocks always succeeded with the candy recipes, and her nimble fingers could do many things that the other girls I bait my found difficult. So one day, when she a little boy learning to make basconsiderable sum, Dolly resolved that she would make a hat for herself.

Not having the proper materials at hand Dolly took some long grasses growing in the swamp on her grandfather's farm that seemed much like "raffia" described in the directions. After many trials and failures, and much teasing from other girls and from her family, Dolly manufactured a pretty, smooth and shapely hat, which was admired by everyone. Mother trimmed it with some ribbon and real wheat, and Dolly, wearing the hat, made a sweet little

picture indeed. She was very proud of that hat and never lost an opportunity to call people's attention to it until the subjust love to wear this hatdon't you think it's pretty, Bob? Dolly asked her cousin one day.

"S-w-e-e-t," said Bob, mincingly, "Sweet enough to eat." And then added: "Better look out, somebody'll eat you and your hat up." Dolly laughed as she skipped off with Uncle Jack, who was to take her to New York to visit friends. She was dressed in her best, for these were very particular friends and he had told her mother he wished her to look very nice. Dolly insisted upon wearing her handmade hat. "Just time to catch the train, if a car comes soon," said Uncle Jack,

as they stood on the street corner

waiting for a trolley car. "Here comes one now.' "Just then a breeze blew Dolly's hat crooked, she felt a tug at the elastic and a snap as the stitches that held it gave way. Uncle Jack didn't notice it: he was signaling the car. "Oh, my hat, my precious hat!" wailed Dolly, and she turned expecting to see it carried down the street by the lively breeze. But no such good luck was in store for her. behind her a brown horse was sharing a dainty morsel of the swamp grass and wheat, ribbon and elastic

with his gray mate! Uncle Jack fairly pulled hatless and indignant Dolly boarded the car, while gray horse winked his left eye to the brown, and the brown horse winked his right eye to the gray. A hatless little girl, with eyes red with weeping, boarded the train for New York just in time. And it took long for Uncle Jack to console her. He promised to buy her a beautiful new hat before his friends saw her the and not to tell anyone about mishap to the other. But some boy who saw it told Bob about it, and Bob, tease that he is

And he and his friends call her "Miss Pride-goeth-before-a-fall." DO AND DO NOT.

will never let his cousin forget

Sweet Polly May Went to visit one day, Her cousin, Peter Must Not, Wo lives in the town of Do Not Said sweet Polly May

If I had to stay year and a day In the dismal town of Do Not, should be as perverse-Yes, very much worse Than my cousin, poor Peter Must Not.

Cross Peter Must Not Came to visit one day,
His cousin, sweet Polly May,
Who lives in the town of Do.

Said Peter Must Not, Could I but stay
For a year and a day
the beautiful town of Do.
I'd try to be good.
And see if I could Be as lovely as sweet Polly May.

Cooper is said to have written "The Spy" in less than six months. Most of his stories were founded on legends well-known in his neighborhood.

STORY OF A FIELD MOUSE Many stories have been told in the past tending to show that wild animals, when in trouble, will display surprising confidence in man-in fact, will often seek his assistance when sore beset. The writer when on a farm in Minnesota had an experience with a field mouse which illustrates this trait in wild creatures. It was stacking time, and the men were all busy in the fields lifting the shocks of cured grain and stacking them in hive shaped stacks in the

barnyard. The boy had been following the wagons in the field all the morning in a vain endeavor to capture some field mice to take home as pets. He had seen a number of the drab little creatures, with their short tails, but had failed to lay his hands upon any of them, owing to the thick stubble and the nimbleness of the mice. At last, as a particularly large shock was lifted, a broken nest was disclosed and the youthful mouser was put upon the qui vive by the slender squeaks of seven hairless little beings that were so young as not to have opened their eyes as yet.

The mother disappeared with a whisk, whereupon the young hunter sat down in a critical attitude beside the nest and began to examine his find. He had already put one of the young mice in his trousers pocket when the mother reappeared out of the stubble beside the nest.

The boy held his breath and awaited developments. Much to his surprise, the mouse mother after carefully examing the ruined nest entered his pocket, which as he sat opened very near to the nest. She seemed to to the conclusion very quickly that her lost little one had found a very good home and in about two minutes transferred the remainder of her offspring from the nest to the pocket, carrying them one at a time in her mouth.

The writer has had many experiences with wild animals, but none of them impressed him so strongly as the episode of the mouse mother in the wheat stubble.-Exchange. GRANDMA'S BERRY PIE.

[Clara Louise Angel, in Good Housekeeping.]
I like to go to grandma's when vacation days come round. She lets me play out in the hay and roll upon the ground; She's good to little boys like me, and gives 'em lots to eat. And says she doesn't mind if a tooth is sweet. Her things are always "home-made," and they're better than you buy,
You ought to taste, for instance, some
of grandma's berry pie.

She keeps it in the pantry, 'way up on the second shelf. And when you're good she tells you you can go and help yourself;
I climb up on the barrel, and cut a great big slice, And when the red juice oozes out, my! doesn't it look nice?

I try to mind my p's and q's as grandma says I should, If your to be good.

Some days I go a-fishing in McMurray's pool for pike,
And grandma fills my dinner pail with
things she knows I like; ait my hook and throw it in and watch, till by and bye. read in the children's page about I seem to grow real hungry for a plece it not been for a chance which made of berry pie;
And as I sit upon the bank
wait and wait,
wonder if the fish wo would bit with

grandma's pie for bait. FIRE DRAWINGS

Here is a nice trick for an evening party. We show the audience an apparently blank sheet of white paper, touch it with a glowing match, and in a short time we have a figure burnt out of the paper.

The preparation of such fire drawing sheets is simple, and everybody with a little talent for drawing can produce them at small expense. Dissolve a tablespoonful of salt. peter in a tumbler of water and draw. with the help of a pointed brush, an outline figure on thin white paper and put it eside to dry. The drawing on he paper will be invisible. Then light a match, blow it out immediately and touch a certain point in the outline figure (which has been marked secretly) with the glowing match. The saltpeter will catch fire immediately

#### the brush, burning out the figure as it goes along. THE DAY AFTER

and burn along the line drawn with

Makes People Who Don't Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Wish Christmas Had Never Come

"Are you still feeling the effects of the Christmas dinner? Has the holiday season tempted you from abstemious fare and subjected you to nausea, and the thousand discomforts that only dyspeptics know? Are you carrying around a headache and a ten dency to be bilious and joining in that woeful chorus, "Thank heaven, Christ

mas does only come once a year.' It is your own fault if you are. If you have overworked your stomach, do the one natural thing. Give it some help and some rest If you do what's right with your stomach it will do what's right with you. The help it needs is Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will digest the food, thus giving the stomach a chance to rest and recuperate.

Thousands of people who last year ate Christmas dinner with feelings of apprehension, enjoyed it thoroughly meantime the value of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One or two of these taken after each meal drives away those uncomfortable feelings so many people ave learned to dread. With Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for dessert no one need fear to indulge in

all the good things with which the sea-

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son abounds.



### LUCK IN SONG-MAKING

Mere Chance in That Trade Than

in Most. "Luck has helpe

others 'N. n. v Brown nearly two years before that there was such a song Crawford, the composer, t could do to make it a success, but to no avail. Finally he gave a copy to Miss Marie Cahill, and she introduced it in the 'Wild Rose.' It has yielded both the publisher and composer a handsome revenue ever since

"Six years ago Safford Waters wrote song called 'The Belle of Avenue A.' A Broaway firm bought it, but every effort to make it popular proved use-So back it went on the shelf with other deadwood music of its Now Blanche Ring sings it 'Tommy Rot' and it is a popular bit. 'White Wings,' which made us all so weary in its day, would probably have remained in obscurity but for a lucky turn. It was written by Joe Gullick and composed by lahey. They gave it to the manager of the San Francisco Minstrels, who then appearing on Broadway, and he threw it in his waste basket.
"Banks Winter, an old minstrel, who

is still on the stage, picked it out and,

glancing over it in an odd moment, thought it had merit. Being a musician as well as a singer, he rewrote the song and sang it the following night. It jumped into popularity at once. "Ever hear how Paul Dresser, who wrote 'The Blue and the Gray,' happened to his song 'Just Tell Them Well one day, That You Saw Me?" while standing in front of the Morton House, Dresser met a young man he had known years before in Indiana. The young fellow was so ill and emaciated that he looked as if he were ready to die on the spot. Paul remarked that he was going home in a week and asked if there was any message he could give to the old folks. The lad simply said: 'Just tell them that you saw me.' Well, that gave Paul the idea from which the song re-

"That song was handed from one singer to the other and no one seemed to care for it. But one day Dresser gave it to his friend. George Evans, the 'Honey Boy' and Evans, to oblige Dresser, put it on. The song took the audience and has made a small fortune for the composer since.

"'Oh Promise Me,' might never have seen the light of public favor had it not been thrown in the path of Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis. Reginald De Koven asked her to sing it, and it was introduced in 'Robin Hood.' It was one of his earliest effusions and a good song, too. Miss Davis made it popular and it is still selling today. 'After the Ball,' of which nearly a million copies have been sold, was composed many years before it became popular, and would probably have met an untimely death had found its way to the World's Fair.

Some ballad singer used it there and

soon everybody was humming it. "'Sweet Sixteen' was on the shelf for almost four years before anyone cared to take it up, yet in its day it was one of the biggest 'hits' in years. "'Silver Threads Among the Gold' would never have been heard of had an old minstrel sing it. The song was a tenor with the old Deprey & Benedict's Minstrels, sang it. He could sing, too, and he put his best voice into it. Soon it was extraordinarily popular. 'Ben Bolt' received a new lease of life from the story of 'Trilby. "You can go on multiplying instances. Very often it has been the singer that made the song, but luck,

my boy, is, after all, the chief factor in the song writer's trade." VISITORS TO EUROPE. The Corporation of Colonial and General Agencies, Limited.

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