

A fellow who is soft generally has a hard time.

The lucky guesser often gets credit for having good judgment.

The surest way to stop a girl from crying is to tell her it will make her nose red.

The candidate who garbs himself in white had better not go to throwing mud.

Of that \$3,363,738,449 in circulation in these United States how much have you?

A rolling stone may gather no moss, but think of the fun it has by the wayside.

A single bowl of bouillon cost a hotel man \$100. It was spilled on a costly gown.

When a man is in debt to all of his old friends it is time for him to be making new ones.

A Philadelphia hen laid an egg with a nickel in it. Who said there is no money in poultry?

Prospects of a spoils revival are calculated to drive many a hopeful sinner to the mourners' bench.

As a tourist attraction, the sad sweet, inscrutable smile of Mona Lisa should be all the better for the vacation.

Perhaps some don't wear diamonds with winter overcoats because they can't afford to have both at the same time.

If the Eiffel tower sets the time for the world and Paris sets the pace, Frenchmen may well feel proud of themselves.

A dictator who cannot dictate in a way that gets obeyed will do wisely to engage a ticket to Paris and use it frequently.

Servant girls who insist on being called "domestic experts" will doubtless expect an honorarium hereafter in place of wages.

Dye mind the good old days when mother sent you to the neighbors to borrow a dozen eggs because the hens weren't laying yet?

Their refusal to be satisfied with a plug hat in exchange for a cut in salary shows how far the gentle Filipinos have been civilized.

After the lapse of twelve years, a Philadelphia woman seeks \$100,000 for breach of promise. How the interest on an untouched investment does pile up!

A German blacksmith is taking a leading role in grand opera over there. This is not the first time there has been blacksmiths in grand opera.

A British ship recently arrived at New York with a cargo of wine. She is called the Hilarious, and yet some critics want to know what there is in a name.

Dr. Maurice de Fleury announces that he has a sovereign remedy for "love poison," well, marriage has been known to effect a cure in some instances.

A man's name is not changed by marriage, but Miss Anastasia Monozancanalia is now receiving congratulations on having become Mrs. Frank Tatrol.

Out of respect to his actual usefulness in the world, the fact that the lobster has been colonized in the Pacific will be passed up without ribald comment.

The skeleton of a seven-foot man has been found on the Little Saumico. One shudders to think what may be found if the searchers ever go digging on the Big Saumico.

Announcement is made by the new mayor of Madrid that he will turn his entire salary over to be used for the benefit of charity. He is going to be a good mayor in one way, anyhow.

A doctor has put tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate on the list with tobacco and highballs as things we must not use. As long as he lets red and white pop along he is all right with baseball fans.

The sardine question has come into the courts in England, where it is ruled that a Norwegian sardine does not become a sardine by being packed in oil. Evidently not, but it makes an acceptable substitute.

What a lot of interesting history has been lost or consigned to the tender but doubtful mercies of historians because moving pictures were not invented a few thousand years earlier!

Now it is announced on authority that there never was a Mary and her lamb, the famous poem being strictly imaginative. The passing of these two celebrated sympathetic characters of nursery lore will leave a gap in the young heart which all the scientific resources of the day will find it difficult to fill.

Where is the shrinking, timid woman of a generation ago? More than a thousand French women wanted to be taken up by the aviator, Chevillard, when he looped the loop in midair.

Now King George and Queen Mary have followed Emperor William in banning the tango. Evidently, its advocates and admirers are not going to have a royal time dancing it.

Vauzeville is said to be thirty years old. Some of the vaudeville jokes exceed that age by at least 2970 years.

PHILIP AND GRANDPA

By FRANK FILON.

It was a great shock to the Van Nordens when Henry Bowes, Mrs. Van Norden's father, announced by letter that he had sold his farm and was coming to live with them in their house on Fifth avenue.

"Pshaw, Molly, we can stow the old gentleman away somehow," said John Van Norden. His recollections of the days when he, a city clerk on a vacation, had courted Molly Bowes, his farmer host's daughter, had always thrown a sympathetic light around the old man. "I guess he's pretty lonely up there in Cohoes," he added. "I shouldn't like to have to live all by myself at eighty."

"But he'll teach Philip such dreadful manners," protested Molly. "You know, a child of five picks up anything and everything. First thing we know the boy will be eating peas with his knife and trying to chew tobacco."

"Well, what are we going to do, dear?" asked her husband.

"I suppose we'll have to take him," said Molly. "But I shall make it perfectly clear to him, the moment he arrives, that he is not going to display himself before our friends and make us ridiculous after all the trouble we've taken to get into the right set."

This was duly explained to Henry Bowes—"Hank" Bowes among his cronies at the local store. The old man put his not too clean hand on his daughter's shoulder and looked kindly at her.

"My dear," he said, "I ain't going to disgrace you, don't fear it. It's you I want—you and John and Philip. I'm going to make myself scarce when there's swell company around."

He had included Philip in his summary, but Molly Van Norden was determined that he should have no opportunity of corrupting the boy's manners. Nevertheless, with that curious attachment which frequently exists between those of the extreme ages of life, Philip and the old man sought each other's company continually.

Philip learned to whistle whistles out of twigs, to blow out the leaves of a certain plant into "frogs," and surreptitiously acquired candy would fall out of the boy's pockets when he was

watched him unobserved.

addressed at night. And the more Molly tried to keep him away from the more he sought his grandfather's company.

Grandfather Bowes had been assigned a little room at the top of the house, upon the servants' floor. He dined with the family when no guests were present. When there were visitors, his meals were sent in to him in another room. Grandfather made no objection, so long as he was on the ground of Philip's welfare, and told her friends that her father was in poor health.

But after six months or so Molly came to a determination.

"John," she said, "Philip is learning the most disgusting table manners from father. He makes a noise with his soup and bites his bread instead of breaking it and—well, John, father is not going to sit at table with us any more."

John Van Norden shrugged his shoulders. Personally he did not approve of Molly's treatment of her father, but he realized that it was no affair of his, and even if it were, it would do no good to make trouble about it. So thenceforward grandfather ate his meals in the next room in solitude.

The old man, roaming about the house, gradually became a disintegrating factor in the family. Molly was painfully conscious that she was beginning to conceive a positive aversion toward her father. She would have liked to send him home, but he had sold the farm and had no relatives in Cohoes. That would be inhuman.

"John," she announced one day, "I have decided to send father to an institution."

"My dear!" said her husband in remonstrance.

"Oh, I knew you would offer objections, John. But I don't mean the poorhouse. I mean a home where infirm old people are taken in and well cared for. Don't you see how childish he is becoming? His memory is going and he can't remember anything I tell him. He comes into all the rooms of the house and he calls me 'Fairy.'"

"My dear, that name will always sound well to me," said John, "because I called you that when I courted you."

"John, please don't remind me of the vulgarities of that dreadful town in which I was raised. The old man is as I said, becoming childish, and he uses that disrespectful term to me in front of the servants. Only yesterday I saw the butler put his hand in front of his mouth to hide his amusement. He forgets my position and his own, John. Now, it is no use saying a word, because I have spoken to Doctor

Smythe, and he has recommended a very nice place where father will be well taken care of."

"How about Philip? Don't you suppose that they will miss each other?"

"I hope they will," his wife retorted. "I mean them to, John. He is no fit companion for a child."

Happily, neither the old man nor the boy knew what preparations were afoot. Henry Bowes remained as much of a nuisance as before. It was not till the day before his departure that the child learned from the servants that "grandfather was going away."

At that instant the first inkling of life's tragedy entered the little brain. He crept away, into the walled garden at the back of the house. Soon he was busy again. His mother found him there later. He had constructed a sort of picket fence from some stakes left in the tool shed by the gardener. Inside this was a packing case.

Molly Van Norden watched him, unobserved. Then she hurried into the house. Her husband had just come home from his office.

"John," said the fond mother, "I want you to come and see what Philip has done. He has built a little enclosure in the garden and he is playing something. You know Mrs. Bannerman says it is the duty of parents to discover the bent of their children's minds. Now I wonder what thoughts are passing through his head."

They went out in amused eagerness. They were half ashamed of the new interest in the boy. He was standing before the packing case, talking to himself.

"What's this, old chap?" asked John. "That's a table," answered the boy. "Table? What do you want a table for?" inquired his mother.

"That's for father, when he's old, so that he won't let me see his way he eats," said Philip.

"An' this is a cage like the one gran'pa's to have," he continued, pointing to the row of sticks. "That's so he won't make a darned nuisance of himself when I has company."

Molly Van Norden looked at her husband speechlessly. Then she turned away and ran into the house. John found her on the lounge a few minutes later, sobbing hysterically.

"John, did you understand?" she moaned. "What does it mean?"

"I guess it means your father's going to take his place in the family from today," answered John Van Norden, kissing her. "Don't you think so, my dear?"

Molly nodded.

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CLIMATE AND THE GROUCH

Weather Conditions Have Much Effect in Shaping the Dispositions of Even the Best Tempered.

Climate has a strong influence in shaping the disposition, thoughts and actions of men. Piercing cold and high winds are not conducive to peace of mind and calmness of temper. To many temperaments a windy day means tangled and frazzled nerves and an irritable mood. The evidence is plain that a land endowed with bright skies and balmy breezes breeds sweet-tempered sons and daughters. On one side there may be irritability, keenness to get and to keep, "nearness" in money matters and a conservative chininess of manner. On the other side there may be good temper, generosity, sociability, toleration and a disposition to some confidence in one's fellow-man, bred by the goodly sunshine.

In the middle west they have been driven to experiment with a new notion of the kidneys. Downcast and down-trodden wives have been getting excellent results from a few pinches of the remedy in husband's morning coffee, and many men are now capable of whistling on their way to work. It has even been noticed that men stop and converse with acquaintances in the street, and frequently a burst of raucous laughter is heard, under the stimulation of the grouch cure.

A little later, when the elixir may be spread upon buckwheat cakes, a general era of good-fellowship is looked for. At present the people of the middle west are not so sure they are probably doing as well as the climate will permit. It is plain that the grouch cure will show more marked results in the boisterous climates than where the softer breezes blow, and the summer skies reflect the glories of sea and lakes, mountain and plain. Locally, it is believed that there never will be a general call or need for the grouch cure, and the few existing cases of grouch will wear off under the influence of an amiable environment. It is well known, in this region, to entertain for long a rancorous and contentious spirit toward one's fellowman.

First Sunday School.

Robert Raikes, the man who founded the modern Sunday school, was a journalist with a passion for what he termed "botanizing in human nature."

His great experiment is said to have been suggested by the disturbance caused by crowds of little ragamuffins playing beneath his window on Sunday afternoons when he was correcting proofs. "Why should they not be got together and taught the elements of religion and good behavior?" he asked himself, and answered the question by establishing the first Sunday school in Gloucester, England, in 1780. It was characteristic of the man that in his school scheme he laid as great stress upon the inculcation of "manners" as on the teaching of the catechism.

Tribes in Amazon Region.

Three tribes of Indians, hitherto unknown have been discovered by the University of Pennsylvania Amazon expedition in regions of Brazil never before penetrated by white men, according to a letter received at the university museum from Dr. Farabee, head of the expedition. The letter dated Boa Vista, Brazil, which is at the headwaters of ordinary navigation on the Urarucura river, a northern affluent of the Amazon. The Indians call themselves Porocotos, Ajamaras, and Zapacas. Dr. Farabee made vocabularies of their languages, took photographs and collected many ethnological specimens. Archaeological specimens of rare interest also were found.

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation, poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Lying at the Door.

"Ethel, you should encourage the things which lie at your door," said the mother.

"I suppose so, mother, but that doesn't mean that you should encourage Katie to say to your friends that you are out when you are in."

Its Result.

"How did Maude's experiment in apartment life succeed?"

"Not at all. It was a flat failure."

A young man can sow his own wild oats, but his father usually has to pay for the harvesting.

Coughs and Colds cannot hold out against Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. A single dose gives relief—5c at all Druggists.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, soothes and relieves inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Sometimes a smart man gets paid for not doing things he might.

Rheumatism Is Torture

Many pains that pass as rheumatism are due to weak kidneys—the failure of the kidneys to drive off uric acid thoroughly.

When you suffer aching, bad joints, backache too, dizziness and some urinary disturbances, get Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is recommended by over 750,000 people in many different lands.

Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to drive out the uric acid which is the cause of backache, rheumatism and lumbago.

Here's proof. AN INDIAN

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE

was the yield of WHEAT

on many farms in Western Canada in 1913

Wheat is the staple crop of the West

and the most profitable

crop raised in the West

and the most profitable

crop raised in the West

and the most profitable

crop raised in the West

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GIVES WAY FOR IMPROVEMENT

Old-Time Methodist Church Building in New York Is to Be Obliterated.

New York.—The Methodist congregation of old Greenwich village, which has been self-sustaining for 108 years, notwithstanding the fact that the district has since been overrun by business, is holding its last services in its Bedford Street church, the little red brick structure in which the congregation has worshipped since 1840, having been condemned to make room for subway building. The congregation was organized at the home of Samuel Walgrove, a carpenter, in Greenwich village, in 1805, and it is the third oldest congregation in New York.

Several of the present worshippers, who have been members of the church for more than 50 years, recall the zenith of the church's popularity just before the Civil war, when the Rev. John P. Newman, who later became a bishop and General Grant's pastor in the Metropolitan temple, drew such crowds that he had to climb in a window every Sunday evening to reach his pulpit.

Royal House Boat Marble

Is One of the Most Striking Features in Grand Imperial Chinese Summer Palace.

New York.—One of the most striking features in the grounds of the imperial summer palace, about eight miles from Peking, is the marble

house boat. It rests firmly on the bottom of the little lake, and the marble wheels on either side contain steps leading down to the water's edge.

Popular Mechanics.

Haddon Tapestries Real

Old Fiction Regarding Famous Mansion Is Denied—Not Worth Millions.

London.—The closing of Haddon hall for fear of the militant suffragettes has started the circulation once again of an old fiction about the value of the tapestries in that deserted mansion. One ridiculous estimate speaks of them as "worth a quarter of a million."

As a matter of fact the Haddon tapestries are not valuable at all save for the fact that they are genuine old work. But they are not fine tapestries and they have no more than museum worth, and Haddon makes the finest museum for them because there they still do some service—help to break the stark nakedness of the old walls and compel the spinners and weavers of Lancashire to silence, wondering "how it was done."

A few years ago they were falling into very bad repair and the Duchess of Rutland wisely saw to it that they were thoroughly overhauled and renovated.

Lewis Good for Eugenic

Tuberculosis Is Unknown in Island of the Hebrides, Which Is Now for Sale.

London.—The island of Lewis, which which seems to have been offered to Mr. Lloyd George and has long been for sale, would be an ideal spot to found a university for the study of practical "eugenics." The custom of putting to death weakly or deformed children by "exposure," approved by Plato, formerly prevailed here, and, according to Mackenzie, existed "with comparatively modern times."

As a result, the Lewisians are far superior in physique to all other islanders of the Hebrides, and tuberculosis is unknown except when introduced by decadent Southrons. Lewis is also a prolific mother of intellectual giants, and has produced J. A. Smith, the Waynflete professor of metaphysical philosophy at Oxford.

Hangs in Mid Air Two Days

Student Narrowly Escapes Death While Exploring the Grindelwald Glacier.

Grindelwald.—A student named Makottich, who was making an excursion of the Lower Grindelwald glacier, fell into the Lutschine gorge Thirty-four feet down he was caught on a projecting point of rock, on which he remained suspended. He was only discovered two days later by chance, after being hauled up from his perilous position, was brought to Grindelwald.

Woman Burned in Accident.

Succasunna, N. J.—Dashing into the house in pursuit of a mouse, two dogs upset Mrs. Henry W. Berryman, who was carrying a lighted kerosene lamp. The lamp exploded and she was frightfully burned.

Death Follows Wedding.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Charles M. Stewart died in the Harrisburg hospital where, a few hours before he was wedded to Miss Josie Arnold, who had rushed to his bedside from Texas to become his wife.

Find Cure for Love.

London.—Dr. Maurice de Fleury, the famous specialist, has announced the discovery of a cure for love by segregation and a new serum. Doctor De Fleury says love is worse than most of the vices.

ALBERTA CROP YIELDS

At MacLeod, Alta., weather conditions were excellent all through the season. Ninety per cent. of the wheat up to Oct. 1st graded No. 1, the only No. 2 being fall wheat. The yield ranged from 20 to 40 bushels per acre, with an average of 28. Oats yielded well, and barley about 60 bushels.

Inventory is a new district in Alberta. Here wheat graded No. 2 and some of it went 50 bushels to the acre, oats going about 75 bushels.

Lethbridge correspondent says: "In the Monarch district the yield on summer fallow is averaging thirty-five bushels, a large percentage No. 1 northern."

"All spring grains are yielding better than expected in the Milk River district, south. A 300 acre field of Marquis wheat gave 41½ bushels.

"Experimental farm results on grain sown on irrigated land place 'Red Five' wheat in the banner position, with a yield of 59.40 bushels per acre. Oats yielded 132 bushels to the acre.

"John Turner of Lethbridge grew barley that went 60 bushels to the acre."

"Red Five averages in weight from 60- to 68 pounds, and at Rosthern the Marquis wheat will run as high as 64 pounds to the bushel, while a sample of Marquis wheat at Arcola weighed no less than 68 pounds to the bushel. This variety is grading No. 1 hard."

Calgary, Alta., Oct. 8.—The problem of handling Alberta's big grain crop is becoming a serious one, and there is a congestion at many points in southern Alberta. One thousand cars could be used immediately. The C. P. R. prepared for a normal year, while the yield of grain was everywhere abnormal, with an increased acreage of about 23 per cent.

Moose Jaw, Sask., returns show some remarkable yields.

Bassano, Alta., Sept. 25, '13.—Individual record crops grown in Alberta include 1,300 acre field of spring wheat grown near Bassano which went thirty-six bushels to the acre and weighed sixty-six pounds to the bushel.

Noble, Alta., Oct. 1, '13.—All records for the largest shipment of grain by one farmer will be broken this year if the estimate of C. S. Noble of Noble, Alberta, proves correct. Mr. Noble has notified the Canadian Pacific Railway here that he will have 350,000 bushels of grain, chiefly barley and oats, ready for shipment very shortly.

L. Anderson Smith, writing to a friend in the Old Country, located at Killam, Alberta, says:

"Anyone taking up land will find Alberta an ideal province. The soil is a rich black loam, varying from 6 to 12 inches in depth. The land here in this district is not wholly open prairie. At intervals, sometimes closely, sometimes widely scattered, there are small plots of poplar and willows. These generally grow round some small depression in the land, and the snow drifts here in the winter and melts in the spring, filling these sloughs (prairie "sloughs") with soft water. Nearly all these sloughs have old buffalo tracks to them, for it was from them that they always got their water. The poplars are very useful for building barns and hen-houses. Wild grasses are plentiful, while tame grasses, such as timothy, brome and western rye grass do remarkably well."

Advertisement.

When a young man calls on a girl and she tells him that she expects to die an old maid, it is equivalent to a proposal.

Time works wonders. Many a young widow is really older than many an old maid.

GAS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" settles sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes—Time it!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you must injure it.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eruptions of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it—Adv.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Wabash—I see eggs laid by a New Zealand lizard require 14 months to hatch.

Mrs. Dearborn—"The Idea! We ought to boycott those eggs, too!"

The Idea.

"This is a new view of the law the trusts seem to be taking."

"Yes; dissolving views."

The Ideas of a young man are apt to undergo a radical change after traveling a couple of months in double harness.

Egypt's public debt now amounts to \$480,534,014, almost entirely foreign held.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Advertisement.