

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness are right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, a known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and recommended by the Well-Informed of the World's a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Had Seen His Photograph.

The death of Bishop Potter removed one of the most interesting figures in American church life. Here is a good story of the bishop. One day, as he was waiting for a train at a small country station, he was approached by a rustic passenger who had been scanning his features curiously for a while. "Excuse me, sir," said the stranger, "but your face somehow seems familiar to me. Haven't I seen your portrait in the newspapers?"

The bishop smiled benignly, and replied that it was not unlikely.

"I thought so," continued the other, "and would you mind telling me what you were cured of?"

To a young lady who, apposite the question of Sabbath observance, asked if she might be in the Atlantic on Sunday, Bishop Potter replied:

"That, my dear young lady, is a sea over which I have no jurisdiction."—Detroit News-Tribune.

PERFECT HEALTH

After Years of Backache, Dizziness and Kidney Disorders.

Mrs. R. G. Richmond, of Northwood, Iowa, says: "For years I suffered to kidney trouble, backache, dizzy spells, headaches and a terrible bearing down pain. I used one remedy after another without benefit. Finally I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and the backache ceased. Encouraged, I kept on, and by the time I had used three boxes not a sign of the trouble remained. My health is perfect."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Millburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Native Finger Bowls.

The author of a recent English book, "In the Strange South Seas," being a woman, mentions many things which the ordinary book of travel omits to notice. Miss Grinnshaw tells us more of how people live in their homes and less of head hunting than books of travel and adventure commonly relate. Among other domestic matters, she describes the finger bowls of the more refined tables at which she was entertained with true Polynesian hospitality.

If we of civilized countries think that we invented finger bowls either in form or in use, we are mistaken. The South Seas invented them a few hundred years before we found out they were necessary to our own delicate refinement. A bowl full of water is handed round to every diner in a South Sea house.

The water is from the river, pure and fresh. The bowl is of a mold more nearly perfect than the most exquisite models of ancient Greece. It is decorated with pure brown in the inner part and with deep sienna brown outside.

This bowl is half a coconut shell—beautiful, useful, practically unbreakable, yet not of sufficient worth to prevent its being thrown away to-morrow and replaced by a fresh one from the nearest palm. Fresh plates and cups for one's food are a refinement civilization has not yet attained. You must go to savages to look for them.

Our Own Minstrels.

"Mista Walkah, kin yo' tell me de diffence 'twix a boy puttin' salt in his dad's coffee an' a pugilist landin' a knockout blow?"

"Give it up, William. What is the difference between a boy putting salt in his father's coffee and a pugilist landing a knockout blow?"

"De one's a joke on de paw an' de widdah am a joke on de jaw."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the celebrated tenor, Prof. Spizzicato, will sing; that matchless ballad, 'Mama, My Dream of Happiness is Over; Georgia Eats Limburger Cheese.'—Chicago Tribune.

Hadn't Forgotten.

Miss Seeger—I wonder if Uncle Jim remembered me when he made his will? I used to sing for him.

Lawyer—Yes, he evidently remembered you—at least your name isn't mentioned in the document.

EAGER TO WORK.

Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Mich. lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble."

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever."

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifles would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question."

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read, at the time. At last when it seemed as if we were literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Being," in pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Mother.
Who is it knows just what to do
When things go wrong and life looks
blue?

Who is it sings amid her care
And smiles when shadows bring despair?
Who is it through her changeless day
Unchanges her love faithful way?
Who is it keeps the light, the home,
Still sweet how'er her loved may seem?

Mother?

Who is it bears her little ills
With patience as the Master care?
Who is it comes, who is it goes,
With love to tend her little ones?
Dear touch of hand and charm of smiles
That bring back comfort, cheer and rest
To burning brow and aching breast?

Mother?

Who is it reads upon "his" face
The care that business leaves the trace
Of all-day worry, hard wrought grind,
Who is it brings his chair, his pipe,
And leans with lips where love sits ripe
To pour upon his troubled day?

Mother?

Who is it when the gray wolves knock,
Guards with her soul her little flock?
Who is it nurses, rears and tends,
Heals little wounds and knits and mends?

Who is it comes her own joy less
In grandeur than in tenderness,
Long giving up through long-drawn years
Without one sign of sob or tears?

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Who is it when the gray wolves knock,
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Heals little wounds and knits and mends?

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Mother?

Who is it it is as well as she
A little right to rest and glee?
A little seashore now and then,
With other wives of other men?

A little mountain, lake or brook,
A little sunshine and a book;

A little quiet hour of cheer,
With work all done and conscience clear?

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