

Table with multiple columns containing names and numerical values, likely a ledger or record book.

When You Think... Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription... The pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle.

Libby's Food Products... GRAND PRIZE... At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition... WHERE QUALITY COUNTS WE LEAD... Libby's, McNeill & Libby

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC... THE TEETH... THE MOUTH... THE EYES... CATARRH... Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and preservative.

CASTORIA... The Kind You Have Always Bought... What is CASTORIA... Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups.

CASTORIA 900 DROPS... The Kind You Have Always Bought... In Use For Over 30 Years... The signature of Dr. J.C. Watson is visible on the product.

Old Favorites

Katie Lee and Willie Gray. Two brown heads with tossing curls. Red lips shutting over pearls. Bare feet white and wet with dew.

They had cheeks like cherries red; He was taller—most a head. She, with arms like wreaths of snow, Shwed a basket to and fro.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said— "You shall carry a dish of red Through the brownness of his cheek— "Boys are strong and girls are weak And I'll carry, so I will, Katie's basket on the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh, "You shall carry only half!" And then, turning back her curls, "Boys are weak as well as girls," Do you think that Katie guesses Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall, Hearts don't change much, after all; And when, long years from that day, Katie Lee and Willie Gray, Stood again beside the brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook,

"Will you trust me, Katie dear? Walk beside me without fear. May I carry, if I will, All your baskets, where, to-day, Life is but a slippery steep, Hung with shadows cold and deep."

"Close beside the little brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook, Washing with its silver hands, Late and early at the sands, In a cottage, where, to-day, Katie lives with Willie Gray."

In a porch she sits, and fro, Swings a basket to and fro, Very different from the one That she swung in years ago;e; This is long and deep and wide, And has—rockers at the side!

SERMONS AND SLEEP. A comforting Theory in regard to Dozing in Church. The French scientists are the most consoling people in the world. They are always working out some explanation that affords consolation. Here comes one with a theory about sleeping in churches that will be a relief to both pastor and sleeper.

According to this French psychologist's theory, persons are inclined to "doze" in church because of the devout attention they pay to the services. "In endeavoring to fix every word in their minds they put themselves into a sort of trance. It is about the same as what is called self-hypnotism, and the more closely one follows the minister the more likely he is to find himself unable to remain awake."

For a good many years the pert paragon has had a great deal to say about church sleepers, and usually the preacher has gotten the worst of the argument. All manner of devices have been suggested by the humorists as aids to lengthy sermons, even to the placing of electric needles in the cushions to awaken the sleepers at the pressure of a button by the minister. But now that the inclination to slumber in church has been accounted for upon purely scientific grounds, the remedy for the evil will probably be abated in a practical way—perhaps by encouraging the employment of pastors who are incapable of holding one's attention at all.—Dayton News.

The New Milkman. "Good-morning, madam," said the slender, solemn-faced man with the peculiarly unnatural looking hair. "I am introducing my new butter, which I sell at a much lower price than that charged by other refiners—I mean creameries."

"It has a strange smell," says the housewife, sniffing at the package. "It smells as if it had been close to coal oil."

"Petroleum, madam, is one of our greatest health-giving agents," explained the stranger. "Besides, when the butter gets old you can melt it and burn it in your lamp. Two pounds? Thank you, madam. We should all rejoice in doing good. Here are \$10.00, 000 for your husband to build a college with."

And the new milkman stepped blithely out of the yard.—Life.

Nine in ten who telephone take this for granted: "I do not have to tell who I am, for everyone knows My Voice."