



YOUNG PEOPLE

DOLL'S LESSON

Today as I sat in the garden at play,
I heard an old mother hen constantly say,
"Cluck-Cluck! Cluck-Cluck!" for her
chickens to come.

The little chicks scattered to left and
right,
Not heeding their mother, who called
with her might,
"Cluck-Cluck! Cluck-Cluck!" for her
chickens to come.

And I thought as I sat 'neath the big
apple tree,
How dreadfully tired the old hen must
be,
Calling "Cluck-Cluck!" for her chickens
to come.

Just then mother called loud from out
the back door,
But I kept so still—I had done it be-
fore—
"Doll, Doll! Doll, Doll!" for her daugh-
ter to come.

The voice of my mother rang out soft
and clear,
But I was so lazy I played not to hear,
"Doll, Doll! Doll, Doll!" for her daugh-
ter to come.

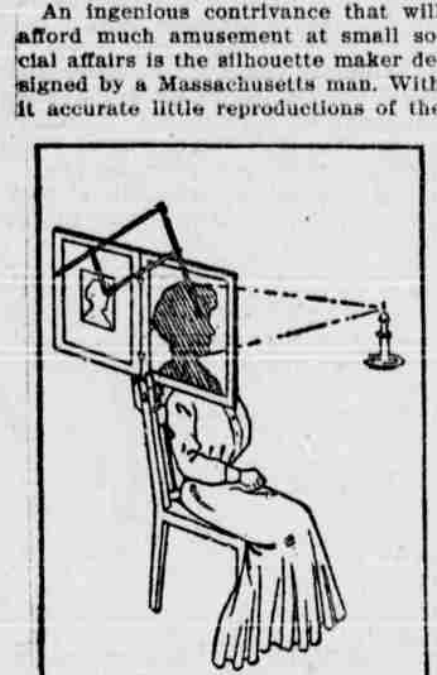
Then I thought with a start, as I turned
me about,
How tired my mother must be calling
out,
"Doll, Doll! Doll, Doll!" for her daugh-
ter to come.

I jumped up so quickly, and ran with all
my speed,
To find from my mother what might be
her need;
And down in my heart I said, as I ran,
I'd never treat mother in that way again!

FUN IN SILHOUETTE MAKER

Affords Much Amusement at Small
Social Affairs—Profile Produced
by Aid of Pantograph.

An ingenious contrivance that will
afford much amusement at small so-
cial affairs is the silhouette maker de-
signed by a Massachusetts man. With
it accurate little reproductions of the



Silhouettes of men and women pre-
sent may be drawn by any person, no
matter how little artistic ability they
possess, the inventor claims. A fold-
ing frame, one section of which is a
transparent panel and the other adapted
to hold a sheet of paper, is fastened
to the back of the chair in which the
subject sits. A lighted candle is
placed at a point where it throws the
shadow of the head on the translu-
cent panel. Pinned to the paper on
the other side of the frame is a piece
of carbon paper. By using a panto-
graph, which is a jointed device for
the reproduction of a design on a
smaller scale, the silhouette which is
thrown on the screen panel can be
reproduced in miniature on the pa-
per opposite.

WEARS AN ELIZABETHAN RUFF

Despite of Wing-Like Protuberances
Creature is Not Angelic—Known
as "Fried Lizard."

This animal is a lizard. He is not
wearing an Elizabethan ruff because
it is the fashion, but because it is
apparently attached to him.

The creature is not, in spite of the
wing-like protuberances, an especially



BEAVER DAM BUILDER

A man who had his doubts about
beavers being able to build dams was
presented with a baby beaver by a
hunter. It became a great pet, but
showed no signs of wanting to build a
dam until one day a leaky pailful of
water was put on the floor of the out-
kitchen. The beaver was there, and
though little more than a baby, when
he saw the water oozing across the floor
he scampered into the yard
brought a chip and began his work. His
owner kept the pail filled and left the
building material at hand, and the lit-
tle fellow kept at his work until he had
built a solid dam around the pail.

Greetings.

American and English—How do you
do?
French—How do you carry your
self?
Italian—How do you stand?
German—How do you find yourself?
Dutch—How do you fare?
Swedish—How can you be?
Chinese—How is your stomach?
Have you eaten your rice?
Polish—How do you have yourself?
Russian—How do you live on?
Persian—May thy shadow never
be less.

They all mean pretty much the same
thing.

DAISY AND BUMBLE BEE

Daisy stood in the meadow,
Her great eyes wide and blue,
Bumble Bee from across the way
Past little Daisy flew.
Daisy saw him coming,
Opened her blue eyes wide;
Her heart pit-patted loudly,
And Daisy almost cried,
She felt afraid of Bumble—
Old honey-bee so bold!
For he sipped all the sweetness
From flowers, she was told,
And wasn't she a flower—
A "blossom," papa said—
"A tender, wee, wee blossom,"
Till "Little Golden-Head!"
But Bumble bee, unmindful
Of Daisy-maid's wail,
A-seeking other flowers,



And perched himself at last
Within the bosom of a brim,
With petals soft and pink,
And Daisy breathed quite freely,
And felt so glad to think
That thought was a daisy
The hair had more charm
For Bumble, the old buzzer,
Who might have done her harm.
—Helena Davis.

GAME OF DUMB INSTRUMENTS

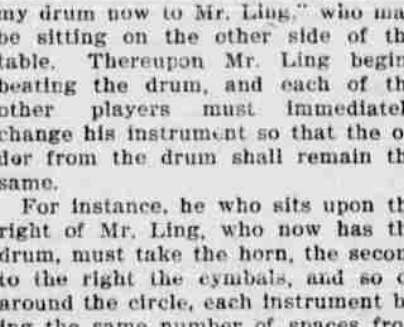
One of Noisiest and Jolliest of Pas-
times—Continual Changing Causes
Much Merriment.

The favorite pastimes among the
Chinese are those which are suitable
for playing at the table. The Dumb
Instruments is one of the noisiest
and jolliest games. In a company of
any number each takes the name of
some different instrument, which he is
supposed to imitate both in sound and
gesture. The leader will take the
name of the drum, which is the most
important instrument; the first man
on his right will have the horn, and he
will second the cymbals, and so on.

After all have performed for a few
moments on the various imaginary
instruments the leader will say, "I pass
my drum now to Mr. Ling," who may
be sitting on the other side of the
table. Thereupon Mr. Ling begins
beating the drum, and each of the
other players must immediately
change his instrument so that the or-
der from the drum shall remain the
same.

For instance, he who sits upon the
right of Mr. Ling, who now has the
drum, must take the horn, the second
to the right the cymbals, and so on
around the circle, each instrument be-
ing the same number of spaces from
the drum as it was before the
change. This continual changing of
the drum from one person to another,
and the subsequent endeavors to re-
member what is the correct imaginary
instrument and play it properly, are
provocative of great merriment.

ALTOGETHER TOO QUIET



"Well, Henry, how do you like your
neighbors?"
"Not at all. They're so quiet that
I don't move, or mamma can't hear
what they're saying."

Too Lonesome.
Mamma sewing, Georgie standing
by—George: Mamma, did you ever
tell a lie?
Shocked Mamma: Well—perhaps
when I was young and knew no bet-
ter.
George: Did papa ever tell a lie?
Mamma: I suppose he might have
done so when he knew no better.
A pause—Georgie: Well! I won't
go to heaven!
Shocked mamma: My son! what do
you mean?
George: I don't want to go to
heaven, 'cause it will be so lonesome
with nobody there but God and George
Washington!

EASTER OFFERING



Season
of Joy

Helen Bruce Wallace

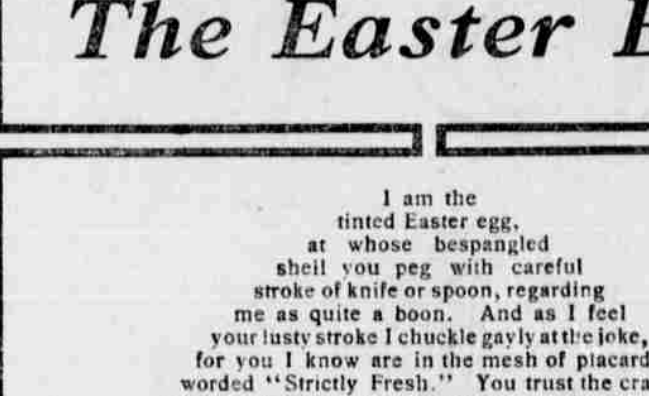
HERE is an instinctive
sense of disappoint-
ment when it rains on
Easter. We feel that
the sun should shine
and all nature be at
her best and brightest
on this day that is typical
both of spiritual and
physical reawakening.

voice this joyousness in the flowers
that are seen everywhere. There is
a coldness in the church service that
is not brightened by at least a Hyl or
two today; it seems to poorly express
the spirit of the Easteride.

Did not man believe in a hereafter,
a future when wrongs will be righted
and sorrows turn to joy, the world
would have stopped trying long ago.
Even with all our faith that deniers
question, "What's the use?" lurks in
wait for us at every obstacle in the
road. Did we not believe in what lies
on the other side, though unseen, we
would turn back like Pilate from our
misry Slough of Despond.

Take a ray temporal hope from a
man, from a nation—what follows?

The Easter Egg



I am the
tinted Easter egg,
at whose bespangled
shell you peg with careful
stroke of knife or spoon, regarding
me as quite a boon. And as I feel
your lusty stroke I chuckle gaily at the joke,
for you I know are in the mesh of placards
worded "Strictly Fresh." You trust the crafty
grocer man who sells his eggs just as he can
and never is the least afraid to claim that they are
"Newly Laid." The grocer man, he puts his trust
in men who are not wholly just, for they sell eggs the
whole year round and often in deceit are found, because
they keep the eggs on ice until there is a raise in price.
However, I would advise that you should turn your happy
eyes upon the tintings of my shell—the hues are laid on so
well; the dreamy pinks and reds and blues with which the true
my form embues; or possibly I may present designs that for dye
art are meant—a landscape or an ocean scene wherein
there are faint hints of green, or maybe, lined with dainty
grace there is a most bewitching face that smiles into your joyous
eyes which shows the sparkle of surprise. Do as you please,
but it is best to act, perhaps, as I suggest. Put down your knife with
which you aim to crush my most artistic frame, and simply feast your
inner man upon the pictures that you scan. For all you see and all
you know; for all my cunning pictures show I may be of the overflow
of Easter-time a year ago. Old masters may have painted me in some
forgotten century and left me in some cherished household—some ware-
house where fresh eggs are stored—and it might fill you with regret
if you should heed me not and let your appetite for works of art
gain headway o'er your mind and heart. O, listen, listen, let
me beg—I am a simple Easter egg, debauched with paint and
drowned in dyes, but let me beg of you: Be wise! How often
do we weep to see things not what they're cracked up to be!
Remember, I have made no claims—I leave the dealers all
such games; I may be but a cheat and sham, but I
am only what I am. Think over what I say—think
twice; all men may profit by advice. If you
should crack me your way, remember
that I told you so. Now all my lit-
tle speech is done. Strike! Strike,
but first prepare to
run!

AN EASTER ANTHEM



For Kingdom of Peace.

The mortal life of our Lord and
Savior was one long trial from the
rude manger-cradle, where, God omni-
potent, he was held a helpless babe
against a woman's heart—to those last
awful hours of dereliction, when, love
sacrificed, he hung a bleeding, thorn-
crowned victim upon Calvary's height.
Yet his mission among men was to
bring into their peace; his earthly
existence, the very purpose of his com-
ing, was that by the great atonement
the kingdom of peace might be set up
forever among the creatures of his
hand.

Greetings.

Canst thou count the stars that nightly
Glitter in the azure sky?
Canst thou count the clouds that lightly
Float above our heads as high?
Didst thou the number knoweth
Of the wonders that he showeth,
In their countless varied forms,
In their countless varied forms.

Canst thou count the children daily
Rising from their beds at morn—
Going forth to wander gay,
By no care of trouble wary?
God the Lord is all delighteth
And their goodness he remembereth:
Thee, too, he doth know and love,
Thee, too, he doth know and love

TRAIN LOAD AFTER
TRAIN LOAD OF
SETTLERS

ARE GOING TO CENTRAL CANADA.

The question of reciprocal trade re-
lations between the United States and
Canada has provoked considerable
discussion and interest. Whatever
side the discussion may have done, it
has brought out the fact that on the
Canadian side of the line the agricul-
tural situation is one that forces
attention, and it has also brought forth
the fact which it is well to face, that
on the American side of the border,
there is a vastly increasing popula-
tion to be fed by a somewhat de-
creasing proportion of food products.
This article is intended to point out
to those who may wish to become of
those who can raise wheat, oats, bar-
ley, flax, cattle and hogs at the least
cost that the opportunities in Central
Canada are what they are seeking.
During the past year the official fig-
ures show that upwards of 130,000
Americans located in Canada, and the
greatest majority of these have settled
on farms, and when the time comes,
which it will within a few years, they
will be ready to help serve their par-
ent country with the food stuffs that
its increasing population will require.
The immigration for the spring has
now set in in great earnest, and train
load after train load of a splendid
class of settlers leave weekly from
Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago, De-
troit, St. Paul and other points. Most
of these are destined through to points
in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Al-
berta. The reports that come from
the different farming districts there
are that the spring is opening up well,
and the prospects for a splendid crop
this year are very good. In some dis-
tricts good homesteads are yet avail-
able. The price of all farm lands has
naturally had an increase, but it is
still away below its earning capacity.
The immigration branch of the Domini-
on Government has just published its
1911 illustrated pamphlet, which may
be secured on application to the De-
partment of the Interior, Ottawa,
Canada, or any of the agents of the
Dominion Government, whose adver-
tisement may appear elsewhere in this
paper.

Preventing a Disturbance.

Colonel Scotchman was weary. He
had had a very arduous day retreating
from the enemy, and he wished to re-
coup his strength in order that he
might retreat still further on the mor-
row.

"MacPherson," he said to his new
servant, "I'm going to snatch forty
winks' sleep. Stay in my tent and
see that I'm not disturbed."

Mac saluted. Five minutes later the
anores of Colonel Scotchman were cut
short by the loud report of a gun.
"Great Scott!" cried the colonel,
"are the enemy upon us?"
"Na, dinna fer!" replied Mac, in-
serting his head reassuringly through
the tent flap. "It was only a wee
mouse. But as I thought he might
wake you up I shot him."—Answers.

You Never Can Tell.

A certain 'cellist was once snow-
bound for three hours at a small rail-
road station. He unpacked his 'cello
and played his dozen fellow-sufferers
a request program with the result that
one of them took him to Europe for a
year. You never can tell as you hear
your precious fiddle-come through the
streets what magic casement may not
open on the foam of (stains), and what
fairly hand may not beckon you
within to do the one thing needful to
opus fifty-nine, or draw a valiant bow
in the battle of Schumann quintet.—
Robert H. Schaeffler, in the Atlantic.

An Ambassador's Note.

An ambassador to Russia, formerly
a leather merchant in this country,
discovered certain secret processes re-
garding a special kind of leather man-
ufactured there. He would have been
looked on with suspicion had it been
suspected that he could learn any-
thing of these methods. But during
his sojourn he got near enough to cer-
tain factories to register, through his
sense of smell, some impressions with
which he was able to work out the
formula when he returned home.—
Atlantic Magazine.

Truth a Trouble Maker.

A West Philadelphia man and his
wife have separated. None of their
friends know why, but one, being curi-
ous, asked the husband:
"What was the trouble between you
and your wife?"
"O, nothing much. She bought a
new hat for \$20 and asked me what I
thought of it. And I told her, 'That's
all!'"

Indication of Wisdom.

"Why do they call the owl the bird
of wisdom?"
"It stays out all night and doesn't
tell what it sees or does."—Judge.

Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes

Prevents Infection—Murine Eye Salve
In Tubes for all Eye Ills. No Morphine.
Ask Druggists for New Size 25c. Valua-
ble Eye Book in Each Package.

Good breeding is benevolence in
trifles, or the preference of others to
ourselves in the little daily occur-
rences of life.—Chatham.

Garfield Tea will win your approval. It
is pleasant to take, mild in action and very
health-giving. It overcomes constipation.

A man doesn't have to be a detec-
tive in order to find fault.

Before
Allowing an
Operation

Please Read These Two Letters.

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise
it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it
may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound.
She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering
worse than before. Then after all that suffering Lydia E. Fink-
ham's Vegetable Compound restored her health.

HERE IS HER OWN STATEMENT.



Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered
very severely with a displacement—I could not
be on my feet for a long time. My physician
treated me for several months without much re-
lief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an oper-
ation. I was there four weeks and came home
suffering worse than before. My mother ad-
vised me to try Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable
Compound, and I did. To-day I am well and
strong and do all my own housework. I owe my
health to Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Com-
pound, and advise every woman who is afflicted
with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs.
Orville Rock, Rt. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Mich.

"There never was a worse case."

Rockport, Ind.—"There never was a worse case of woman's
ills than mine, and I cannot begin to tell you what I suffered.
For over two years I was not able to do anything. I was in bed
for a month and the doctor said nothing but an operation would
cure me. My father suggested Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable
Compound; so to please him I took it, and I improved wonder-
fully, so I am able to travel, ride horseback, take long rides and
never feel any ill effects from it. I can only ask other suffering
women to give Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound a trial
before submitting to an operation."—Mrs. Margaret Meredith,
Rt. F. D. No. 3, Rockport, Ind.

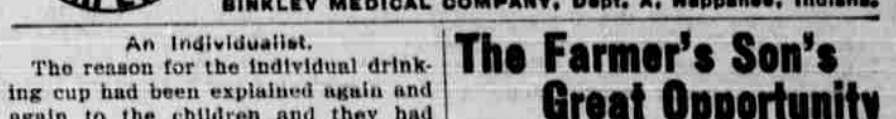
We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to
us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of
these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the
letters are published without their permission, or that the original
letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

For 30 years Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable
Compound has been the standard remedy for
female ills. No sick woman does justice to
herself who will not try this famous medicine.
Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and
has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Finkham invites all sick women
to write her for advice. She has
guided thousands to health free of charge.
Address Mrs. Finkham, Lynn, Mass.

CURE and PREVENT

All cases of Distemper, P, Isotile, Pink-Eye, Catarrh Fever, Coughs
and Colds with



The reason for the individual drink-
ing cup had been explained again and
again to the children and they had
become sturdy supporters of the
idea.

So it was not surprising to hear
Henry calling: "Ma, ma! Melville's
got my individual apple!"

The pleasure of love is in loving.
We are happier in the passion we feel
than in that we inspire.—Francis Duc
de Rochefaucauld.

You are not treating yourself or your
family fairly if you don't keep Hamlin's
Ward Oil in the house. It has been
substitute for family doctor and a mighty
good friend in case of emergency.

Set yourself earnestly to see that
you were made to do, and then set
yourself earnestly to do it.—Phillips
Brooks.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

An institution must be propped up
by precedent when it is no more up-
lifted by sap.

Take Garfield Tea in the spring to purify
the blood and cleanse the system.

A pleasant smile and a sweet voice
are great helps on life's journey.

Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or dis-
ease of the organs distinctively feminine. Such sickness can be cured—it cures
every day by

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong,
Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restora-
tive tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy
of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and
local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so obnoxious to
every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of
those peculiar affections incident to women, but those
wanting full information as to their symptoms and
means of positive cure are referred to the People's Com-
mon Sense Medical Adviser—1088 pages, newly revised
and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 31 cen-
t stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only,
in French cloth binding. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce,
No. 653 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

In New York City. Best features of country
and city life. Out-of-door sports on
school park of 35 acres near the Hudson
River. Academic Course Primary Class to
Graduation. Upper class for Advanced
Special Students. Music and Art. Write
for catalogue and forms.
Miss Saxe and Miss Walker, Riverside Avenue, near 215th St., West 1st, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE CURED OLD PERSON'S BOWEL TROUBLE

One of the most remarkable proofs of
the unusual laxative merit contained in
Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is that it is
effective not only in people in the prime
of life, but at the extremes of age. As
many letters are received from mothers
regarding the cures of children, as from
men and women of sixty, seventy and
eighty years of age. It must be truly a
wonderful laxative.

In the cure of constipation and bowel
trouble in old people it has no equal. It
corrects the constipation, dispels the head-
ache, biliousness, gas, drowsiness after
eating, etc. People advancing in years
should see to it that their bowels move
freely, and if they do not take Dr.
Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You can pro-

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ointment Cures all kinds of Sores,
Ulcers, Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, In-
fections, Eczema, Stomach, Venereal Dis-
eases, Itch, Ringworm, etc. Sold by all
Druggists. Price 25c. Write for
Circular.

Petitts Eye Salve

INFALLIBLE FOR
SORE EYES

LIVE STOCK AND
MISCELLANEOUS

Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY
FOR SALE AT THE
LOWEST PRICES BY
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION
154 W. Adams St., Chicago

DEFIANCE STARCH—10 ounces to
the package—the package price and
"DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.