

For Coughs and Colds **PERUNA**
An Efficient Remedy

Compounded of vegetable drugs in a perfectly appointed laboratory by skilled chemists, after the prescription of a successful physician of wide experience, and approved by the experience of tens of thousands in the last forty-five years.

Peruna's Success
rests strictly on its merit as a truly scientific treatment for all diseases of catarrhal symptoms. It has come to be the recognized standby of the American home because it has deserved to be, and it stands today as firm as the eternal hills in the confidence of an enormous number.

What Helped Them May Help You
Get our free booklet, "Health and How to Have It," of your druggist, or write direct to us.

The Peruna Company
Columbus, Ohio

THERE IS SOMEBODY ELSE
One Thing the Average Man and Woman Ought Always to Keep in Mind.

One thing that the average man, and woman, too, ought to remember is that there is somebody else. It is not actual and offensive conceit, it seems to be simple self-absorption, forgetting that there really is anybody else. We have nothing to say against the condemnation of careless and reckless drivers of automobiles. The offenders deserve it all. But nobody knows how many lives are spared every day by the careful drivers.

It is customary for foot passengers to step from the sidewalk to the highway without thinking to look up and down the street. Sometimes they do look one way and keep on walking into and across the street with eyes pointed steadily that way. An automobile coming from the other direction is of no more interest than a comet said also to be approaching. If it were not for the obnoxious horns, there would be many more killings than there are. Nobody gets any credit for this. Instead, the horrid horns are condemned as a nuisance. This habit of self-absorption is not limited to people who risk their lives in stepping into the crowded streets. On the regular sidewalk often people turn sharp around without looking to see what or who is coming and it is they who get mad at the collision they produce. When they do not turn they often stop short. Bump follows and it is the bumper who is to blame. Such is life.—Hartford Courier.

HOW TO TREAT DANDRUFF
Itching Scalp and Falling Hair With Cuticura. Trial Free.

On retiring touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair and freedom, in most cases, from dandruff, itching, burning, crustings and scalings.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

No Good to Him.
Tommy (to bareheaded German)—Want to surrender, do yer? You ain't no good ter me like that! You 'op back and bring yer 'elmet wiv yer. I'm going 'ome on leave next week.—London Opinion.

Quite a Feat.
"It was a remarkable election in many respects."
"Yes, it killed the 'I told you so' tribe to some extent."

"Only One" "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVER. Cures a Cold in One Day. 2c.

Hamilton, O., has celebrated its one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday.

Show girls work on an average of from 9 to 12 hours a day.

Flaked potatoes are used for human food and cattle fodder.

Boschee's German Syrup
For 51 years has been the quickest, safest, and best remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and sore throat. It acts like magic, soothing and healing the lungs, the very first organs to get out of order when one catches cold. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all Druggists and Dealers. Keep a bottle always handy.

APPENDICITIS
If you have been threatened or have GALLSTONES, INFLAMMATION, GAS or PAIN in the right side write for Free Book of the "Gallstone" by Dr. H. B. BOWEN, D.D., 114 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

The First Christmas
St. Luke, Chapter II

AND IT CAME TO PASS, in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem; to be taxed with Mary.

And so it was that while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger: because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them; and the glory of the Lord shown round about them and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them:

"Fear not! For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is the Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Who Santa Claus Wuz.
Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—Gst to almost cry for Christmas, like a youngster will. Fourth o' July nothin' to it—New Year's ain't a smell. Easter Sunday—Circus day—jes' all dead in the shell. Lawdy, though! at night, you know, to set around an' hear the old folks work the story off about the sledge an' deer. An' "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapped in fur an' fuzz—Long afore I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz!

Ust to wait, an' set up late, a week or two ahead; Couldn't hardly keep awake, nee wouldn't go to bed; Kittle stewin' on the fire, an' mother settin' here Darnin' socks, an' rockin' in the skreeky rockin' chair; Pap gap, an' wonder where it wuz the money went. An' quar' with his frosted heels, an' spill his liniment; An' me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud whir an' buzz, Long afore I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz!

Size the fire-place up, an' figger how "Ole Santy" could Manage to come down the chimney, like they said he would; Wish' 'at I could hide an' see him—wundered who he'd say Ef he ketches a feller layin' ter him that away. But I bet on him, an' liked him, same as I liked the feller who he'd say, "Look here, my lad, Here's my pack—jes' hep yourself, like all the good boys does." Long afore I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz!

Wish' that yarn was true 'bout him, as it 'peared to be—Truth made out o' lies like that'un's good enough fer me. Wish' I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild. Over hangin' up my stockin' like the little child. Climbin' in my lap tonight, an' beggin' me to tell 'bout them reindeers, an' "Ole Santy" that she loves so well. I'm half sorry fer this little girl sweet-heart of his—Long afore I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz! —James Whitcomb Riley.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend."
From the Kansas City Star. You fathers and mothers of boys, did you read in the Star of what Judge Ralph S. Latah said about boys who go wrong? "Four-fifths of the criminals are boys who have just passed the age of 16," he said. And then he told why they went wrong.

"It is because they have not been properly watched, because their fathers and mothers have neglected them, and because they have frequented low pool halls. God pity the father and the mother who do not set an upright example for the boy just on the threshold of manhood. And I'll tell you when a feller needs a friend. He needs one every day and every night, in the home and in his daily life, in the school and everywhere. This is good, sound doctrine. Many a boy has gone wrong because his father seemed to take no interest in his goings and comings at night. He was allowed to join the gang on the corner and gradually he grew away from parental influence. Just at the critical age when a boy is growing into manhood he is apt to be attracted by the glamour of the reckless tough, the fellow without reverence, without honor, without ideals, without real manhood. At this time particularly he needs wholesome companionship and guidance. The father who makes it his business to keep interested in his son's

affairs can make himself his boy's chum and can direct his growing activities into good business. A man once was jolted into recognition of the fact that he knew nothing about what his children were thinking or doing. When he came to himself he exclaimed: "In heaven's name, what am I on earth for if I can't give an hour a day to getting acquainted with my children?"

Christmas—A Prayer.
Be born anew, dear Lord, be born again. Unto the hunger of the sons of men. Whose famine is too bitter to be fed. By any lower food than sacred bread. We thirst for hope and, tasting, drink it not. We choke for joy denied a barren lot. We starve for love and, starving, throw the dice. That may, or may not, pay love's precious price. Our trembling hands, infirm, have lost the wit. To grasp Thy holy cup. Lord, give us it. Fill it with strength despaired of by the weak. Fill it with brimming rest the weary seek. Out of the chalice let the lonely drink. Restrain the wild soul crouching on the brink. Of shameful purposes, that no man knows. Watch, Thou, the desert where the desperate go. Unto white hearts give purity anew; "Santy" come, and bring the power to be true. Grant to the mourning, all uncomforted, The conscious coming of their dearest. Give to the friendless, shrinking and apart. The happy throbbing of the Christmas heart.

Is there a flying thing Fluttering with broken wing? Lead us where'er he hides. Beneath palm's sharpest fang. The most forgotten pang. Why? Why? Why? For that, for that, we pray.

For the bird shut in the bog; For the patient, laboring beast; That gives us most for least; For the soul within the dumb, And for that it may become, For the smitten by the way, O listen, Lord, we pray.

Be born again, dear Christ! Be born again. Unto the knowledge of the sons of men; Be born into the gentle heart that brings its best, its strongest, to the weakest thing.

Custom That Should Be Revived.
"Old, very old in England," we read in the Woman's Home Companion, "is the custom of setting lighted candles in the windows on Christmas eve. The plan was being made for the passerby, but little use has been made of this charming idea in our country. Baltimore, however, has had a city-wide lighting of candles, which was so successful that it is repeated every year. Weeks before Christmas, when plans were being made for the community tree, it was suggested that each household set lighted candles in the parlor windows to wish "Merry Christmas" to their fellow townsmen, not even the most enthusiastic supporter of the candle greeting expected to see half the number of windows that were so lighted when Christmas eve came."

Holiday Dinners Too Big.
From the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. A good many lives are uttered about the meals that follow a holiday feast. The purport of them is that these later meals are composed mostly of the remains which are served up from time to time in various forms, less and less palatable. But the

fact is quite different—at least for some of us. The fact is that the holiday meal generally is too elaborate and is surrounded by so many anxieties on the part of the hostess that it is not thoroughly enjoyed. There are so many dishes that, if one eats only a little of each, he is surprised and leaves the table feeling more like an inflated balloon than like a fractional human being. It has been a great meal, but there is generally more left than has been eaten, and the waste from the beautifully filled plates and small dishes is enough to feed a hungry family. Everybody has made extraordinary effort—the hostess to please her guests and the guests to eat, but the result is a failure, simply because the good things were too numerous.

There is a picture of the first Thanksgiving eve, showing the housewife with a pumpkin in her hands and her husband returning from the hunt with a turkey. Both are happy, and so, too, the boy and the cat, the other figures in the picture. But in these days, the two articles of diet would be only a beginning. In the prodigal present, we have so much that we do not enjoy anything to the full. It is only on the days following a holiday, when the dishes are fewer and we can eat more to the heart, that we find the most pleasure in the eating.

"Christ Is Not Come."
No trumpet-blast profaned The hour in which the Prince of Peace No bloody streamlet stained Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn; But, o'er the peaceful plain, The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain. The soldier had laid by The sword and stripped the corselet from his breast, And hung his helm on high— And wore his winter home and summer nest; And, with the same strong hand, That hung the barbed spear, he filled the land.

Oh, time for which we yearn: Oh, Sabbath of the nations long foretold! Season of peace, return, Like a late summer when the year grows old, When the sweet sunny days Steeped mead and mountain-side in golden haze.

Christ is not come, while yet O'er half the earth the threat of battle lowers, And our own fields are wet, Beneath the battle cloud, with crimson showers— The life-blood of the slain, Poured out where thousands die that one may reign.

Soon, over half the earth, In every temple crowds shall kneel again To celebrate His birth Who brought the message of good will to men, And bursts of joyous song Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

Christ is not come, while there The men of blood whose crimes affront The skies, Kneel down in act of prayer, Amid the joyous strains, and when they rise, Go forth, with sword and flame, To waste the land in His most holy name.

Oh, when the day shall break O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts, And all their millions wake To peaceful tasks performed with loving hearts, On such a blessed morn, Well may the nations say that Christ is born. —William Cullen Bryant.

The pocket flask may be put out of business by the discovery of a French chemist, who has devised a process by which all liquors may be solidified and carried in the form of tablets.

CANADA AGAIN
A PRIZE WINNER
Highest Premiums Awarded at Many Exhibitions.

The Fall fair season is past and a retrospect of them shows that Western Canada is stronger than ever in the matter of exhibits, and has taken more than her usual share of the prize money. From Western Canada to Texas is a long look, from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to the southwestern corner of Texas is several days' journey, but the enterprising farmers from this new country to the northwest were wide awake to the possibilities that waited them at the International Dry Farming Congress held at El Paso, Texas, a few weeks ago, to bring to the attention of those in that far-off corner what the land of Western Canada could do in the production of grains and roots from its soil. And what did these farmers do? The first thing was to carry off the first prize and sweepstakes for wheat. That was a foregone conclusion, for it has now become an established fact that nowhere else in the world is there grown wheat of the high character and market value of Western Canadian wheat. The same may be said of oats, of barley and of rye. But when it came to notice that Western Canada took first prize for alfalfa, it was then that more special attention was given to the products from Western Canada. It showed that in that country there lies the opportunity for supplementing the wonderful native grasses, so full of nutrition, that with the famed varieties, among them being alfalfa, the cattle with no other food were fattened and fitted for the shambles. Western Canada's worth was proved as probably the greatest mixed farming portion of the continent. When the steers from the Western Canadian prairies reach the Chicago stockyards they bring the top price and outweigh those from other places where grass fattening is the process. But it was not only in grains that Western Canada carried off the highest honors at the El Paso exhibition. Potatoes, parsnips, beets, carrots and rutabagas also took the highest honors. In root production this country is becoming favorably known.

The question often arises as to markets. There is always the highest price awaiting the producer, and as soon as the Hudson Bay Railway, now about completed, reaches the Bay, there will be an additional outlet for the product of the farm. The Pacific coast route, via the Panama canal, will give another outlet of which full advantage may be taken. With virgin land selling at from \$15 to \$20 per acre, and improved farms at reasonable prices and on easy terms, there is no better opportunity for the man with limited means and a desire to secure a home at the least cost in a country where he can soon become wealthy, as thousands of others have done, than in Western Canada. To the man with less means and who is prepared to accept a farm of 160 acres free, the Dominion Government offers him his choice in districts that have land of the highest type, but at present being from ten to twenty miles from a railway.

The Peace River Country, now being opened for settlement and reached by railway affords excellent opportunity to the homesteader. To secure information as to Western Canadian lands write the Canadian Government agent, whose name appears elsewhere in this paper.—Advertisement.

Patience is a plaster for all sores.

BEWARE OF
sudden colds.
Take --



The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents. At Any Drug Store.

SIoux CITY P.T.G. CO. NO. 52-1916

WHISKERS UNDER THE BAN
Prejudice Against Facial Adornment Was Very Strong Some Centuries Ago.

Nowhere was there more prejudiced against beards than at the Inns of Court centuries ago. The "Black Books" of Lincoln's Inn of the sixteenth century are full of references to offenders who were "fyned double comens duryng such tyme as they shal have any berde." This proving ineffective, a whole batch of bearded barristers was in 1554 "banysshed from ye lowse," and shortly afterward a judge's order was obtained for the compulsory shaving of some of the members. The Inner temple benches were not quite so severe, for a fine of 20s was the sole penalty imposed in 1555 for "wearyng beardes of more than three weekes growthe." The war against bearded barristers continued at the Inns of Court until the seventeenth century.

Long after this, however, the prejudice against the unshaved barristers remained. . . . Vice Chancellor Bacon carried his dislike so far that he always refused to listen to bearded or mustached counsel, pretending that he could not hear them. Even now, although there are plenty of bearded barristers and K. C.'s, few have attained eminence. The most brilliant exception was perhaps the late Judah Phillip Benjamin, "silver-tongued Benjamin," who despite his mustache and American "goatee" earned the princely income of £35,000 a year.—London Chronicle.

HIGH COST OF LIVING

This is a serious matter with housekeepers as food prices are constantly going up. To overcome this, cut out the high priced meat dishes and serve your family more Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti, the cheapest, most delicious and most nutritious of all foods. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book, telling how to prepare it in a hundred different ways. It's free to every woman.—Adv.

Dumb Animals.

The manager of a great menagerie had induced all the crowd to become patrons except one individual who stood gazing at him with mouth agape. "Right in this way, sir, if you wish to see some deers talking," shouted the animal king. "No fear, lad," came the reply, "I was in yesterday and none of 'em said a word."—New York Morning Telegraph.

His Choice.

"Old man, you are too close in money matters. Your friends are beginning to classify you as a tightwad." "What does it matter? I'd rather be classified as a tightwad than as a good thing."

Philadelphia jewelry workers claim a 10 per cent organization.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Net Contents 15 Fluid Draught
900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation Purifying the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS—CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

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