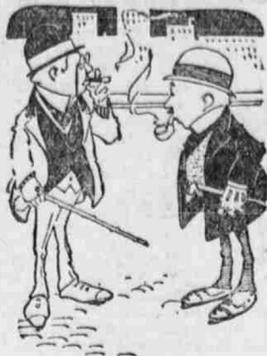


HE'D HAD SOME HARD KNOCKS.



"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."
"Fortune is a knocker, all right."

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nanning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

ATTRACTED BY THE GOSPEL

Koreans Have Shown Themselves Willing and Anxious to Hear the Word.

Rev. C. T. Collier writes as follows in the London Christian:

"It is more than twenty-one years since I first left home for the mission field. Never have I known of people being so ready to hear the Gospel as are the Koreans just now. I have had the privilege of doing a good deal of personal work during the past few weeks. Without stretching the point, I can say I have had personal conversation with several hundreds of heathen. Not one to whom I have spoken but has acknowledged that he must become a Christian. The young empress of Korea has not been making good progress with her studies, so it was felt she ought to have some young lady companions who are used to study. A young lady from our school was chosen for this position. She has been in the palace less than a month, but she has found many opportunities of witnessing for her Lord, with the result that her majesty has definitely set one hour each day for the study of Christianity, and ordered that a Bible and hymn-book should be procured for her. It has been my privilege to order a specially bound copy of the New Testament for her."

Well, Wasn't He Right?

The minister was addressing the Sunday school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is that that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?" During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard: "I know. It's the gas meter."

Heard Many a One.

The Judge—Madam, do you understand the nature of an oath?
The Witness—You seem to forget, your honor, that I've been married for over 20 years.

It seems to make some folks wonderfully comfortable to tell the Lord just what they think of one another.

Delightful Desserts

and many other pleasing dishes can be made with

Post Toasties

A crisp, wholesome food—always ready to serve.

With fruits or berries it is delicious.

"The Memory Lingers"

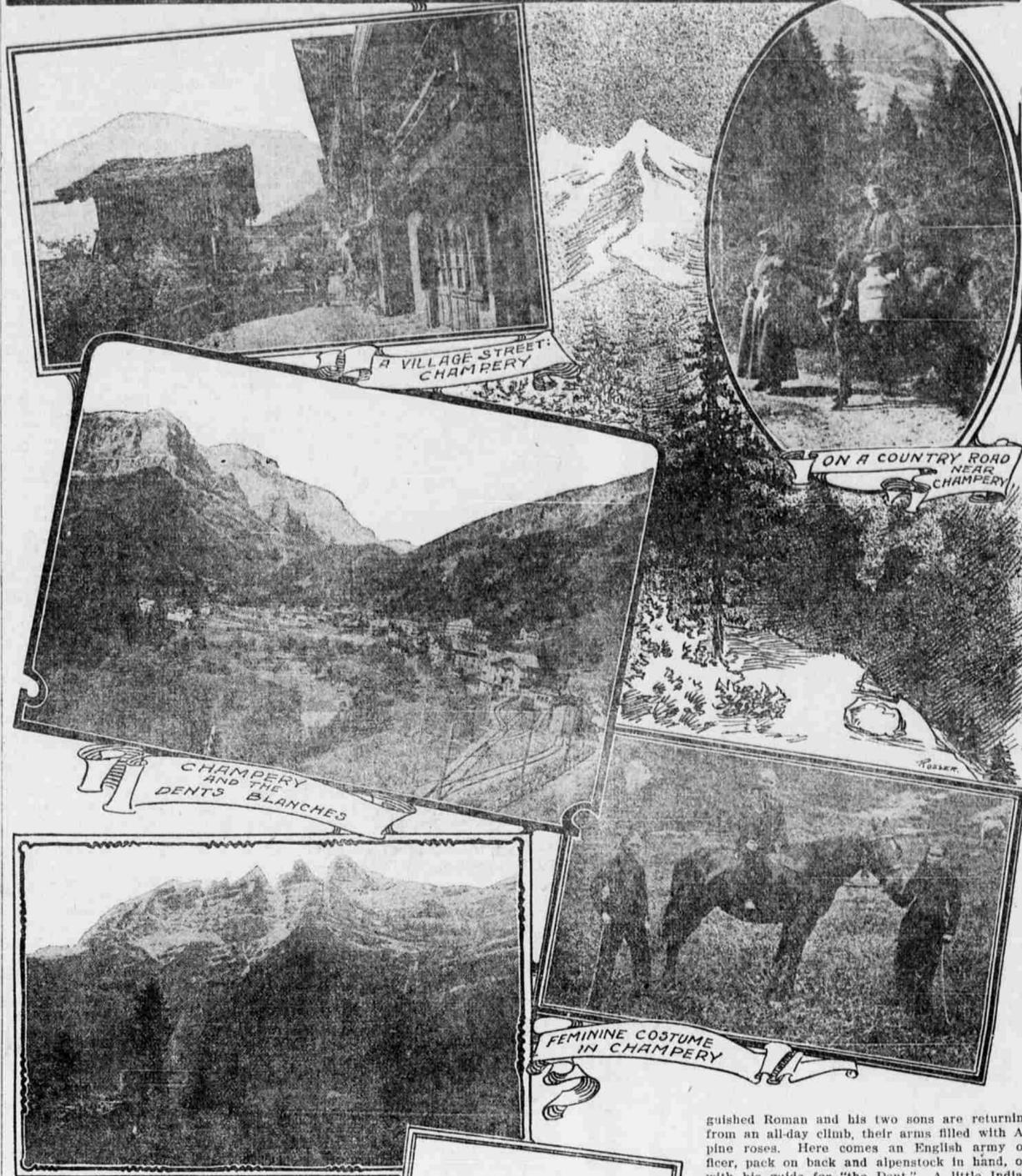
A little book—"Good Things Made with Toasties"—in packages, tells how.

Sold by Grocers—pkgs. 10c and 15c.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.
Battle Creek, Mich.

IN VALAIS

BY
LOUISE
MURRAY



THE DENTS DU MIDI

A PROPOS of all the present talk about woman suffrage, let us take a glance at the inhabitants of a small village in Switzerland, or, more accurately, the dwellers on the mountain slopes about Champery, in the canton of Valais, that sequestered and charming hamlet which lies contentedly at the feet of its famous neighbor, the Dent du Midi.

There the sturdy peasant women have solved the "equal rights" matter to their own satisfaction. Votes were never a factor in the question, but trousers were, and have been calmly appropriated for their own use; so it is as man's equal in freedom of movement and attire, at least, that the feminine half of the community tend their herds, cut hay on the almost perpendicular hill sides, and clamber up and down the stony and tortuous paths leading to their mountain homes.

If Americans are as yet in almost total ignorance of this little spot, successfully hidden for years at the extreme end of the lovely Val d'Illeze, it is by no means undiscovered, and, owing to the recent foreign invasion, these fair traitors to the conventional skirt have become as shy as the proverbial chamois, and one must seek them upon their own heights during the summer season, when the new electric tramway which has supplanted the old-time diligence renders this village almost too accessible to the ever-growing tourist army.

En route from Italy, one leaves the Simplon line at Saint Maurice, rides for a few minutes in a shuttle train of doubtful comfort, and, arriving at Monthey, takes the tram, which immediately commences an ascent of the fertile valley. Through vineyard and chestnut grove, over roaring mountain streams and past various hamlets, the little train wends its way, ever upward.

Leaving the heat of the plain below, one gradually emerges into an atmosphere of crystalline coolness. Champery, the end of the railway and the last village in the valley, lies 3,500 feet above the sea. Except its bracing air, one is unconscious of the altitude, as all about tower the infinitely greater heights of the Dents du Midi and the Dents Blanches, their white "teeth" so dazzling in the sunlight that one welcomes the almost ever-present curtain of cloud which veils their brightness. Some 300 feet below the village the rapid and noisy Vieze, home of that delectable fish, the "ombre," rushes down the bed of the valley from its source in the Col de Coux, another mountain, at whose summit lies the frontier of Savoy and a customs-house, and from whence one may continue one's walk in France to Chamonix.

The country abounds in walks and climbs to suit the most expert or inexperienced mountaineer. First and foremost of these is the ascent of the Dent du Midi, more than 10,000 feet in height. Of its seven teeth, the Haute Cime is most popular and least dangerous. Parties usually leave Champery in the afternoon, sup at



LE CALVAIRE

Bonaveau, snatch a few hours of sleep, and are off before dawn in order to reach the summit for a far-reaching panorama of the sun-kissed Alps awaking from their sleep.

It was at this little chalet of Bonaveau that one party, finding their hopes of an ascent shattered by torrential rain, resolved to play bridge and amuse themselves as best they could until the wee sma' hours; but "English as she is spoke" and accompanying laughter evidently jarred upon the proprietor's nerves, for in the morning their modest bill was embellished with the strange item: "Extra: Pour bruit fait pendant la nuit (for noise made during the night), 5 francs."

To return to the village, its one street lined by chalets with gayly flowering window-boxes and neat gardens, hotels, pensions, and little shops, let us occupy ourselves with the cosmopolitan throng that wanders back and forth on any August day.

The Hotel Dent du Midi, Champery's largest and most modern hostelry, is the best point of vantage for such a survey. Choosing a comfortable chair from beneath its striped awnings, we call a waitress wearing one of the typical scarlet kerchiefs on her head to bring us tea. While waiting we may listen to the orchestra and marvel at the many countries of the world represented in this small corner of it. The English and French element predominate, and as yet the American is in the minority, but electricity, steam heat and all the commodities of modern life that especially recommend a place to his luxury-loving heart are fast doing away with its former simplicity. What a field in which to study human nature, national characteristics, and that intangible something which stamps indelibly the types of each country for its own.

There goes a former prime minister of Austria off for a walk with his beautiful wife, his fox terriers bounding in glee at his heels. A distin-

guished Roman and his two sons are returning from an all-day climb, their arms filled with Alpine roses. Here comes an English army of floor, pack on back and alpenstock in hand, off with his guide for "the Dent." A little Indian prince carries a bit of cake to her squirming and anticipatory dachshund. Out in the garden four hilarious Parisiennes are settling their accounts at bridge. A Greek countess flicks the ashes from her cigarette, as she sips her tea in company with a young Roumanian. An Italian admiral strolls into the "poste," and the inevitable American girl returns from tennis. So one might continue indefinitely, for Swiss, Dutch, Russian, Hungarian, and even Egyptian are all represented in this out-of-the-way little place to such an extent that during the annual tennis tournament lodgings of any sort, be it ever so homely or primitive, is at a premium.

It is in June, however, that Champery is at its loveliest. Then the fields are carpeted with masses of wild flowers of the most extraordinary beauty and variety, delicate orchid-like blossoms that might have been hot-house grown, mixing with the more sturdy ones, and it is with real regret that one sees them swept away by the relentless scythe in haying time. In the heart of the village lies the newly restored parish church, with its unique and ancient crown-capped bell-tower, from which a veritable chaos of chimneys peal forth on feast days.

Mention of Champery would not be complete without a word as to its favorite strolls, the "Petit" and "Grand Paradis"—two lovely wooded spots by the rapid Vieze, where one may sit beneath the pines and listen to its noisy music—and "les Galeries," a natural rock formation in the sheer cliff rising from the right bank of the river, and from which a splendid view of the village is to be had.

But it is toward the east, a half hour distant, that we wend our way most frequently, for there lies "Le Calvaire," a stone cross set upon a projecting knoll which dominates the entire Val d'Illeze far down to the peaceful Valley of the Rhone and across to the distant peaks of Chaussy, Gummfluh, and the Mont d'Or glistening in the sun. From this point, midway between the valley and the mountains, seated beneath that cross, eternal symbol of death, one may best watch the mystery of the departing sun as it sinks behind the Col de Coux. Then the veil that hangs all day before the Dent du Midi lifts, and the dying rays slowly flood the mountains' cold, dead whiteness with the rosy glow of life and eternal promise.

Finds Homes For Children

Recently two large parties of children left Liverpool by the Allan liner Corsican, Captain Cook, for Quebec. One party, consisting of boys and girls, was from the Birt home, and the children were under the care of Miss Birt, who traveled in the ship. This lady has been engaged for 37 years in rescuing children and has taken out over 6,000 and settled them in the Dominion of Canada. The party in the Corsican was the eighty-first which has gone out under the auspices of the home.—London Times.

Controlled Newspapers.
The Atchison Globe says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the Globe is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—Emporia Gazette.

It is a Mistake

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given Cascarets by its friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade pirates prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Cascarets. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascarets. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Looked Like a Pattern.

"My dear," asks the thoughtful husband, "did you notice a large sheet of paper with a lot of diagrams on it about my desk?"

"You mean that big piece with dots and curves and diagonals and things all over it?"

"Yes. It was my map of the path of Halley's comet. I wanted to—"
"My goodness! I thought it was that pattern I asked you to get, and the dressmaker is cutting out my new shirtwaist by it!"—Chicago Evening Post.

He Had Been Observing.

"Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelor's Button'?" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could attach without needle or thread.

"I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Statistics Go Lame.

"Pears t' me thar's somethin' wrong with statisticks," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench.

"What's wrong with 'em?" queried the village grocer.

"Wall, ercondin' tew 'em," continued the o. l., "we order hev had a death in teown ev'ry six weeks fer th' past tew years."

"Is that so?" said the grocer.

"Yaas," answered the other, "an' by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

Kind words are often wasted where a swift kick would have been more effective.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Rich relatives have a mania for lying to a ripe old age.