It Means Health For the Child

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with a child's constant good health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Sluggish bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring, and repeat the dose the following night if necessary—more than that will scarcely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salts, cathartics, laxative waters and similar things, which are altogether too powerful for a child. The home of Mrs. L. Grunwald, 18 Perkins St., Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. C. P. McLellan, Fountain, Mich., are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this grand laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains superior tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that after a brief use of it all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way at a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

Husband Was Willing.

The Scot has no monopoly of domestic felicity, as many a piquant paragraph bears witness. The other day an old farmer and his wife were "doin" the sights of a provincial town, and, among other places they visited a panorama of South Africa.

The views were extremely interesting, and the couple were enjoying themselves to the full. As scene after scene passed, the woman's enthusiasm increased, and at length, turning to her husband, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Sandy, this is really splendid! I could sit here all my days."

"Ah, weel, Jennie, wohnin," replied Sandy, to the mirth of those sitting near, "just sit you still there; I'll not grudge the saxpence."

Kidney Trouble Is Very Deceptive

Few Realize They're Affected Till Danger Point is Reached—Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills Work Wonders—Sample Free!

Kidney disease is much more common than most people imagine. Many sufferers do not know what's ailing them—until the trouble becomes serious. Some trifling affection may run into the dread diabetes, dropsy or Bright's disease before one realizes there's anything wrong with his kidneys.

Usually the most noticeable symptoms which first appear are dull pain in the seat of the trouble, and the sufferer mistakes the nature of his ailment. Dull headaches or nervousness, for instance, he never thinks of as signs of diseased kidneys.

Even the aching back and sides, rheumatism, pains or twitching in groins or limbs, sore, inflamed muscles, he may consider indications of some other trouble. Unnaturally colored or cloudy urine, too frequent or too scanty urination, burning sensation, are of course readily recognized as symptoms of such disorders.

Because of the deceptive and dangerous character of these ailments, if you suspect your kidneys are diseased, make no time in beginning treatment. The best possible remedy for you is Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills. They are quite different from anything else in the market. They act in two ways—cleanse the clogged kidneys of their poisonous impurities, strengthen them so they perform their duties normally, naturally. There's no other way to really cure kidney derangements, rheumatism, bladder troubles and rheumatism—and permanently banish those frightful aches and pains.

Get a package of these marvelous Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills at once. 25c and 50c packages. If you want to try them first ask your druggist for a free sample package, or same will be sent direct by Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

A Born Quibbler.

"Didn't I tell you not to shoot any quail on this place?"

"Yassah,"—replied Uncle Rasberry. "You done tole me an' I done heard you. Dis ain' no quail. Dis is a partridge."

It isn't until a man reaches the age of discretion that he discovers he can have a good time without suffering for it the next morning.

Some Undertaking.

The official undertaker of a small town was driving through the country on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farm yard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.

"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called Sarsatabs.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sallow Skin.

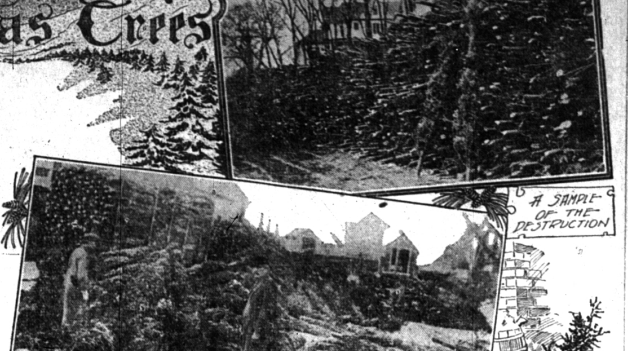
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Bartlett's Eye Salve FOR ALL SORE EYES

Sacrifice of the Christmas Trees



DEFACING NATURE FOR A NIGHT'S PLEASURE

WHAT MAN WILL DO FOR TWO CENTS

WILL the children in 1925 have Christmas trees? This question is being asked by thousands of people throughout the United States. Indications point to the supposition that within the next 15 years the supply of the evergreen trees with which we deck our living rooms annually at the feast of St. Nicholas will be so small that folk in the ordinary walks of life will not be able to afford a tree.

Year after year the forests have been denuded. New England, a generation ago, was thought to have an almost inexhaustible supply. Today her hills are bare. Nearly all her immense forests of spruce and fir have been sacrificed to the sentiment of Yuletide.

The middle states have been ransacked for their treasures. The farmer, although he receives but two cents apiece for the trees, is afraid to look the future in the face and wait until the tree is full grown. Neither does he show any discretion in cutting, but every year he rushes to the woods and cuts everything that he can lay his hands on in order that some one may have a night's pleasure by defacing nature's work with cheap tinsel and candles. After that, what would have been the forest of the future is discarded forever, beyond the power of man to restore and the work of nature for years to replace.

The bulk of the trees now come from Canada. More than 300,000 are used annually in Philadelphia alone. New York, Chicago, Baltimore and a hundred towns between them use three times that number every year.

In the wild hills of the Canadian provinces the trees are still plentiful. But it is only a question of a few years' time, with the increased demand for them, when their price will soar. No attempt is made, apparently, to rejuvenate the forests.

In a few scattered places throughout the country, it is true, one or two men have started nurseries in Christmas trees. Intelligent planting and cutting within three generations may make them useful patches from which to glean hardy trees.

But elsewhere, in spite of the talk of conservation which we hear so much about nowadays, the trees are stripped ruthlessly from the hills and valleys and no attempt is made by the greedy marketer to replace them.

This has resulted in the present dearth of the much-desired spruce trees. Vermont already charges an additional stumpage of five cents, upon trees which are shipped out of the state.

Let us consider the Christmas tree situation in Philadelphia. Each year more than 1,000 flat freight cars, loaded with the trees, which are piled in double tiers, reach the city. The capacity of the flat car averages 300 trees.

Therefore, approximately 300,000 trees are used in Philadelphia annually. Sentimentality apart, this is an enormous waste of material, when it is recalled that the trees serve no economic purpose, and the majority of them furnish fuel for bonfires on vacant lots two weeks after the holiday.

It is an expensive proposition considered in any light. First comes the cost of sending men into regions where the trees grow. They are experts. They are able to size up the marketable value of a patch of woods after a day's tramp through them. Then comes the cost of cutting, stumpage, hauling and shipping to destination. After that, it is mainly a matter for the retail dealers, who buy trees either as they stand in the forests, or at the freight yards in the cities to which they are consigned.

The small dealer must make his profit. He tacks on an extra price which the consumer must pay. Then comes the expense of decorating the greenwood with tinsel and glistening ornaments. This costs a little fortune in itself. Finally, it is usual to pay the ashman to cart the tree away, after the holidays are over.

It has been estimated that from first to last, from the time that the seedling is planted in the soft, friable soil, to the moment it returns to its primal element, the dust, as a handful of embers on the city lot, a Christmas tree represents a money valuation of $25.

This is a total expenditure of $7,500,000 annually. Of course, this figure is purely imaginary. The trees do not actually cause that amount of money to change hands in a simple buying and selling transaction. But there is actually that much loss to the regions which supply trees.

If all the trees in an average loaded flat car were to be stood upon their butts, in the natural way in which they would grow, they would cover a ten-acre lot. Multiply this by 1,000 and the amount of timber stripped annually from the hills will become apparent at once.

Just at this time of the year the Christmas tree industry is in its most flourishing condition. All of the trees for this year's market have been cut. Many of them are in transit, but some of them are even now standing in the freight yards of the railroads, waiting for the retail dealers to purchase them.

Dealers are gradually awakening to the fact that it is better to ship their trees early, sell them all at a low price, and save the trouble and expense of remaining a long time in the city bartering their wares.

The dealers in Christmas trees are types. They are all queer characters. You cannot pick out one that has not some peculiarity. As in all trades, there are tricks to the business of buying and selling Christmas trees.

You would think that the disposal of a car load of railroad ties, with a layer of trees piled on top, to an unwary customer, would bar the dealers from coming again to the spot where they had practiced such deception.

Yet it never does. Year after year they practice the most dishonest tricks upon their patrons. One man last year got a high price for 20 of the finest trees ever seen in Philadelphia. He told the buyer that the rest of the car on which the 20 were loaded was just like them, but when they were unloaded and placed for sale, they proved to be small and scrubby, many of them being utterly unfit for use. Dealers such as these are rare, it is true; the majority of them are honest.

To the dealers, whom the railroads designate as the consignees, come the little fellows, the traders. These also represent almost every phase of human character. Many save up a few hundred dollars and visit the freight yards with their teams, buying the trees in less than carload lots. In this way they can see just what they are getting. Most of them are shrewd fellows, and drive a hard bargain. Your upcountryman is ofttimes as shrewd, however, as the "piker" dealer, and many amusing hours may be spent frequenting the freight yards in the railroads where the trees are stacked or exhibited for sale.

Each year there are many new additions to the company of dealers. The lure of the adventure, the chance to realize money upon an investment that is practically certain to bring a 50 per cent. return, attracts many to the business. Trees can be purchased in half carload lots, or even in hundred lots for about 60 cents apiece. If they can be sold for a dollar, or perhaps more, the chance to make money quickly is irresistible to many investors.

Not always does the investor succeed. His fingers are sometimes pretty badly burned. The market may be glutted, he may have a rival on the next corner, or perhaps his trees are not sufficiently attractive to cause the public to patronize him. Perhaps he has held off, waiting for better prices, till the last moment, and finds himself with half a hundred spruce on his hands, which he must dispose of as best he may.

Usually, however, the business is lucrative. The wise dealer buys trees in hundred lots, peddles them out quickly, and comes back for more. He does not wait for high prices, but sells his trees for what he can get.

As you pass some windy corner one of these blustery nights before Christmas Eve and see the long rows of evergreens laid against the wall, or ignobly lying prone upon the ground, bethink you of the place in which they first saw the light. The kindly hills, snow-covered engirdling valleys fragrant with spicy odor; picture them bare, littered with the waste of cuttings, and the unsightly stumps of trees.

Picture the brooding of those trees as they grew. It took them 20 years to reach an age and size where they might prove marketable. No more will the wind moan and sough through their branches. The hills are bare. The snow will melt in the spring, and the soil will not absorb it. Water will run into the streams and the streams become floods, and the floods breed calamities.

The trees, noble fellows all of them, will have their tops hacked off to accommodate them to the stuffiness of our little box-like homes. As the heat of our rooms dries up their sap, their lives will go out, slowly, day by day. They will end on the bonfire.

Yes, buy a tree. Buy one and take it home to your children. When it is bravely decked out in all its gala finery, gather your family about its spreading branches, which are exhaling their last breaths for you, and tell them the story of the life and death of the tree.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY.

Have you time for a little sermon? It will take but a few minutes, and today, if ever, our thoughts should be turned toward inward to the heart of things. To you, whose hands rock the cradles of humanity and indirectly rule the world, let us ask a question: Are you forgetting the real spirit of the day? Gift giving on this anniversary of the Nativity is in danger of losing its loving purpose. It has degenerated in many cases to a mercenary exchange—a gift for a gift. The spirit is frequently absent.

This should not be. Women represent the greater number of gift-givers. Let us then revert to the underlying love and reverence that prompted the Wise Men to lay their offerings at the feet of the Holy Baby. Let us give a little of our hearts with each present, and if we cannot give a tangible expression of our love, let us give a heart's wish instead.

In your hands lies great power for good or for evil. A woman influences thought and action. It is your duty, then, to discountenance the heartless offer and to smile your approval of the spirit of the day.

Then, indeed, Christmas will mean all that he would approve. The gilding star of love and good will that shone so clearly in the blue night long ago should never be lost in our minds, and the love to which it pointed should epitomize our efforts to honor this great day.

A SURPRISE BOX.

Something which would delight any little invalid is a "surprise box." This may be planned to last a week or any length of time one wishes and should contain a package for each day, with the date on which it is to be opened written plainly on each one. Dolls, toys, books and many other things dear to the child-ish heart may be put in these packages and the little one will surely rejoice to have his "Merry Christmas" last so many days.

Christmas in Old Time.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deem'd the newborn year
The fittest time for festal cheer;
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen,
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head grown'd an high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell
How, when and where the monster fell,
What dogs before his death he tore
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum porridge stood and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.
White shirts supplied the masquerade
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of b'soms half so light?
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Sir Walker Scott.

Wine in Spain on Christmas Eve

On Christmas Eve it is considered in Spain the proper thing to drink wine at the evening meal, even if you never drink it at any other time during the whole year. In fact, Spaniards, who as a nation love water and are among the most temperate people on earth, say it is all right to get tipsy on Christmas. But as they seldom, even on Christmas Eve, drink anything more than weak wine, they do not, as an actual fact, know how to get tipsy. Three years I have been in Madrid at Christmas time, and although I have been on the streets at all hours, both day and night, I never have seen but one drunken man.

However, although not tipsy, they do go in for a noisy time.—John Randolph in Detroit Free Press.

Some Christmas Songs

"The idea of Mary and Christ coming in ships is very old," says a writer in the current issue of Harper's Weekly, "and there are said to be old stone sculptures dating from 1500 which represent the ship's prow and the figures of the Saviour and his mother. Instance of this tradition is given in an old song, one of many that go to make up this article. Holly and ivy played an important part at an early date, as the following couplet shows:

"Get ivy and hull, woman, and deck up thy house,
And take this same brawn for to seethe and to souse."

"When people are always running after pleasure they never catch it."—Miss Montgomery.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Muskegon.—Judge Clink discharged a jury at Hart in a local option case because they brought in a verdict against his instructions. He had instructed them to bring in a verdict against Niels Larsen of Pentwater, charged with selling liquor without a license. Judge Clink scored the jury severely and declared that in over 20 years' law practice he had never before met with a similar situation.

Lansing.—It was announced here that Governor Osborn has approved a requisition for Andrew J. Emmer, secretary and treasurer of the Hoover-Ramble company of Miamisburg, Ohio, on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses in connection with the equipment of the Jackson state prison with binding twine machinery.

Lansing.—The state railroad commission granted the petition of the Commonwealth Power company to issue $1,800,000 in bonds for the purpose of extending the service and improving the properties of this corporation in various parts of the state. Grand Rapids, Muskegon, Owosso, Jackson and several other cities where plants of the company are located will benefit as a result of the bond issue.

Chelsea.—Roy Meyers and Leon Mortlock were brought before Justice Witherell here, charged with having broken into the Ypsi-Ann ticket office and stealing $350. They admitted their guilt and implicated Carl Koutheiner. All three are boys between fifteen and seventeen years of age. As yet their case has not been disposed of.

Detroit.—The Detroit river was dragged for the body of a woman said to have jumped from the Belle Isle bridge and the police are making an effort to learn the identity of a man, alleged to have looked from the railing of the bridge as the woman floated about 100 feet down stream before disappearing.

Grand Rapids.—In the superior court was resumed the trial of Paul Tower, the Adams Express company's agent, who is charged with complicity in the recent $9,000 holdup here. Burton McClellan, the confessed robber, was on the stand and implicated Tower.

Midland.—John Brown of Edenville committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. His body was discovered by his oldest son, but too late for resuscitation. Despondency due to ill health was the reason for the act. Brown was forty-six years old and leaves a widow and six children.

Battle Creek.—Frank Baughs and seven-year-old Marguerite Presley are dead and Majory Presley and Fireman Addie Fuller are in a serious condition as the result of an accident and a fire following each other in quick succession on North Washington avenue. Baughs' skull was crushed while he was working to lift a building tipped over by a tornado. The Presley children were burned by a fire in their home, where also Fuller was overcome by smoke.

Calumet.—The most serious accident in the history of the copper mines of Keweenaw county occurred when August Johnson and Frank Pojola were mysteriously killed. When the night shift came up Johnson and Pojola were missed, their mangled bodies being found by searchers. It is supposed they dropped fire from hot candles into the charging box while firing a blast. Both men leave families.

Detroit.—Mrs. Mary Schaidt, testifying in an application for divorce, said she was the mother of 24 children, the last of whom was born six weeks ago. She is forty-five years old and says there were no triplets or twins. She could not understand the laughter when she said she lived at No. 430 Roosevelt avenue.

Hillsdale.—Ross Stanton died while being brought home from Albion where he was injured. He left here as brakeman of a Lake Shore freight run to Lansing. At Albion he was between cars to make a coupling, was caught and terribly crushed. It was thought he might live and was placed aboard train for home, but died at Litchfield. A widow and one daughter survive.

Brighton.—Several days ago Mr. and Mrs. James Avis, their two sons and two daughters, knelt by the deathbed of James Avis, Jr., and kissed him goodby. A post-mortem proved that the youth died of rabies. The family of six are patients at an Ann Arbor institute. Their condition has not been ascertained.

Vassar.—Mrs. Eltham Teetzel, an invalid woman of seventy-five, while sitting in a chair near the stove, was badly burned. A spark from the stove set fire to some newspapers on the floor near the old lady. She bent over to smother the blaze and her clothes caught fire. Her screams brought Alfred Stone, a carpenter who was working on the house, and he finally succeeded in putting out the fire, but not before she was so badly burned that the doctor thinks she cannot recover. Her husband had just gone down town to do some trading.

Escanaba.—After a wholesale slaughter of deer for hides and hoofs Jesse Bolinger of Traverse City was arrested at Kales by Game Warden Herman Leisner and brought to this city. In his camp, back in the woods, were found a large number of hides, a majority being in the red coat. From the hoofs of the animals and a portion of the hock Bolinger fashioned miniature jewel boxes and made other novelties, which he disposed of to hunters and woodsmen. For these he is said to have obtained extravagant prices.

"The Only Way" to Kansas City and the Great West is via the CHICAGO & ALTON

"The Hummer"

Leaves Chicago 6:30 P. M.
Arrives Kansas City 8:00 A. M.

"The Nightingale"

Leaves Chicago 10:15 P. M.
Arrives Kansas City 11:15 A. M.

All important trains from Michigan arrive in Chicago on time for one of these trains.

Daily thru sleeping car line to Hot Springs and San Antonio via the Alton's famous double track line to St. Louis.

For further information, address
WALTER C. MUELLER, Traveling Pass. Agt.
425 Ford Building, Detroit, Mich.

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a 160 acre homestead or buy land at reasonable prices.

Now's the Time

not a year from now, when land will be higher. Big profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, dairying, a steady advance in price, Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. A. is 95 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.

Write for pamphlet of 160 acres and pre-emptions of adjoining lands, and an account of climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber mostly obtainable.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

M. V. McInnes, 178 Jefferson Ave., Detroit; or C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Michigan
Please write to the agent nearest you

HAD DONE HER PART.

"What are you goin' to give at the preacher's donation party, Mandy?"

"Lands sake! Nuthin'. Why, I give the preacher a real store necktie that cost 10 cents at his donation party only three years ago!"

New View of It.

"I envy the man who believes that superstition about Friday," said Mr. Growcher.

"I consider it depressing."

"Not at all. A man ought to be mighty comfortable who can feel sure there's only one unlucky day in the week."

The only female in the world who has no kick coming is the mermaid.

For Instance Post Toasties

The Memory Lingers

—Grocer says because they are GOOD