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NO. 35

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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J. C. Fletcher
in Use For Over Thirty Years
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900 DROPS
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Other Narcotic.
Fac-Simile Signature of J. C. Fletcher, NEW YORK.
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Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.



The Mother on Christmas Eve
By *Cora H. Matson Dolson*

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THE village lights are all aglow;
The Christmas chimes ring o'er the snow;
The stockings hang upon the line,
The little ones by yours and mine,
And in the firelight flickering here
It almost seems small hands appear.

OH, little feet that passed unshod
Up the long way that leads to God,
Your empty stocking of pink wool
My restless hands have crowded full.
I could not let the night go by;
Tomorrow, husband, you and I
The useless, idle gifts will take
Somewhere and give them—for her sake.

HER little hands, they were so free—
Plenty for Bennie and for me.
Almost I hear her cheery voice
As she lets Bennie take his choice
Of the small gifts and sweetmeats we
Had handed from her Christmas tree.

LUTHERIA, our wee snow white lamb!
Hark to that knocking! Dear, I am
So wrought with longings and with fears,
It seems a child voice strikes my ears.
It is a child voice! "Let me in!"
What if the Christ Child's feet should win
An entrance! Let us swing the door;
Bid a child welcome here once more.
How fair his face, how blue his eyes!
It is the Christ Child in disguise!

"PLEASE, I am Luther, from the home.
The matron said that I should come
To wish you merry Christmastide
And, maybe, some sweet wish beside,
Because my mother last year hung
Candies for me green boughs among,
But this year in God's heaven she
Holds some child there upon her knee
And sings the pretty Christ Child song
She sang to me one whole hour long
In our own warm fire's light last year,
And so, you see, tonight I'm here
Because the matron said that you
Needed a merry Christmas too."

OH, child, come here! The door shall close!
Your mother's breast my darling knows,
And mine shall take you, child, tonight,
While down from heaven a ray of light
Falls on us both, a ray divine,
Linking your mother's love with mine.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY in the MORNING



A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS.

To the Editor of This Paper:—
Sir—Won't somebody please stop the rumor that is fast gaining ground? Not only grown-ups, but nearly every boy and girl, on being questioned will promptly say, with a nice little shake of the head, "There is no Santa Claus." Now, this is pretty hard on a fellow who has been "on the job" hundreds of years.
I am going to ask a favor of my still faithful followers, wherever they may be, hoping that some time I will be able to serve them once more. This is what they are to do: Send one present, say, to some one without having their names appear. Imagine the surprise and delight and guesses as to who might have sent it. The receiver may exclaim, "It must have come from Santa!" or, more probably, he or she will radiate smiles to every one, assuring in each friend and relative a possible sender. This will warm the heart of SANTA CLAUS.
The North Pole, December, 1914.

AT THE DOOR OF SANTA'S HOUSE



You didn't know that Santa had
At home a little pet?
He surely has—that's how he knows
What grates' things to get!
And he was once a boy himself,
And very fond of toys,
So he remembers what he liked
And what will please the boys.
CHARLES N. LURIE.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
Breeds o'er brave men in the thick of the fight—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
For the Christ Child who comes in the shape of all,
No palace too great and no cottage too small,
The angels who welcome him swoon from the height,
"In the city of David, a king in his night."
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Then let every heart beat its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness,
Christ's love of the light—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
So the stars of the midnight which compass us round
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound
And cry: "Look, the earth is aflame with delight,
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight!"
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

A Christmas Scare

By Orra Dayton Boice

YOU want grandma to tell you a Christmas story? Well, the only one that comes to my mind just now happened a long time ago, when I was about as old as Dorothy is now.
We had been having such a big day! All of our relatives had been there to dinner, and as there were lots of little cousins we certainly did play.
We had two big turkeys for dinner, and our mamma let us eat just all we wanted.
Well, the aunts, uncles and cousins went away late in the afternoon, and mamma was so tired that papa suggested that she go to bed and that he and sister and I find our supper for ourselves in the kitchen. So we did. Much as we had eaten at noon, we were hungry again and asked papa to let us "pick" one of the turkeys. The



CAUGHT IN THE TURKEY'S SKELETON.

wings and legs and most of the white meat had already been cut off, but we found lots of good meat on it just the same. When we were through there was nothing but the bones left on the platter, so we left it on the kitchen table and scurried off to bed.
About midnight I was awakened by a peculiar noise. My little sister Lolly and I slept in our own little room off the dining room. To get to papa's and mamma's room we had to go through the dining room and sitting room. Well, as I said, I heard a queer noise, and I listened, my heart thumping furiously as I did so.
There was some one out in the kitchen. It must surely be a burglar. I could hear the soft step, step, and I felt you I was so frightened I could hardly move. I must let papa know, but how? If I called I would scare the burglar, and he might come in after me—at least, so I thought. I finally decided to cover up my head and just wait. Then I remembered that that very day I had heard papa tell Uncle Ned that I was the bravest child he ever saw. That settled it!
You never could guess how tough turkey I took for me to get out of bed, carefully without making any noise and slip along so slowly through the dark rooms without bumping anything till I reached my papa's bed.
He took the revolver which he always kept under his pillow, and while he started noiselessly for the kitchen, I crawled in with mamma. I was shaking with fright.
Papa, noting the cooked revolver in front of him, silently walked out and suddenly opened the kitchen door. "Who's here?" he asked.
Not an answer came.
He lit a match, and guess what he found? Little Pooky, our Maltese kitty, with her head and front feet fast inside the turkey skeleton. She had been pushing it around on the floor trying to get out and had made the noise we had heard. We had forgotten to put her in her bed when we left.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

Friend—I've noticed Cuts, the tailor, going up to your studio every day for a week. Is he sitting for you?
Artist—No, he's laying for me.
—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Parson Johnson—De contribution dis morning will be fo' de purpose ob making up de deficit in yo' pastor's salary? De choir will now sing and will continue to sing until de full amount am collected —Puck.

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But women with the weeping habit can't keep their powder dry.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *J. C. Fletcher*

Both men and women are plagued with curiosity. But men are unable to keep theirs under cover.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
Some people talk so much that they have no time to think.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
An epicure says that a lot of divorces come out of the frying pan. Beware of the man who grins when he gets angry.