

**Lingering Cough
Endangers Health**

**Bear's Emulsion Brings Quick Relief
and Guards Against Serious Results.**

If you have a cough—even a slight cough—the best thing to do is to take Bear's Emulsion immediately and stop it before it becomes serious. If, however, you have failed to do this and the cough has run on for some time it is even more important that you rid your system of it at once. A chronic cough will weaken the whole system, make it less able to resist the germ of disease, and is liable to lead to many serious consequences.

Bear's Emulsion has proved to him the best of all. People have written to me telling him how his Emulsion helped them when other medicines had failed completely. Bear's Emulsion is not only a wonderful agent in the treatment of coughs, colds, bronchitis, grippe and other affections of the throat and chest, but it is also a splendid tonic that tones up the whole system. It is pleasant to take, induces better appetite and makes the user strong enough to combat the germ of disease that would otherwise find in him an easy victim. Bear's Emulsion is for sale at leading druggists, or will be sent direct from the manufacturer at \$1.25 a bottle.

JOHN D. BEAR CO.
Clearbrook, Va.

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DIED**

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against trouble by taking

**LATHROP'S
GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

COUGH
Try PISO'S
Astonishingly quick relief. A syrup—different from all others—pleasant to use—no upset stomach—no opiates. 35c and 60c everywhere.

BAHEK A GOOD TONIC
Dr. J. E. Bahek, M.D., of the System. Bahek acts like magic. I have numerous people in my parish who are suffering with chills, malaria, anemia, etc. I recommend it to those who are in need of a good tonic.—J. E. Bahek, M.D., St. Stephen's church, St. Joseph, Pa. Dr. J. E. Bahek, all druggists, 1016 Post, Memphis, Tenn. Bahek & Co., Washington, D. C.

Why? Because he demanded when he returned to the home a fire before he would leave.

**Brought Joy
to Babies for
Fifty Years**

What mother doesn't know the value of Teethina?
For nearly fifty years this wonderful prescription has brought joy and happiness to countless thousands of little suffering children.
Teethina is absolutely harmless and endorsed by the medical profession. It is wonderful in relieving bowel troubles of babies and little children such as Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery and Constipation. It is also invaluable in breaking up a cold. Remember—it's just a baby, so be careful what medicines you use.
Teethina is sold by all druggists, but if you can't get it, send 30c to Moffett Laboratories, Columbus, Ga., and get a package together with valuable Baby booklet.—Advertisement.

Millions of Miles of Wire.
A compilation of information as to the number of miles of telephone wire in the world shows a total of 52,000,000. Of this total the United States has 61 per cent and all the countries of Europe together 28 per cent, the remaining 11 per cent being divided among the other countries of the world.

The Colic Cure
Having cleared your mind of all clear every-day cleanse the and per complete without any other medicine.

Time for One, Then,
"Mama, Tige's begging. Must I give him a piece of my cookie?"
"Of course you must—"
"Well, I haven't any cookie!"—Life.

Refreshes Weary Eyes
When Your Eyes Feel Dull and Heavy, use Murine. It instantly relieves tired feeling—keeps them clear, bright and sparkling. Harmless, sold and recommended by All Druggists.

Regina's Christmas Tree



REGINA gazed despondently out of the window.
A light snow was falling like millions of sparkling diamonds and pearls, yet Regina saw nothing. Her Christmas tree had not come!
It mattered not that the day was a wonder day and that the eve of Christmas was close at hand. Nothing mattered to Regina save the fact that she had promised her Sunday school class a glorious tree, and that now there was no tree for them.
She argued with herself that she might have known that the New York shops could not be relied upon to send a tree to the suburbs at so short a notice, but that did not help the situation.
Regina shrank from facing those 12 little girls whose smiles would vanish in childish disappointment when they learned that the tree they had been promised was not to be theirs.
The tears brimmed over and fell. Regina's vision was cleared and in the clearing she gazed directly at the miniature fir tree in the vacant lot next door. A sense of keen delight swept over Regina. After all, her children would have a tree!
Some 15 minutes later Regina appeared in outdoor costume. She had put on her gymnasium suit, high rubber boots and her father's great top coat. Over a riot of curls her snug fur cap fitted closely.
"You look for all the world as if you deserved 'our nickname,'" expostulated Regina's mother. "Regina, I do hope no one will see you."
Now, this nickname to which Regina's mother alluded with distress had been bestowed upon the girl by her father. It was Tommy—no more and no less—Tommy! And Tommy stood for tomboy. You see, the girl was no nothoese flower, even if she did teach a Sunday school class and weep with disappointment. In fact, her father insisted that the nickname fitted—and secretly he was proud that it did. For Regina was distinctly able-bodied. She could ride and swim. She could handle a 20-gauge shotgun and a casting rod. She was a notable mountaineer. She could paddle a canoe and sail a boat. And she cared a lot more for out-of-doors things than she did for dances and for social functions. Her idea of happiness was a camp in the woods.
"There's no one for miles around," Regina laughed, and shouldered an ax. "Unless people who live in the bungalow turn up—I will have the world to myself." She picked up a big tub with her free hand and trudged off toward the fir tree in the vacant lot.
Regina's eyes were too intent on her mission to see that a thin curl of smoke was twisting from the chimney of the bungalow that rambled in the lot beyond the vacant one.
Regina drew near the coveted tree and her heart expanded lovingly.
"What a little beauty!" she exclaimed half aloud.
The little tree stood not much higher than Regina. Over its branches a veil of smoke seemed to linger. After a moment spent in admiration the girl put down her big tub and began to clear away the light fall of snow from about the roots of the tree. Her cheeks were gloriously red and the sparkle in her eyes rivaled the day itself.
When the snow was cleared Regina swung the great ax into the frozen earth. The ground scarcely responded to her strength. She swung again.
"Hey! What are you doing to that tree?"
Regina dropped her ax and gazed in the direction of the deep, gruff voice. A man was standing on the veranda of the bungalow.

Regina picked up her ax and with much dignity swung it again.
"I say, there, you—that tree belongs to me!" The man was coming toward her.
Regina stopped and turned. "This is a vacant lot," she called out with asperity.
The approaching man whistled. His speed quickened. He made an involuntary movement to raise a cap that in his haste he had forgotten to put on.
"I beg your pardon," his voice had lost the gruff quality. "I thought you were a man—but—that tree is mine. I brought it up from my father's garden in the South."
David Langhorn spoke rapidly. Regina's face was rather startling in its beauty, and he had a desire to cover her embarrassment. "I have taken very special care of that tree."
"Very special," Regina said coldly. "I have lived here a whole summer and no one."
"I have been away—lately."
"I don't see why you leave poor little trees around in vacant lots," Regina put in hurriedly, because she felt like crying now that her precious tree was taken from her.
"This is my lot," Langhorn told her. "If you had chopped it down—" "I wasn't chopping it down!" Regina cried indignantly. "I was going to put it very carefully into this tub." She stumbled over her words, but determined to tell this very good looking man with the red hair that she was not a female George Washington.
"I ordered a Christmas tree by express, and it didn't come. My Sunday school class—12 little girls—are expecting a tree tonight in my house, and now—" Words failed Regina. She bit her lip and looked appealingly up at Langhorn.
The man laughed because it was the safest thing to do for the present. "And I have brought down 12 little settlement boys with the same promise—and narry a tree have I got. I reckoned on getting one in the village."
Regina laughed, and the whole world seemed to echo with the laugh. "I have tried even the department store!" She gazed into David Langhorn's eyes. "I am sorry for the poor little souls whom we are disappointing—my class worked so faithfully all last summer."
"By Jove," David said, "I read one of those people who had a Christmas tree out of doors! They had great bonfires and the tree was lit by a thousand candles as well as the stars, and a Santa Claus drove up over the real snow! Couldn't we do something like that?"
"With this tree! How perfectly glorious!" Regina, beside herself with joy, began to shovel away a greater clearing. David took the shovel from her.
"My kiddies will do that—it will be the treat of their lives," David looked seriously at Regina. "Now go home and get warmed up." "This afternoon I will call properly and in the evening—Christmas eve—" he did not finish with words, for the hearts of both David and Regina were overflowing with tidings of great joy.
That evening Santa Claus drove up through the crisp snow and opened his great bags before the little tree. It was a wonder tree there in the vacant lot, and it was hung with a hundred electric bulbs. Six bonfires reared their flames skyward and around and about danced and capered 24 joyous children.
And when the moon was high in the heavens and the spirit of Christmas had entered into each heart, David and Regina drew the band of children about them and led the young voices in the singing of joyous Christmas carols. And especially did this one, which Regina sang, please the children:
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious son of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Over all the weary world
For 'neath their all-gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."
Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And even o'er its babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.
Yes, with the woe of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strains have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong,
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow—
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!
And this one:
Hark, the glad sound! The Savior comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song!
He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield,
He comes, the broken heart to find
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
Ours glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.
But even a Christmas tree celebration must come to an end. By and by the children were sung out and the fires began to get low and the voices of Regina and David trailed off into silence, and the two just looked at each other.
"Don't you think we'd better take the children in now?" said Regina at last. "The fires are getting low."
David was silent for a long moment. Then he said slowly and reverently:
"The fires will never burn low—Regina. This is the night when the Great Spirit of Love was born into our world."

TRIBUTE TO POEM'S AUTHOR
Children Gather Around Last Resting Place of Writer of "Night Before Christmas."
WITH their little feet crunching in the snow, hundreds of children gather on Christmas Eve around the last resting place of Clement C. Moore, I.L.D., who for nearly a century has been credited with the disputed authorship of "Twas the

Night Before Christmas." The children march in procession from the handsome stone edifice of the Church of the Intercession on upper Broadway, New York city, and in the cemetery which lies between that thoroughfare and the Hudson river, gather around the grave. If the weather be not too wintry, Christmas hymns are sung and the poem is recited, beginning:
"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
This quaint and pretty ceremony originated by Rev. Milo H. Gates, not only keeps alive the Christmas spirit in the hearts of the children, but is a deserved tribute to the best-known Christmas poem in the English language. Its history is not only romantic, but as there is question as to its authorship it has become the subject of serious literary inquiry.
Vanilla extract can be made artificially in the laboratory from oil of cloves, eugenol or other substances.



Why Bake At Home
when you can buy bread like it,
ready baked?

COUNT the raisins—at least eight big, plump, tender fruit-meats to the slice.
Taste it—see how the raisin flavor permeates the bread.
No need to bake at home when we've arranged with bakers in almost every town and city to bake this full-fruit raisin bread.
Just 'phone and they'll deliver it—all ready to surprise the family tonight.
It comes from master bakers' modern ovens in your city. And it's made with Sun-Maid Raisins.
That's another reason for its superiority. A rare combination of nutritious cereal and fruit—both good and good for you, so you should serve it at least twice a week.
Use Sun-Maid Raisins also in puddings, cakes and cookies. You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maid's, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on Sun-Maid brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.
Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes.

SUN-MAID RAISINS
The Supreme Bread Raisin

Your retailer should sell you Sun-Maid Raisins for not more than the following prices:
Seeded (in 15 oz. blue pkg.)—20c
Seedless (in 15 oz. red pkg.)—18c
Seeded or Seedless (11 oz.)—15c



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Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."
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MADE of the famous rust-resisting Copper-Bearing Iron—tested for over a quarter of a century. Nearly a million in use—your neighbor or someone near you uses one—known and sold everywhere.
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Rural Doctors Serve Most Patients.
The average country doctor in Ohio serves twice as many patients as does his city colleague, an investigation by the Ohio State university has revealed. It is stated that in the remote country districts there are plenty of country doctors to take care of patients, but that, in the regions near a larger city the physician often forsakes his rural practice for the broader opportunities of the city. In the 15 Ohio counties that have the largest urban population, every rural doctor now has to take care of an average of 1,512 persons. In the 15 counties of the state which are most thoroughly rural there is one physician for every 887 persons.
Cause of Effusive Gratitude.
"Well, thank the Lord, I never spent five or six of the best years of my life foolin' round no college," said the money-wellthy man.
"Might I understand you," said the thoughtful-looking listener, "to thank the Lord for your ignorance?"
"You may put it that way if it suits you any better," snapped the money-wellthy man.
"Then," said the thoughtful-looking listener, "Thanksgiving day ought to last at least a week at your house."—Farm Life.
One nice thing about living in the suburbs—when you miss the last train out you have to stay in town.

Saved my baby
Zollor Springs, Fla.
March 5, 1920
Anglo-American Drug Co., 215 Fulton St., New York.
Dear Sirs:
I am using Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. It saved my baby from dying of colic, which also had for three months. Some one advised me to get Mrs. Winslow's Syrup and I did.
Yours truly,
(Name on request)
Colic is quickly overcome by this pleasant, satisfactory remedy, which relieves diarrhoea, flatulency and constipation, keeping baby healthy and happy. Non-narcotic, non-alcoholic.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Regulator
Formula on every label. Write for free booklet containing letters from mothers. At All Druggists.
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