

Checking a Run

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Is it true that your father's bank cannot stand the run?" asked Sydney Ware. Eunice Whitehead nodded.

"Dad says, that he cannot meet the run before the current funds will become exhausted," she said. "That means that the bank will have to be closed down. He is solvent, but he sent too much of the currency to town to be put out at the high interest they are paying now."

"The run is only on the savings department," said Sydney. "That should not bother him much."

"It will break his heart," she returned, "if the bank has to close down even for a couple of days. Doctor Dunham says that he is afraid it will give father a shock which will leave its permanent imprint on him."

"He can make his home with us if the bank fails," said Ware. "It may be for the best, so far as we are concerned."

"That's what I came to talk to you about," said Eunice gravely. "If the bank fails, Syd, I would have to give you up, dear. Father would never consent to share a home with a Ware and I could not leave him."

"You were willing enough to leave him last week," suggested Sydney. "That was before the trouble came, wasn't it?"

"Then he had his bank and his friends. If he loses one he will probably lose most of the others and my place is with him."

Sydney nodded gloomily. Thirty years before, Joshua Whitehead and Cyrus Ware had been rival suitors for the hand of pretty Nellie Morton. Whitehead had won and Ware had never forgiven him his victory. Whitehead had then just founded the First National Bank of Carville and Ware had drawn his funds from the bank and vowed that he would never patronize the institution. Such banking as he had done was transacted through an institution in the next town, but Ware had conceived a distrust for all banks and most of the large fortunes which he had accumulated were stored in gold and bills and bonds in the huge vault in the knitting mills; a vault as large and as safe as that in the bank.

But in the second generation the feud was not carried on. Eunice Whitehead and Sydney Ware had fallen in love, with each other and, realizing the uselessness of asking parental sanction, had agreed to elope and seek forgiveness afterward.

To Eunice it seemed almost a punishment for her contemplated sin that the run on the bank should have commenced the very day they had set for their marriage. Instead of meeting Sydney with her suit case in hand, she had come to tell him that her place was by her father in his hour of trouble.

Mrs. Whitehead had died shortly after her little daughter, was born, and Eunice had bravely striven to take the place of her gentle mother in her father's heart. She could not leave him in his extremity even for the man she loved.

For a while they sat on the fallen trunk which formed the seat in their rustic parlor. Vainly Sydney sought to urge the girl to his views, but he could not shake her resolution, and Eunice had just risen to go, when there came the sound of some one crashing through the underbrush, and Cyrus Ware came into view.

His eyes flashed as he caught sight of the suit case that Sydney had brought with him and he turned to his son.

"So it appears that you are going away," said Cyrus. "I suppose that this young woman is to be your companion in your travels. She will need some one to support her, now that her father has wrecked his bank."

"He has not wrecked his bank and I am not going away with Sydney," cried Eunice with spirit. "Dad is afraid that he cannot meet this run and will have to shut the doors, but he did not wreck the bank. I was going to pay a dollar for a dollar. I was going to go with Sydney, but now my place is by my father's side and I came to tell Syd that I could not go."

"But you were willing to sneak away like a couple of thieves and be married secretly," taunted Cyrus, "I suppose that the plan was yours, and you entangled the boy."

"That is not so," said Sydney hotly. "It has taken me a year or more to persuade Eunice to elope. We knew that the plan was not to see why your absurd stubbornness should spoil our happiness."

Cyrus stared at his son. Like most men of dominant personality he secretly admired spirit in others. It was the first time that Sydney had ever taken so bold a stand against a parental edict and he felt a thrill of satisfaction even while he spoke.

"I guess you'll find happiness without eloping to go to Josh Whitehead's daughter for it," he said harshly. "I want a girl I can recognize as my daughter, not the child of a bank wrecker."

Eunice sprang forward at the taunt. "You are a nasty, wicked man!" she cried. "You know that you are saying what is not the truth. I believe that you started this run because you know that most of the county banks had sent their surplus to the city to take advantage of the money markets. It is you who are a bank wrecker. I hate you!"

She stamped her foot to emphasize her words, and something in the gesture brought back to Cyrus' memory a far earlier day when those same words were spoken. He and Josh and Nellie had been nattering—three children with no thought of marriage.

He had killed a bird with a stone and had brought it to Nellie, proud of his prowess. Instead of the praise he had expected, she turned on him and scolded him for his wanton act. Eunice in her anger was very much like her mother, and the whole scene came back to him as vividly as though it had been an occurrence of the very day, instead of a reminiscence of forty years and more.

He looked into the eyes that were so like those he had loved in the long ago and partly turned away. For the first time he realized why Whitehead had won. Nellie had admired his gentleness, even while she feared Cyrus' roughness. Perhaps, after all, he, Cyrus, had been more to blame for his loss than had his old play fellow.

"You two go on with your spooning," he said gruffly, and they could not see that the shrewd gray eyes were filled with tears.

Cyrus stumbled blindly along the half defined path that led to the road. He

BETTER THAN MONEY. Secret of Influence That Runs Through Life.

I sat where they sat.—Ezekiel, iii, 25.

You do not want your life to be a cipher. You want to help some one, and you do not know how. You have very little money to give, perhaps none at all; very little influence; very little of anything. But you have more than you think. You have the possibility of the most valuable equipment that any man ever had. Here was Ezekiel. He was a youth just starting in the noblest of all callings, that of a preacher. Yet God held him back until he had cultivated what you may cultivate. He had made all intellectual preparation. He had absorbed the message that he was to deliver to those poor captives down there by the waters of Babylon. In his oriental manner of expressing it, he had 'eaten' the roll on which that message was written. Still God held him back. There was one more thing which was absolutely necessary. He had to put himself in their place. Then, but not till then, was he prepared for his work.

The greatest underlying need in the commercial world is not simply more wages. Men are having larger wages than were ever had in the history of mankind. It is more sympathy. It is a greater willingness on the part of those in position and power to enter into real appreciation of the trials and anxieties of those they control. It is a greater willingness on the part of the employee to realize that his employer has his cares as well as he; that he has his sleepless nights, too, and thus, just as often as he can, to give him credit for at least trying, amid many perplexities of his own, to do his best.

Why is it that one preacher will reach a multitude and another will not? There is no "secret" of success, unless we use the nebulous term "personality" and who can tell us what personality is? The "secrets" are multiplex, and many of them escape analysis. But in the successful preacher we shall always find this:—When he looks out over his congregation on Sunday, "he has compassion on the multitude," as Jesus said; he puts himself in their place. No man with a heart can be formal or cold, or unimpressive when he can say to himself at such a time, and feel it, "Here is a company of struggling men and women, each one the centre of a history; each one in some undefinable way longing to be better than he is; each one stinging his own soul and fighting his own battle. And each one of these trouble-tossed men, and women is silently pleading for some word of encouragement and hope." That is the "secret," if there is any secret. He sits where they sit.

And this same "secret" of influence runs all through life. Whether our pulpit is in the church or workshop, the schoolhouse or the home, we can never really help others until, by the power of just such sympathy as the Master Himself felt, we have put ourselves in their place. Thus, one teacher in the school is more successful than another. They may have the same equipment, and after have. But the first has learned to become in spirit, a little child, to sit where the scholars sit.

You want to help somebody. Then learn to sit where he sits. The last thing that the good Samaritan gave was his money.—George Thomas Dowling, St. James, Brooklyn.

Delicate Children.

The little ones are frail. Their hold upon life is slight. At the very first symptoms of trouble Bay's Own Tablets should be given. This medicine cures colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, teething troubles and other minor ailments. It is equally good for the newborn babe as the well grown child. Mothers have the guarantee of a government analyst: that this medicine contains no opiate, or poisonous soothing stuff.

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Opposite Effect.

Sir Victor Horsley.

That the smallest quantity of alcohol has an adverse effect upon the body had been clearly established from the first experiments. The so-called moderate person was intemperate because he was taking something which was lowering his health.

The moderate drinker is a drug-taker, for alcohol is a narcotic, and the man who consumes it is really taking a sleeping draught.

Songs Unsung.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Every song that has been sung—Was before it took a voice. Waiting since the world was young For the poet of his choice. Oh, if any waiting be, May they come today to me. I am ready to repeat: Whatever they impart: Sorrows sent by them are sweet. They know how to heal the heart: Ave, and in the slightest way: Something serious doth remain. What are my white hairs, forsooth, I have still the soul of youth. Try me, merry Musc, now. I can still with numbers fleet Fill the world with dancing feet. No, I am no longer young: Oh, am I this, or a year or more? But my songs will yet be sung: Though I shall not be to hear. Oh, my son that is to be, Sing my songs, and think of me! Let no poet, great or small, Say that he will sing a song: For song cometh, if at all, Not because we see it long, but because it suits the soul. Tired at last of being still.

Sowing Wild Oats.

Rev. M. C. Peters.

That a young man must "sow his wild oats," and that those who do and settle down after a while to steady habits are more likely to make good men, is a popular delusion which has ruined thousands. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest fire and burn them to dust. If you sow wild oats, no matter in what ground, they will come, with long tough roots and luxuriant stalks, and follow which turns one's head. I have somewhere seen a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of drink and revelry. He is riding on a panther at a furious bound. How suggestive and true! A man begins his career of vice and thinks he has mounted a well-broken steed; that he has the reins in hand and can keep it in control and stop it when he pleases, but lo! when he sees the chasm and would fain pull up, he finds that he is astride a savage brute that no human power can tame. Young men make a sad mistake in a personal acquaintance with the seamy side of life, its abominable lusts, its hideous incarnations of wit, its degrading scenes, its miserable carnalities. No body ever gets over the sight of these things. They are burned. The scar remains.

Marking The Man.

Amongst divining customs, not the least curious are employed by rustic young women during the first week in Advent to ascertain the name and disposition of the desired husband. Onions equal in number the eligible young men, and each bearing a name, are placed in the chimney corner to force their growth; the first to sprout represents the husband. Then the plucking of a stick from a fagot gives the disposition of the man. If the drawn stick be straight and without knots, it denotes he is gentle; but if crooked and knotty, he will prove a crabbed, churlish husband.



MISS EDNA IRVINE

What Does Your Mirror Say?

Does it cheerfully report an abundance of beautiful, well kept hair, or does it regretfully tell the story of hair neglect? Your mirror may be anxious to please, but if you permit your friends to see dull, brittle and lusterless hair with possibly dandruff and falling hair, your mirror will have to reflect the same condition.

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The ORIGINAL Remedy that "Kills the Dandruff Germ"

Dandruff, with its consequent hair injury and hair loss, is now known to be a highly contagious germ disease. It is caused by an invisible growth of vegetable character that finds lodgment in the sebaceous glands of the scalp. This growth disturbs the functions of the sebaceous glands, causing excessive oiliness or extreme dryness of the hair. It also sets up an inflammatory process that extends down the follicle to the papilla, where the adhesions are loosened and the hair slips out. The value of Newbro's Herpicide in such cases is quite extraordinary. Its intelligent use will correct every condition short of chronic baldness and thus permit the hair to resume its natural luster and abundance.

MISS EDNA IRVINE

A noted Theatrical Star whose photograph is here reproduced.

WRITES AS FOLLOWS: "I can most heartily endorse Newbro's Herpicide. It is delightful for the hair and I could not do without it."

(Signed) EDNA IRVINE

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Mr. John R. Wren, late Reeve of Mission City, B.C., is now 66 years of age and tells the following remarkable story: "Some years ago I was given up by the Doctors. I was so weak I could not walk across the floor, and was patiently waiting for death. I had paid as much as \$25 a visit for a specialist who said I could not get relief. In this condition I sent for a sample of PSYCHINE. The first night PSYCHINE gave relief. The bleeding of the lungs ceased and in three weeks I was able to walk three miles before 7 o'clock a.m. and take the oversight of a crew of men." This was in 1894, just 14 years ago. Since that time Mr. J. Wren has been Reeve of Mission City, and on August 17th, 1908, wrote: "I am now in my 66th year and weigh 200 pounds and do considerable business. Last week I travelled 125 miles in a row boat and slept out every night, and feel no bad effects from it. I owe this new lease of life to Dr. T. A. Slocum and his remedies."

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