

EAT BIG MEALS! NO SOUR, ACID STOMACH, INDIGESTION OR GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the Quickest,
Surest Stomach Relief Known
—Try It!

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach, surely within five minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach was not there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty-cent cases contain enough "Pape's Diapepsin" to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

CASE AGAINST DR. SIMPSON WILL BE DROPPED

Winnipeg, Dec. 6.—The Crown's case against Sicut. Col. R. M. Simpson, M. D., is to be dropped. R. A. Bonnar, K. C., chief crown counsel, announced this afternoon as the result of the grand jury's report yesterday, that they were unable to reach a decision on the case, no further action would be taken by the crown.

Dr. Simpson was charged with conspiracy to defraud the province in connection with the parliament buildings, and with conspiracy to keep William Salt out of the province, where his evidence was wanted.

BILLY, AT HIGH GEAR, ARRAIGNS MODERN FOLLIES

Especially Attacks New Type, Delicatessen Mother---Address on Motherhood Given Twice and Varied to Suit Audience.

(Boston Record.)

Though alike in main text and in religious message, Sunday's two deliveries yesterday of the famous sermon on Motherhood were in manner as different as day is from dark.

In the afternoon, before a great area of silvered locks and faces seamed by the cares of years, the evangelist, for him, spoke softly, emphasizing his tributes to the mothers of men and gilding with eloquence the glorious memories of the past.

But at night he threw into high gear, challenged the speed limit and ate up the highway in his blasts at modern follies. At night he was the actor, the mimic, the fearless smasher of shams and fads, and the vitriolic exorcist of the sins of society.

Billy Bars Eggs.

Right at the outset of the night sermon, Billy proclaimed his belief in a boycott of the egg. He was explaining the collection—a point with respect to which Boston, otherwise so generous in its response, eclipsing all records of the Sunday campaigns elsewhere, is threatening to maintain its tradition as a tightwad.

"You understand, of course," he said, "that this money is to pay your own expenses. All that we get of it is the cost of our lodging and what we eat. Now don't let the latter scare you. We are taking pity on you; we are cutting down on our eating. I have joined the boycott on eggs. No 75c. eggs for your Uncle Dudley—not on your life. It doesn't cost a hen anything more to lay an egg today than it did years ago. There's an African in the henroost somewhere. So we've cut out eggs at

324 Commonwealth avenue. Go ahead, ushers; do your duty."

Various Kinds of Mothers.

At night too Billy set forth a category of mothers. He was trying to explain why girls go wrong. He told of the overworked mother, who slaved so much about the house that she didn't have time to turn it into a real home; of the eternally nagging and fault-finding mother, from whose influence the daughter seeks escape the easiest way she may; of the booze-hoisting, cocktail-drinking, cabaret-frequenting, and bridge-whist-playing, society-crazed and dance-mad mother, of whom the adjectives tell all; of the discontented mother who dislikes her job, who isn't maternal, whose children are unwelcome accidents, and whose daughters, lacking a mother's love and confidence, are naturally easy prey for the seductions of the devil; of the irreligious mother of no ideals, a mere reprint of the one she was with last; of the faddist mother, who is off on each new tangent; and finally he staged a new type of mother, product of the modern city—the "delicatessen mother."

The Delicatessen Mother.

"The delicatessen mother," he said, fitting posture and tone to the character he wished to portray, "lives in a flat, is all dolled up in silks and finery, is always gadding or going to the theatre or the movies, has a maid because she's too proud to work, and when she can't find the way to avoid having a meal at home, goes to the 'phone to order a cooked feed from the delicatessen shop. No wonder her daughter goes to hell. It's almost an improvement on that kind of a home."

HOW HUNGRY IKE GOT A MILLION

And It Didn't All Fade Away When He Woke Up, Either.

(Boston Record.)

Hungry Ike of Quaboag Gulch wandered slowly along Newspaper Row. He paused to look enviously into the windows of quick lunch rooms. His pockets were filled only with two dirty fists. The tantalizing aroma of steaming coffee mixed with odors from a nearby talking water parlor reached his nostrils. Ike sighed and shuffled along until he came to an alleyway. Through a rusty iron grating warm steam was floating skyward in soft white clouds.

Poor Ike sighed and sat wearily down upon a stone doorstep and surveyed with disgust a toe, blue with cold, that was peeping through one of his tattered brogans. Suddenly all was changed. Hungry Ike was hungry no more. He sat at a white covered table loaded with Thanksgiving cheer.

"Yes-yes, I'll have a little more of the dark meat and some more of that fine old Burgundy," giggled Ike, as his teeth crunched the wishbone. "Oh, I wish Wickaboag Hollow Jones could just see me now!" he crooned.

J. Montebank Rich, snuggling into the depths of his big fur coat, passed by. He stooped over the sleeping man huddled in the doorway and tucked something into the wanderer's open hand. "He will never be in want again" declared the millionaire as he swept on his waiting auto.

Scarcely had he disappeared when Hungry Ike was awakened by the sharp rapping of the policeman's club on the soles of his feet. Poor Ike started in amazement at the bluecoat and then at the object in his hand. It was a strictly fresh egg.

"Here, Mr. Officer, for the love of Mike run me in before I get touched," shouted Ike.

"Fifty-fifty and I will," said the cop with bulging eyes.

"You're on," replied Ike, and he was led away.

Gentle reader, Hungry Ike is hungry no more. He's a millionaire.

Christmas Novelties

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OUR CORSAGE BOUQUETS and FANCY HAIR PINS, done up in individual boxes, will be just that "something different" which you will want.

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