

Blood Troubles and Skin Diseases

Quickly Succumb To The Beneficial Effects of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

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Science has proven Calcium Sulphide to be the most powerful blood purifier known. Stuart's process of giving the system this great cleaner for the blood, has been called the best for preserving the full strength of Calcium Sulphide.

Calcium Sulphide is not a poison. It is harmless, though greatly powerful.

Children may take it with freedom and their delicate organisms thrive with its use.

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The blood at once feels its influence and eruptions cease and fade away almost beyond belief, so immediate is its action.

No matter what degree of eruptive skin trouble you may have, Stuart's Calcium Wafers will purify and enrich the blood. These little wafers go into the stomach just like the skin impurities get in. They tone up this organ, enter the intestines, are absorbed by the lacteals and lymphatics, are drawn into the blood, course quickly to every organ and atom of the body, and remove secretions and decay. The lungs are assisted, the liver is aided, the stomach reinforced, and skin diseases are assailed from their source. All retreat, for disease is cut off from the rear, and very quickly nature routs the effects of such maladies which appear in the form of pimples, eruptions, blackheads and scaly formations.

You have science backed up by years of actual proof when you take a Stuart Calcium Wafer. Not a mere feeble effort at relief, but a remedy of nature that has relieved human subjects greater in number by far than the entire army of America and Canada. For chronic or temporary blood disorders and skin diseases these wafers are without an equal.

If you will go to your druggist and ask him the virtue of Calcium Sulphide his answer will confirm these statements.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers, he will also say, are the most popular and scientific method of using this wonderful ingredient. They sell for 50c. per package, or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 457 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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The above offer is not good in Toronto, Winnipeg or Montreal and suburbs—special trial arrangements made for these districts.
Winnipeg Branch: 374 PORTAGE AVE.

Boys and Girls.

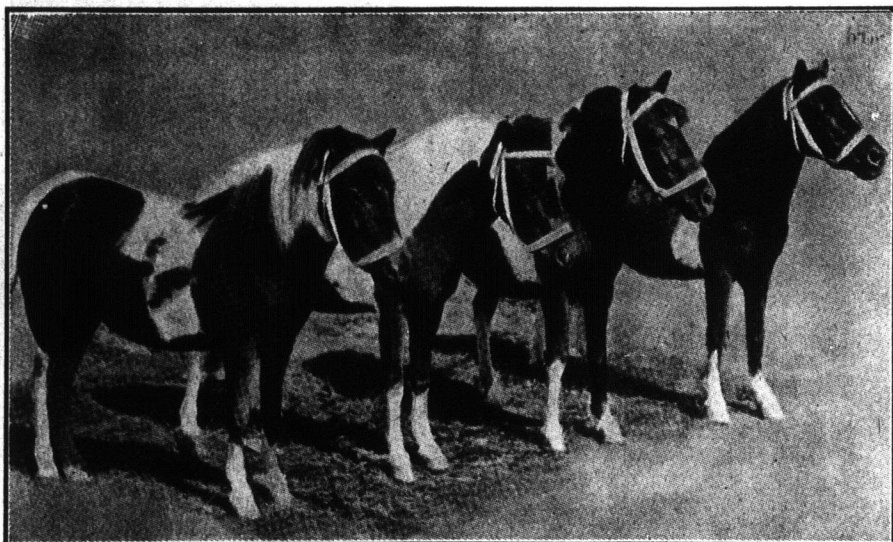
Victory in Defeat.

Betty Haskins lived on a farm ten miles from the academy. Her three years' course of study had been bought by many sacrifices and by much patient work. Betty had not counted her own toils—boarding herself, walking home on Friday nights, making one gown do for Sundays and week-days, ignoring worn shoes and a hat of a forgotten fashion—and now the end was in sight, and Betty was valedictorian of her class.

It was the Saturday before graduation. Betty's essay was finished and committed to memory. Her white gown was freshly ironed. As she stood on the chapel steps after her last rehearsal she was glad to be alive and conscious only of that joy—save for one pin-prick of anxiety as to why she had not had her usual note from her mother during the week. But that was lost in the happy surmise that the parents meant to surprise her by a visit to-morrow.

Suddenly she caught sight of her father in a buggy, driving rapidly down the street. She sprang to meet him, quick to see that his face was grave.

"Betty, child, you'll have to come home with me. Three of the children are down with the measles. Mother is killing herself. The neighbors have been good, but they are worn out, I can see. Mother wants you. Seems as if nobody else would do. The baby—my dear, I'm afraid he's going to die!"



Prize Winning Shetlands.

"O father, he mustn't! I'll be ready in five minutes."

Not a word was said of the relation of this hasty summons to the coming Wednesday and its valedictory.

When Wednesday came, Betty was too busy to think much about the academy. She was grateful that she had had a course of emergency lessons there, and that the doctor said she was as good as a trained nurse. She was fighting for the baby's life.

Three weeks later the baby was getting rosy and plump again. Mother was back at her post, but Betty was tired and restless, and could not sleep very well. She found herself dreaming herself back at the academy and wondering how the chapel looked on commencement day, and finding it hard to see how her disappointment had been right.

One afternoon, however, the principal of the academy, knocked at the door of the farmhouse. He had in his hand a blue-tied roll.

"I've come to bring you your diploma, Betty," he said. "I thought you would be glad to hear that Kate Fisher read your essay at commencement, and it had more applause than any of the others. The folks seemed to like your being at home with the baby. And, by the way, the trustees want to know if you will come over to the academy to teach English next year. They seem to think that a girl who could write that essay could teach other boys and girls to write. The salary would be ten dollars a week and 'found'!"

Betty's face was worth seeing just then. It was a curious coincidence, too, that the

subject of that same essay had been "Victory in Defeat."—Youth's Companion.

The House in the Garden.

Johnny would never have known anything about it if he had not been digging dandelions out of the lawn, when with his weeding fork he opened such a queer little house.

At first it seemed to be nothing but a long passage. Johnny pulled out his knife, and cut open the roof. The floor was smooth and clean, although it was made of earth, and the ceiling was prettily arched.

"Where does it all go to, anyway?" said Johnny, getting quite excited. He dug on and on, but there seemed to be no end. Here and there were other little passages opening into the long one. Last of all, he came to a little room with an arched roof. Maybe that was where the little miner lived.

"I wish I knew what sort of a fellow made it," said Johnny musingly.

While he was wondering, the ground began to move and rise. You see, the master of the house was not a bit discouraged. When he found his home in ruins, he began at once to dig out another.

"Now, if I can only catch him!" whispered Johnny to himself. He put in his knife carefully, not to hurt the busy

little miner, and tumbled him out into the sunshine. What a funny little fellow he was! He was dressed from head to foot in the softest, silkiest fur you ever saw; and his rose-colored hands were not a bit like the grimy fists of the coal miners that Johnny saw once. He was almost blind. Indeed, Johnny thought he had no eyes at all; but he was strong and sturdy for all that.

Johnny carried him home for a pet; but Mr. Mole did not enjoy his life above ground, so he was taken back to the garden, where he could enjoy his digging and delving.—Youth's Companion.

Lotta's Burglar.

By Ruth Mortimer.

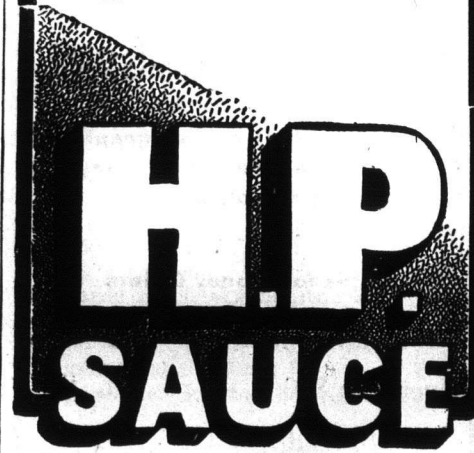
It was unprecedented at Ersham for the students to break out so late in the term. Still more unprecedented was it for a potent, grave and reverend senior to have any share in the mischief. Yet, only three nights before Commencement, the students "made things howl," and Tom Anstruther was head and front of the offending. They nailed up over the chapel door the sign: "To Providence and way-stations," stolen from the railroad. They serenaded obnoxious members of the faculty in terms anything but flattering. They built a huge bonfire on the campus and indulged in a promiscuous song-and-dance performance around it.

In the midst of the uproar there was the cry of "Faculty! Faculty!" raised by an instant hush. The students

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