

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Costs Nothing To Try.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Send your name and address today for a free trial package and see for yourself. F. A. Stuart Co., 56 Stuart Eldg., Marshall, Mich.

But Grandpa had already begun.

"A long time ago," he was saying, "when I was a youngster, I went to the district school the old red school-house, we called it. Old Master Finley was the teacher at one time, the crossdest old teacher you ever heard of, indeed, a regular old bear. He made his scholars study aloud, and when they came to recite their lessons, he made them say them word for word as they were in the book. If a scholar missed his lesson, he was sent to his seat with a cut of the switch, and a sharp injunction to learn his lesson pretty quick, or he would catch something he didn't want. If the master spied anyone not studying, idling away his time, or misbehaving in some way, he

would throw his ferrule at one's feet, and the guilty culprit, all trembling with fear, would have to pick up the ferrule, bring it to the master's table, and there and then receive a sound thrashing. For the master was a firm believer in the rod, and never lost an opportunity of using it; though, to be sure, it was the boys who received most of the whippings—the girls were punished in other ways.

"Well, as you may imagine, Master Finley's school was a noisy place, a rather uncomfortable place, too. We youngsters were glad enough to slip out of doors at every opportunity. The trouble was, however, only one of us could slip out at a time, for the master kept a sharp lookout on his scholars, and saw that no one went out who had not the 'great key' with him! The 'great key,' you know, hung on a peg by the door, and when one wanted to leave the room, all he had to do was to step up to the door and take down the key. He might stay out of doors as long as he chose. But while he was out, no one else could be excused. So you see Master Finley's rule was not such a bad one after all, for it wasn't much fun staying out by one's self when all the others were inside, whispering and giggling and throwing 'spit-balls,' for Master Finley's scholars, I'm sorry to say, were not always studying their lessons when they pretended to be.

"Well—to go on with my story—it happened one cold winter morning, that the master came to school in a bad humour. Nothing the scholars did seemed to please him. Class after class was called up to recite, only to be sent back to their seats with sharp words and blows. Right and left flew the master's ferrules, so that the little fellows on the front seat could scarcely study at all for dodging. In the midst of the noise and confusion, Hannah Achsie stood up in her seat.

"Please, sir," she piped in her clear, young voice, "may Lucinda Jane and I bring a pail of water?"

"Now the master always kept a pail of water near his table. Three or four times a day he would have the pail refilled with fresh, cool water from the spring. As the spring was quite a distance off, at the bottom of a steep hill, he generally let two scholars go together after fresh water. But this morning he was contrary.

"If ye want water, Hannah Achsie," he growled, "go after it yourself."

"Yes, sir," said Hannah Achsie, as meekly as you please. But she didn't feel meek at all. No, not she! She had more spirit than any girl in school. Her black eyes were still flashing when she came in with the pail of water balanced upon her shapely head.

"It was the custom in Master Finley's school for the girls, whenever they came in, to courtesy to the master. Hannah Achsie, having a pail of water on her head, did not courtesy, of course. This made the master very angry.

"Where's your raising, Hannah Achsie?" he asked sharply, giving her a cut with his ever-ready whip.

"Please, sir," answered Hannah Achsie, not meekly this time, "here it is!" and dropping a low courtesy, she

"Time to burn" originated with the time candle. Exact time originated with the

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spilled the whole pail of water on Master Finley's bald head.

"For one awful moment, there was death-like silence in the room. Then one youngster, bolder than the others, cried aloud, 'Hurrah for Hannah Achsie! Hurrah! Hurrah!' echoed from all over the room. In vain the master shouted for silence. In vain he stormed and raged. The sight of the angry old fellow, dripping from head to foot, only made his scholars more noisy.

"Ye shall pay for this, Hannah Achsie!" he cried, snaking his wet fist into the young girl's face. "Ye shall pay for this! See if ye don't!" and he strode angrily out of the building.

"But Hannah Achsie didn't pay for it," said Grandpa, "for the committee took sides with her, and said she only served the master right for being such a churl."

"Hurrah for Hannah Achsie!" cried George, when Grandpa had finished.

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, giving Grandma a great hug.

But the dear old lady only shook her head.

"Hush, hush, my dears!" she said, "I'm greatly ashamed of Hannah Achsie. I am, indeed."

—Mary C. Wiley.

THE BOY HERO.

Till time shall be no more there can be no grander deed done by mortal soldier let alone by a boy just out of school, a mere lad of seventeen, who yet was an officer in the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, now the "Highland Light Infantry,"—every body knows the story of "The Loss of the Birkenhead"—how the troopship struck upon a rock; how the soldiers were formed in ranks to die while the women and children were being saved; how the whole force—officers and men—stood at the salute while "Still, inch by inch, the doomed ship sank low, yet under steadfast men."

Russell was ordered into one of the boats carrying the woman and children for the purpose of commanding it, and he sat with dimmed eyes in the stern, some way off the doomed ship, watching the forms of his beloved comrades and fellows standing upright there. He saw the ship go down, carrying with it hundreds of brave hearts. Then, when all for him

was safe, when to him was given (with honor) life, ambition and glory, he saw a sailor's form rise close to the boat, and a hand strive to grasp the side. There was not room in the craft for a single person more without great risk of upsetting the boat.

But, as the sailor's face rose clear at the side, a woman in the craft called out in agony: "Save him! Save him! Save him! He is my husband."

No room in the boat for one more! But Russell looked at the woman, then at her children, then at the sailor struggling in the waves, with his eyes beseeching help, then at the dreaded sharks. Alexander Cumine Russell rose in the stern of the boat. With a bold plunge he jumped clear of it, and helped that sailor into what had been his own place—and safety. Then, amid a chorus of "God bless you!" from every soul in the boat, the young officer—a lad of seventeen, mind!—turned round to meet his death. And those in the boat shut their eyes and prayed. When they opened them again, Alexander Cumine Russell was nowhere to be seen.

Never so Well Since Girlhood

Mrs. E. J. Vanderburgh, of Eastern Welland Avenue, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "For twenty-one years I was badly afflicted with heart trouble, nervousness and cramps in the limbs, also twitching of the muscles and nervous headaches. I became weak, debilitated and emaciated. My condition was distressing, and I was made worse through worry and loss of sleep.

"I tried a hundred remedies in vain, and, reading about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I decided to try it. After having used half a dozen boxes of this preparation my old trouble had entirely vanished, and I was enjoying better health than I had since girlhood. I am now past middle life, and am in perfect health. I would not take worlds to-day and go back to my former state."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is especially popular with women because of its gentle action and remarkable restorative influence, 50¢ a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.