

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

is not a little, messy box of powder that has to be mixed with water, nor a hard cake that has to be scraped. It is a generous can of paste, easily applied and magical in its results. For stoves, pipes, grates and iron-work.

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My father and mother supposed I had gone over to Aunt Betsey's, as I often did, and that she had kept me to supper, so nobody had worried a bit about me. The teacher felt very mortified to think she had forgotten me, and I don't believe she ever locked anybody in the school-house again."—Southern Churchman.

THE CONTENTED HERD-BOY.

In a flowery dell a herd-boy kept his sheep; and because his heart was joyous he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and said:

"Why are you so happy, dear little one?"

"Why shall I not be?" he answered. "Our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed!" said the king, "tell me of your great possessions."

The lad answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand thalers for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones

in the world; I have food and clothing, too. I'm happy as the day is long. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a laugh; "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy; happier, yes, and richer perhaps than the king."—Southern Churchman.

CASABIANCA.

By Elizabeth Price.

Mama was going out calling. Theo had watched her while she puffed her pretty hair and pinned on her best collar and got out her white gloves. It must be very interesting making calls. Much nicer than being left at home with Peggy, who was ironing and almost sure to be cross. A little crvase had been folding itself in and out between Theo's eyes ever since he knew Mama was going, till a sudden thought smoothed it out in a flash.

"Mama, couldn't I go calling, too?" he asked. "I'm most sure I'd bother Peggy if I stay at home and—"

"Where would you like to go?" inquired mama.

Theo considered. Don wasn't at home, Marjorie had company, and Marie was taking her nap. Anyway, those wouldn't be calls—they'd be just everyday play visits. Calls

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were for grown ups. "I'd like to call on old Mrs. Philipps," he said slowly. "She's about the grown-upest lady I'm acquainted with."

Mama smiled, but she only said, "Why, yes, I should think you might go there, if you can be very polite. Callers are, you know, and always try not to make their hostess any trouble, or stay too long."

Theo thought it over. Yes, he'd try it, especially if he could have on his best suit and the kid gloves Aunt Emilie had sent for his birthday. Mama helped him get ready, even waiting till she had pushed every

chubby finger into those gloves, and buttoned the fat wrists out of sight.

Mrs. Philipps came to the door herself when Theo rang the bell. She was a tall, stately old lady with white hair, and a manner that never had made Theo feel quite at home with her. It was because he never would have dreamed of making her a "play visit" that he thought of coming to call.

"What do you want, little boy?" asked Mrs. Philipps.

"I've come to call on you," explained the visitor. "Mama's gone calling, and I—I have, too." Theo was a little uncomfortable. He hadn't expected to have to account for his coming.

"Well, did you ever? Come in and have a seat. But I'll have to get you to excuse me while I take a short nap. I've been so drowsy all afternoon I can't keep awake any longer. I'll only be a very few minutes."

Theo said, "Certainly," because he thought that was the polite thing to say, but he really didn't believe Mrs. Philipps heard him. She had dropped into her big chair, untied her cap strings, and closed her eyes. Just then the clock struck three. When it struck four Theo felt for his clean handkerchief, and wiped a wet spot off his sleeve and another off his cheek. But he didn't make a sound. He remembered what mama had said, and he was trying to obey—only about staying long, and that he felt he couldn't control.

It was almost half-past four when Mrs. Philipps woke up. Her caller still sat where she had put him, his eyes were heavy, and the corners of his mouth were drooping down instead of curving up as they usually did, but his shoulders were straight and his kid gloves were folded patiently together, with the chubby fingers still inside them.

Mrs. Philipps stared for an instant, then suddenly remembered. Then she looked at the clock, rubbed her eyes, and looked again. After that she did the most surprising thing. Just gathered her caller up in her lap and kissed him.

"You dear little gentleman. You're a boy in a thousand—a real Casabianca. Please, please forgive me."

Theo didn't know why she called him such a queer, long name, but he understood what followed very well indeed, for Mrs. Philipps could make the most beautiful cookies in the shortest time. And she assured him that it was time for the call to end and the "play visit" to begin, and it didn't matter how long that lasted.

It was tea time when he left, with a rosy apple in each jacket pocket, a bag of cookies in one hand, and a slice of cake in the other.

"Come again soon, Casabianca," Mrs. Philipps called after him.

"I will, thank you," he smiled back; and he kept his word, for they were the best of friends after that. Mama told him the story of Casabianca. Ask your mama to tell it to you.—The S. S. Times.

YOU CAN INTEREST HIM

Any Man Over Fifty

You can interest any man over fifty years of age in anything that will make him feel better, because while he may not as yet have any positive organic disease he no longer feels the buoyancy and vigor of twenty-five nor the freedom from aches and pains he enjoyed in earlier years, and he very naturally examines with interest any proposition looking to the improvement and preservation of his health.

He will notice among other things that the stomach of fifty is a very different one from the stomach he possessed at twenty-five. That greatest care must be exercised as to what is eaten and how much of it, and even with the best of care, there will be increasing digestive weakness with advancing years.

A proposition to perfect or improve the digestion and assimilation of food is one which interests not only every man of fifty but every man, woman and child of any age, because the whole secret of good health, good blood, strong nerves, is to have a stomach which will promptly and thoroughly digest wholesome food because blood, nerves, brain tissue and every other constituent of the body is entirely the product of digestion, and no medicine or "health" food can possibly create pure blood or restore shaky nerves, when a weak stomach is replenishing the daily wear and tear of the body from a mass of fermenting half-digested food.

No, the stomach itself wants help and in no round about way either; it wants direct, unmistakable assistance, such as is given by one or two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal.

These tablets cure stomach trouble because their use gives the stomach a chance to rest and recuperate; one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contains digestive elements sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of ordinary food such as bread, meat, eggs, etc.

The plan of dieting is simply another name for starvation, and the use of prepared foods and new fangled breakfast foods simply makes matters worse as any dyspeptic who has tried them knows.

As Dr. Bennett says, the only reason I can imagine why Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not universally used by everybody who is troubled in any way with poor digestion is because many people seem to think that because a medicine is advertised or is sold in drug stores or is protected by a trade mark it must be a humbug, whereas, as a matter of truth, any druggist who is observant knows that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have cured more people of indigestion, heartburn, heart trouble, nervous prostration, and run down condition generally, than all the patent medicines and doctors' prescriptions for stomach trouble combined.