

PIMPLES CANNOT LIVE

When the Blood Is Purified With Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Trial Packages Sent Free.

Pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., simply disappear like magic when you shut off the supply of impurities which cause them.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers go into the blood through the same channel as food. They stimulate and nourish it. They destroy foreign and unnatural bodies found there and remove all impurities very quickly.

In many cases pimples and eruptions disappear from the skin in five days.

These little wafers are so strong that immediately after they go into the blood their beneficial effects make themselves known. The blood is cleansed rapidly and thoroughly, the impure is separated from the pure blood and the waste matter and poisons are carried from the system.

The person who suffers the humiliation of pimples, blotches and eruptions should know and feel that the blood is in bad condition and delay is quite dangerous, and is liable to affect many organs quite seriously.

Purify your blood and you give nature the means to successfully fight all manner of disease. Calcium Sulphite is one of the ingredients from which Stuart's Calcium Wafers are made, and it is the strongest and most powerful blood invigorator known to science. This wonderful purifier is endorsed by the entire medical profession and is generally used in all doctor's prescriptions for the blood and skin.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers peculiarly preserve the strength of Calcium Sulphide better than other methods—thus giving the most rapid cures owing to the purity of the ingredients and their freedom from decay, evaporation and chemical weakness caused by many latter day modes of preparation. Stuart's Calcium Wafers are sold by every druggist. Price 50c., or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart, 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

the clerk went on, paying no attention to the interruption. "And that time there weren't any soldiers on hand, militia nor regulars either, and I guess the police weren't any account. Anyhow, the crowd got him, and dragged him off, and threw stones at him until they thought he was dead. But he came to, and do you reckon he was scared out? Not much. He went right on, travelling and making speeches and trying to set things straight."

"P'litical man, was he?" asked Jim.

"Another time he had to go on the ocean—yes, going to Europe, he was; you guessed right that time, only he didn't start from New York—and his

ship was wrecked, and they drifted in an awful storm for days and days, and he never showed the white feather—not once! Cheered up the captain and the whole crew, and showed them what to do, and by-and-by they all got safe to land."

"Say, I know who that was," Leonard burst out, so proud of his knowledge that he forgot Jim's forthcoming sneers. 'You're talking about St. Paul. It was in our lesson yesterday."

"Yes, and this is his day, too," the clerk said. "It jumped into my mind when I looked up at the calendar there a minute ago, and heard this chum of yours say that men hadn't any use for religion."

"Aw, you've been telling Bible stories!" Jim exclaimed, with inexpressible scorn. "I thought you said it was a fellow you knew out West. I don't take any stock in those old yarns."

"You don't, don't you?" said the clerk. "Well, I'll tell you another one, then, about a fellow I did know out West. And that's mixed up with St. Paul's Day, too, as it happens."

Old Mr. Wise came in just then for a pound of coffee, and the boys had to wait until he had bought it and shuffled away with his package and his change.

"This fellow I knew was a missionary out there in the heart of the Rockies," the clerk went on, when he was at leisure again. "A young chap he was, not very long out of college, and he'd been a famous athlete, too. Stood six feet in his stockings, strong as an ox, always laughing and joking; and religion was just his business in life. Well, I knew him two years; and he was at it, winter and summer, travelling in all sorts of weather, going into the wildest, roughest places—shot a grizzly once, when he was going on snowshoes over Bald Mountain; and another time he went in, bare-handed, and broke up a row between two of the toughest miners in Dry Gulch, that were just pulling their shooting-irons on each other.

"And on St. Paul's Day, that's three years ago now, he was in the Gulch when the smelter burned; and the charge-floor broke through with five of the men that were trying to fight the fire from there; and we all

thought they were gone for sure. But this fellow—now, remember, Len, your chum here says he wasn't a brave man—he jumped in and got a few others to follow him—I reckon the good Lord is the only one that knows how he did it, but they got those men out, terribly burned and bruised, but they all lived. Only the missionary—he must have been a no-account chap, Jim says, because he'd grown up minding his mother, and gone to Sunday Schools, and started them, too; out there, dozens of them—well, he was burned so that he lost the sight of both eyes."

"Oh!" said both boys; and Jim let his cigarette fall.

"Didn't give up, even then. Went back East, and settled down to learn Polish or Bohemian or something, I forget which—and he's gone to work in a settlement in a big city, trying to help somebody yet. He can play the organ, and poke his way from house to house with a stick; and he's going to keep right on fighting in the Lord's army till he's mustered out."

"Well, I ain't saying—," Jim began, and stopped.

"You go right on and do what your folks want you to, Len," the clerk advised. "I don't know where it was that Jim had asked you to go, but if your big sister said No, it's ten chances to one you won't lose much giving it up. And don't you ever believe for one minute at a time that you can't grow up to be a big, brave man without lying, and smoking, and swearing, and disobeying. This day is a pretty good day to begin thinking about the kind of man you really want to be; and if you remember the two men I've been telling about, you won't be fooled by some other people."

Leonard straightened up and pulled his hands out of his pockets.

"It's five o'clock, isn't it?" he said. "Guess I'll walk down to the office and come home with father. No, thank you, Jim; I don't believe I'll go with you to-day!"—Mabel Earle, in *The Christian Young Soldier*.

DON'T GRIP THE THORNS.

A novice, working among prickly plants, noticed how deftly the Scotch gardener handled them, and commented upon the fact. "Aye, there's many a scratch ye get at the first," answered the old man, "but if ye're canny, ye soon learn not to grip the thorns." It is a lesson of life as well as of gardening. The prickly, disagreeable things are plentiful; the uncomfortable happenings, the little slights and offences, the cross-grained tempers, and unreasonable words, are everywhere pushing themselves into unpleasant notice, but it is not necessary to "grip" them. There are those who do that all their days, and go about in a continual state of hurt, soreness and complaint. He who is "canny" will learn to put them aside with light touch and for the most part avoid their sting. They are not worth taking seriously enough to bring torn hands or heart.

Let every dawn of the morning be to you as its close. Then let every one of those short lives leave its short record of some kindly things done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

When Christ was dying on the cross He made a will. Perhaps you have thought that no one ever remembered you in a will. If you are in the Kingdom, Christ did, for it was to His disciples He said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." They say a man can't make a will now that the lawyers can't break and drive a four-in-hand straight through. I challenge them to break this one. Let them try it. No judge or jury can set Christ's will aside, for He rose to execute it Himself. If he had left us a lot of gold we should never have gotten it, for thieves would have stolen it in the first century. But He left His peace and His joy for every true believer.

The Nerves Not Understood

By most people and by many doctors—Hence their treatments fail.

The best authorities now agree that restorative treatment such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the only rational and successful means of cure.

It is not so very many years since diseases of the nerves were attributed to the presence of evil spirits and more recently sufferers from nervous derangements have been told that they only imagine they are sick.

When Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was first put upon the market as the only natural and effective method of curing derangements arising from exhausted nerves it was considered almost revolutionary but its success was remarkable from the start, many who used it being cured of such severe forms of nervous trouble as locomotor ataxia and partial paralysis.

Now the very best authorities claim as did Dr. Chase that the only way to cure diseases of the nerves is to make the blood rich, red and nutritious and to build up the wasted nerve cells by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes:—"In 1903 I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly to the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctors pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue and left leg. For six months I lay in that condition without benefit from the doctors' prescriptions. My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by use of this treatment all the symptoms disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do all my own housework. I am grateful to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"That Reminds Me"

It is a recognized fact that Abbey's Salt is infallible for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Sick Headaches and other Disorders of Digestion.

When you have any of these troubles, be sure you have the cure—

Abbey's
Effer-
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