

Nature's cure for Liver and Stomach Troubles—

**Abbey's Effer-Salt**

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 36

Marie, I'm listening." "Very soon, the country about our city was called Berne also. And now it is the largest and richest canton in all our dear Switzerland. Travellers love to come here from other less beautiful parts of the earth. From our city they can look off into the glorious Alps. And they love our river near. And they go to visit our lakes of Neufchatel. They go to the beautiful Emmenthal, to look down into our River Emme, where gold is hidden away under the water. We have iron mines and quarries of sandstone, marble, and granite; our cattle and horses are among the best, and our fruit—well, you know, dear Francois, how deli-

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We want every man and woman suffering from the excruciating torture of piles to just send their name and address to us and get by return mail a free trial package of the most effective and positive cure ever known for this disease, Pyramid Pile Cure.

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Fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and mail to the PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 154 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich. A trial package of the great Pyramid Pile Cure will then be sent you at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

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icious it is, and how the grapes smile at you, asking to be eaten. Ah, it is, indeed, one of God's beautiful places, upon which He loves longest to look—is our canton Berne." "But that is not all, Marie." "No, dear, not all." "Tell me about the flag, then." "But I must go back through the hundreds of years again. Shall we go?" "Yes, yes, together," and the small hand slid into hers. O, it was quite evident that Marie would be a successful teacher, when small Francois was so eager to listen to her stories from the past. "The Emperor Frederick II. made our Berne a free, Imperial city in 1218. In 1352, a little more than another hundred years, our canton of Berne became a part of the great Swiss Federation. Our city of Berne is the seat of the Swiss government—think of that! O, I'm sure that Switzerland is very glad to have our Berne within its borders." "And we're glad to be here." "Yes. But by and by the other Burgundian nobles rose against our Bernese. They came to besiege our city. And we had only four hundred fighting men—for that was long ago, dear. Then the Bernese sent a prayer to God and a cry to the forest cantons. Then fifteen thousand warriors on foot and three thousand on horse came down January 21, 1339, to the relief of our distressed city. Six thousand of the warriors wore a white cross upon a red ground. And these drove away our enemies. So the Bernese loved the white cross. They made it their flag. To-morrow you will see it flying above all the other flags. And think of it! Berne persuaded the other Burgundian states to join the Swiss Confederation, too. Wasn't that fine?" "Yes, but when are you coming to the bears, Marie? You are forgetting to tell me about the bears?" "We shall not forget to visit the bear pit to-morrow, to see the bears of Berne. Ever since the city was built by Berthold, the authorities have supported a bear pit at the public expense, in order that no one might forget about the prayer of Berthold and the bear that came to feed the hungry men. So Berne has loved her bears. Never but once has she been without them. That was in 1798, when the French tried to conquer us, and bore away our bears to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. The hearts of the good Bernese were broken. They never could be happy until they had other bears like the one that met the founder of our city on that wonderful day. And these have not been disturbed." "The little silver bear on your heads, Marie?" "I wear it because I am glad to be a Bernese maiden, dear." "But that is not all, Marie." You said maybe we would see a bear walking in the streets—standing up as if he were a man." "O, that we shall! Always on fete days comes some man with a bear that will dance. Brown bears balance themselves on their hinder feet very easily, and they dance to the music that their keeper makes—perhaps, on a little flute; perhaps, only some foolish song—but the bear keeps step to it with his clumsy feet. And there will be no

## The Annoyance Of Flatulence

Many People are Annoyed With Gas in the Stomach and Intestines.

Flatulence is due to the presence of gas in the stomach and intestines, which often rolls about, producing borborygmi, or rumbling noises in the intestinal system, and causes the victim of this trouble considerable embarrassment, when such noises occur while in company.

An analysis of gas from the stomach shows that it consists to a great extent of nitrogen and carbonic acid. It is therefore probable that some of the gas in the stomach consists simply of air which has been swallowed, although for the most part, the source of flatulence is the gas given off from the food in the abnormal processes of decomposition.

In cases of chronic gastric catarrh, the secretion of gastric juice in the stomach is deficient, the food is digested slowly, and fermentation occurs with the evolution of gas.

Swallowed air, however, plays a more important part in causing flatulence, or gas in the stomach and intestines than is generally supposed, and while food may be swallowed without carrying air into the stomach with it, fluids especially those of a tenaceous character, such as pea-soup, appear to carry down a great deal.

Flatulent distension of the intestines occurs when a large amount of gas or air, either swallowed or evolved from the decomposition of food, escapes from the stomach into the intestines through the pylorus. The enormous distension of the intestines and dilatation of the stomach with gases, and the rapidity with which such flatulence occurs, has long been a puzzle to medical men, and has led some to think that the only possible explanation thereof, is a rapid evolution of gas from the blood.

In the treatment of gas in the stomach and intestines, charcoal is considered by most physicians as the leading and most effective remedy. Carminatives, or medicines, such as peppermint, cardamom, sodium bicarb, etc., which expel the gas from the stomach in large volumes through the mouth, are resorted to by some people, but their use is disagreeable, and the frequent expulsion of gas through the mouth, most annoying, and after taking a remedy of this kind, one is compelled to remain out of company the rest of the day, on account of the continued belching of air.

STUART'S CHARCOAL LOZENGES do away with the necessity of undergoing the disagreeable experience of belching or expelling stomach gases through the mouth, by completely absorbing every particle of gas or swallowed air in the stomach, and also in the intestinal system, which prevents colic, and over-distension with accumulated air.

These wonderful lozenges should be used for all cases of flatulence and decomposition of food in the stomach

as well as for bad breath resulting from catarrh, decayed teeth, or stomach trouble.

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need for fear, Francois. We may go near, because the brown bears are the gentlest of all. They are timid and feed on fruit and berries. They never attack a man unless they are baited." "What is baited, Marie?" "To bait means to tease. If the mother bear fears for her little bear babies—her cubs—she will fight fearfully. She stands up on her hinder legs, catches the man with her claws, puts her arms about him, and hugs him to death." "Isn't that queer?—to hug anybody that you want to kill! When I hug you, Marie, it is because I love you." "Yes, dear. But though you are a little Bernese, you are not a bear. Can't you go to sleep now, Francois?" "Not until you tell me about the clock." "We'll be sure to see it a little before twelve. Because then a clock comes out to crow. And exactly at twelve a troop of bears file out—twelve of them—to march in a procession around the seated figure of a knight in armour. Think of it! Will it not be a wonderful day, Francois?" "Very wonderful—" But the little fellow was asleep. The next morning, the two were at the fete. They were happy as happy could be. On the way they passed crowds of children singing merrily, and decked with wild flowers. In their hands these children bore alpenstocks on which they had bound clusters of the pretty pink Alpine rose. In Switzerland, any child can tell the names of the wild flowers, for the children and the flowers are comrades. Often a teacher leads a whole school out into the wood to spend the day, searching and studying the flowers. Little Francois found the fete quite as fine as Marie had told him. He saw the dancing bear, the bear pit, the happy people, the white cross upon their flag, flying high above all the others; and they visited the booth where the old man sold the wooden shoes called sabots. While they were standing there, a very fine lady and gentleman came there, too. They were from another country, and their clothes were queer, because all this happened in 186—, when such garments were worn. "You gave a gold piece to the keeper of the dancing bear, my Louis," said the lady, "now we must make others of these people happy on their fete day. There is an old sabot seller, let us visit his booth." But while she stood beside the children her eyes became fastened on them. And when they spoke, in their musical tones, she turned to the young man beside her: "It is no wonder the Swiss are such fine people. Look at the children—how sweet and gentle they are!" She did not turn her eyes away until Marie remembered that it was nearing the hour of noon, and hurried little Francois away to see the clock, with its wonderful marching bears.—The Christian Advocate.