

CAN YOU USE FOOD WHEN YOU GET IT?

Thousands of Stomachs Starving Where Mouths Are well Fed. Costs Nothing To Relieve This Condition.

Eating is fast becoming too much a part of the daily routine, if not a mere tickling of the appetite—a thing to be gotten out of the way as quickly as possible. Little thought is given to "what kind of food," its effect upon the system, and whether it will be of use in building up the tissues of the body.

Your stomach will revolt, if it is not already doing so. It must shut up for repairs. What of the dizziness, and sometimes pain, which stop you after a hurried lunch? What of the general distress after a heavy dinner, a feeling of pressure against the heart which calls a halt and makes the breathing difficult? Is it common for you to be oppressed with belching and sour eructations? Are you constipated and then do you laughingly toss a dime to the druggist for his most palatable relief? Beware of temporary cures that are but palliatives. Many antidotes for the common ills which our flesh is heir to seem at first to relieve, but in reality, if not injecting poison into the system, lay the foundation for a deeper-seated and more far-reaching disorder.

Three-fourths of all diseases originate with a breaking-down of the digestion and nine-tenths of all digestive troubles originate with one or more of the symptoms named above.

Beware, then, of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. If you find yourself aching, listless, lacking in ambition when you should be on the alert.

Do not doctor the stomach.

It needs a rest from food and drugs.

Do not flush out the bowels.

It takes more than forcing food through the passageway to make blood and tissue and nerve.

Do not starve your stomach.

Food is a thing to be worked for all there is in it and your stomach will do the work if you will help it in Nature's way.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain nothing but the natural elements which enter into the healthy stomach and intestines to perform the function of digestion. Governmental tests and the investigations and sworn oaths of expert chemists attest this fact. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go to the source of the trouble and positively restore the glands and fluids of the mucous membrane to their proper condition. They promptly relieve the distress of all troubles originating in the stomach or bowels (with the one exception of cancer).

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are recommended by physicians and all reliable pharmacists. If you are a sufferer from indigestion or dyspepsia try a fifty cent package to-day. At all druggists', or if you prefer send us your name and address and we will gladly send you a trial package by mail free. F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

Eight years passed by. One day he found himself in a city where a large circus was showing, having with it an unusually fine menagerie. The animals strongly attracted him. Rice knew that his name would open the way for him into the circus with a glorious welcome. But he wished to go incognito, so bought a ticket and went in. He had been strolling about for some minutes, observing the animals attentively, when he saw that a large female bear seemed in a great state of excitement, and, he recalled, had been ever since his entrance into the tent.

Shortly the keeper, accosting him, said: "What have you done to that bear?"

"Nothing at all," Rice replied. The man remarked, "She seems much excited when you go near her cage, and more so when you walk away."

"I have observed that myself," said Rice.

"Well, I must ask you to leave the tent; you must have done something her," said the manager.

"I have paid my money; I have done nothing to your bear, and I will not leave until I am ready," replied Rice.

Meanwhile the bear's excitement grew more violent.

"Then I shall have to put you out," exclaimed the keeper, at the same instant seizing Rice by the collar.

But he was a powerful man, and, wrenching himself loose, he answered: "If you don't know how to quiet an animal, I'll show you," at the same instant stooping under the rope which guarded the cages.

"She'll tear you to pieces!" shouted the keeper; but Dan Rice slipped his hand into the cage, laid it on the bear's head, uttering the one word, "Sallie."

She lay down and licked his hand.

The bystanders were utterly amazed. The keeper laid his hand on Rice's shoulder, exclaiming, "Who are you, anyhow?" When he was told that it was Dan Rice, so famous as an animal trainer, and that Sallie had belonged to him, he wondered no more. The news quickly spread and he and Sallie held an ovation. He told that the actions of the bear had quickly aroused his suspicion that she knew him. He had already tested the fact of his own movements before the keeper accosted him.

This story and Rice's real name were told me many years ago by one who knew him personally. I tell it as I recall it. The name has slipped my memory.—Christian Observer.

THE TINY MISSIONARY.

"Gertrude, could you spare a doll for the missionary box?" asked mamma. "The ladies have a small corner not filled and we want to send it to-day. The minister has a little girl three years old who has never had a doll in her life, so I think you ought to let her have one of your children. Which shall it be?"

"Why, mamma, I don't see how I could give up any of my dollies," said Gertrude. "I love every one of



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them. I might send Polly since she has lost her wig, but that is the only one. I'll tie her hood on, and maybe the little girl will think all dolls are like that if she has never had one. The others are too nice to go to that cold country papa was telling about."

Some one was speaking to mamma from the kitchen, so she did not hear what Gertrude said. The ladies met that afternoon to pack the last things and send the box away, so when they were in the sitting-room, mamma called to Gertrude and Guy to bring their things for the children. Everything but one corner of the big box was filled, and the dray had been engaged by four o'clock.

"You are not going to give your very best books and ball, are you, Guy?" said Gertrude, as her little brother brought his nicest things for the missionary box. "Don't you know that isn't the way to do? Why, mamma and the other ladies gave their very oldest things, and I'm going to send Polly because she's lost her wig. Folks only put in the missionary box what they don't want themselves."

"I'm going to give these," said Guy, sturdily. "If they only get old things in the boxes, they can have a little 'sprise party with my good books. I guess the baby will like the ball if he can't read."

"I am afraid Guy is right," said one of the ladies, with very red cheeks, while Guy's mamma fell on her knees beside the box and took out a very shabby old dress.

"Let's follow Guy's example and send something very nice this time," said another lady. "In an hour we can get lots of things together, and I'm going to try."

Guy did not know what it was all about, but the ladies all hurried away and came back in a short time with nice, new clothes for the missionary and his family, some lovely shoes for the baby, pretty handkerchiefs, and even some candy and popcorn.

"Isn't it going to be a missionary box, mamma?" asked Gertrude, with wide-open eyes. "I thought you never sent nice things to the poor people in the West."

"We are going to this time," said

mamma, crowding the nice, new clothes into the vacant space. "Do you want to send Polly?"

"Not if you are going to take out all the old things like that. I'll send Josephine, for she is the very nicest child I have. Do you know, mamma, I'm glad not to lose Polly, for all she has no wig? And I'm glad those poor people are going to get some nice presents, aren't you?"

And all the ladies kissed Guy and said he was a dear, little missionary himself for giving his pretty things first.—Hilda Richmond.

LITTLE "BUT THEN."

Have you ever read the story of little "But then?" Her real name was Annie, but they called her little "But then," and I will tell you why. Her face was like a sunbeam, and she was always looking for every bit of good she could find in everybody and everything. When Freddie came home and told in a ridiculous way the story of the new boy's first day at school and how odd he looked in his brother's outgrown coat and trousers, little Annie began with her most earnest air: "Yes, but then I didn't hear him say one naughty word all day, and he helped poor little Kelly out of the mud when he fell down."

"That's just the way with you, little 'But then,'" laughed Freddie. But he always loved Annie more than ever after such a speech as that; he couldn't help it.

When the day for the picnic which Annie and Fred had planned dawned gray and cold, Freddie puckered his mouth ready to complain, but Annie soon snatched away all the frowns. "I know it's going to rain, Freddie, but then, you know, we can cut those chains and hang them all over the attic and eat our picnic dinner up there. And it'll be nearly as nice as in the woods" (with an extra emphasis on the "nearly.")

"All right, little 'But then,'" said Freddie, cheering up. A play with little "But then" in the attic was almost as good as a picnic, any day.