

"I suppose you'll have to; but it's going to be a hard job through the sand. Then there's another thing," an anxious look coming to his face, "we'll have to pay him fifty cents or more to carry it to the express office. How much money have we, Betty?"

"Only the forty cents I got for seaweed," she answered cheerfully. "I had to pay rent yesterday, and it took every cent I had. But it will be all right, grandfather. The mail carrier sent word for me to dig him a mess of clams Saturday. I'll pay him the forty cents, and the clams will be enough for the rest." Then a shade of anxiety crossed her face. "We are all out of meal and salt," she said, dubiously. "I had counted on getting some with the forty cents."

The old man picked up the net and went to work placidly.

"Take no thought for the morrow," he said. "We've done the best we know how, and the Lord will look after the rest. I've lived a good many years, and in all that time I've never needed a thing I didn't get."

"No doubt the owner will be glad to get his box," Betty said, after a long silence. "I'll write him a letter about finding it."

"More than likely the owner will never have any use for boxes in this world," the old man replied, solemnly. "But there's apt to be somebody depending on him—a widow and children, maybe—and the box will come in handy for them. We must get it off to-morrow, Betty."

The old man worked on slowly and mechanically, evidently his thoughts were away in the past.

Betty watched him for some time in silence; then she tiptoed across the room and got some old fishing lines, which she began to mend.

At length the clock struck eight, and the net was laid aside.

"Now we'll have a chapter and go to bed. You'll be wanting to start early to-morrow."

Betty brought the worn Bible and read a chapter in a low, hesitating voice. The old man listened with his hand across his eyes.

"I wish I could get you some specs, grandfather," she said, wistfully, as she restored the Bible to its place on the shelf. "Reading would be such a company for you."

"If I really needed them, Betty, I'd have them," he replied, gently. "The Lord would see to that. He's been very good to me, and sent me your eyes instead of specs."

Long before light, the next morning, Betty was up and away. When she returned, the old man had breakfast on the table.

"I'll let you wash the dishes this morning, grandfather," she said, briskly. "If I get two cords of seaweed to-day I'll have to work sharp. The wind's getting round to the north."

Late in the afternoon her customer of the day before drove down upon the beach. When he learned that the box had been sent away, he became very angry.

**DO YOU ENJOY YOUR MEALS?**

**One of the Most Important Questions to Consider in the Search for Happiness and Health.**

The burning question, to you, is "Are you getting out of life all the pleasure and the health you are entitled to?" If not, why not?

No matter whether every organ and member of your body is in a sound state of health and strength, if your stomach is in any way disordered, you are not going to be "yourself." You are going to be a worried, out-of-sorts, nervous or sullen individual, whose actions will reflect your condition inside, and people will naturally avoid you.

The world wants to smile and be cheerful, and unless you are cheerful and smile, at least, occasionally, you will have few friends, fewer opportunities, no success, and you will go down in defeat,—defeated by dyspepsia and a bad stomach.

A good and thorough digestion has a quick, wonderful reaction upon the brain. You must have noticed it many times, for the brain and stomach are as intimately connected as a needle and its thread, one can hardly be used to advantage without the other. If your stomach is slow and lazy in digesting your food, it will produce at once a slow, lazy and cloudy influence upon your brain. Mark it! If your stomach has absolutely quit work, and fermentation is poisoning your vitals as a result, surely your brain is going to be sluggish and correspondingly depressed. No one need tell you that.

But why continue to suffer all the miseries and torments that a disordered stomach brings you?

If your stomach can not digest your food, what will? Where's the relief? Where's the cure?

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the relief and the cure. Why? Because, as all stomach troubles arise from indigestion and because one ingredient of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is able to thoroughly and completely digest 3,000 grains of any kind of food, doesn't it stand to reason that these little Dyspepsia Tablets are going to digest all the food and whatever food you put into your stomach? Science nowadays can digest food without having to use the stomach for it. And Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the result of this scientific discovery. They digest and digest thoroughly and well, anything and everything you eat.

So, if your stomach refuses to work or can't work, and you suffer from eructations, bloat, brash, fermentation, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn, irritation, indigestion, or dyspepsia of whatever form, just take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and see the difference. It doesn't cost you much to prove it. Then you can eat all you want, what you want, whenever you want, if you use these tablets, and you can look the whole world in the face with a beaming eye and you will have a cheerful spirit, a pleasant face, a vigorous body and a clear mind and memory and everything will look and taste delicious to you. That's life.

Get a package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store on earth for 50c. a package.

Send us your name and address to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

"You are the biggest goose I ever saw!" he cried, contemptuously. "I would have given you five dollars rather than lose it."

The next day there was no seaweed coming in, and Betty took her basket and hoe and went off to dig clams; but this was a poor and precarious way of earning money, and her little store increased very slowly. At the end of a fortnight she had but two dollars. By this time the potatoes were nearly gone, and she had to go to the village in search of something to eat. When she returned, her face was full of excitement.

"See, grandfather, see!" she cried, as she held up a letter, "it's for me, and has my name on it. It's the first one I ever had."

With trembling fingers she opened it and drew out a small package.

"It's money," she cried, wonderingly, as, with shining eyes, she spread five bank notes, one after the other, upon the table.

The old man dropped his net and hurried to her side.

"Twenty-dollar bills," he gasped, "and five of them! For the land's sake, Betty, read the letter and see where they came from."

She opened the letter and read in a voice that trembled with wondering eagerness.

"My Dear Miss Betty,—I was very much surprised to receive your letter and the box. They were my first intimation that there had been a shipwreck. Several months ago my agent in Paris notified me that the box was about to be sent, and I have been impatiently awaiting its arrival.

"I send you, with this, a slight token of my appreciation of your kindness in saving and forwarding it so promptly. The box is valuable, and would have been a serious loss. Do not have any scruples about accepting the money. It is rightfully yours, and is small salvage for so valuable a flotsam.

"Yours sincerely,  
"John Sterling."

The two looked into each other's eyes.

"What will you do with so much money?" asked the old man. Betty drew a long breath.

"I never expected to be rich," she said in a low voice; "but I've often played I was, and thought out what I'd do. I've got it all fixed. First thing, we're going up to one of the villages and hire a small house, just big enough for us two. Then I'm going to get you some specs and other things and put a little money in the bank, like rich folks do. It'll make us feel better. After that I'm going to get a job in the mill or do housework. Down here there's nothing but gathering seaweed and digging clams; but

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there must be a lot of work in a big village. Don't you think it will be nice, grandfather?" looking at him with sparkling eyes.

The old man said he thought it would.

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