

CHARCOAL KILLS BAD BREATH.

Disagreeable Odor Arising From Indigestion or From Any Habit or Indulgence, Can Be Instantly Stopped.

Sample Package Mailed Free.

Other people notice your bad breath where you would not notice it at all. It is nauseating to other people to stand before them and while you are talking, give them a whiff or two of your bad breath. It usually comes from food fermenting on your stomach. Sometimes you have it in the morning,—that awful sour, bilious, bad breath. You can stop that at once by swallowing one or two Stuart Charcoal Lozenges, the most powerful gas and odor absorbers ever prepared.

Sometimes your meals will reveal themselves in your breath to those who talk with you. "You've had onions," or "You've been eating cabbage," and all of a sudden you belch in the face of your friend. Charcoal is a wonderful absorber of odors, as every one knows. That is why Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are so quick to stop all gases and odors of odorous foods, or gas from indigestion.

Don't use breath perfumes. They never conceal the odor, and never absorb the gas that causes the odor. Besides, the very fact of using them reveals the reason for their use. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges in the first place stop for good all sour brash and belching of gas, and make your breath pure, fresh and sweet, just after you've eaten. Then no one will turn his face away from you when you breathe or talk; your breath will be pure and fresh, and besides your food will taste so much better to you at your next meal. Just try it.

Charcoal does other wonderful things, too. It carries away from your stomach and intestines, all the impurities there massed together and which cause the bad breath. Charcoal is a purifier as well as an absorber.

Charcoal is now by far the best, most easy and mild laxative known. A whole boxful will do no harm; in fact, the more you take the better. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made of pure willow charcoal and mixed with just a faint flavor of honey to make them palatable for you, but not too sweet. You just chew them like candy. They are absolutely harmless.

Get a new, pure, sweet breath, freshen your stomach for your next meal, and keep the intestines in good working order. These two things are the secret of good health and long life. You can get all the charcoal necessary to do these wonderful but simple things by getting Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. We want you to test these little wonder workers yourself before you buy them. So send us your full name and address for a free sample of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. Then after you have tried the sample, and been convinced, go to your druggist and get a 25c. box of them. You'll feel better all over, more comfortable, and "cleaner" inside.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 60 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

ing the crown, making slashes in the pretty bows, and scattering the pink rosebuds over the carpet.

When the kitten tired of playing with the hat, he curled up like a gray ball in the crumpled crown and went to sleep.

"Sakes alive!" cried Aunt Eleanor, as she came into the parlor, "where did Cinder find this old hat?"

Dorothy was with her. "Why, Aunt Eleanor, it's my new leghorn hat. O dear! O dear!"

"But how did Cinder get your hat, Dorothy?"

"I guess, auntie, it must have been on the floor."

"Didn't you hang up your hat?"

"No-o-o, I just came to the door and flung it in. I didn't s'pose that anything could happen in the parlor. Can't you straighten it out, Aunt Eleanor?"

"No; it can never be worn again; I shall put it in the rag-bag," said Aunt Eleanor, as she picked up the ruined hat. "You know, Dorothy, I have told you again and again not to throw your things about."

"But I forgot to hang it up. I was in such a hurry to play," answered the small girl.

"Well, this will be a good lesson; it will help you to remember."

And that is the reason why little Dorothy had to wear her old brown sailor hat to the party the next afternoon.

AS THE COWS GO.

Children who have followed the cattle over hill and dale in feeding time, will appreciate this Japanese story, which comes from the pen of the late Sir Edwin Arnold. He wrote:

"Japanese gardeners have carried their art farther than we have carried ours. A landscape gardener in Japan is esteemed highly. He is looked on quite as we look on a painter or a poet. And the Japanese gardeners are truly remarkable men. I was riding with one of them one day near Kyoto, and we came to a steep hillside.

"Tell me," I said, 'how would you plant a road to the top of that difficult hill?"

"I think," he said, smiling humorously, 'that I would first turn some cows loose and see how they got up.'"—The Boys' World.

A REFLECTED FAULT.

It is often true that the failings we criticize with utmost freedom and severity in our friends are but duplicates of our own faults. We are, however, singularly blind to these same defects in our own characters, and we are most uncharitable in our criticism of failings that would become apparent to us as harmful possessions of our own, if we ever took

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ourselves to task for our own shortcomings.

"I don't like Hattie B— at all," Mabel said in an irritable tone, to her mother.

"Why not?" was the reply. "Oh, she's very sarcastic; and, if there is anything I do dislike, it's sarcasm!"

A few moments later Mabel's brother exclaimed in a tone of triumph:

"Hurrah! I have every one of the ten examples in arithmetic given me for my home lesson!"

"Oh, how very smart we are!" said Mabel, in a tone of extreme irritation, caused by the fact that none of her problems were solved and she doubted if she could get them.

Five minutes later her sister Marion held up a hat she had been trimming for herself, and said brightly:

"There! I think that looks very neat and pretty, don't you, Mabel?" "Oh, it's a perfect work of art!" was the reply. "Why don't you offer it to Madame Viotte as a pattern hat?"

Marion, who was a sweet tempered girl, only laughed, although the sarcastic fling hurt her not a little.

Lotty, another sister of Mabel's spread a tidy she had just completed on the back of a chair and asked:

"Isn't that lovely, girls? I'm quite proud of it, for you know that it is entirely my own design."

"You ought to have it patented, or copyrighted, or whatever is necessary to keep the world at large from imitating your triumph of genius," said Mabel.

Even Harold, the "baby" of the family, a little fellow of eight or nine years, came in for a share of his sister's merciless sarcasm. He had produced a wonderful "bouquet" on a sheet of white paper with his box of paints.

"See my flowers!" he cried with childish delight. "Arn't they beautiful?"

"Oh, marvelous!" said Mabel. "You're bound to be the chief artist of your day."

Jane, the cook, had made some delicious rolls for tea, and the other members of the family were kindly praising them in her presence, when Mabel said acridly:

"There never was anything quite like them Jane. If Delmonico should hear of you, we would soon be minus a cook."

"Mabel," said her mother, "didn't you say before tea, that you disliked Hattie B—?"

"Yes I did, and I never shall like her. Her sarcasm is simply unendurable."

"Then you ought to like her, for you have much in common. Everything you have said this evening has fairly bristled with sarcasm. It is your chief fault. It crops out every day of your life. I wonder that you are not aware of so marked a failing in yourself, when you see it so clearly and condemn it so sharply in others."—J. L. Harbour.

Bleeding Piles.

In November, 1901, Mr. Sherwood Walker, a fireman on the Canada Atlantic Railway, living at Madawaska, Ont., wrote for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for bleeding piles. He was suffering much and would become very weak from loss of blood.

In March, 1902, we received the following letter from Mr. Walker: "According to my promise, I now take pleasure in writing to you. If you remember, you sent me a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles some months ago. I used it faithfully and can say it proved a Godsend, for it entirely cured me of bleeding piles.

"I would have written sooner, but I wanted to be able to tell you that it was a permanent cure. There are several people here who have been cured of severe cases of protruding piles by using this great ointment."

This letter speaks volumes for Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles of the most distressing and most dangerous form. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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