

**GAMBLING WITH DEATH.**

**What Many Of Us Are Doing Three Times a Day.**

For everything we get something is taken away. Every act pulls two ways. Some men in power dole out their souls for it. They can't have soul and power at the same time.

And so, in this quick-living age, most of us can't have energy and health at the same time. One or the other must be lost, and it is usually health.

We know we are doing wrong and would like to reform, but we have a morbid fear of being laughed at if we aim to live and eat according to conscience and good sense.

Some of us break away for awhile and enslave ourselves to a diet. We read about the hardy Scotsman being fed on porridge and oatcake, making soldiers of muscle and dash, and how Caesar's army was fed on corn. But the diet doesn't last long. We quickly swing back into the great line, eating and drinking to fulness like the rest, eating anything and everything, at any time, and any way we find it. We say "what is a stomach for if it isn't to obey the palate."

But there is really no one rule applicable to everybody's stomach. What, one man may eat another may not.

But the dyspeptic should remember that the death list has a dark shadow hovering over it with a long bony finger pointing to "died of heart disease." Physicians will tell us that there are few cases of heart disease that do not come from a stomach derangement.

At every meal we may be brewing for ourselves a terrible case of dyspepsia. It may come upon us after breakfast to-morrow morning, or after that oyster supper to-morrow night.

Acute indigestion means that you have even chances for death or life. That's the gamble you are taking. That precious gastric juice decides, as a rule, whether you continue to live or not.

Therefore, if you feel your food lies like a "lump of lead" in your stomach, beware! Your gastric juice is weak. It can't dispose of the food in time to prevent fermentation. Take something that will do it effectively, and at once. Take Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, the most powerful tablets in the world for the relief of all kinds of stomach trouble, nausea, indigestion, the worst cases of dyspepsia, fermentation, bloaty feeling, sourness, heartburn and brash.

One grain of an ingredient of these tablets will digest 3,000 grains of food. Your stomach needs a rest at once. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will relieve your stomach of more than two-thirds of the work it has to do, digesting perfectly whatever food there is in your stomach.

You can't do your work well, or be cheerful, or have energy or vim or ambition, when your stomach is bad. Make yourself feel good after a hearty meal, feel good all over, clear your mind and make you enjoy life, by taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Give your stomach a rest, so it can right itself, then you need fear nothing. You can get these tablets anywhere for 50 cents a package.

"Nanny," said she, "bring a bowl quick and catch the molasses. Patty, lay the baby on the bed, and you and Billy come up the ladder with me. The maple sugar has fallen down, and the bag must have burst—the molasses runs out so fast."

"Then we laughed, oh, very hard, and we all began to talk at once, and say what we would have done if it had been really a bear or an Indian, instead of just an old sack of maple sugar melted by a hot chimney, like as not, and too heavy for the poles which had held it.

"Mother let us all have some of the soft cracked pieces after she and Billy and Patty had got the bulk of it tied in a stout bag and hung more securely to the rafters, and then we all went to bed.

"So that is the end of my story, children. Now, what was it about?"

"Indians," said Daisy.

"No," said Robin, "it was about a bear."

"Think, now," great-grandmother said. "You are both right and you are both wrong."

"It was about both and neither," cried Robin, suddenly, and he looked at his great-grandmother with admiring eyes. She was a remarkable old woman, he thought.

**WHEN BOBBY WAS RICH.**

"When I get rich I'm going to have everything I want," said Bobby, looking wistfully at the ice cream man with his jingling bells. "I'll have ice cream every day, and maybe twice a day."

"That will be fine," said mamma, with a smile. "And does my little boy think he would be very happy if he could be rich?"

"Of course," said Bobby, positively. "Bobby, do you want to play being rich awhile?" asked Uncle Frank, laying aside his newspaper. "Tell me what is the first thing you would do if you were rich."

"Go down town and buy peanuts," was the prompt answer, and Uncle Frank took up his hat just as promptly.

"Come on, Bob," he said. "If we are not home by dinner time, Hattie, you will know that we haven't finished our purchases yet."

"Let's sit right down here and eat the peanuts," proposed Bobby when his uncle paid for five sacks of the crisp warm nuts. "They smell so good."

So the two sat down on a little bench by the peanut man's stand, and while he ate, Bobby planned what else to buy. "I guess I'll take some ice cream soda," he said, long before one sack was empty. "I'm getting thirsty."

After the ice cream soda came candy and bananas and pop-corn. Uncle Frank bought a basket to put the things in and urged the little boy to get what he wanted. Bobby was trying to make up his mind which

"Sir, I would rather be an **ELGIN WATCH** than be President"

As the Elgin Watch has come to be the synonym for rightness, Henry Clay's famous utterance might be paraphrased as above. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Time-makers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch sent free.

**ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.**  
Elgin, Ill.

ball and bat he would take in the toy store when a queer feeling came over him. He tried to put it by, but his knees seemed shaky and his head very light. Uncle Frank was watching closely, but he said nothing.

"I guess I'll go home till after dinner," said Bobby, holding his poor aching head.

"But you were to buy everything this morning," said Uncle Frank. "We were only to play you were rich till we went home."

"I don't want to be rich," wailed Bobby. "I want my mamma."

And what do you think Uncle Frank did? He just picked up the little boy and in less than five minutes mamma was doctoring her small son and making him comfortable on the big lounge.

"Well, Bobby, do you want to be rich this morning?" asked Uncle Frank as he came into the sitting room next day.

"No, sir," said Bobby. "Uncle Frank, I'm sorry I spent so much of your money. Maybe if you take the things back you can get some of it again, for I never want to see peanuts and ice cream any more."

How Uncle Frank and mamma laughed. "You spent just 73 cents," said Uncle Frank, gravely, drawing out a small account book. "so I think I will not ask the storekeepers to give my money back."

"Seventy-three cents!" cried Bobby, with wide-open eyes. "I thought I must have spent \$10, anyway, Mamma, won't you give away the things in the basket? I never want to see them."

But in a few days Bobby changed his mind and ate the goodies. He never wished to be rich again, and whenever mamma said, "You have had enough, Bobby," he was willing to put away the candy or whatever treat he had.

"I was awful sick that day," he often says, "and I guess it's better when you're poor, isn't it, mamma?" —Hilda Richmond, in The Presbyterian.

**EQUITY FIRE INSURANCE.**

The report of the Equity Fire Insurance Co. presented at the annual meeting held on Wednesday last shows that in 1905 the premium income increased to \$360,594.68 from \$315,795.48 in 1904. There are 14,

68) risks and \$17,565,171 of insurance. The accumulated reserves now amount to \$45,814, and the total assets to \$559,178.83. The directors report that the reorganization of the business in the United States gives promise of the company sharing more largely in profitable business there. A dividend of six per cent. was declared, and the prospects of business for the year are believed to be most encouraging, especially in view of the complete organization of the staff, all of whom are warmly praised by the directors.

**Worry Habit Kills the Nerves.**

YOU CAN GET WELL IF YOU WILL STOP WORRYING AND USE **Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.**

Dr. A. T. Schofield, a great English authority on diseases of the nerves, attributes the usual cause of such ailments to "the worry habit," which he denounces as an "unmitigated evil."

Headache at top or back of head, noises in the ears, sudden starting or twitching, tenderness of the scalp or spine, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, pains and cramps, timidity, irritability, melancholy, are some of the symptoms of exhausted nerves.

Pure air, wholesome food, rest and the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to rebuild and revitalize the wasted nerve cells is the ideal treatment for diseases of the nerves.

Assert your will power and determine that you will not worry or let little things irritate you, and keep using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly and persistently week in and week out, and it will not be long until you will feel the thrill of new life and energy coming back to your wasted and worn-out nerves.

There is no doubt about the ability of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to cure you, for its extraordinary restorative power has been established in hundreds and thousands of cases.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.