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How to Stop Pimples

In Five Days You Can Get Rid of all Skin Eruptions by the New Calcium Sulphide Wafers

Trial Package to Prove It Sent Free

Any man or woman gets awfully tired going around with a pimply face day after day. And other people get awfully tired, too, seeing them go around with faces full of disgusting pimples.

If you are one of the unfortunates who can't get away from your pimples, and you have tried almost everything under heaven to get rid of them, take a few of Stuart's Calcium Wafers every day. Do that steadily for a few days, and in less than a week look at yourself in the mirror.

You will then say that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are a wonder in getting rid of the eruptions.

These wonderful little workers contain the most effective blood purifier ever discovered, calcium sulphide.

No matter what your trouble is, whether pimples, blotches, blackheads, rash, tetter, eczema or scabby crusts, you can solemnly depend upon Stuart's Calcium Wafers as never-failing.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have cured boils in three days and the worst cases of skin diseases in a week. Every particle of impurity is driven out of your system completely, never to return, and it is done without deranging your system in the slightest.

Most treatments for the blood and for skin eruptions are miserably slow in their results, and besides, many of them are poisonous. Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain no poison or drug of any kind; they are absolutely harmless, and yet do work which cannot fail to surprise you.

Don't go around with a humiliating, disgusting mass of pimples and blackheads on your face. A face covered over with these disgusting things makes people turn away from you, and breeds failure in your life work. Stop it. Read what an Iowa man said when he woke up one morning and found he had a new face:

"By George, I never saw anything like it. There I've been for three years trying to get rid of pimples and blackheads, and I guess I used everything under the sun. I used your Calcium Wafers for just seven days. This morning every blessed pimple is gone and I can't find a blackhead. I could write you a volume of thanks, I am so grateful to you."

Just send us your name and address in full today, and we will send you a trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, free to test. After you have tried the sample and been convinced that all we say is true, you will go to your nearest druggist and get a 50c box and be cured of your facial trouble. They are in tablet form and no trouble whatever to take. You go about your work as usual, and there you are,—cured and happy.

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., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



In a Reminiscent Mood

The other night I joined a party of young folks and went skating out at Capital Beach. The ice was in fine shape, and I had a brand new pair of skates. But somehow or other those skates wouldn't work like the old-fashioned "rockers" I used to wear. The new fangled skates fastened on with clamps worked with a lever, while the skates I knew most about fastened on with straps. Remember how we used to bring the strap up over the instep, forward across the toe and under the foot, then back across the instep, under the heel, then up and buckle? Cinch the strap up until we almost squeezed the blood out of the ends of our toes! And do you remember how that strap used to press the uppers of the boot against that bone that sticks out on the inside of our ankle, until it wore the skin off and your sock stuck to it like glue when you undressed for bed? I thought of all these things as I donned my new fangled skates, and I soon missed the support of the straps we used to wear. Somehow or other my ankles were not as responsive as they were thirty years ago. They wouldn't stay put. And somehow or other that thing called equilibrium wouldn't work just right.

First I tried the "outside edge," and when a young friend picked me up and brushed the snow off my manly form I wondered how thick ice had to be before a fellow could fall hard enough to break through. The "grapevine" came next, and I discovered that I needed skates elsewhere than on my feet. Time was when I could "spread the eagle" with the best of them, do the "Dutch roll" forward and backwards, cut the "feather edge" and do the "pivot," but those new fangled skates persisted in getting tangled up, and the bosom of the lake would fly up and hit me in the most unexpected places. It took a dozen hard falls and a sprained ankle to demonstrate that within twenty-five or thirty years a fellow can forget a lot, and also lose a lot of ability to balance and prance and swing. So I doffed the skates and sat on a bench by the side of the lake and watched the young folks. They skated by electric light, and that took away half the fun. We used to skirmish through the woods for brush and dead limbs and old stumps, and build a roaring fire by the edge of the ice, and then we'd roast potatoes—and maybe a chicken or two—that was foolish enough to come near and threaten to bite some of us. Then we'd grab a blazing stick and go skimming up the lake, spreading a trail of sparks behind us, or sit by the fire and tell stories while resting up. Skating by electric light is all right, I guess, but if the boys and girls of today could only attend one of those old skating parties that we old boys and girls used to have twenty-five or thirty years ago they would know what real skating is. Now they ride a street car to the banks of the lake, but we used to trudge miles through the snow—and I'm right here to tell you that it's a heap more fun walking through the woods and along the country roads, skates slung across your shoulders and "her" hanging to your arm, than it is to ride in a street car.

Believe me! I'll leave it to any of the grayhaired fathers and mothers whose sons and daughters go skating these winter nights.

Slowly Dawning

"I don't understand it," mused Billington, gazing sadly at his tax receipts.

"Don't understand what?" I asked. "Well, you see; it's this way. I paid \$750 for the lot on which I built my little home, and the owner of the next lot adjoining said he'd take that much for his if I wanted to buy it. I didn't have the money then, so I had to content myself with the one lot. The other day I made a deal and got hold of \$800, and thought I'd buy that lot, but the owner said he wanted \$1,200 for it, and of course I couldn't buy it."

"Well, what about it?" I queried. "I don't see why that should puzzle you. When you built your house you improved the adjoining property, and of course it is worth more now."

"That isn't what puzzles me," said Billington. "I can't understand how my building improved the adjoining property. The puzzle is this: I paid \$7 a year taxes on my vacant lot, but as soon as I built my \$3,000 cottage my taxes went up to \$28. I am fined \$21 for improving my premises, and although I added \$500 to the value of my neighbor's lot his tax on it remains at \$7. In other words I am fined for building a home, and made to pay for being enterprising. My neighbor gets a bonus of 70 per cent on his property because he sits around and does nothing. What's the answer?"

Of course I instantly realized that Billington was falling a victim to that socialistic, anarchistic, communistic land value tax idea, and having no patience therewith I only smiled pityingly at him and went on about my business.

Limericks

There was a young man in Minier
Who filled up his stomach on beer,
Till he spent all his gains
And his friends saw his brains
In a sea of white foam disappear.

There was a young fellow named Lonnie
Who lived in the town of Wewanee,
He ate patent grub
And drank booze by the tub,
But he always was lean, lank and scrawnee.

There was a fine fellow named Young
Whose tongue in the middle was hung,
And he talked of "standpat"
Through the crown of his hat
Till he busted two lobes of his lung.

Too Previous

"What a misfortune for Judas," sighed the man who was always looking for something to worry about. "What's the matter with Judas?" I asked.

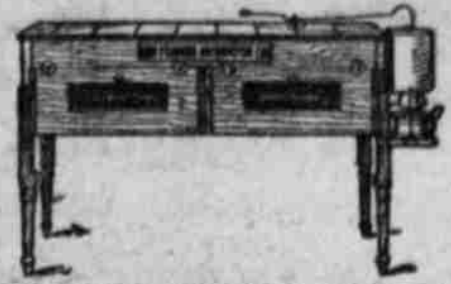
"Just think how unlucky he was to have lived a couple of thousand years ago when it was not possible to be elected to a senatorial seat and get a coat of whitewash."

Thwarted

"General," reported the spy who had managed to penetrate into the beleaguered South American republic's capital, "I made the awful discovery that the treasury of the republic is empty."

"Then indeed is everything lost, including honor," moaned the insurrection's leader, unbuckling his sword and weeping great tears.

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