



Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., escaped the surgeon's knife, by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

BROWN'S GRUDGE.

A Christmas Story by Mary C. Woodbury.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Ruben crossed the room to where his wife was standing beside the white kitchen table and kissing her said heartily, "You are always right, mother. I wish I could keep as true an' patient an' sweet-tempered an' trustful always as you!"

"Ah, Ruben, 'tis only God can take out of the heart anger, impatience and sin and keep us in perfect peace. Once, I too, was quick-tempered and impatient and found it hard work to forgive those who wronged me, and I a professing Christian, too, but I couldn't pray from my heart always forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" until God cleansed my heart from all sin and filled it with love, and now, Ruben, it requires no effort to love my enemies, even those who sorely wrong me."

"I wish I, an' every professor of religion was as good on every day an' every hour Christian as you be, Merinda, there wouldn't be much trouble between churchly members, I reckon!"

"Love out of a pure heart is the fulfilling of the law, Ruben, and God's perfect love within us puts the very heart of the two first command-

ments into our heart so that somehow we keep them without any strain or trying, and no heart-pulling another contrary to love."

Ruben sighed, but a moment after he said earnestly, "Wall, Merinda, I'll take that Jersey over this evenin'; an' seems to me, now I think on it, Bro. Brown must be havin' a poorty hard time to get along this year. He's had a heap o' sickness in the family, an' I've heard his crops didn't mount to shucks no way, an' some of his critters died an' he couldn't ha' got much from his orchards,—its the off year, ye know, an' I say, Merinda, I believe I'll take a couple o' barrels of them best Baldwins!"

"Do, Ruben, and slip in one of them nice hams from the storeroom and a quarter of that young beef you butchered last week. It won't come amiss with so many young mouths to fill!" said Mrs. Cary heartily.

"I say mother, couldn't ye put up a basket of them are goody, goody things ye're a gittin' up for Christmas? Miss' Brown ain't over 'n' above well, ye know, an' not any great at cookin' no how, I've heard say."

Yes, Ruben, I'll have the basket all ready. It may be a treat to the little folks because somebody sent it."

"An' mebbe it'll be a treat to some folks what aint so little because somebody cooked it what knows how to cook!" returned the farmer laughing.

"There, there, father, you go about your work now and don't hinder," expostulated Mrs. Cary. "I've got a big lot of things to get through before tomorrow, you know!"

"Father," obediently, turned upon his heel and smiling left the room, while the wife turned vigorously to her interrupted Christmas preparation of making and baking all sorts of good things for the expected guests of tomorrow—poor people who otherwise would have no nice Christmas dinner, for, although there were no dear little home-birdlings to gather around their Christmas board this year, Mrs. Cary with tear-dimmed eyes, yet a heart filled with holy, quiet peace, had said to her husband, "Ruben, our darlings will spend Christmas in heaven this year, but we will still have our Christmas, not selfishly to ourselves Ruben, God has comforted us, let us try and comfort others!" And so it came to pass that several poor and lonely ones were gladdened, not so much by the invitation to the feast as by the thought that they were not altogether forgotten on this Christmas Day.

That evening a well-laden lung followed by a fine eight-month old Jersey, secured by a strong rope to the back of the pung, drove slowly into Farmer Brown's front yard and drew up before the seldom-used front door. The horse wore no bells and Farmer Brown and his family in the big kitchen at the back of the house, heard no sound of its approach.

The driver alighted, and quickly, yet quietly, transferred the contents of the sleigh to the broad snow covered stone and placing on the top (and most conspicuous of all) a large basket with a note fastened to the handle, he unlocked from the sleigh the leading rope of the Jersey, secured it to a post beside the door, led his team into the coal and returning, vigorously applied the old iron knocker. Out on the still, keen, frosty night air rang the sharp loud knocks echoing with hollow, dismal sound through the bare hall, and startling the inmates in the far-away-kitchen while the man hastened back to his team, only waiting to see that his knock was answered, drove rapidly away.

An hour later Farmer Cary and his wife were startled by a loud, sharp knock at the outer door and opening it there stood Farmer Brown. He held out his hand and Farmer Cary grasped it heartily.

"Bro. Cary," said the caller, his voice broken and tremulous, "I've

been wrong, and wicked and un-Christian. Forgive me, neighbor, and I've brought back the Jersey," he continued, as he crowded the rope into the hand of Farmer Cary. "Taint mine—my calf was only a common kind of critter, not worth much no how, but neighbor I've been misfortunate an' its sort o' sored an' bittered me, an' instead o' lookin' to God for help an' comfort I've been a lookin' to my misfortunes an' sickness an' a grumblin' an' complainin' an' so my heart got to be hard an' bitter an' bad. Oh, neighbor, I'm wrong, all wrong," he added, despairingly, "wrong toward God an' wrong toward man!" and a sob choked his utterance.

"There, there, poor fellow!" broke in Farmer Cary, "wait a minnit till I get this critter out o' the cold," and leading the Jersey into the wood-shed close at hand, he secured the rope to a staple and turned back to his visitor.

"We'll go into the house and talk it over, Bro. Brown, but the Jersey is yourn an' you must take her back home with ye when ye go."

"No, no!" cried Farmer Brown, quickly and sharply, "I ain't so mean as that quite; I only said what I did to be hateful. I knew ye wouldn't part with the Jersey, least-ways I thought ye wouldn't, 'cause I knew ye set a heap by her an' intended her for your own dairy, an'—"

"But I want ye to have her Bro. Brown!" interrupted Farmer Cary, heartily. "You need her more'n me, so we won't say no more about it; and now come in brother, come in," and Mr. Cary with gentle force took his visitor by the arm and led him to the bright, cheerful sitting room, and Mrs. Cary's warm Christmas greeting.

Sitting down together around the blazing wood fire then and there Farmer Brown's grudge was buried forever.

As the tall clock in the corner began the chime of twelve it mingled with the sound of earnest, fervent prayer going up to heaven from three hearts bowing there in Farmer Cary's sitting-room; and thus Christmas was ushered in and as Farmer Brown wended his way homeward under the glittering stars that early Christmas dawn it was with a glad song of forgiveness and peace surging through and through his heart. Christmas had indeed come to him and brought the very Christ Himself with the balm of pardon and peace—a blessed Christmas dawn truly—and from that happy Christmas morning began a new experience in the heart and life of Farmer Brown.

As the door closed upon their departing visitor, Farmer Cary turned a glad, happy face toward his wife. "Bless the Lord, Merinda!" he exclaimed fervently. "I'd rather give another Jersey than miss the blessedness an' glory of this blessed Christmas mornin' with nothin' in my heart agin' nobody—nothin' but love an' peace an' good-will to all men this blessed, blessed Christmas Day!"

WILSON-TEED.

St. Stephen Mayor's Daughter Wedded to London Gentleman.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Mirza et Alberta Teed, eldest daughter of Mayor and Mrs. Almon I. Teed of St. Stephen, one of the most charming members of the younger set in society, was united in marriage to George Wilson, of London, Ont., who since he took up his residence in the border town has made a host of friends.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the Methodist church by Rev. W. J. Howard, the pastor, in the presence of an assembly of friends that completely filled the building. To the strains of the wedding march, played by Mrs. Chas. E. Swan of Calais, the bridal party entered. The procession up the aisle was headed by a bevy of beautiful young ladies from Calais and St. Stephen, including the Misses Vera Young, Winifred Todd, Sadie MacVey, Anna Eaton, Elith Deinstadt, Grace Woodcock, Carrie Marchie, Helen Rounds, Helen Grant, Gretchen Vroom, Bordie Todd and Margaret Maxwell. Their dresses were of light colored material and all wore black picture hats and carried pink carnations. Later the same young ladies assisted in serving the guests at the reception.

Following was the stalwart groom, supported by Walter K. Marchie, of Calais. Two pretty bridesmaids, Miss Roberta Murclie, in a costume of pink crepe de chene with pink hat, and Miss Frances Todd, in a dress of cream lace with cream chiffon hat, followed.

Miss Ethel Teed, only sister of the bride, was a very pretty maid of honor and was costumed in blue "on over blue silk and wore a hat of pale velvet, with steamers. Following came His Worship Mayor Teed and on his arm was the charming young bride, in a white taffeta silk gown, a veil with osprey and carrying a shower bouquet of white roses.

The ushers were Dr. Chas. Murphy, N. Marks Mills, Gay Cameron, George Teed, Harold Parves and Howard M. Marchie.

Mrs. Teed, mother of the bride, wore black lace over heliotrope silk, with a heliotrope hat, and carried white carnations.

At the conclusion of the ceremony at



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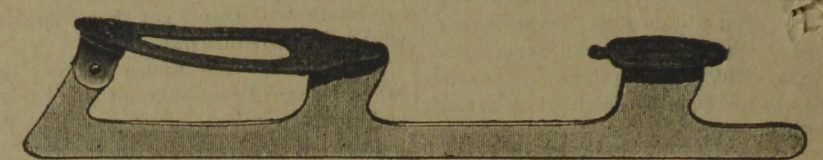
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Sold by leading clothiers throughout Canada.



the church the guests repaired to the mayor's residence, where a most delightful reception was held, and at its conclusion the bride changed her marriage robes for a travelling costume of red broadcloth, of a beautiful shade, with

surde vest and set of mink fur. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson drove to the Canadian Pacific depot, where they took the train for a trip to Montreal and other cities, and will spend Christmas at the groom's home in London, Ont.



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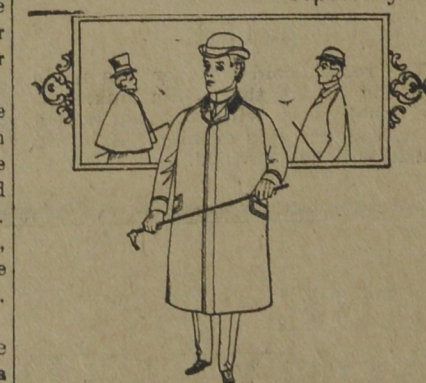
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