

WHY DOCTORS FAIL AND MRS. PINKHAM SUCCEEDS

Plain Reasons Are Here Given to Explain
Why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures When Doctors Are Powerless

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctors fail to cure the disease? Still we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of Canada to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that many thousands of them have been cured by following the advice of Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated womb diseases.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of Canada than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

The Christmas Chef

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"Did you get one, John?"

Mrs. Botsford spoke eagerly, almost hysterically. Her husband drew off his gloves slowly.

"Why, yes; I brought one up, Julia, of course. I sent her round to the kitchen entrance."

"Can she cook?"

"She is neat and very nice looking," Mr. Botsford temporized defensively. "She says she can do every kind of housework from up garret to down cellar. And she seems to be strong and willing."

"But can she cook—fancy dishes, I mean?"

Mr. Botsford looked embarrassed. "Well, you see, she was brought up on a farm," he explained, "and hasn't had much chance at such things. She says, however, that she had quite a reputation at home for plain, wholesome cooking, and she is willing to learn. I told her what you wanted."

Mrs. Botsford dropped upon a stool, her eyes filling.

"Oh, John!" she ejaculated. "It's 11 o'clock now, and Cousin Edward's fiancée is coming at 3 o'clock to stay until Saturday, and she and Edward and some of her people will be here for Christmas dinner tomorrow, and you know I have never seen the girl nor any of them. We must have things nice. The girl's worth a clear million in her own right. Oh, John, why need our cook get sick at such a time, and"—Mrs. Botsford was becoming incoherent and seemed to recognize the fact herself, for she stopped suddenly. But John nodded comprehendingly.

"I see," he said. "But what else could I do? There's a corner on servants, especially cooks, at this season. The only suggestion of one besides Sarah was a ten dollar a day chef who commences on a regular job Monday. Of course you don't want a chef for two days."

Mrs. Botsford sprang to her feet, her face suddenly radiant. "The very thing!" she cried. "He can do the art work and your cook the plain dishes. A chef will be so—so chic, and, you know, Miss Lenox has been used to everything. He—a chef is he, isn't it, John?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. That has always been my impression, though I don't suppose there is any law against a girl filling the position. The manager did not state in this case, only that a chef could be had for two days."

"Well, it's he, of course. Now, hurry to the telephone, please, before some one else gets him."

She waited until her husband returned from the telephone, nodding.

"Says the chef will be up at 1 o'clock sharp, Julia. Now I'll go downtown and order the Christmas trimmings and things."

At 1 o'clock sharp Mrs. Botsford was at the window, expectant, anxious. But exactly as the clock struck a cab rolled up to the door and a girl alighted. Mrs. Botsford's countenance fell a little, but rose as the girl, with a quick glance around, opened the small gate and went toward the side entrance. It was the chef, though but a girl. And the fact of her coming in a cab and being well dressed was significant of the \$10 a day.

Mrs. Botsford did not wait for the chamber girl to answer the bell, but hurried to the side entrance. The occasion was too momentous for ceremony. As she threw open the door the girl was bending over a fine clump of late chrysanthemums that were smiling daringly into the very teeth of winter. Mrs. Botsford's heart warmed toward her instantly. She loved flowers, and a girl who could bend over flowers with that look on her face was not an ordinary workman, but an artist. As the girl looked up, smiled, nodded and then came forward, Mrs. Botsford almost caught her in her arms.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, without giving the chef an opportunity to speak, "you don't know how glad I am to see you. I will take you right into the kitchen, and Sarah will show you where everything is. I am so glad. I shall not make a suggestion, for I see you are perfectly capable and can do



"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU."

best in your own way. Only do make it just as—as comprehensive as you can. Miss Lenox is accustomed to everything, and—and I want to make her like me so much and to please Edward."

She had been hurrying the chef toward the hall toward the kitchen, half laughing, half crying, but wholly joyous and anticipative. At the door, to her surprise and almost consternation, the chef suddenly bent forward, pressing a light kiss upon her forehead.

"If you are as nice to Miss Lenox as you are to me," she smiled, "I think she will like you. Now you may leave me in charge. I will do the best I can."

Mrs. Botsford returned to the drawing room, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully.

"What's the matter, Julia," her husband asked, "another headache?"

"N-no," doubtfully. "That's where the chef kissed me. I never had a girl kiss me as soon before. But I don't care, if only she diffuses her artist soul through the cooking. She has an artist soul, John. I saw it in her eyes."

At 3 o'clock she was again at the window, but there was no carriage in sight. Two minutes later the telephone rang. She did not call Mr. Botsford this time, but went to the telephone herself.

"What's that you say?" she questioned presently, leaning forward as though in that attitude she could make the receiver at her ear more intelligible. "Can't come? Why, that's too bad! But you will be here tomorrow, of course? What? Will send note. Yes. Well, come just as early as you can."

An hour later the note came. Mrs. Botsford read it with a perplexed face, then passed it to her husband.

"I didn't know she spelled her name that way, John," she said, "though of course we never saw it spelled out. One can never tell much from pronunciation. And—and I'm afraid she's not so well educated as we thought. She comes from the west, you know, and lots of families get rich quickly out there. And, of course, a lover's opinion isn't always reliable. Poor Edward!"

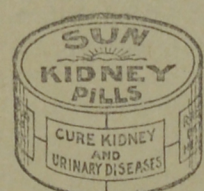
Mr. Botsford nodded vaguely and opened the note, which read:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Botsford—Sorry I cannot come according to agreement. Im-

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When the kidneys are sick, the whole system is sick. Instead of throwing off Uric Acid, the weak kidneys retain it—the blood absorbs it, and whisks it to all parts of the body. It is Uric Acid that causes headaches, dizziness, nervousness, swollen hands and feet, rheumatism, loss of sleep and appetite, that so many suffer with.

"Sun" Kidney Pills



make you well by curing the kidneys. They strengthen the kidneys—purify and enrich the blood—and put the whole system in a fresh, invigorated condition. For all Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Headaches, Nervousness and Female Troubles, "Sun" Kidney Pills never fail.

ALL DEALERS. 50c A BOX.

perative summons elsewhere. Will see you tomorrow. Faithfully, etc., M. LEHKNOCKS.

"Rather abrupt for good form, isn't it?" queried Mr. Botsford. "And doesn't there seem a suggestion of Polish among the ancestors, or is it German or Irish? The combination might masquerade almost any nationality that's foreign. But never mind, Julia. We must be as nice to her as we can for Edward's sake."

At 9 o'clock that night, after the palms and mistletoe and holly had arrived and been arranged in the various rooms to their satisfaction, Sarah suddenly burst upon them with face full of consternation.

"The chef!" she gasped. "Didn't ye say she was goin' to stay to-morrow an' the next day?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"Because she's gone—left entirely. I was at the range, watchin' the turkey, an' she come in with her hat on an' said that everything was all ready, so I could attend to it now. An' she left this note for ye."

"But why did she go?" gasped Mrs. Botsford. "I thought—"

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Last In

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Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, for a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."

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Beautifies the Complexion.

Combined, these preparations act powerfully upon the system, completely eradicating the Poison in the blood.
Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

"She said everything was all ready," Sarah repeated stolidly, "an' that I could attend to it now. There," as a clear car tinkle sounded outside, "that's her car startin' now. She said she wanted to catch the 9 o'clock."

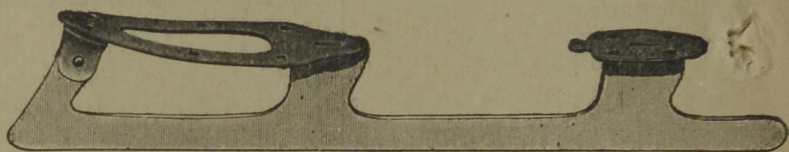
Mrs. Botsford opened the note with trembling fingers. As she read she frowned, looked mortified, laughed and finally passed the note to her husband, with shining eyes. "She's all right," was her only comment.

The note read:

Dear Mrs. Botsford—You really must forgive me. I had an errand downtown, and so called at your house an hour earlier than I intended, thinking I would stop there awhile, and then perhaps you and I would do the errand together. A sight of your lovely chrysanthemums drew me straight through the gate to the side entrance; then you opened the door, and some way we drifted into the kitchen before I quite realized what I was doing. Then your traits and a remembrance of former triumphs conspired to do the rest. I really do love cooking and have taken a lot of courses in special things. I think I have excelled myself this time and believe you will be satisfied with the result. Sarah and the chamber girl can manage the rest very nicely. I shall do my errand now and will stay with my aunt at the Marlborough tonight. It will be more convenient. You may expect us quite early tomorrow morning. Lovingly, MARGUERITE LENOX.

Eleven years of constant use in Blythe, Ont., is Dr. H. J. Milne's experience with "the D & L" Emulsion. Do you suppose he would have continued ordering it unless it was the best?

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