

ITS MERIT IS PROVED RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Montreal Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many leading scientists, and thinking people generally.



The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvellous results among sick and ailing women:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Soon after my marriage my health began to decline. My appetite failed me; I was unable to sleep, and I became very nervous and had shooting pains through the abdomen and pelvic organs, with bearing-down pains and constant headaches, causing me much misery. The monthly periods became more and more painful, and I became a burden and expense to my family instead of a help and pleasure. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. Soon after I began using it I felt a change for the better, and at the time of my next period I noticed a great difference, and the pain gradually diminished until I was well. I am stronger and look better than I did before I was married, and there is great rejoicing in the house over the wonders your medicine worked."—Mrs. M. A. C. Letellier, 733 Cadieux St., Montreal, Quebec.

If you have suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, flooding, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, some derangement of the uterus or ovarian trouble. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LOVE AND YOUTH

By
MARJORIE HENDRICKS

Anna Whelan woke up with a start to the realization that as a summer girl she was not in the running.

For some time after the young people had tripped down the steps and across the lawn to the inn, where the musicians were already tuning up for the hop, she sat alone gazing unblinkingly out into the moonlit grove. Then a faint perfume stole over her shoulder and a well known voice sounded behind her.

"Oh, Miss Whelan, I am so glad to find you! We are trying to make up a game of bridge. You will play, won't you?"

"I am awfully sorry," said Anna, rising, "but I am a wretched player and always rouse the ire of my partner. Besides, I have a wee headache to-night, which would make me more than ordinarily stupid at the game. Some other time!"

"I hope you will feel better tomorrow. Is there anything I can do for you? Some salts?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Whelan, with a smile.

She wished she might have been more obliging. The invitation had come from one of the most popular women in the hotel, popular, but middle aged, and Anna Whelan was not ready to be middle aged. Alone again, she dropped back in her chair, leaned her head against the high wicker back and closed her eyes. And for this—to be left alone on the piazza—she had saved part of her salary all winter, had invested part of her savings in the quaintest of summer finery, had counted the days until her vacation began.

She recalled the enthusiasm with which she had heard the other girls plan for the stay at Wisconsin. There were six of them in all who lived in a bachelor maids' apartment in town, and for a month or more the one topic of conversation had been the sailing parties, the daily bath in the sea, the clambakes and the nightly hops for which Wisconsin was famous. The girls had insisted that Miss Whelan come with them, and she now realized that they had done everything to make her one of them since their arrival at the shore. They had always dragged her into their merry-making plans. She was with them, yet not of them, and she knew wherein lay the fault. It was in her years.

Her cheeks somehow had retained the delicate pink flush of girlhood, but the soft gray hair waved above her

forehead told the bald truth of her years. Her pretty frocks were more dainty, more costly, than those worn by the girls around her, but Miss Whelan's taste in dress had always been good, and with advancing years she had adopted the more subdued colorings and simpler styles. Her summer wardrobe was that of a chaperon rather than that of a debutante. Yet at heart she was a summer girl. She felt as young and took as keen an interest in youthful pleasures as any eighteen-year-old girl. Sitting there in the moonlight she realized that, once robbed of youth, a woman could not buy the lost treasure back at any price.

Her childhood had been narrow, penned in by poverty and an invalid mother pettish and exacting. Death had carried away one burden, that of unappreciated nursing, only to lay upon her shoulders another, that of part housekeeper, part breadwinner. She had gone into a shop as cash girl and had attended to the household duties night and morning. When she was sixteen years old she sat up until nearly daybreak three nights in succession to set stitches in her sister's confirmation dress. The sister went through the high school, as did the younger brother, and while they studied Anna was steadily advancing in the store. When she became buyer for her department and took her first trip abroad it brought back the pink in her cheeks that fled before her tenth birthday, but Anna was now three times ten.

On her return from Europe she found that the same disease which had wrecked her childhood and carried away her mother had again entered her home. This time it carried away in quick succession brother and sister. Anna found herself alone and lonesome. She fled to the bachelor maids' apartments for companionship and was made welcome by these girls ten years or more her junior. With them she had grown young again. She had almost forgotten the gray hair. It had taken the thoughtless boys in blue serge and white duck to drive the iron into her heart. They were nice to her because they knew that the girls would not forgive them if they were otherwise. But that was not youth and the right to be young and joyous and silly. Anna sat up very straight. She had become possessed of a sudden desire to giggle, yet many a time and oft she had reproached the little cash girls in her own department for giggling.

Laughter and music floated across the lawn. They hurt. She rose abruptly and fled to her room. The headache now was real. She tore off her pretty gown and flung it heedlessly across the bed and slipped into an easy flowing kimono. Then she sat down by the window, thinking bitterly that fate had cheated her out of the greatest thing, the joy of being young. Suddenly, as she sat in the quiet, the sound of a sob reached her ear. Something very like a patter of bare feet came to her from the hall. She sprang up and threw open her door. A small figure huddled against it fell in toward her.

"Oh, please, I'm so frightened all alone! May I come in?"

"You surely may," said Anna as she drew the shivering, weeping child into the room.

She recognized her now. It was the serious faced little girl who had a room two doors beyond. She had often seen her on the sand and on the porch with her nurse. It did not take Anna very long to learn that the child was motherless, in the care of a young and headless aunt and an ignorant nursemaid. The former was absorbed in the social affairs at the inn and the latter in the gatherings in the servants' hall. Little Grace had been left quite alone in her room, and a strong draft had blown out the lamp, so that between the darkness and an ugly dream she had wakened up in terror.

That was the beginning of a new holiday for Anna Whelan. The nurse and young aunt had little to do from that time on save to provide for Grace's physical wants. Anna was her constant companion. She seemed determined to give this shy ten-year-old girl all the companionship, the sympathy, the simple, unaffected pleasures which had been denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in the moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she know of the resentment which filled his soul against the well paid and heedless caretakers of his child and the curiosity regarding the girl with the gray hair and pink cheeks who was mothering his wee bairn, for Grace assured him in every way that Miss Whelan was quite as young as Aunt Hattie.

When he finally came down to spend a Sunday with his daughter his first step was to meet Anna. He smiled as his daughter gravely introduced her as "my friend, Miss Whelan." They were such an absurdly different couple and yet so very much alike in interests and pleasures. He found his gaze traveling constantly over the brown head of his daughter to the gray hair of his new found friend, and he began to understand the letters better.

On Monday morning he did not go back to town, but told his sister Hattie that he had only just commenced to realize how the office had worn him down. He needed a week's rest.

Three nights later he was sitting in a sheltered corner of the veranda with Miss Whelan when two members of

the eagerly ported brigade strolled slowly by, talking in a high keyed voice which came squarely to their secluded corner.

"You wouldn't have given her credit for being so clever. She probably knew the child's father was worth a million."

"No; I understand he is not worth anything of the sort. He is only a corporation lawyer, and I think she liked Grace for her own sake."

The two women passed out of hearing. The pink had fled from Anna's face, leaving it tired and white. She rose unsteadily, but the man took her firmly by the arm and drew her back to her chair.

"Don't go, please. I know you care for Grace for her own sake. Do you think you could care for me for mine? I wanted to ask you this the first night."

Instinctively Anna's hand reached up to her hair.

"Oh, I couldn't! I've known you such a short time—people would talk—and I'm really too old to have a love affair!"

She did not speak bitterly, just simply, as if a thought long unspoken had found utterance. The man took both of her hands in his.

"My dear girl, love never grows old, and neither will you."

Mine Rats.

Every mine that has an entrance on the level is infested by rats, and there is no surer indication of a coming disaster than a general exodus of the rodents. As surely as the rats are seen leaving the mine, just so surely will a cave-in occur in the next day or two. Some miners are superstitious about the matter and fancy the rats are endowed with foresight, and so they are, but not of the kind that is commonly imagined.

A cave-in never takes place without warning. For days before a fall of any portion of the roof of the mine the earth and rocks are slowly settling into position for the grand crash. The rats feel the motion of the mass, probably hear the cracks that are caused by the settling of the layers, and imagine, if a rat can be supposed to have any imagination, that the earth is becoming alive, so they become panic stricken and rush out in swarms. It has often happened, both in this country and Europe, that the miners refused to go into a mine that the rats had deserted, and the caution was invariably justified by the event.

Density of Water.

A strange fact in connection with water is that its point of greatest density is not the freezing point, as with all other liquids, but between the two extremes of its existence as a liquid, at 39.2 degrees F. From this point water necessarily expands with either decrease or increase of temperature.

At the boiling point the conversion of the liquid into gas steam is naturally accompanied by an enormous expansion, its volume increasing 1,700 times. But the behavior of water at the freezing point is as remarkable, owing to the peculiar crystalline formation of ice. The process of expansion is formed from 32 degrees downward to 39 degrees. When that point is reached the temperature remains stationary during the loss of latent heat, but the expansion continues until, when it becomes visible, it is seen to be heavier than the water from which it was formed.

A Case of Quality.

A clever little gentleman well known in the scientific world was one day standing with half a dozen tall men when one of them turned to him and said that he had not seen him before, as he was so very small.

"Very likely," replied the little gentleman. "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not easily perceived, but worth the whole six together."—London Standard.

Consumption

The only kind of consumption to fear is "neglected consumption."

People are learning that consumption is a curable disease. It is neglected consumption that is so often incurable.

At the faintest suspicion of consumption get a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and begin your cure.

Scott's Emulsion is the best of all remedies for consumption, and it is the only one that is so easily absorbed.

Neglected consumption does not exist where Scott's Emulsion is.

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Today.

Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.—David Starr Jordan.

His Diagnosis.

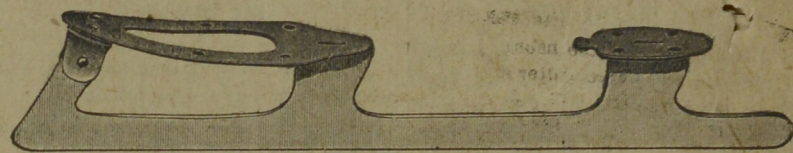
Mrs. Green—William, what objection have you to that young man who is calling on our daughter? Green—He is silly, Mary. Mrs. Green—Oh, that's because he is in love! I remember the time when you were a very silly young man. Green—Silly isn't the proper name for it, Mary. I was a measly idiot—that's what I was!

"Not Found."

A letter arrived at the New York postoffice the other day bearing the following address: "To Any Respectable Lawyer, New York City, N. Y." The carrier into whose hands it fell for delivery returned it marked in blue pencil, "Not Found."

Maintaining His Record.

Amateur Sportsman—I say, did I hit anything that time? Gamekeeper—I think not, sir. There wasn't nothing in sight but the birds, sir.



Experience after year leads us to believe that our Skates are the best in the world.

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Why not call and have a talk about the matter. We can give you some interesting points. You may want a Suit to order. If such is the case we are ready with a splendid line of Fall and Winter Materials.

Would also like to quote you prices for a stylish Fur-lined Coat.

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especially suited for Dry Goods. Best wrapping material. Stocked in 3 sizes, made to order in any size.

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