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## Sweet Miss Margery

"You shall give me all your messages the future, while I live, I will be before I start," Miss Charteris replied. friend to you, for you bear an angel's Now let me read to you a little you look tired. I shall not let you talk any

She smiled gently, and flitted away. leaving Stuart deep in happy thought. His spirits rose as the picture of a blissful future floated before him, and his heart was filled with gratitude toward wedding in the village, a wedding from Vane. Without her help, it would have the castle! Stuart, her Stuart, the being been a hard fight; but now his fears who held her very life, marry another were lessened, for his darling would -that fair lovely woman who had have one stanch, true friend.

the hall, glanced at the invalid lying one instant she reeled, and then grasped back in the chair, his face illumined the door-post for support. Then graduwith the flood of happiness that thrilled ally she awoke to the fullness of her

"You look better, stuart," he said, abruptly, approaching the young man. "I am feeling splendid," Stuart replied, heartily. "Hum! What new remedy have you

tried, may 1 ask" Sir Douglas said. "A new doctor has prescribed for me," Stuart said, with a laugh, "and here she

is. Cousin Vane, see how much good you have done me! Sir Douglas has complimented me with almost professienal jealousy." Miss Charteris smiled, and, seating

herself, opened her book, while Sir Douglas retraced his steps through the hall to the front entrance, and walked thence across the sweep of lawn to the

"So the wind is in that quarter!" hte mused, while a frown contracted his brow. "I am sorry and disappointed. He is a good lad, worthy of a better woman than that proud, selfish creature. Well, I am an old fool! The sooner I go from here the better. I shall grow too fond of Sholto's son if I stay much longer."

He walked briskly across the lawn, then turned into the avenue, and approached the gates. The sun was beating down on the hot, dusty lane, the lodge-keeper's wife was standing, her arms akimbo, talking to some one leaning wearily against the iron pillar. "Good-morning, sir," she said, courte-

sying. "May I make bold as to ask how the young squire is this morning?" "Better-much better," returned Sir Douglas.

"There, Margery-you hear?"-the woman tunned again to the figure-"hetter. Lor', if there ain't that baby awake! Excuse me, sir;" and, dropping a hasty courtesy, Mrs. Clark rushed into the house.

"You have come to inquire after the young squire?" Sir Diuglas began, addressing the slender black-robed girl in

The head was bent, the plain skirt was thick with dust; but there was about the young girl's figure an air of unspeakable grace, and a tress of the red- and she must meet this woman. A deep gold hair that shone beneath the black straw hat gleamed as a touch of wondrous color to the sombre picture.

Margery raised her head. "Yes, sir," she replied, and then stopmoved forward as his eves rested an her face; his color faded to a deathly whiteness, and he almost staggered against the gate, his eyes still fixed on her won-

dering countenance. "Who are you? What is your name?" he gasped, rather than spoke. "Margery Daw," she answered, trem-

Hing a little with fear. Then seeing his head droop, she added quickly: "You are ill, sir: let me get you some water." Sir Douglas put out a feeble hand. " is nothing-a spasm—the heat,"

he muttered: then he moved slowly to the lodge door and sunk upon the bench to leave the eastle for three or four outside. "The heat," he murmured again, dave at the least-that also was fortun-"and a ghost of the past!"

returned with a glass of water. Sir ity and jealousy, grew stronger and Douglas took it from her and drank it stronger.

Margery Daw. Your mother-what of on her. "I have no mother," Margery replied; and her hip trembled. "I am alone." "You five here—have fived here al-

ways?" went on Sir Douglas quickly. "All my life," she answered. He sunk back in the seat again.

"It was but my thought," he murmured; "and yet how like, how like!" "Are you better now?" asked Margery

"Yes, child-yes"-he paused a little - "but I shall go no further." He rose slowly, his eyes wandering now and again to the girl's face. "But you-you Mook tired—what are you going to do?"
"Walk back to the village." Margery

answered, with a sigh and a wistful glance in the direction of the Castle. Samuch serrow had come to her since that happy day in Weald Wood that she seemed, indeed, faint and weary. She longed to see Stuart, to send him a few words; but her pride, her modesty, forbade it, and not until this morning could she summon up cowrage to walk to the lodge gates and inquire about him. She never doubted his constancy, nor did she look for any message from him. She knew of his suffering and all her thought was for him. She turned away now, with

graceful inclination to Sir Douglas, Vane diew a quick breath. Stuart died," he said, sharply. "Sit down did not see the transitory gleam of and prepared to retrace her steps. "You cannot walk yet-you are not

swhile. This heat is enough to kill you." Margery shook her head.

"Thank you; I must go. I only came to inquire after -after Mr. Stenart." "He is in good hands," Sir Dongias remarked in his dry, cynical way. "I set his arm, but his heart requires another doctor, and his cousin has succeeded there. Ah, the village will see a wedding you are for yourself. See here is your servant: Take my advice, rest and be servant: Take my advice, rest and be wits!" He was turning away when he happy, and all will go well."
suddenly approached her once more. "I "Vane" home Street hat must see you again," he said, in a strange ped him. husky voice. "You have brought back a "Do as I ask you," she pleaded, and gleam of the past that was buried, with a smile of grateful thanks, Stuart touched the spring of a secret that has ration to his room. Rever seen life. There is a strange sense of home within my heart—hope that I though dead, never to be revived. Child, wherever you may be, remember that In this Aun; Constance on my side, and the

He turned and walked away rapidly;

but Margery neither heard nor understood what he meant. She was repeating over and over again the words he had uttered first, her heart grasped too clearly and terribly the meaning - a had laughed her to scom! The sunshine Sir Douglas Gerant, walking through grew blood-red before her eyes, for pain and humiliation. Pride was swelling in her heart; she seemed in that instant changed from a girl of glowing, living hopes to a woman who had tasted the bitterness of all earthly grief. She bent her head and walked steadily down the lane, heedless of the sun, heedless of the rough stones, heedless even of madame's presence, as she dashed past in

> the memory of her wasted love. CHAPTER X.

her carriage. She was oblivious of ev-

erything save her pain and trouble, and

"Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love; Therefore all hearts in love use their

own tongues. Let ev'ry eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent." Vane Charteris closed abruptly the book she was reading. She had commenced the quotation scarcely heeding what she read, but the sense dawned upon her as she reached the end. She colored faintly and looked up hurriedly, then gave a sigh of relief. Soothed by the musical monotony of her voice, Stuart had fallen into a doze and the last words had had no meaning for him.

Vane opened her fan and sat back:

her eyes were fixed on the lovely picture before her, but her thoughts were a tumult of anger, vexation and jealousy. To find her plans upset, her hope of power pass from her in the very moment of its birth, was a bitter mortification. Her short dream of ambition was broken, and for what? A mere country-girl whose eyes had bewitched Stuart, and hour. A feeling of self-annoyance succeeded the vexation. Vane bit her lip and tapped the ground with her foot. What had she done? Promised to befriend and assist the very woman who had pushed her aside. She was a fool, the proud girl told herself, not to have laughed Stuart's tale of love to scorn. A few cold words might perchance have checked the arder of his flame. Now it was too late: she had given her promise. flush spread over Vane's cheeks.

She shut her fan quickly, and looked curiously at her sleeping cousin. A thought had suddenly come to her mind. After all, she had not been so foolish, for was she not to meet Margery alone, with no influence to work against hers: Could she not manage as to rouse, say, if not the demon of jealousy, at least the spirit of pride? The girl had pride. Vane was compelled to admit—she had not forgotten Margery's dignity that day in the court yard, nor the graceful hauteur and ease with which she had moved away. Wordy warfare was not unknown to Miss Charteris, and it would

tuous country girl's breast. Stuart could not write a line-that was fortunate; he would not be able ate. Vane felt her spirits rise again, Margery went into the cottage, and and her hatred, fanned by piqued van-

some poisoned arrows in this presump-

Some vague thought of trouble seem "I have frightened you, child," he ed to come at that moment to Stuart, said, abruptly. "Tell me"-he pressed for, on turning her head, she met his one hand to his side-"you are called open eyes fixed with an anxious look

"You have had a delightful sleep." she said, rising and moving toward him. "I am so glad!" Stuart passed his left hand over his

"How rude you must think me. Vane-" he murmured. "Your voice sent me to sleep; but I have not slumbered

member " "I feared you were suffering." Vane liberated.

do it for tetter-than you. You would er bab'y te hurt at what she save, and then you would be be angry. Now, if I speak. Stuart, I, being an impartial person, shall be more calm and collected. I will plead your case well, anddon't think me vain-I think I shall sucered as I wish."

triumph that flashed from her eyes. "I am your friend: you will trust

me " she added gently. "Trust you? Yes, Vane: but it seems cowardly, unmanly, not to plead for

"Do you want to win your mother's consent? Yes, of course you do? Then

"Vane." began Stuart; but she stop-



## For Skin Sufferers

successful treatment.

whose charm had beguiled the passing ery Daw, your chances of reigning at Crosbie Castle grow smaller and small-

> She mounted the stairs to her room, stopping on the way to exchange a few words and embraces with her mother, who was overjoyed to see her darling child so well and happy.

Vans made a careful, simple toilet; she exchanged her low, pink gown for a dainty white cambric, chose a large white hat and gloves of a light tan shade and, after bidding her maid place them in readiness, descended to the hall just as her aunt arrived.

groom with the ponies when Vane interrupted. "Forgive me, nuntie, dear," she

cies in silence.

luncheen.

peacefully. My arm is a most annoying on account of domestic affairs, and it

Aunt Censtance. Believe me. I shall ant's breast as he walked to and fro beneath the shade of the trees in the distance.

aunt approach; but she gave Mrs. Crisbie a smile when she addressed her. noon; he will soon recover now, I hope." "I hope so, indeed," said Vane, poftly.

she said, quietly: "Aunt Constance, I want to speak to

will tell you how." "Do you think I look curious, Vane?"



If you, or someone dear to you, have undergone the itching, burning, sleep - destroying torments of eczema or other cruel skin eruption and have suffered from its embarrassing, unsightly disfigurement; if you have tried all manner of treatment. no matter how harsh. to no avail, and have all but given up hope of cure, you can appreciate what it means to thousands of skin-tortured sufferers, from infancy to age, when the first warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle application of Cuticura Ointment brings instant relief, permits rest and sleep, and proves the first step in a speedy and

rest will follow in due course. Marg-

Mrs. Crosbie was dismissing her

lightly: "but may I have the earriage this afternoon? I have an errant to Crosbie responded, stroking Vane's soft perform in the village." Mrs. Crosbie looked surprised for an instant: then she said affably:

"Certainly, my dear. At what time

"About five o'clock. Many thanks. Aunt Constance," she added, pretialy, as Mrs. Crosbie gave the desired order. Luncheon progressed slowly and 1abe strange indeed if she could not plant ther silently. Lady Charteries chattered away to the squire and Mrs. Croshie

shall Tims bring it round ?"

dilated in her proud, cold way upon mission work. Sir Douglas eat and spoke little, while Vane discussed the delica- now, sent as Stuart's messenger. I Several times in the course of the meal she was struck by the strange ex-

pression on Sir Douglas Gerant's face; there was a glow of animation, a look of eagerness that surprised her, and she brows darken and his jaws set with determination. She herself had many momentous thoughts troubling her; but her maner was placidly serene. She was diphtheria, dysentry, infantile diawaiting her opportunity to speak alone seases of the bowels, etc. Every feet her purpose immediately after In this, however, she was foiled: her

aunt was claimed by the housekeeper was past four o'clock before she was

"I feared you were suffering." Vane answered gently. "Stuart, why not go back to your room again? I am sure it will be wiser."

"I don't feel a Hercules, certainly." was a favorite founge for the whole house in summer time, and from here she could see all who came and went. The toward appearance she was absorbted in her book; but in reality she was a candidate for election as a member of a school board, but that four days would pull a fellow down so low?" He rose slowly from his chair, then added suddenly, "But my mother! Vane! I must see her to-day!"

"I am going to propose something." Vane said slowly, as she drew his hand through fer arm. "Let me speak to Aunt Censtance. Believe me, I shall to the shed work of the struggle in Sir Douglas Gerant's breast as he walked to and fro because of school boards.

Vane did not look up as she saw her "So I hear, Vane, that you have been nursing Stuart, and with good results. I have just met Andrews, and he tells me his master has slept nearly all after-

She pushed forward a chair as she spoke; then, as her aunt sunk into it,

vou. I said before luncheon that I had en errand to perform in the village, but I did not say what that errand was 1

laughed Mrs. Crosbie, her handsome features wearing an air of satisfaction and pleasure as her gaze rested on her niece.
"I am going to see Margery Daw," Vane said, slowly, letting her eyes wander across the sunlit lawn, but not before the saw a look of surprise dawn on

rising from her chair. "What do you went, Vane?"
"I mean, aunt, that Stuart loves Mar-

gery Daw, and says he will make her his

Mrs. Crosbie; and Vane, turning saw a heavy frown on her handsome face. "You are jesting, of course, Vane "

she said, at last. "Indeed, Aunt Constance, I am not," zeturned Miss Charteris, quietly. "My news surprises you?"

"Surprises"" repeated Mrs. Crosbie. "1

fail to understand you at all." Vane rose and knelt besid eher aunt.

"Auntie, dear," she said, gently. "you must not be hard on poor Stuart. Recollect, he has eyes, and this girl is beautiful. I have seen her, and love is

"Has he asked you to plead for him?" interrupted Mrs. Crosbie, coldly. "No; he told me his secret this morn-

ing, urged by I know not what," and Vane let her eyes wander away again. "Perhaps," he went on, after a brief pause, "some idea of the warm interest I must ever have in him prompted him; but that I can not tell. He spoke openly to me, and asked me to be her friend as I was his."

A sneer curied Mrs. Crosbie's lip. "He evidently thought union

strength," she remarked, dryly. "Aunt Constance, I will not hear your anger against Stuart," Vane said, quickly. "1—1 am his friend, and—" lier head dropped and her cheeks flushed. Then she went on hurriedly, "It is not his fault—of that I am sure; you must blame Margery Daw, if you blame.

Mrs. Cobb—Was the grocer's boy imposed to you again when you telephoned your order this morning?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixt him this time. I sex, 'who the hell do you think you're takin' to? This is must blame Margery Daw, if you blame

any one." "Does he expect me to receive her!"

asked Mrs. Crosbie, quietly. "I think so. But listen to me, Aunt Constance. 1 have not crossed Stuart, I have not refused his request, for I feared, in his weak state, to vex him; but he has left everything in my hands, and I will-" She stopped, and their

eyes met. "What?" asked Mrs. Crosbie almost sharply.

"Save him from this if I can." The words were uttered very quietly; and Mrs. Crosbie drew a quick breath

of relief. "Vane," she said, "forgive me; I was wrong to doubt you even for a mo-

"I know what it is," Vane went on hurriedly-"a glamor, a romance. Stuart has been here alone—he has been bewitched. But I know too what a bitter awakening it would be when the glamor was gone, the veil of poetry and romance torn down; and, for his sake, I will do it. Aunt Constance, do not think me bold—do not think me unwomanly. I can not help myself; I would do anything for Stuart-for-for I-love

Vane sunk back and beried her face in her hands. Mrs. Crosbie put her arms around her niece and drew her to her

shoulder. "Unwomanly, Vane?" she said gent-

ly. "I honor you. This is as it should be." "Ah, you will keep my secret, Aunt Constance? He must not know-I would not let him know for untold gold. If we succeed in satisfying this girl's ambition or avarice-money generally heads such wounds as hers—we must rememher he will be troubled perhaps for a time. I would not let him think my heart hungered for him; my pride would

"He shall not know, I promise," Mrs. hair. "But what shall we do-how break this off? It has taken me at a disadvantage; the very thought seems so monstrous, I can not yet believe it." "I want you to humor Stuart," Vane said. "Let him think that you may consent eventually: be proud and cold, but not unkind. The blow must come

from her."

"How" inquired Mrs. Crosbie, for once roused from her calm deemanor. "She must be convinced of the usclessness of her scheme. I am going to her think I shall pave the way at any rate." Mrs. Crosbie clasped her niece's hand for an instant, and then turned aside. (To be Continued.)

House flies are hatched in decided mentally that he was pondering manure and revel in filth. Sciensome great problem, when she saw his tists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of tuberculosis, typhoid. with Mrs. Crosbie, and thought to ef- packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

LADY TRUSTEES.

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review) A woman is a candidate for school trustee in Ottawa. This is woman's cen-



"Physical culture, ma, is perfectly fine. To develop the arms, I grasp this rod by one end and move it elow-

ly from right to left."
"Well, well!" exclaimed her
mother, "what won't science discover? fore she saw a look of surprise dawn on her sunt's face.

And if you'll take this rod which has some broomcorn on the other end of it, and move it slowly from right to left. or from left to right as the case.

Because Stuart has asked me to go."





STOPPING HIS IMPUDENCE.

ALL IN. (Puck.)

Friend—I was just in the Art Gallery, admiring your "Napoleon After Water-loo." The fidelity and expression on Bonaparte's face is wonderful. Where did you get it?

Mr. Dobber—From life. I got my wife the poer for me in the morning after she to pose for me in the morning after she gave her first reception.

HIS INTERPRETATION.

(Puck.) Mrs. Hornbeak (in the midst of her reading)—My goodness! What's this country coming to? Here is an article headed: "A Bar-tender to every Two School-teachers."

Farmer Hornbeak — By hickory! How them professors do drink!

ANCESTRAL PRIDE.

Sir Thomas Overbury, of London, once emarked: "The man who has nothing to

boast of but his ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground." SEEM TO KNOW HOW. (Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"What's the trouble in Plunkville?"
"We've tried a mayor and we've tried "Now, we're thinking of offering the management of our city to some good magnzine."

> HIS FLAG WAS UP. (From Success Magazine.)

When the crowd assembled for their game of ball Johnnie, the pitcher, was missing. Jimmie was sent to investigate.
"Is Johnnie at home" asked Jimmie of
the sister who answered his knock. "Course," answered the sister, you see his shirt on the line?"

THE WEDDING PRESENT PRO-BLEM. (Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

yesterday."
"That's too bad. What was the cause?"
"I cannot afford his friendship. He has five marriageable daughters."

HOW IT COULD ACHE.

(Exchange)

Benners—That's the second time you have used the phrase 'aching void.' I wish you would tell me how a void can ache.

Jenners—Easiest thing on earth; don't you sometimes have a headache?

SAVED \$4 IN ONE BUNCH. (Philadelphia Record)
Mrs. Muggins—Don't you ever try to save any money?
Mr. Muggins—Sure. I saved \$4 to-day.
Borrowell struck me for \$5 and I only let him have \$1.
tibbo aarognsda dnioymoa-o-o Nbran

THAT BORROWING NEIGHBOR.

(Philadelphia Times)
"Say!"
"Yes?"
"Have rou gone into the knocking business professionally."
"What do you mean."
"I was wondering if you would need to keep my hammer indefinitely."

> MAKE NO TRUCE. (Chicago News)

Mother-Tommy, be careful how you feed that hear. He might snap your fingers.
Tommy—But mamma, he tries to let fingers.
Tommy—But mamma, he tries to let
you see that he has a peaceful nature.
Mother—Yes dear, but he might turn
out to be a nature fakir.

AN INDUCEMENT TO TRY.

(Washington Star) "Did you say the fishing around here was interesting?"
"Yep," said Farmer Corntossel. "The feller that catches one fish breaks the

CUIT. (Philadelphia Record) "I should like to get an engagement with my circus of trained fleas," said the vaudevillian. "You'l have to try it on the dog first," repled the booking manager, sardonic-

MEANING THE KEROSENE CIR-

BOUND TO BE OCCUPIED. (Philadelphia Record.)
"Your life is too sedentary," said the octor. "What you need is constant ex-

doctor. "What you need is constant ex-citement."

"Well, I guess I'll get it," replied the fair patient. "I'm going to marry a man to reform him."

NOT NEAT LOOKING. (Washington Star.) "Have you done any surf bathing?" asked the citizen who was standing on the shore watching the sardine boxes and orange peels rolling in.
"No," replied the native, "we haven't done any. But we must admit the surf evidently needs it."

UP TO DATE.

(Puck) Fk orwalker—Looking for anything, sir? Customer—Yes, for my wife. Floorwalker—All right sir. Put a notice in the "Lost" column of our daily paper published on the thirty-third floor, second counter, by three o'clock, and it will be

MODERN IDEAS. "I can't say I lave him."
"The way i lave him."
"Oh, I might as well. Every girl has to have a feeligh marriage or two has the really

## MARRIAGE TIE.

Change in the Geremony Made So as Not to Offend Brides.

London Cable Having undertaken to abridge the Ten Commandments, the Lower House of the Convocation of the Church of England tried its hand at

expurgating the marriage service. The Archdescon of Leicester deciared that certain phrases and words in the exhortation of the marriage service are offensive to brides.

Other cleries said that when officiating at weddings they are often asked to cut out these particular words and phrases or to mumble them so that they are scarcely audible. The exhortation was composed in the sixteenth century, a coarse epoch, and the Convocation Committee recommends alterations in it to make it consonant with modern

The members of the Convocation, with very few objecting, then agreed to the following changes in the exhortation, It was agreed that the clause reciting that marriage "is not by any to be enterprised or taken in hand lightly" should be altered to read, "marriage is not by any to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, but advisedly, soberly and in hear of God, duly conisdering the chief causes for which matrimony is ordain-

The members also agreed that the passage stating that marriage "was ordained for the procreation of mankind," should run "for the increase of mankind." It was then proposed to omit the passage in the exhortation which gives the second reason for which marriage is ordained, namely "for a remedy against sin." This alteration was hotly resisted by several members. Canon Drummond said that those who objected to these words were precisely the persons by whom they were mostly needed. Nevertheless this amendment

was also agreed upon.

The Archdeacon of Berkshire said that he would like Canon Henson to warn persons who were married in fashionable churches, like St. Margar-"Are you going to send the Sparkler et's, to be careful about passages in novels which they allowed their daughters to read. That was the real danger of the time. Cultivated persons who considered the words of the marriage service coarse, be added, were those who left in their drawing rooms books sontaining language which had an immoral influence on their daughters.

> HIGH SPEED HEARING. (Miami Record.)

Two negroes got into a row with a white man. The latter had a revolver and fired a shot. The darkies did a marathon stunt until out of range, when one ation stunt until out of range, when one of the negroes said to his friend; "Ibid you hear dat builet?"
"Deed I did. I hearn it twice!"
"What do you mean by dat?" asked the first one.
"I hearn dat bullet once when it passed me and den anoder time when I passed

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not

stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is new more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky. Backache is a symptom of organie weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To

get permanent relieff you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at

Lyan, Mate., for special advice Your letter will be absolutely qualificatial, and the advice free