Fashioned
ge Garden

Advertiser).

sun for pa.dot,
e birds for mirth—
d's heart in a garden
else on earth."

perhaps the old-fash-
rden is the most in-
the present time the
not intentionally, it
perfectly the freedom
e bloom of the sum-
its real purpose is to
of loveliness entire-
easured plots and
d paths. It revels
old-fashioned flowers
ent undersigned. Tall
wly, brilliant-hued
cately-tinted flowers
side by side in ir-
mps, and following
ed way. One could
had scattered
in days long gone
emory of what had
re the seed had fall-
together in the June
weet-scented pinks,
owly bleeding-heart,
e lupin, fluttering
s, gaudy lilies, iris
ning, brilliant mari-
arkspur and holly-
dropwort, jolly little
swaying Canterbury
blooms of peonies,
pies their soft pet-
and and shiver all
e."
of sweet sentiment
ld-fashioned garden
Nearly every
finding its own par-
in has been brought
from a garden still
ch loved. Not one
of the other old
overlooked in the
the flowers and
anted and caressed
have passed them
ose who will love
o come.
rden of old memor-
ver meadow and in
field a little tan-
ttracts one's atten-
n reveals a plover
round nest, which
arth, beside which
ring approach, she
s protest, flutters
oken-wing fashion
return to her three
and one unhatched
l gold-tinged wings
ack are all ruffled
now-white throat
lack bars swells
she watches, with
alarm, the process
ure. While the
went up and down
round home she
her chosen nestl-
small and defiant
mate, the horses
even around the
ed spot. The
of possession were
y three successive

plover's nest over
patch is a sand-
careful searching
cupied. Stealthy
py of green leaves
st in which lay
gs, shadowed by
ies and wind-stir-
ustful is the sand-
ular little nest, the
e picked by care-
he watches with
apparent fearless-

on of the joys of
were the visits to
June day of rare
nfidence of the
reward of those
r way in the plant-
shioned flowers

ble Throat
es Bronchitis

ke. No Sicken-
n Medicine
se

Catarrhozone"

cold is relieved
alf one minute
is soothing influ-
ated throat. No
rhozone"—it cures
breathe a healing
spot that needs

remember about
you just breathe
or that is full of
that is rich in
agents known to

vapor dispels all
rms, gives nature
a real cure.
troubles can't last
vapor of Catarrh-
Catarrh will dis-
ttacks will cease,
his will become a
Complete outfit
rice $1.00; smaller
e, 25c, all dealers,
ne Co., Kingston

es and Forks.

r steel fork which
he handle, fill the
wdered resin and
of the knife or
il it becomes hot,
wdered resin and
l firmly fixed.

RENCE.
tories.)
prove by standing
ay were cheap en-
relessly."

st when Hollo-
applied to them,
he root and kills

# A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

"Going to do?" replied Talbot, in astonishment, and looking up from turning the coffee into the coffee-pot, according to Bill's orders. "Why, if we collect together all the stores we want, and go back to the diggings this afternoon, we shall have about enough to do."

"Oh, I meant about the girl."

"What girl?" queried Talbot, now standing still and staring Stephen in the face.

"The girl you danced with last night—the saloonkeeper's daughter, Katrine Poniatovsky—do you want any more identification?" returned Stephen, sarcastically, opening his heavy lids a little wider.

"Well, what about her?" returned Talbot, looking at him expectantly.

"Oh, well, I don't know. I thought perhaps we wouldn't go back to-day, that's all," answered Stephen, rather sheepishly.

To his sympathetic, impulsive nature, open to every new impression, easily distracted like the butterfly which may be caught by the tint of any chance flower in its path, the incident of last night was much. To Talbot, self-concentrated, determined, and absorbed, it was nothing. He looked at his friend now with something like contempt.

"She's so handsome, and dances so well," Stephen went on, hurriedly, feeling foolish and uncomfortable before the other's gaze.

"I did not come here to dance with girls," remarked Talbot, shortly, going over to the stove; and the entry of the other men at that moment stopped the conversation.

They had breakfast together at the rough wooden table in the centre of the room. The coffee was the redeeming feature of the meal—from that bright brown stream of boiling liquid the men seemed to gain new life; they watched it lovingly, expectantly, eagerly, as Bill poured it out into their thick cups.

The moment the meal was over, Talbot crushed his hat on to his eyes, but before he left the cabin he glanced at Stephen, who was standing irresolutely by the stove.

"I shall get all I want," he said, "and be back here by two at the latest. If you're here then, we can start up together; if not I shall go ahead"; and he went out.

Stephen lingered by the stove, then he and Bill drifted into a discussion over some of the latest discoveries of gold in Colorado, and they both fell to wondering how much more had been found since their last news, seven months old; and they had a pipe together, and then Bill thought he'd drop down to the Pistol Shot, and Stephen crushed on his fur cap as determinedly had Talbot had done, and went out — to Katrine's number in Good Luck Row.

CHAPTER II.

Talbot made his start back to the cabin later than he intended; he had knocked at Winter's cabin before before leaving the town, but all the occupants were out, and there had been no response.

It was afternoon, and already the uncompromising cold of evening had entered into the air—the sky was gray everywhere, and dark, almost black, in front of him; it seemed to hang low, frowning, and ominous over the desolate snowy white that stretched before him; there was no snow falling yet—only the threat of it written in the black and dreary sky that faced him. His cheeks and chin felt stiff and frozen already, as if a thin mask of ice was drawn over them, and his eyes were sore and tired from the continuous glare of the snow. The little pony beside him plodded along the path patiently, and his master at intervals drew a hand from a comfortable pocket to lay it comfortably on his neck, at which familiar caress the pony would throw up his head and step out faster for some paces. Talbot felt sorry for the little beast toiling along under his heavy though carefully packed burden of stores, cans of oil, loaves, and every sort of miscellaneous provisions, and would have spoken cheeringly to it, but his lips felt too stiff and painful to form the words, and so man and brute toiled along in silence over the trail under the angry sky. As he walked, Talbot's thoughts went back involuntarily to the picture of Stephen sitting smoking by the stove in the snug interior of Bill Winters' cabin; he felt instinctively, as sure as if he had seen it, that he would so sit through the afternoon, and by evening he would be finding his way down to the nearest saloon, and pass the hours there with Katrine; and he compared him vaguely with himself, tired with tramping through the town from store to store, half frozen while he stood to pack the pony, and now laboring up along to his cabin in the gulch.

He wondered dimly whether it would turn out that he should ever realize a reward for his toil, whether he should live to get out of this icy corner of the world, or whether he should die and rot here, caught in this great snow-trap, in this open grave, where the living were buried. He wondered a little, but his mind was not inclined to abstract thought. He spent very little time in retrospection, reflection and contemplation, very little time in thinking of any sort, and on this account possessed so great a stock of energy for acting. Each human being has only a certain amount of energy supplied him with which to do the work of his life. Thinking, speaking and acting are all portions of his work, and whatever of his energy he consumes in anyone, so much the less has he for the others. Thinking, the formation of ideas, is hard work; and acting, the carrying out of ideas, is hard work. It is false to suppose that the first two are natural, instinctive, involuntary movements of the brain and that only the last requires effort.

Talbot thought very little and spoke very little. His ideas came to him in simple form; they were not elaborated in his mind nor in his speech, they turned into actions immediately, or died quietly without giving him any trouble or wasing his time. A decision once made he carried out. He never thought about it afterward or frittered away his strength in hours of torturing doubt as to whether it was a good one to have made, or whether some other might have been better. Once made, he kept to it, good or bad, leaving it to chance whether it died or succeeded in his attempt to carry it out. And this conversation of energy in all other mental processes resulted in a splendid strength for action and a limitless endurance in the carrying out of his decisions.

And as he walked now he thought very little, except in a resigned way, of the physical discomfort he was enduring, and of the time when he should reach his cabin. Dusk had already fallen before he came to the gulch, and he had to strain his eyes to find the narrow trail which descended the side of the gorge. His log cabin, carefully and solidly constructed, stood half-way down the northern slope of the gulch, on a sort of natural platform formed by the vagaries of the now narrowed stream in its younger and wilder days. Beneath the cabin stretched his claim, five hundred feet of dry soil on the slope of the hill, one hundred feet this side of the stream and fairly in the creek, and one hundred feet on the further side, a stretch of seve nhundred feet in all—and of a quality that made it at that time the richest claim for fifty miles around. Shafts, reaching down to bed rock, were sunk all over it, and great mountains of frozen gravel beside them showed how untidingly they had worked. In addition to these, the man's native energy had prompted him to drive a tunnel horizontally for some distance into the side of the hill that rose steeply behind the cabin. The tunnel pierced the hill for one hundred feet, and at the end a shaft had been sunk to bed rock, and it was from here at present that the highest grade ore was coming. Moved by an instinct to protect what he intuitively felt would be his his richest possession. Talbot had built his tunnel in one solid block with the cabin, and closed its outer end with a huge door, well provided with bars and bolts. So long as this door was successfully held, no claim-jumper could penetrate into the tunnel or reach the shaft at the end. By this means, too, a double protection was afforded the living cabin, though of this he thought comparatively little, for the face of the cabin presented nothing but its one small window and this huge solid door. Upon opening this, you found yourself in the tunnel; if you kept straight on, you reached the shaft; if you entered the small door upon your left hand, you found yourself in the interior of the living cabin.

The gulch ran east and west, and at sunset at some times in the year a red light from the dying sun would fall into it, like a tongue of flame, and the whole gulch would seem on fire. At such moments Talbot would cease his work and stand looking up the gorge, with the red light falling on his face and banishing its care-worn pallor. No one knew what he was thinking of in those moments—whether he was recalling Italian or Egyptian skies that had been as fair, or whether for a moment some vanished face seemed to look at him from out those brilliant hues, or if merely the great sheets of gold that spread above the gulch brought visions of that wealth he was giving his best years to attain. No one who met him knew much about him except that he was an Englishman, had travelled much and experienced many different forms of life, and finally had come to the Klondike. But why this last? He was believed to have been rich before he came. Was it merely to increase his wealth, or was there some other reason? Was there any one awaiting his return? There were several portraits in his cabin of soft and lovely faces, but then the number was confusing, and the most curious of the men who worked under him could not come to any satisfying conclusion. All they knew was that he worked harder than any common miner, that his reserve was unbroken, and his life one continual self-denial. There were thirty men in all wro worked for him, and by them all he was respected and feared rather than liked. There was a chilling reserve wrapped about him, an utter absence of ingenuousness and frankness of character, that prevented any affection growing up among the men for their master, and his attitude toward them was summed up in the answer he gave to an acquaintance who once asked him how Talbot had raised his dark, marked eyebrows and merely said, coldly, "I don't make friends of miners."

(To be continued.)


MURINE FOR YOUR EYES A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents—I relieved a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, etc.
WILFRID GAGNE.

Prop. of Grand Central Hotel.
Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.



## Women of Canada Who Testify

Tillsonburg, Ont.:—"Ever since I can remember, Dr. Pierce's medicines were used in our family at home and they never failed to give good results. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' was used as a tonic and blood purifier and for bronchial trouble, and it proved excellent. I have personally taken 'Golden Medical Discovery' for bronchial trouble, and the 'Favorite Prescription' to build me up when I was run-down and they both were very beneficial. Mother always used Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed for pain; it also was very good. I feel safe in recommending all of Dr. Pierce's medicines knowing them to be good."—MRS. CLIFFORD MITCHELL.

Central Butte, Sask.:—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery for a number of years and am pleased to recommend it as a blood purifier. I know it has no equal, as I used it for my boy for tuberculosis of the knee joint. My neighbors and friends were surprised with the results; in fact, I do not think he would be alive today had it not been for the 'Medical Discovery.' I also keep it on hand for coughs as it differs so from other cough medicines, instead of upsetting the stomach as most cough syrups do it is good for the stomach. I only wish I had known about Dr. Pierce's medicines sooner."—MRS. PERCY WOOD.

When you take Golden Medical Discovery, you are getting the benefit of the experience of a doctor whose reputation goes all around the earth. Still more, you get a temperance medicine that contains not a drop of alcohol or narcotic of any kind. Long ago, Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vegetable ingredients—without the use of alcohol—so that his remedies always have been strictly temperance medicines.



ROYAL YEAST CAKES are now packed in square packages. Each package contains five cakes, which are equal in quantity to six round cakes. All dealers are authorized to guarantee that the quality of the round and square cakes are identical in every respect.


### Warts Disfigure the Hands.

But can be painlessly removed in twenty-four hours by the use of Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. Fifty years in use and still the best. Insist on getting "Putnam's" Extractor, 25c, at all dealers.

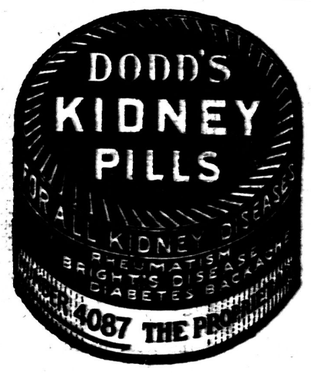
### Arabian Hides Grade Well.

Arabian skins coming into the world markets through Egypt and the Sudan originate exclusively in Jedda and places in the vicinity of Mecca. They embrace cattle hides, sheep skins, goat skins and camel hides, and are generally dry salted. Arabian hides are limited in quantity; the quality, however, is excellent.

### Why Rivers Outlive Lakes.

It has recently been explained why lakes are rare in countries the surface of which have undergone no sudden changes for an immense period of time. This is because the gradual effects of atmospheric agencies and the power of water to carry solid matter from elevated places and deposit it in depressed places tend to reduce the land to a general level and to fill up the basins of the lakes.

Thus in the southern United States lakes are rare, while in the northern part of the country they abound.



## Desserts That Hold Flavor

Desserts of the English plum pudding type are general favorites. Perhaps one reason for their popularity is their good keeping quality. A steamed plum pudding will keep for weeks and can be heated up for serving whenever desired. With a delicious pudding or two on the pantry shelf Mrs. Housewife will find herself ready for unasked and unexpected guests or strays who "happen in." Here follow recipes for two such puddings that are especially delicious.

CARROT AND SUET PUDDING.

One cupful beef suet chopped fine, one cupful grated carrots, one-half cupful chopped citron, one cupful chopped dates, one cupful seedless raisins, two eggs (well beaten), one-half cupful molasses, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-quarter cupful brown sugar, two cupfuls sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful mace, one-half teaspoonful allspice.

Place in a well-greased pan or pudding mould and steam four hours.

SUET PUDDING.

One cupful molasses, one-quarter cupful brown sugar, one cupful raisins, one cupful currants or one-half cupful chopped citron and one-half cupful chopped dates, one cupful beef suet (cut very fine), one cupful milk (sour or sweet), three cupfuls sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls soda and two teaspoonfuls baking powder if sweet milk is used, one tablespoonful nutmeg, one teaspoonful allspice, one-half teaspoonful mace, one-half teaspoonful salt.

Mix ingredients and turn into a well greased mould. Place the pan or mould in a steamer over boiling water and steam four hours. Place the pudding in a warm oven for 10 minutes to dry.

FOAMY SAUCE.

One-quarter cupful butter, one egg, one cupful powdered sugar.

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually and well-beaten egg. Heat over hot water, stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla or lemon juice and a little grated rind of lemon.


## HOW TO OVERCOME NERVOUS TROUBLES

### A Returned Soldier Tells How He Regained Health and Strength.

Nervous troubles of all kinds, particularly nervous debility, work a remarkable transformation in the patient. The change is both physical and mental. The sufferer loses weight and strength, and frequently becomes irritable and fault finding. Troubles that were once thrown off without any difficulty assume exaggerated proportions. Other symptoms of this nervous condition are poor appetite, headaches, exhaustion after little effort, and frequently distress after meals.

The cause of this debility is generally starved nerves. The blood which gives the nervous system its food and power to work efficiently, has become thin and weak, and until the blood regains its tone and strength there can be no improvement in the condition of the nerves. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams Pink Pills will be found the very best medicine. They make rich, red blood which feeds, and strengthens the starved nerves, and in this way restores the sufferer to full health and strength. Proof of this is found in the case of Mr. Fred Sander, London, Ont., who says: "While on service with the Imperial forces in Africa I completely lost my health through continual hardship and shock. I was sent back to the base hospital suffering, so the doctor said, from nervous debility. After spending some time in the hospital I was invalided back to England as unfit for further service. After spending a long time in Netley Hospital, I was given my discharge, but was still a weak and nervous wreck, absolutely unfit for work. I had neither the strength nor ambition to do anything. In London I doctored for three or four months with a civilian doctor, who finally advised a change of climate. I was terribly nervous, suffered from sleeplessness, smothering and sinking spells, and pains in the heart; my hands and feet were always cold and clammy. At this time I decided to come to Canada, and shortly after reaching this country was advised to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. After I had taken the pills for some weeks I found myself improving. I Continued taking the pills for several months with the result that they fully restored my health. My nerves are now as steady as a rock; my appetite the best, and my eyes and skin, which had turned yellowish, are clear and healthy looking. I feel like a new man in every way, and fit for anything. I have since recommended the pills to several friends, and know of several cases where they were beneficial in the influenza epidemic. I am of the opinion that should any of my retruned soldier comrades use Dr. Williams Pink Pills, for shell shock, they would be a great help to them."

You can get Dr. Williams Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville.


### Relative Value of Milks.

The fat globules of goats' milk are so small that cream rises very slowly. This quality, however, gives to the milk a uniform richness not possessed by cows' milk. There are now several condensed milk factories using goats' milk, which is condensed and sold for infant feeding. Many thousands of infants are compelled to live during their first few months on condensed cows' milk, and it is not the best food for their stomachs.

### Mending Knives and Forks.

To mend a knife or steel fork which has come out of the handle, fill the hole with finely powdered resin and hold the rough end of the knife or fork in the fire until it becomes hot. Insert it in the powdered resin and hold it straight until firmly fixed.


HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

Do you endure the misery of Asthma with sleepless nights, difficult breathing and loss of strength? However bad your case, quick relief is guaranteed by the use of

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH CAPSULES

This preparation is the result of years of experimenting and study. Thousands have derived the greatest benefit through its use. Write for free sample to Templetons, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for $1.04 a box. 64


## SUNDAY AT HOME

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still;
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compare this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All wordly joys go losse
To the joy of doing kindnesse.
—George Herbert.

THE LAW OF HARVEST.

The law of harvest is, that whatsoever a man soweth that shall be also reap. How very necessary it is then, that we sow bad seed, it may be possible to root out some of the plants but think of the time wasted, and the danger of uprooting the good while extracting the evil.

If we yield our lives to God and dwell in His presence, we need have no fear of our harvest, in fact we may find many joyful surprises, rich fruitage that we were not aware that we had planted.

When Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, went to Italy to study art, and brought back with him the wonderful works of art which his genius had wrought, he never dreamed that he also brought back seeds in the straw with which his images were packed. These seeds were unconsciously scattered and next year the beautiful flowers of Italy were blooming in the streets of Denmark. So we may go forth each morning, fresh from communion with God, and as we pursue our daily tasks, our words, thoughts and actions may prove to be seeds that shall spring up into beautiful flowers that shall cheer and bless many a weary one amid the daily toil of life.

THE "DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" CRAZE

(Layman, in Sheffield, Eng., Independent.)

One of the most deplorable phases of life to-day is the widespread impatience of any kind of authority or restraint, the expressed determination, especially among the younger folks, to do nothing unless they choose, or to recognize no sort of right on the part of anyone else to come between them and their desires. Whether it is a reaction after the disciplinary years of war, or the natural outcome of the growth of a mental process fostered by lawlessness and license, as portrayed at the cinema shows, I am unable to say; but there is the fact, patent to us all, that the predominant idea with a very large number of people is that they must be free to do exactly what they like. That is a perverted idea of freedom that, unless conteracted, must end in disaster to all our civilized notions of moral responsibility. It is an iconoclastic idea also, since behind it there appears to be no suggestion of replacing the present social standards with anything better or even as good. It is simply a feather-brained putting aside of everything that suggests control. As for duty to parents, employers, or the State, it is laughed at as an exploded fiction. They only owe a duty, say these foolish people, to themselves—to "have a good time," and that, if possible, at other people's expense. It is the modern application of the old doctrine, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die"; with this worse feature about it, that death or a reckoning is the last thing thought of.

This repudiation of any moral responsibility appears to be vaguely based on the supposition that a man is free to do as he likes. Nothing could be further from the truth. One of the great tasks of civilization, from secular and religious standpoints alike, has been to make it clearly understood by means of laws, and penalties for transgressing the same, that man is born free—to do what is right. There has always existed, and must exist still, if the world is not to return to a chaotic condition, man's duty to God, to his neighbor, and to himself; and since no man liveth to himself, although so many are trying to do so in these topsy-turvy days, these duties cannot be shirked or shed like the cast-off skin of a caterpillar. If we divest ourselves of them what are we going to put in their place? We cannot leave an empty place; the chambers of the heart and mind cannot remain void. Irresponsible people are a danger to the world as well as to themselves, and deliberate shirkers of responsibilities are guilty of an offence against the laws of God and man.

Destruction is far easier than creation, and the extension of the "do-as-you-please" doctrine must inevitably mean the denial of any religious faith, the shattering of belief, and the repudiation of the necessity of obeying any spiritual laws. No faith, no creed, no God! That is the logical outcome of such madness.

Here is a task for our churches to undertake which is even more necessary and far more urgent in its need, than the discussion of that unity which we all desire to see but which is still a long way off. Combination to attack materialism and its kindred false ideals will be needed, and the army of the Lord must be armed with all the weapons of the Spirit to combat this moral disease which threatens to destroy religion itself if left unchecked. The laws of the country are useless against it, and politicians as a body do not pretend to raise and ennoble human nature—that is the task of religion, understood in its broadest sense as the faith of thise who believe in a supreme good, and that man has a higher destiny than a mere materialistic existence and end. The law cannot cleanse men's hearts or put into them the love of God, but the Christian religion can point the way to that higher life in which God and our fellow-men are brought into the scope of our daily round. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a question that has a greater significance than ever to-day; but it cannot be answered by the advocates of the "do-as-you-please" policy.

The idea that every man or woman is to be permitted to go through life choosing only to do that which is personally pleasing or advantageous to self is too absurd, as well as too dangerous, to the community. Neglect of the recognized duties of man to men spells ruin, moral and material; while as a certain sequel comes the neglect of spiritual duties. Try how you may, you cannot leave God out of the reckoning; if you do you will have to face the consequences. God's place in our lives is no uncertain thing; it is a fact to be recognized, since He is the final Judge of Appeal, whose decisions are irrevocable, as well as the loving Father to whom we turn in distress for help and succour, and the strong arm and protector of all who trust in Him. "Do-as-you-please" would rule God out of its scheme. No, "Do-as-you-please" must have no place in our plan of life.


Pimply Face? Drive 'Em Away This Very Night

Simple and Inexpensive Way to Clear Up Sallow Complexion

YOU GET RESULTS QUICKLY

An easy way to freshen up the dullest, sallowest skin is to purify the blood, clear it of all humors, and enrich it by the regular use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Not only will Dr. Hamilton's Pills put roses in your cheeks and brightness in your eyes, they will do wonders for your general health, and quickly make you feel and look like a new person.

Impossible to have headache, indigestion, or bilious fits if you tone the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Neither will you have torpid liver, constipation, or bad breath. Your whole body will be cleansed, purified, strengthened.

To get back lost looks and to restore failing health no better medicine for man or woman than Dr. Hamilton's Pills could be recommended. For forty years the Catarrhozone Co. have sold them under guarantee in 25c boxes.


### Much Cut Up.

One day recently a dilapidated, apathetic man entered the office of the Syracuse medical college and offered to sell his body cheap, adding that he was out of work and almost discouraged. "You're almost discouraged, are you?" rejoined the superintendent, who always tried to change the determination of these unfortunates. "Why, man, if you sold your body to us the first chance our students got they'd take the heart out of you entirely!"—Cartoons Magazine.

### Glasses for Appearance Sake.

"Miss Bessie, if you are going to town to-day, I wish you would buy my sister, who lives in the north, a pair of glasses." "Why, Annie," replied the young lady addressed, "I could not get your sister a pair of glasses. She must have her sight tested so that the glasses may be suitable." "Oh," said Annie reassuringly, "she wrote me that what fits my nose fits her nose!"

CONSCIENTIOUS.

Boarder (on leaving)—"Madame, you are one of the most honest persons I have ever met."

Landlady—"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir."

Boarder—"Yes, your honesty is conspicuous on the very front of your establishment. Your sign says, Boarders taken in'."


## SUFFERING OF YOUNG WOMEN

### This Letter Tells How It May be Overcome—All Mothers Interested.

Toronto, Ont.—"I have suffered since I was a school girl with pain in my left side and with cramps, growing worse each year until I was all run down. I am a children's nurse, and I was so bad at times that I was unfit for work. I tried several doctors and patent medicines, but was only relieved for a short time. Some of the doctors wanted to perform an operation, but my father objected. Finally I learned through my mother of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and how thankful I am that I tried it. I am relieved from pain and cramps, and feel as if it has saved my life. You may use my letter to help other women, as I am only too glad to recommend the medicine."—JEAN KENT, 42 Blamford Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Girls who are troubled as Miss Kent was should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Those who need special advice may write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. These letters will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.