

# Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful women who have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia, and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but nothing did me any good.

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I would never get well, when I read an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks, 310 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.

**Carrying Bundles.**  
Everybody carries bundles, and everybody, according to a West Side philosopher who spends half his time in deducing traits of character from deeds performed and the manner of their performance, carries them in his own way.

"A man of cautious disposition," he said, "carries a bundle clutched tightly in his left hand. If it is too large to be carried that way he doesn't carry it at all, but has it sent home in the delivery wagon. Such a man is not only cautious, he is stubborn, and painfully slow of speech and thought; but he is home-abiding and of unquestionable probity. The man who carries a bundle in his right hand has all those qualities, but in a modified degree.

"A man who stumbles up the stairs of the elevated station with a package tucked under his arm inclining backward and downward at a decided angle is good natured, but rather pessimistic, and he might, if things went against him too hard, take things in drink. If the bundle tilts up he takes a more optimistic view of life and likes to tell stories.

"The man who carries a bundle hugged up close to his coat front is jealous and inclined to be stingy. Still, he can be managed, and if his wife has the knack of winding him around her finger she can easily be the best dressed woman in the block, because he has the money to do it with.

"The man who ties the bundle he has to take home with a heavy string and goes along swinging it by the loop made for that purpose is the most lovable chap of all, but he is also the most unrepentant, because he is a spendthrift, and is so prodigal of his affections that the many women whom he is sure to make love to are apt to pass through some mighty uncomfortable days and nights before they find out where they are at."

"I Tell You So."

An old couple lived in the mountains of eastern Tennessee; he was 95 and she 90. Their son, a man of 70, died. As the old folks crossed the pasture to the cabin after the funeral, the woman noticed a tear roll down her husband's cheek. She patted him tenderly on the arm and said:

"Never mind, John, never mind; you know I always said we never would raise that boy."—Success Magazine.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASE  
OR RHEUMATISM  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
GRAVEL  
DIABETES, BACKACHE

375 "Guaranteed"

**PILES** PAY IF CURED  
LADY WANTED

Be afflicted with Bare Eyes, use THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

**Why He Favored Them.**  
Friend—Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?  
Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife waiting to ask questions.—Kansas City Journal.

**BUY NOW.** Denver lots, high, sightly. Transportation; \$125 upwards, \$10 down, \$5 month. Agents wanted, Frishberg's Belvidere Mining Exchange, Denver, Colorado.

**The Law's Delays.**  
"I understand that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Barnes. Is that so?" questioned Lawyer Fuller, now Chief Justice.

"Yes," answered the witness.  
"What did he say?" next demanded Fuller.  
The attorney for the defense jumped to his feet and objected that the conversation could not be admitted in the evidence. A half-hour's argument followed, and the judges retired to their private room to consider the point.

An hour later the judges filed into the court-room and announced that Mr. Fuller might put his question.  
"Well, what did the plaintiff say, Mr. Barnes?"  
"He weren't at home, sir," came the answer without a tremor.—From Success Magazine.

**Kept Her Word.**  
"Harold," said the young woman, resolutely, "I promised my mother I never would marry any man without asking him how he stood on the great question of woman suffrage. You will have to tell me how you stand."  
"I'm opposed to it, Bella," bluntly answered the young man.  
"Well—er—that's all I promised mamma; I didn't bind myself to refuse any good man just because he—now, Harold, you stop that!"—Chicago Tribune.

When the parlor gas is turned low, it's a safe bet the right young man is in it.

## FASHION HINTS



The accompanying sketch shows a dainty little gown for "semi occasions." It should suit those who have a fancy for empire lines, and a desire for the long waist as well.

A soft and clingy material is used, and soutache in a pretty design forms the trimming.

**THE HIGHER FAITH.**  
He sends no burdens we may not endure,  
And after labor there is sweet release;  
The midnight billows we may sail secure,  
Certain of refuge and a port of peace.

For comfort call to "Him who sitting in  
The circle of the heaven" heard the cry  
Of those weak voices over all the din,  
And led the ravens. He is ever nigh.

And when the shadows gather like a pall,  
The more implicitly we trust in the Lord;  
When perils threaten us, we should recall  
Our part is to obey; God's to reward.

"Commit thy ways unto the Lord," and thou  
Triumphant into port shall ride at last,  
Sweet comfort in thy heart and on thy brow  
The sunshine speaking of the tempest past!

—Alonso Rice.

## ON BOTH SIDES.

When the Orchard Hill Billingslys came to town and walked down the sunny side of Main street doing their Saturday shopping it was certain that the Billingslys of Crimp Heights would confine themselves strictly to those shops on the shady side of the street. As will be seen at once, this caused grumbling among the merchants of Hunterton, for the Billingslys and their relations by marriage represented a considerable proportion of all those who did their trading in that town.

Questioning any resident of Hunterton as to the reason for the feud was likely to result in straining the imagination of the person seeking to give information, for so long had the breach lasted and so deeply buried was its origin under a mass of later accusations and counter-accusations and general gossip that no human being to be strictly honest, really knew what was the original cause. Hunterton children were born in the knowledge that the Orchard Hill Billingslys must be asked to the same tea parties with their kinmen from Crimp Heights. They accepted the fact—as they accepted twenty-four hours in the day and winter hannels on Oct. 15—without curiosity. The present generation of Billingslys had inherited the quarrel.

All these things being so, it was natural that business on Main street should stop on the day that Leonora Jones did what she did.

Leonora Jones was a girl from a town eighty miles to the east, who was visiting Cassie Billingsly. The two had driven in from Orchard Hill in a light car. As they turned from the curbing on one side of Main street Leonora suddenly beamed and cried: "Wait a minute!" Then she grabbed the lines from Cassie's hands and drove directly to where a young man painfully hesitated on the walk.



OPENED HER EYES ONCE AND SMILED.

He was Arthur Billingsly and he lived on Crimp Heights. The almost frozen terror of Cassie's face was reflected in the embarrassment of his.

Leonora reached out a welcoming hand. "I'm glad to see you again!" she cried. "Aren't you ever going to visit in my town any more? I've been here a week and you've never come near! I asked Cassie why, because of course I knew you and she must be related, the name being the same, and she said you were out of town! But now—"

"I read it in the paper," Cassie broke in defiantly, her face crimson. That a Crimp Heights Billingsly and this particularly good-looking one, a cousin four times removed, should think she took even the slightest interest in his comings and goings was intolerable.

The young man regarded Cassie somewhat whimsically. She was decidedly pretty, a fact he had been traitor enough to his clan to recognize long ago even across Main street. His lurking smile further crimsoned Cassie's cheeks. With an inarticulate word she grasped the lines and drove away quickly.

Leonora's indignation, "Why, Cassie Billingsly! You didn't let me say good-by and you never spoke to him yourself! What has he ever done to you?" flouted back to the young man as he walked slowly away.

"That was it—what had he ever done to her or she to him? Yet they were required to flee the sight of each other.

Cassie had the lines the day she and Leonora were driving over to a neighboring village, so the latter could not be accused of being entirely responsible for what happened. But the fact remains that Leonora saw who the man was approaching on foot with gun and dogs and Cassie didn't, and when the pony shied at a scurrying rabbit Leonora took occasion to scream and clutch at the driver's arm. There was a swerve and then a crash and the two girls were thrown out, while the frightened horse galloped off.

Leonora sat up with a confident laugh and put her hair straight. Down the road the man came running, as she had expected. Then as she turned triumphantly toward her companion she grew suddenly white and shaken.

For Cassie was neither laughing nor frowning at the misadventure. She lay still and the sharp stone beneath her head was stained crimson. Arthur Billingsly raised her up and the fright in his eye met the fright in Leonora's.

"Through those fields," he ordered. "To the Beckets' house!"

Leonora ran for help. She had indeed thrown Arthur and Cassie together, but at what a price!

Back in the road Cassie opened her eyes once and smiled unknowingly at Arthur. It was the first time in years that the lips of an Orchard Hill Billingsly had curled up instead of down at a Crimp Heights Billingsly—and even this smile was a bit delirious. But it was a smile!

When Arthur Billingsly had brought Cassie home and actually entered the house nobody thought much about it in the excitement. When he called the following day to inquire about her it was too late to do anything but let him in.

"Anyhow," said Cassie's helpless and



HE WAS ARTHUR BILLINGSLY AND HE LIVED ON CRIMP HEIGHTS.

bewildered family, "Arthur seems to be an exception!"

When Leonora finally went home she laughed in Cassie's face.  
"What do you think of me as a dove of peace, anyhow?" she demanded.  
"I'll come back and be maid of honor whenever you say, Cassie!"

And several months later she did. Nowadays you will find the Orchard Hill Billingslys and the Crimp Heights Billingslys shopping peacefully on both sides of Main street, thus restoring the financial equilibrium of Hunterton. So everybody is satisfied.—Chicago Daily News.

**The Lesser of Two Evils.**  
On the first Sunday night of their visit in Chicago, a writer in the Washington Herald says, the successful merchant escorted his parents to a fashionable church. Some of the hymns were familiar, and in their rendition the visiting pair contributed heavily, with the credit for volume in favor of the father.

Although not always in correct time, and sometimes in discord, yet the joy of the good couple leaped forth in joyous praise, and they did not see the glowering looks of near-by worshippers or the flushed face of their devoted son.

"Father," observed the merchant that afternoon, while his mother was talking her accustomed nap, "in our churches the congregation does very little singing; it is left entirely to the choir."

"I know, my boy," said the old gentleman, as he lovingly placed a hand on his son's shoulder, "that it was very embarrassing to you this morning, but if I hadn't sung as loudly as I did the people would have heard your mother."

**An Admission.**  
Oh, Mars, when we exchange remarks some day,  
As wise men say that we are sure to do,  
Pray heed this early warning: Do not

"Hello, there! It is hot enough for you!"

We have always thought we would hate to sleep in a bed that had to be undressed before we could get into it.

**What Is Paint?**  
The paint on a house is the extreme outside of the house. The wood is simply a structural under layer. That is as it should be. Unprotected wood will not well withstand weather. But paint made of pure white lead and linseed oil is an invulnerable armor against sun and rain, heat and cold. Such paint protects and preserves, fortifying the perishable wood with a complete metallic casing.

And the outside of the house is the looks of the house. A well-constructed building may be greatly depreciated by lack of painting or by poor painting.

National Lead Company have made it possible for every building owner to be absolutely sure of pure white lead paint before applying. They do this by putting upon every package of their white lead their Dutch Boy Painter Trademark. That trademark is a complete guarantee.

**Hard to Handle.**  
"How are you going to keep complaints from arising among consumers?"  
"I don't know," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Consumers are mighty troublesome. Sometimes I think they take advantage of the fact that we can't get along without 'em in our business."

**PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.**  
If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send you of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 2, Nure Dame, Ind.

**Explanation Coming.**  
"Did you write this report on my lecture, 'The Curse of Whisky?'"  
"Yes, madam."  
"Then kindly explain what you mean by saying, 'The lecturer was evidently full of her subject.'"—London Opinion.

**CUTICURA CURED HIM.**

**Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles.**  
—Canadian Chief of Police Could Not Wear Shoes Because of It and Suffering and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs, but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years, but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, March 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

**PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER.**  
Chronic dyspepsia often results from neglecting slight attacks of indigestion. A good trouble by taking Perry's Painkiller for cramps and indigestion. 25c, 50c, & 1.00 sizes.

There are many people who never eat bread, but always eat pie, and are healthy. There is scarcely one ingredient in either of these articles that is not in the other, and yet tradition praises bread and condemns pie. As a matter of fact, no longer is pie what it was 50 years ago. The pie which nourished Abraham Lincoln, Ben Franklin, the Adamses, Sam and John; the pie about which Longfellow wrote, which Emerson ate three times a day, pie that was once an inspiration, a sympathy, a ripe achievement and the most sacred performance of a patriotic duty, such pie is no longer eaten—not even in New England.

**Honored by Women**

When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonderful working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—which saves the suffering sex from pain, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and stubborn ills.

**IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.**

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

**COLT DISTEMPER**

Can be treated very easily. The skin is cured, and all others in paint materials, by using COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER. Give on all forms of distemper, but never ever known for marks in foot. The bottle guaranteed to cure one case. Use one 1/2 bottle, 10 and 15 doses of druggists and large dealers, or sent express paid for. COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER. COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER. COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER. COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER. COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

**Shake Into Your Shoes.**  
Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Gimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A man can insure against loss in lotteries with a company at The Hague.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, 25c a bottle.

Fortune smiles on some men one day and gives them the laugh the next.

**Quick as Wink.**  
If your eyes ache with a smarting, burning sensation and dizziness use PERRY'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Positively Cured by These Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, SOFTEN LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Face-Similar Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**These candy tablets do just as much as salts or calomel. But Castoreo never callous the bowels. They never create a continuous need, as harsh cathartics do. Take one just as soon as the trouble appears, and in an hour its over.**

West-pocket box, 10 cents—drug stores. 25c. Each tablet of the genuine is marked G. C. S. C. N. U. - No. 38-1908.

## What is Castoria.

**CASTORIA** is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experienced against Experiment.

## Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave E. Eisenbrauer, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. In not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation! What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**The Kind You Have Always Bought**  
In Use For Over 30 Years.  
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, 27 BURNAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.