

PREPARING FOR THE WORK OF 1913

CITY BUILDING, RAILWAY BUILDING AND FARM OPERATIONS IN WESTERN CANADA, BIGGEST EVER.

The machinery, the money and the men for carrying on the big works in Western Canada in 1913 are already provided for. The splendid harvest which was successfully garnered, and by this time mostly marketed, responded to the big hopes that were had for it early in the season, and inspired capitalists and railroads to further investment and building. From lake ports to mountain base there will be carried on the biggest operations in city building and railway construction that has ever taken place in that country. The Canadian Pacific railway has everything in waiting to continue their great work of double tracking the system and by the time the Panama Canal is open to traffic there will be a double line of steel from Lake Superior to the Pacific coast. The cost will exceed thirty million dollars. The Grand Trunk Pacific plan of building a first-class trunk line and then feeders at various points will be carried forward with all the force that great company can put into the work. The Canadian Northern is prepared to put into motion all the energy that young giant of finance and railroad building can put into various enterprises of providing and creating transportation facilities.

Building operations in the several cities, that have already marked themselves a place in the list of successful and growing cities, will be carried on more largely than ever. Schools, public buildings, parliament buildings, colleges, business blocks, apartments, private residences, banks, street and other municipal improvements have their appropriation ready, and the record of 1913 will be something wonderful. Other places which are towns today will make the rapid strides that are expected and will become cities. There will be other Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, and Saskatoon, other places that may in their activity help to convince the outer world of the solidity and permanency of the Canadian West. The country is large and wide and broad and the ends of its great width and length are but the limits of its agricultural area. Its people are progressive, they are strong, there is no servation there. The country teems with this life, this ambition, this fondness to create and to use the forces that await the settler. If they come from the South, and hundreds of thousands of them have, they are now the dominant men of the North, and they have imbibed of the spirit of the North. Therefore it is fair to say that no portion of the continent will show such wonderful results as Western Canada, and the year 1913 will be but the beginning of a wonderful and great future. And in this future the 200,000 Americans who made it their home, and those who preceded them, will be a considerable portion of the machinery that will be used in bringing about the results predicted.

The development of 1913 will not be confined to the prairie provinces. Railway building and city building in British Columbia will be supplemented by the farm, the ranch and the orchard building of that province. Vancouver will make great strides in building, and Victoria, the staid old lady of so many years, has already shown signs of modern ways, and if the progress made in 1912 may be accepted as anything like what it will be in 1913, there will be wonderful developments there. During last year the permits went over the ten million dollar mark and much more is promised for the year now entered upon.—Advertisement.

Collecting Antiquities.
Slopoy received a card on which was engraved: "Professor Bruce, Antiquarian."
He knew no such person, so his curiosity led him to receive him.
"What is your business, professor?" he asked politely.
"I am a collector of antiquities," answered the old man.
"So I imagined. And how can I serve you?"
"By paying a deposit on this little bill you have owed for more than three years."

Improved Some.
The Wife—"Don't you think marriage has improved you, dear?"
The Husband—"Sure thing. I was an idiot when I married you."

TIRED BLOOD CAUSES TORPID LIVER

(Copyright 1913 by the Tonicives Co.)
Tired Blood interferes with the production of bile (nature's own laxative) and other medicines which the Liver should manufacture from the blood stream to assist the intestines to properly perform their functions. The result is Constipation, Billousness, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Liver Spots, Gall Stones, etc. By using Tonicives, thus providing the cells of the Liver with sufficient quantities of properly tonicized blood, we are assisting it in fulfilling nature's requirements, in the most reasonable and only sensible manner. 75c. per box of dealers or by mail. The Tonicives Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Imprudence of Prue

A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman

By Sophie Fisher

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS.
In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Brook, widowed at 16 and a widow at 20 and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman who, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

The two girls live with their grandmother, Dr. Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, extravagant, and always in debt.

She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's, a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her approaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beaudesert is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once secretes herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantle, the highwayman who had kissed her on the morning that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday.

Suddenly she recalls that according to legal custom the debts of a widow "are buried in the coffin of her husband."

She conceives the whimsical idea of marrying Robin in order to escape her debts.

Accompanied by Peggy she visits Newgate prison and Robin, who is already in love with her, consents to the ceremony.

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued.)
"Or by any one else, it is devoutly to be hoped," remarked Sir Geoffrey; "don't you agree with me, Lady Prudence?"
"You played thief taker before, Sir Geoffrey," she retorted, "with unaccustomed acrimony. You should offer your services again; his escape would then be impossible."
"Quite impossible!" cried Lady Barbara, who only caught the last words. "His home will be surrounded by soldiers, and he will be lodged in the Tower, when they catch him."
"Do they send soldiers to catch a highwayman?" inquired Peggy.
"And why the Tower?" objected Lady Drumloch. "Although that was reserved for gentlemen; 'tis too much honor for robbers and footpads. Which they also behold this person; like a gentleman?"
"Tis likely," cried Barbara. "I had so much to tell you, that I forgot that this Robin is not a mere ordinary highwayman; he is a Jacobite plotter, no less, and is known to carry letters and messages from rebels in the south to those in the north and back again."
"I presume, a little highway robbery on the way, for the good of the cause. Mayhap he appropriated the queen's necklace as a contribution to the treasury of the 'King in Exile.'"
"Barbara!" exclaimed Prue and Peggy together, in a panic.
"My dear Lady Barbara," put in the thin, incisive voice of Lady Drumloch, "the 'King in Exile' is the queen's brother and probably—may the day be distant—will succeed her. I can not permit such insinuations to be made in my presence, against the cause for which my husband and my son laid down their lives."
"Pray pardon me, dearest Lady Drumloch," cried Lady Barbara, really shocked at her own want of tact. "I meant no harm—my tongue runs away with me—and to be sure, I have no greater fancy for a Dutchman on the throne than any other loyal Englishwoman. Yet 'tis true that Robin Freemantle is only the nom de guerre of one of the most turbulent rebels against the queen's government."
"If by that you mean the whigs, you should rather say against the duchess of Marlborough's government," retorted Lady Drumloch crisply.
"And what is the real name of this rebel?" inquired Prue.
"Why, he calls himself De Cliffe, and if he really is an offshoot of the family that would explain why Beaudesert combed obtained a pardon for him," said Lady Barbara.
"Indeed, it requires explaining," remarked Prue, who had quite regained her self-command. "It is much easier to understand why he is sending him to the Tower, if he be a poor relation." During the laughter that followed this sally, other guests arrived and the loss of the queen's diamond necklace having, by this time, become pretty generally known, Prue had to listen to every variation of the story and every kind of theory concerning it, all leading to the same conclusion, that Robin the highwayman had been at the time of the banquet, and profiting by opportunity—the ruling planet of adventurers—had carried off a prize of incalculable value.

With difficulty she eluded Sir Geoffrey's repeated condolences, and took her accustomed part in the heedless chatter, watching the clock as minute by minute slipped away and still her visitors lingered.
"Oh, if they would only go," she whispered to Peggy. "Do you think if I were to fall in a fit, or make James give an alarm of fire, that it would speed the parting guest?"
But the longest afternoon comes to an end some time, and Lady Drumloch's weary looks presently reminded her guests that she was but recently off her sick bed. So with a great rustling of silks and sweeping of voluminous curtains, they withdrew, with as many farewell speeches as though they did not expect to meet again in few hours at dinner, rout or playhouse, and left the old countess to be carried upstairs, and the two girls to their own devices.

When they were alone, Peggy threw her arms round her cousin. "Oh! my poor Prue," she cried; "what I have suffered for you the last hour—"
"Tell me of your sufferings by and by, Peggy," said Prue, rather ungratefully. "If you would help me, bid James fetch a chair, while I get me a cloak; I must hasten to the duchess."
"The duchess! Oh, Prue, dearest, don't do anything rash; for heaven's sake, try to be discreet. If you cannot help Robin, do not ruin yourself for the sake of a thief!"
"You are quite mistaken, Margaret; everyone is determined that Robin has taken the necklace, and if I did not know him better than you do, I might

think the same. But trust me; for once I will be the personification of prudence and you will see that every-thing will come right. If anyone should ask you where I am, say I have gone to offer my services and sympathies to the duchess. Sure, 'tis a terrible blow for her, and there are those about the queen who would rejoice if it were mortal. No one will wonder that I should wish at such a time to prove my friendship for one who has so often stood by me."

CHAPTER XVIII
THE DEN OF THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Prue allowed James to direct the chairman to Marlborough House, but a short distance away she stopped them and giving them a crown, desired them to carry her with the utmost speed to Essex street, where she would reward them amply for their diligence. Scarcely an intrigue, with the usual accompaniment of a generous douceur for their share in it, they trotted off at a pace that gave their light burden hard work to keep her seat.

With all their haste, it was dark before they reached Essex street, where Prue desired them to seek out "Pip's coffee house," a small hostelry of retiring, not to say furtive aspect. A flickering oil lamp hung over the entrance, and through the red balise window certain a dull glimmer penetrated.

Excited as she was, Prue was not without alarms at the sinister possibilities of this adventure, so vastly different from the sparkling follies of her giddy career. But "cowards fawn," and Prue was no coward, nor was she capable of dragging back, when curiosity and inclination combined to thrust her on. She descended and bidding the chairmen wait, boldly entered the house and knocked at the first door she came to.

A voice called out, "Come in," and she obeyed. The room was of moderate size, divided into small compartments, each containing a rough wooden table and a couple of benches to match. The floor was sanded, the ceiling low and smoke blackened, but there was no appearance of squalor, and the few occupants, who were reading the News sheet or playing dominoes, looked respectable and orderly enough.

Reassured, Prue approached the man in charge of the little curtained bar, and in a low voice inquired for "Mr. Steve Larkyn."

He stared at her, but her well-effected hair and the distinction of her bearing could not be disguised.

"Steve Larkyn? I'll call him, my lady," said the man.

"I'm no lady," retorted Prue, sharply. "If I were I should not be asking for Steve Larkyn."

She was sorry for her quickness the next moment, for the man laughed rather rudely, and opening a door behind him, called out, "Hullo, Steve, here's a lady asking for thee, that says she ain't no lady."

The Steve Larkyn who came hurrying out was no unlike the one she had seen in disguise the night before, to repudiate him, when, with a sudden grimace, he changed himself back into the rustic footpad, all but the shock of tow colored hair, which no longer covered his head, but hung down, and change passed like a ripple of wind over a smooth pool, but it reassured Prue.

"Can you come outside a minute?" she said, in a very low voice; "I must speak with you."

He followed her into the street and once out of range of observant eyes and ears, she grasped him by the arm and demanded to be taken instantly to the captain.

"I can take a message," said Steve, hesitating. "It will attract less notice than a visit from a lady."

"Waste no time in idle objections," she cried, almost fiercely. "I must see him; what I have to say is for his ear alone and even if otherwise, 'twould be a waste of precious time to tell my tale twice over. Lead me to him instantly or take the responsibility of his certain death upon your own head!"

"Come, then," he replied; "but you must come as a foot." 'Tis enough to take a woman into a secret, without a pair of spying lackeys to boot. Can you walk a short distance? The road is dark and rough."

"No matter, I can walk it." She paid the chairman liberally and dismissing them, followed Steve down a wide and narrow lane leading to the riverside. It was unlighted, and she slipped and stumbled on the miry, uneven causeway until Steve, in pity, begged her to lean upon his arm. "Tis not far now," he said, less gruffly, and a few yards farther they came to a huge and gloomy gateway, within which a little door admitted them into a dark hall.

Steve struck a light and led the way alone, the echoing of his steps on the broad staircase. He scratched his nail upon a door, which was promptly opened by Robin himself, fully equipped for a journey.

"Steve!" he exclaimed. "What has happened to this with you?"

Before he could answer, Prue stepped forward and throwing off her veil replied, "Your wife!"

"Lady Prudence!" he cried, scarcely believing the evidence of his senses. "In the name of heaven, what brings you here? Why are you so pale and excited? Something terrible has happened?"

"No; but will happen unless you instantly escape." She came into the room and closed the door, leaving Steve outside. "Oh! Robin, Robin," she cried, clasping her hands and looking at him with reproachful eyes. "I know all that happened last night. How could you be so mad? You can not hope to escape again if you are arrested for this."

"Indeed," said Robin grimly, "if I am taken this time, 'twill be worse than hanging! But I'll never be taken alive."

"There is time to escape," she urged. "Your retreat is known and you will be arrested tonight. Lord Beaudesert has discovered where he was brought yesterday night."

"I should have taken extra precautions against the bloodhound instinct of hatred! And so, Dear Heart," he went on, in a very different tone, "you came to warn me of danger? 'Twas very noble of you, for if you had left me to my fate, in a few hours you might have been a free woman."

Prue burst into tears. "Oh! you are cruel, cruel," she sobbed. "I do not want freedom—that way."

"I believe it," he said, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips. "Do not grieve, my hunted life is not worth one of those tears—"

"But hasten," she interrupted, listening attentively and holding up her hand to silence him. "I know who you are and that you are concerned in Jacobite plots. Soldiers will surround the house and you will be arrested and taken to the Tower as a traitor. You have very little time to escape—"

He glanced at some papers on the table and began to gather them up and conceal them about him. In doing this, he uncovered a jewel-case of purple velvet embroidered in gold with the royal arms.

Prue uttered a faint shriek and covered her eyes as if to shut out the sight that confirmed her worst fears.

"Oh! Robin!" she gasped. "The queen's necklace!"

"Was it the queen's?" he replied carelessly. "Well, now it is yours, if you care to have it. He opened the case and displayed the diamonds flashing like a string of fire. 'My faith! the gems are gorgeous; they will look well on the peerless neck of my beautiful Prue.'"

"The queen's diamonds! You must be mad! What possessed you to take them? Oh, I hoped so that it was a mistake and that you were innocent of this."

"Innocent of what? Do you really think I stole the necklace? My dear Lady Prudence, I am a highwayman when occasion serves, but I am not a thief. Last night, on the king's business, I waylaid the wrong man, and all I got for my pains was this fine casket which I never opened until now. Evidently I robbed by the thief, confound him! and the papers I was commanded to secure are God knows where!"

"Oh! Robin, I am so glad!" she cried. "They said Robin the highwayman was at his tricks again, and had stolen the queen's necklace from Marlborough House, and oh, I was so ashamed to think such a thing could be said of my husband!"

She half turned away, murmuring the last words so softly that only the ears of love could have caught them.

"Oh! Prue—angel—is it really possible that you think of me as your husband? Oh! I know there has been an empty ceremony which meant nothing to you, and to me only vain longing after a mad dream of unattainable happiness; but what a fool I am! Of course I ought to have understood that you fear to be brought to shame if it should be suspected that the thief of the queen's necklace is you—"

Prue's eyes flashed and her little high-heeled shoe tapped angrily on the floor.

"You are indeed a fool!" she exclaimed. "I do not know why I have any patience at all with you. Will you begone from here at once, sir, and not offend me by bawling when I have risked so much to save your life?"

He started and flushed guiltily. "Selfish brute that I am! I forgot the danger to you. A thousand thanks, dear Lady Prudence, for your warning. I will profit by it when I have conducted you to safety."

"You will do nothing of the sort," she retorted imperiously. "When I arrived you were preparing to depart; do so at once, for if you wait for the house to be surrounded by the soldiers it will be too late. Even now, if you leave it alive, you may fall into an ambush. Is there no exit except into the street?"

"This room opens on a terrace overlooking the river, and although I believed myself safe in London for a few days, I have a boat in readiness in case I should be forced to leave in a hurry," said Robin. "There are hiding places in Southwark and Lambeth, and Robin's wife, who might hunt a week for me in vain."

"Be cautious then, for that may be known to your enemies; and, above all, be speedy—"

Prue was speaking, the door was rung open, and Steve Larkyn—his face blazing with fury—darted in.

"You are betrayed, Captain!" he ejaculated. "This woman has brought the soldiers with her. For the love of God, do not stop to listen to her, but escape while there is time—"

"You hear?" cried Prue, in a frenzy. "Go—go instantly! I command you!"

"What, go away and leave you here to meet the soldiers alone? Never!" said Robin, with a calmness that contrasted strongly with the excitement of the others.

"Then I will remain with you, and when the soldiers come I will declare that I helped you enter Marlborough House, and show the diamonds to prove that I was your accomplice; nay, I will say that my familiarity with the duchess' apartments gave me access where you could not have entered and that I stole the diamonds and gave them to you!"

"You will do this?" he gasped, utterly stupefied.

"I will; and if necessary I will proclaim myself your wife and let them think I had had my share in whatever you are accused of."

"But why? In the name of God, what is the meaning of this madness?"

She stretched out her arms to him with a gesture of utter self-abandonment. "It means that I love you, Robin, I love you, and would rather die with you than live without you!"

He caught her in his arms and strained her to his breast with all the pent-up passion of his being in that fevered embrace.

"Leave you—now, my darling, my heart's heart—"

(Continued Next Week.)

SPiRIT IN TUBERCULOSIS WAR

Nineteen Million Dollars Expended Last Year in Fight Against the Dread White Plague.

Nearly \$19,000,000 was spent in the anti-tuberculosis campaign in the United States during the year 1912, according to the fourth annual statistical statement of expenditures in this movement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The expenditures during the year for sanatorium and hospital construction and treatment make the largest single item in the total, amounting to nearly \$16,800,000. This is an increase of nearly \$5,000,000 over the same group of expenditures for the year 1911. The anti-tuberculosis associations and committees spent over \$765,000, while dispensaries and tuberculosis clinics spent over \$500,000. Over \$415,000 was spent for the maintenance and establishment of open-air school and fresh air classes, which is more than double the amount spent for this purpose in 1911. Official, state and municipal expenditures outside of the maintenance of institutions, which are included in the other totals, amounting to \$280,000. In addition to these figures, about \$500,000 was spent by hospitals for insane and penal institutions in caring for their tuberculosis inmates.

FORMALITY.

"Will you take my card to your sister and tell her I would like to speak to her on a very important matter?"

"You'll probably have to take it up with her secretary."

Mind Reader.
First Straphanger—Look out! You're treading on my feet!
Second Straphanger—Beg pardon! I also prefer to ride in a cab.—Judge.

Its Style.
"I want a light fur lunch."
"How would some electric currents do?"

Wanted to Compromise.
Mr. Levi is a kind-hearted, conscientious man, an example of what Maeterlinck calls "our anxious morality." But he is also German, and spends the pennies hard. He has a hired man who says, "Mr. Levi's queer; he wants me to work all the time he has me hired for." Mr. Levi also has a young horse that balks. "If you would just let me take a whip to him once!" the hired man expostulated, exasperated and yet dominated by the other's point of view. Mr. Levi looked at him uneasily; stood first on one foot, and then on the other. "Ain't there nothin' else you could be doin'?" he asked, "till he gets ready to start?"

The Infant Terrible.
"Mr. Lillsbeau, is it true that you ain't got sense enough to come in out of the rain?"
"Yes, Miss Kitty; you must always believe what papa tells you."



A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

A Montana Case

Mrs. E. S. Andrews, 1621 Eighth Avenue, Great Falls, Mont., says: "My limbs, hands and feet became so swollen I couldn't stand. I was in agony with the pain. I was so reduced in weight my garments just hung on me, and I had given up in despair. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me completely, and over a year has elapsed without the slightest return of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—dress—indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Brentwood

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from some form of feminine disorder is told that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital operating table and the surgeon's knife strikes terror to her heart, and no wonder. It is quite true that some of these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but thousands of women have avoided the necessity of an operation by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This fact is attested by the grateful letters they write to us after their health has been restored.

These Two Women Prove Our Claim.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am the mother of a nice baby girl. I feel like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost anything."

Charlotte, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. If I even lifted a chair it would cause a hemorrhage. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health and am the mother of a nice baby girl. You can use this letter to help other suffering women."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Wyona St., Charlotte, N. C.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman submit to a surgical operation without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Wanted to Compromise.
Mr. Levi is a kind-hearted, conscientious man, an example of what Maeterlinck calls "our anxious morality." But he is also German, and spends the pennies hard. He has a hired man who says, "Mr. Levi's queer; he wants me to work all the time he has me hired for." Mr. Levi also has a young horse that balks. "If you would just let me take a whip to him once!" the hired man expostulated, exasperated and yet dominated by the other's point of view. Mr. Levi looked at him uneasily; stood first on one foot, and then on the other. "Ain't there nothin' else you could be doin'?" he asked, "till he gets ready to start?"

The Infant Terrible.
"Mr. Lillsbeau, is it true that you ain't got sense enough to come in out of the rain?"
"Yes, Miss Kitty; you must always believe what papa tells you."

A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

A Montana Case

Mrs. E. S. Andrews, 1621 Eighth Avenue, Great Falls, Mont., says: "My limbs, hands and feet became so swollen I couldn't stand. I was in agony with the pain. I was so reduced in weight my garments just hung on me, and I had given up in despair. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me completely, and over a year has elapsed without the slightest return of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—dress—indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Brentwood

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from some form of feminine disorder is told that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital operating table and the surgeon's knife strikes terror to her heart, and no wonder. It is quite true that some of these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but thousands of women have avoided the necessity of an operation by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This fact is attested by the grateful letters they write to us after their health has been restored.

These Two Women Prove Our Claim.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am the mother of a nice baby girl. I feel like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost anything."

Charlotte, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. If I even lifted a chair it would cause a hemorrhage. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health and am the mother of a nice baby girl. You can use this letter to help other suffering women."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Wyona St., Charlotte, N. C.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman submit to a surgical operation without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

