

WOMAN'S ILLS DISAPPEARED

Like Magic after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

North Bangor, N. Y.—"As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with great benefit I feel it my duty to write and tell you about it. I was ailing from female weakness and had headache and backache nearly all the time. I was later every month than I should have been and so sick that I had to go to bed.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and these troubles have disappeared like magic. I have recommended the Compound to many women who have used it successfully."—Mrs. JAMES J. STACY, R. F. D. No. 3, North Bangor, N. Y.

Another Made Well.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me. For years I suffered terribly with hemorrhages and had pains so intense that sometimes I would faint away. I had female weakness so bad that I had to doctor all the time and never found relief until I took your remedies to please my husband. I recommend your wonderful medicine to all sufferers as I think it is a blessing for all women."—Mrs. L. E. WYCKOFF, 112 S. Ashley St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

There need be no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to remedy woman's diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical. Why don't you try it?

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder. It relieves itching, burning, tender, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Always use it to break in new shoes. Try it today. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE TRIAL package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF
IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF CATTLE.
For years the Province of Alberta (Western) has been the leading beef producing country. Many of these ranches today are immense grain fields and the cattle have given place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and flax; the change has made many thousands of Americans, settled on these plains, wealthy. But it has increased the price of live stock.

Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the newer districts and produce either cattle or grain. The climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid. In either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to J. R. Macdonald, 577, Waterloo, S. 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LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS
Electrotypes
IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY
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Costs Less Than a Two-Cent Postage-Stamp

An average of less than a cent and a third a pair is paid for the use of all our machines in making two-thirds of the shoes produced in the United States—assuming that all our machines are used. The most that can be paid for the use of all our machines in making the highest-priced shoes is less than 5% cents a pair. The average royalty on all kinds of shoes is less than 2-3 cents a pair. From this we get our sole return for the manufacture and use of the machines, for setting them up in factories and keeping them in order. You pay two cents for a postage stamp or a yeast-cake and five cents for a car fare and don't miss it. Where do you get more for your money than in buying a machine-made shoe?

Write us and we will tell you all about it. The United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston, Mass.—Adv.

All Fools' Day.

When freakish April lifts the latch all wits and wags consider themselves free to vent their nonsense upon the victims whom they would fool by their tricks. The gay Parisian calls such "April fish"; in bonnie Scotland on this day they make merry "hunting the gowk," whilst in England and this country a man keeps a sharp lookout lest he be caught at a disadvantage by the joker who glories in his smartness if he only can make some one look ridiculous. But it is just as well not to be too smart. The boomerang has a wicked habit of coming back. Silly as All Fools' day custom may seem to the solemn, it has an ancient ancestry. Its origin is obscure, but somewhere from the far-off times when those old Romans felt the lilt of the vernal equinox, and went on the spree accordingly, comes this rollick which still trills forth its merry ditty in our streets. Deeper still, the calm, contemplative Hindu, for some reason or other, from time immemorial has gone a-fooling on the first of April. It was probably from France, whence all things vivacious come, that Europe got the unruly itch for turning this day into a comedy of errors.

PIMPLES COVERED FACE

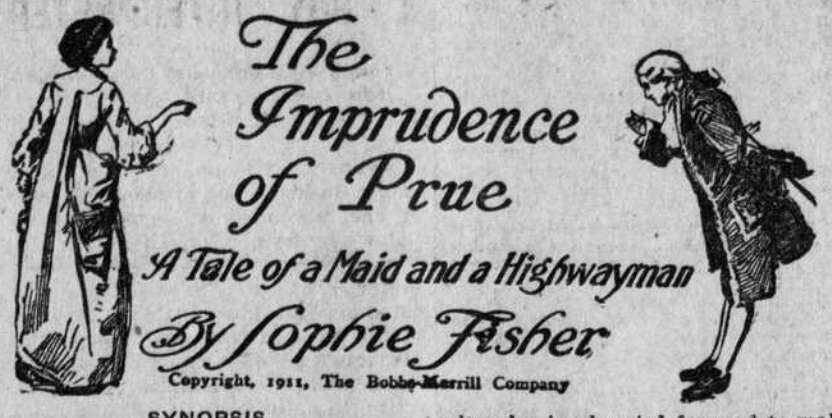
1613 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.—"My face was very red and irritated and was covered with pimples. The pimples festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and when I scratched them became sore. I tried soaps and they would not stop the itching and burning of the skin. This lasted for a month or more. At last I tried Cuticura Ointment and Soap. They took out the burning and itching of the skin, soothing it very much and giving the relief that the others failed to give me. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment about three weeks and was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Clara Mueller, Mar. 16, 1912.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Thrifty Scot.

When Sir John Carr was at Glasgow, in the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, then just completed. The knight recommended this brief record: "Glasgow to Nelson."
"True," said the others, "and as there is the town of Nelson near us, we might add, 'Glasgow to Nelson nine miles,' so that the column might serve for the milestone and a monument."

Not the Same.

They were strolling through the woodland.
"Yes," the youthful professor was saying, "it is a very simple matter to tell the various kinds of trees by the barks."
She gazed at him soulfully.
"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "And can you—tell the various kinds of dogs that way?"—Lippincott's.
Many a man has married in haste and paid alimony at leisure.



The Imprudence of Prue

A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman
By Sophie Fisher
Copyright, 1911, The Bobb-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS.
In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Brook, widowed at 16 and still a widow at 20, and twenty years later in a coach, 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 grandmothers, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, dainty, 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 new 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 killed her father, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn following Monday.

Suddenly she recalls that according to legend the ghost 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.

Afterward Prue asks to be alone with him for a few minutes and allows him to kiss her again and feels pity for his approaching execution.

Lord Beaucoeur also visits Robin and tells him that he has proof that Beaucoeur is not the legitimate heir to the title and threatens if he is not released to see that proof of this fact gets to Beaucoeur's enemies.

On Monday Peggy is suffering keenly because of her belief that Robin, now beginning to be a hero in her eyes, is about to be hanged she is astonished at seeing him enter the house and in talking to her has been relieved and set at liberty.

For his freedom Robin, whose real name is De la Roche, agrees to make over to Lord Beaucoeur a paper conveying his claim to the title and estate to him.

He has no sooner done this than Lord Beaucoeur treacherously tries to capture him. Robin by cleverly disguising himself as a peddler, escapes and, using Lord Beaucoeur's horse, escapes.

At a rout at Marlborough House, the queen loses a diamond necklace and as it is known that Robin is a red domino has been present he is suspected of the theft.

Prue, who has learned where he hides, goes to him, confesses her love for him, and persuades him to give up the chase which she restores to the Duchess of Marlborough for the queen.

The affair, which leaks out, is variously interpreted by the gossips.

It develops that Robin is a Jacobite spy and he is obliged to leave England on foot of his life.

CHAPTER XXVII (Continued.)

"I do not blame you, child," Peggy overheard her say; "a brave man and a loyal soldier—what a hero he would be if he were only a man!" Let him serve his king first, and meanwhile your influence may perhaps, open the way for his return. And mayhap I may find a way to help you, though I am very old and useless now. Come in, Peggy; don't stand there letting in the draft. Is it time for Prue to be packed? Is the post chaise ready packed?"

Peggy exclaimed and ran out to find that the post chaise had not yet arrived. Then there was scurrying and scampering, and James, bareheaded and bereft of his stately deliberation, hurried to the livery stable, and presently returned in the belated vehicle.

The postboy, with many oaths and strange sounding asseverations, protested that his master had mistaken the order for noon, and that he had been loitering about the yard all morning, waiting for the appointed time. Another explanation might have been afforded by Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert, who could also have cleared up the mysterious presence of two golden guineas in the postboy's pocket.

"Thus it was, he said, or so of men, when Prue, having received Lady Drumloch's blessing and exchanged many kisses and last words with Peggy (from whom she had rarely been parted even for a week at a time), took her seat in the post chaise with her two substantial leather valises strapped on the roof and her valuables in the dressing case under her feet.

She had often traveled the Tunbridge road before in attendance upon Queen Anne, whose physicians were greatly in the habit of recommending the Tunbridge waters as a corrective to the royal indulgence in the pleasures of the table. So when she had amused herself by observing the queer little stalls on London bridge, where the closely packed throng compelled the chaise to proceed at a footpace, and wondered why everybody and everything looked so strange and different in Southwark, from those on the more fashionable side of the river, she soon grew tired of the squalid streets and dreary country beyond and still more bored by having no one to talk to, and composing herself in a corner of the carriage, Geoffrey's presence was too much for the rough road.

During the earlier stages of the journey there was no lack of company. In those days travelers, unless well armed or otherwise protected, were greatly averse to solitude even in broad daylight, and Prue, though far from timid, was not displeased to find that the queen's visit to Tunbridge, in the balmy springtime, was drawing thither quite a rush of visitors.

Gallants on horseback, lumbering family coaches and dashing chariots followed one another in quick succession, some forging ahead, only to be overtaken, perhaps, in a ditch with a wheel off, or at the post house waiting for relays—a mishap that kept Prue waiting a couple of hours at Seven Oaks, to her great chagrin. However, the inn was hospitable and a good dinner compensated in some measure for the delay, though the afternoon shadows were perceptibly lengthening when the journey was resumed.

The road was more lonely now, those lucky folk who had secured the earliest

pike keeper. She was silent for sheer lack of words to do justice to the situation.

"There is an alternative that will relieve you of all embarrassment," said Sir Geoffrey, after a sufficiently long pause to allow her to realize the horror of her dilemma. "My coach is not many yards away, and if you will not honor me by accepting my escort to Tunbridge, permit me, at least, to carry you to the nearest post-house, where no doubt you can obtain a conveyance for the rest of the journey."

Prue looked down at her little feet in their dainty, high heeled slippers, and wondered how far they would support her along that rough, uneven road. She rose from the grassy bank where Sir Geoffrey had deposited her and a little cry escaped her. Though uninjured in the breakdown, she was shaken and bruised, and would have fallen had not Sir Geoffrey caught her in his arms, from which she extricated herself with great promptness. Drawing back a pace or two, she raised her lively eyes searchingly to his and though, in their clear depths he could read a hundred swift suspicions, he met their scrutiny without flinching.

"Sir Geoffrey," she said, after a brief pause, "I thank you for your offer, and accept your escort as far as the post-house, on condition that if we should pass any decent cottage, you will permit me to seek its shelter until a chaise can be sent to me."

"Your lack of confidence wounds and astonishes me, Lady Prudence," he replied, with bitterness. "After my long devotion and the vows that have been exchanged between us, it is strange that you should impose restrictions upon me that would sound injurious to a stranger. But I submit—as I have always done—to your lightest caprice."

"This is no caprice," she returned, with cold reserve; "my circumstances are peculiar and I am bound to beware of appearances."

He bowed low and taking her hand without further resistance led her to his chariot, upon which the men were already loading her valises. Her jewelry box and the other contents of the chaise having been safely bestowed, Sir Geoffrey took his seat beside her, his valet returned to the rumble and they drove off, leaving the post-boys to patch up the damaged vehicle and convey it, as best they might, to the nearest inn.

Glancing back, Prue observed with satisfaction that another carriage had come into view, following the same road. Greatly relieved at this prospect, that the "short cut" was not, as she had feared, an unfrequented by-road, she relaxed her austerity and was soon chattering with her natural vivacity.

Sir Geoffrey was not slow to respond to her friendly mood, which he mistook for a sign that her fears were allayed and that her inveterate coquetry, momentarily under severe restraint, was ready for fresh development. His eyes soon became languid, and his eyes glowed with passion, but he no longer attempted to moderate. He seized her hands, and, regardless of her struggles, pressed them over and over again to his lips. Then growing bolder still, he attempted to draw her closer and clasp her in his arms.

"Let me go, Sir Geoffrey, you are taking a dastardly advantage of me!" she cried, repulsing him with all her strength. "Release me! I insist upon your setting me down instantly! If I cannot walk, I can wait on the roadside for some honest passerby—"

"Never, dearest angel; never shall you leave my arms until you promise to put an end to my tortures. I have endured more from you than mortal man can be expected to brook with patience. You are in my power, sweetest Prue! A lucky chance has given you to my arms, and if I were to let you go now, I should deserve to lose you forever."

"You lost me," cried Prue, "the day you gave me to Robin Freemantle. Now I belong to him; before God and man, I am his wife!"

"Push a felon—a fellow-bird!" cried Sir Geoffrey angrily. "Let me hear no more of that farce. I believe the man is dead; but if not so in fact, he is dead to the law, and you are free—free, dearest, to make me happy and be as happy yourself as the truest, fondest lover woman ever had can make you when he is your devoted husband. Come, my dear Prue, throw aside these coy humors and be your own sweet self once more—the adorable creature—"

"Oh, spare me these raptures!" protested Prue. "Even one's own praises become wearisome by repetition. In very truth I am too tired to enjoy your conversation this evening, Sir Geoffrey. Tomorrow, if you are in Tunbridge, and I am rested after this wearisome journey, we will discuss this matter and settle it finally. For the present, I beg of you not to disturb me until we reach the post-house; my head is dizzy and I ache from head to foot, and I faint would rest me."

"I grieve to discompose you, dearest, but tomorrow will be too late to discuss our marriage—though not, I hope, the happiness it will have brought us. I have a special license in my pocket and there is no reason that I know of why it should not be used tonight."

Prue sat up so suddenly that Sir Geoffrey thought she was going to jump out of the carriage and laid a detaining hand upon her arm. She attempted, but unsuccessfully, to release herself.

(Continued Next Week.)

St. Paul is being urged to create a boulevard system to connect all its parks.

Philadelphia has increased the salaries of public school teachers.

Wanted an All-Day Whistler. Somebody advertised for a man who can whistle all day for good pay. Perhaps the grouchy man in the suite across the hall doesn't like whistling. By the way, what are the union rates for whistling?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Parcel Post Adventure. "I had a tough time delivering the mail yesterday," declared the postman. "How was that?" "Had a bulldog and a chunk of liver in the same delivery."

Good Polish. To make a polish for patent leather make a mixture of one part of linseed oil and two of cream. Mix it thoroughly and apply with a flannel, after removing every particle of dust from the shoes. Then rub the leather with a soft cloth.

Despondent? Have you frequent headaches, a coated tongue, bitter taste in the morning, "heartburn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach growls or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor appetite?

A torpid liver is the trouble in nine cases out of ten

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is most efficient liver-inventive, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.