# HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

## Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabattus, Maine.-"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your

permission to use my name in your testimonials."-Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabattus, Me. Another Woman Helped. Graniteville, Vt. - "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other

suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter." - Mrs.

kindness in advising

me and give you full

CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt. Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinknam's Vegetable Compound.

#### Lawlessness,

People are getting so they o as they please," said Mr. Sirius Barker, gloomily.

"But see how we are progressing!" "Yes. Look at these aeroplanes. We aren't satisfied with snapping our fingers at the revised statutes and police regulations. We haven't even any respect for the law of gravitation." --Washington Star.

### WORTH KNOWING.

Simple Remedy That Anyone Can

Prepare at Home. Most people are more or less subject to coughs and colds. A simple remedy that will break up a cold quickly and cure any cough that is curable is made by mixing two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. You can get these in any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle. The mixture is highly recommended by the Leach Chemical Co. of Cincinnati, who prepare the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure for dispensing.

## A Warning.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, the wellknown editor and author, is an antisuffragette. At the Colony Club in New York, arguing the question of woman suffrage, Miss Gilder said with a smile:

"But the suffragettes must stop abusing us. They must stop likening us to the Southern slaves who didn't want freedom. Or we-" She paused.

"It is like a remark I heard at bridge," she said. "A good player, a general, growled and complained dreadfully about his partner's blunders. The partner took all that meekly, continuing to do his poor best. But suddenly the general roared:

"'You played a spade! Of all the idiotic, imbecile-

"'Hold on. Don't go too far, general,' said the other, warningly. 'I can play ten times worse than this it . like, you know."

No Time for Little Boys. An Edinburgh gentleman died the other day, and a small boy, open eyed and silent, watched while the coffin was placed in the hearse.

"Have you said your prayers, Willie?" said his mother, after tucking him into bed that night.

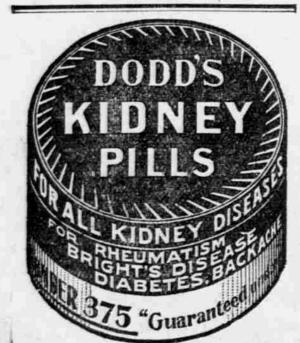
"No, mamma," said Willie. "Well, say them now."

"I'm not going to say any prayers to-night," replied Willie, with the air of one who had fully made up his mind.

"But you must."

"No, not to-night," Willie persisted. "Why not?" asked the mother in astonishment.

"It's no use," said Willie. "They will be so busy in heaven to-night unpacking Mr. Jones that they will have no time to listen to the prayers of little boys."-Edinburgh Dispatch.





CHAPTER X. known that Maurice Aylmer had been to say?" murdered. There was hardly a person of consequence in the county who could not claim at least a bowing acquaintance with him. Moreover, Maurice was one of those men who are always popular, and much sympathy was manifested for his untimely death. Also the mysterious way in which he had come to his end, the absence of any known motive, and the knowledge these things combined to raise public

Crowds of people came from all parts of the country to view the scene of the crime, and, if possible, to gain a glimpse of Jen and David, who as relatives of the deceased were notorious for the time being; but thanks to the presence of the police and the vigilance of Jaggard, the morbid crowd of sightseers were unable to gratify their curiosity. The two men remained in seclusion, and saw no one save Dr. Etfrom Mrs. Dallas, which, considering arm. the way she had behaved towards Maurice,- the Major regarded as a

curiosity to the highest pitch.

gratuitous insult. "Can't she let the poor man rest in his grave?" said Jen, wrathfully. "It is all through her opposition to the match that this has come about!"

"Oh, you can't say that, Uncle Jen," remonstrated David. "Yes, I can, sir. If Maurice had not there would have been no necessity for him to call on Etwald; and if he had not done that, he would not have been on the high-road in the night to

her infernal negress are at the bottom of this whole accursed business." Of course this was mere raving on Maurice, and hardly knew what he when shortly after the delivery of Mrs. Dallas' message Dido made her appearance with a request for a person-

her away."

"I wouldn't if I were you, Major!" be the bearer of valuable information, likely to lead to the detection of Aylmer's assassin."

David left the room and remained absent for some time. On his return he stated that Dido had come with a message from Isabella, and that she refused to deliver it to anyone save the Major. Seeing that the negress was thus insistent, and wondering what Miss Dallas might want with him at so painful a time, Jen yielded, and Dido was admitted into the library. She looked taller, more massive, and more sullen than ever, and Dr. Etwald-who, by the way, kept his dark eyes studiously fixed on her-she was fairly composed when she addressed the Major.

"My lil missy want you, sar," said Dido, going straight to the point. "She weep! She ill! She make terrible bobbery, dat poo' girl. Massa come an' see my lil missy dis daj!"

"I can't at present! The police are in the house; there is a lot to be attended to. Tell your mistress, Dido. that I'll see her to-morrow."

Dido, obstinately. Jen, sharply. "Tell her I'll see her tomorrow. And now, Dido, I want to With care, begotten of old experience, know what you have to do with this he picked up his revolver, and held it crime?"

Massa Maurice he die Voodoo! Oh.

"By that devil-stick poison?" "Me don't know what debble-stick s! I no touch him!"

It was clearly impossible to learn anything from so obstinate a creature. so Jen repeated that he would call upon Isabella on the morrow, and dismissed the negress. As she left the room Dr. Etwald followed her, and on his return mentioned casually that he had been giving Dido some instructions as to what was to be done with

"The girl is nervously excited," he shriek from the girl. explained; "and now that she has sustained this shock of Mr. Aylmer's death there is no knowing what complications may ensue."

"You are a prophet of evil. Etwald! First, my poor Maurice, now Miss Dal-

"As to that," replied Etwald, with deliberation, "I foretell that Miss Dallas may get ill from perfectly natural signs. She was in love with Aylmer; she is of a highly excitable and neryous character, so it is easy to know that unless great care is exercised, her brain may be affected."

"But with regard to Maurice?" is hand that he would be subject to state of Life in Death."

"Which, as we guessed, meant paralysis or catelepsy," said David. "But, as you see, poor Maurice is dead. Your

prophesy was false." "It would seem so. Mr. Avlmer is dead, as you say; so the term Life in Death cannot be applied to his present state of non-existence. But you do. Isabella was in a dangerous state will admit that I foretold that evil of hysteria. She had little on but a would happen to him if he decided to loose white dressing-gown, and her marry Miss Dallas. It has turned out presence in the house at 3 o'clock in as I thought."

"True, doctor," remarked Jen, keep-Great was the dismay throughout ing his eyes fixed upon the swart face the country side when it became of the other. "And is that all you have

"All? What else do you expect me

to say?" demanded Etwald, coldly. "Say who you think killed Maurice? Who stole the devil-stick?"

"I can't answer," said the doctor, taking up his hat. "A detective may be able to assist you on these points. Engage one!"

"No," said Jen, taking David by the arm. "We don't need aid from the that the deceased had no enemies-all law to learn who killed Maurice, and avenge his death. David and myself will find the guilty person?"

"Really. I hope you will succeed. But a case like this requires a trained intelligence such as you may find in a detective. Of course, you may command my services, Major, but I'm afraid you will not succeed."

When the doctor had taken himself off, and was walking past the library windows towards the curve of the avenue where it ran into the woods, Jen looked after him with a lowering face, wald. A sympathetic message arrived and laid an inquiring finger on David's

> "Do you trust that man, my boy? he asked, gravely.

"No," returned Sarby, after a pause "I think he is a bad lot." "I am sure of it; and what's more," added Jen, nodding, "it is my opinion that he knows who killed Maurice, if indeed he did not do it himself."

The hours dragged heavily along in that house of mourning. The body of been prevented from seeing Isabella, the dead man lay in the little chamber which looked out upon the laurel-encircled lawn. It was covered with a white sheet, the hands were folded upon the breast, and flowers had been meet with his death. Mrs. Dallas and laid thereon by the Major. Over the face a handkerchief had been thrown, as the once handsome features were so discolored as to be absolutely repulsive the part of Jen, but the poor man was to the sight. There was something beside himself with grief at the loss of terrible in the rigidity of the long form, stretched out so stiffly under the was saying. Being in this frame of sheet. In the chamber, candles were mind, he was by no means pleased burning, and Jaggard was watching near the corpse. He was to watch throughout the night.

David retired early to bed, as he was quite wornout with the anxieties of "I shan't see that black witch," cried the day; but Jen was too grieved to the poor Major. "David-Etwald, send sleep. He remained in the library thinking over his great loss, and wondering what wretch could have taken said Etwald, judiciously; "she might that roung life. Towards 12 o'clock he went to the kitchen, and had a short conversation with the policeman, who was a stupid bucolic youth with no more brains than a pumpkin. Afterwards he sought the chamber of death to see that Jaggard was not sleeping at his post. Finally, like the old soldier he was, Jen went round the house to satisfy himself that the windows and doors were bolted and barred. All these things done, he returned to the library.

At first he read and then paced up and down, thinking of his dead lad and finally as the hands of the clock though she trembled at the sight of drew to midnight, he threw himself into a chair, and worn out in body and in mind, the old man slept profoundly. Hour after hour passed in silence; the moon set, and the night grew darker, as the mind rose and moaned through the woods round the house. Save the muttering of the breeze and the ticking of the clock, not a sound was to be heard in that silent room wherein Jen slept heavily.

Suddenly he woke with a start. Someone was rapping gently on the shutters of the middle window. Glanc-"She wants you to-day!" insisted ing at the clock, Jen saw that it was 3 in the morning, and wondering who "I have given you the message," said | could be outside at so untimely an hour, he rose to open the window. ready while unbolting the window "I, massa! Ole Dido she do nuffin. shutters. When they were thrown open, he saw a white figure with out stretched hands standing before the window.

"Miss Dallas! You here? At this hour?' .

"Yes, yes," whispered the girl, stepping into the room. "I got out of my bedroom window and escaped from my mother and Dido. I want to see Maurice. Take me to the death-chamber.' Seeing from her looks that she was too distraught to be argued with, Jen led her out of the library and into the dead man's room. Then he uttered a cry, which was echoed by a wild

The bed was empty—the corpse was

CHAPTER XI. Astounded and horrified, the Major, with Isabella Dallas clinging to his arm, stood staring at the empty bed. The candles were still burning, but Jaggard, had fallen from his chair, and was lying, a huddled heap upon the floor. The one window of the room was wide open, and the wind was shaking a loose shutter to and fro. The shock of the discovery was so terrific that Jen, for once in his life, lost his presence of mind. He was recalled to "Quite a different thing. I read in his senses by the wild voice of Isa-

"Maurice! Maurice! Where is he?" she cried, leaving the Major and rushing towards the empty bed. "You said he was here-my poor dead love; but I can't see him. Where is he? Where

is he?" Jen turned his horrified gaze on the poor girl. He did not know what to the morning was enough to overpower | cold feet .- Cleveland Leader

pendent of the crowning horror of the missing corpse. At this juncture the much-needed aid came from without. David Sarby rushed into the room.

He was half-clothed, pale as the white dress of Isabella Dallas, and evidently, from the wild look in his eyes and quivering of his nether dip, badly scared. Stopping short a few paces from the door, he held up the lamp Queen Amelie's eyes, says Answers. which he carried, to survey the astonishing scene before him. The sight of | of Portugal leads a Spartan life. At Jen tongue-tied and immovable, of Isabella weeping on her knees by the bedside, of the bed itself vacant of its dead occupant-all these things were calculated to shock even stronger nerves than those of David Sarby. out a question.

nodding towards the girl. "I heard a

His presence and question unlocked the Major's tongue.

"Yes," he replied, in a hesitating manner, as of one unused to speech. minutes ago, having escaped from the custody of her mother and Dido. Quite hysterical, as you see, and bent upon seeing our poor dead lad. To pacify her I brought her here, but, as you

"The body is gone!" cried David, nurrying towards the bed.

"Gone! gone?" moaned Isabella, rising. "Oh, my dear dead lover!" "Jaggard!"

"There!" said Jen, pointing to the nanimate form of his old servant. "We must alarm the house," cried Sarby, in a horrified tone, and thereupon walked swiftly towards the door.

seized him by the arm. "No, no!" said Jen, hastily. "Do not oring anyone here as yet. We must think of this poor girl, David. Take her home at once. When you are both out of the house I shall give the alarm. You understand; no one must know

at this hour." "I quite agree with you," said David, simply; and turning to Isabella, he took her gently by the hand. "Come, Miss Dallas. This is no place for you."

"Maurice," muttered Isabella, looking piteously at him. "Maurice is not here. Come, Miss

"My mother is so cruel," said Isabella, in a low tone, "and I feel so ill," she continued, raising her hand to her loose hair. "Yes, yes; I must go home. But Maurice-my dear Mau-

rice." "I shall tell you all about it to-mored her out of the room. "At the present moment you must go home with Mr. Sarby. David, there is a loose cloak of mine in the hall. Wrap it round her and come in the library. It is best that she should leave in the

way she came." David did as he was told, and snatched up his old ulster after wrap- ment. ping up Isabella. In the library they found the Major reopening the shutters of the window, which he had closed on the girl's entry. When he flung them wide, a gust of mind blew inward, sprinkling him with moisture.

"Rain," said Jen, drawing back. "All the better; there will be no spies about, and you can take Miss Dallas home without being observed."

Taking the girl by the hand, David led her towards the window. She was in a half-dazed condition, the result of the strong excitement which had impelled her to make this midnight visit. and her nerves being thus dulled, she surrendered herself passively to the guidance of David. Only at the window did she pause, and look steadfastly at the Major.

"You must find out what has become of my dear Maurice's body," she said, quietly.

"I promise you," replied Jen, with a look of stern determination in his face. (To be continued.)

His Own Method.

"Did you say you wanted to abolish our tyrannical system which enables persons who do little or nothing to exact tribute from hungry strugglers?" asked the chairman of the meeting.

"That's what I said," answered the Socialist orator, "and it got great ap-

"Yes. But don't you say it again. Remember, you got your start in life from tips while you were waiter in a restaurant."-Washington Star.

Not a Sure Thing.

"If your mother bought four bunches of grapes, the shopkeeper's price being ninepence a bunch, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of the class. "Ma's great at bargains!"-Tit-Bits.

Following Instructions. Wealthy Guest-Have you a small

oom I may rent? don't you take the three rooms up on than half the time last year." the second floor, instead?

Wealthy Guest-Can't do that. My doctor told me to avoid suites .- St. Louis Star.

Sympathy.

Minister-I am astonished to see you. I heard you had been killed. Parishioner-It was my brother who was killed. Minister-What a pity! What an aw-

ful pity! Demennor Analyzed

"Your chauffeur seems very respectful," said the guest. "That air of deferential solicitude," replied Mr. Chuggins, "is not respect.

It is sympathy."-Washington Star.

Naturally. Medical Professor-What is the result, young gentlemen, when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can? Student-Why-er-he gets

Jen's sense of the reasonable, inde- | KING MANUEL'S SPARTAN LIFE.

His Daily Regime Divided Between Exercise and Cares of Statecraft.

The recent visit of the young King Manuel of Portugal to England revives the sad memory of the fateful Feb. 1 1908, when King Carlos and the crown prince were done to death before

Despite his extreme youth, the king 8 a. m. he rises and performs a rapid toilet, and, after reading the newspapers (Portuguese and foreign), he has a light breakfast at 9 a. m. Next, he attends to his daily correspondence Nevertheless, after a pause of sheer until 10:30, when he fences for an astonishment, he managed to stammer hour. At 11:30 he takes an hour's ride in the grounds of the royal pal-"Did-did she cry out?" he asked, ace, mounted always on his English horse Jumper and followed by his faverite terrier Tiger.

The afternoon is spent in audiences with cabinet ministers and others, and in the evening, after a walk in the "She came to the library window ten gardens of the royal palace, he receives a prominent cabinet minister, who informs the king of the day's happenings. The hours from 5:30 to 8 p. m. King Mancen always spends with his mother.

After dinner he plays billiards or cards or converses till 10 p. m., when he reads the evening newspapers for an hour before going to bed.

One evidence of King Manuel's great love for his mother is his awarding to Queen Amelie the ribbons of the three military orders of San Bentos d'Aviz, Christo and Sao Thiago. Some Before he could reach it the Major, considerable opposition was offered to having recovered his presence of mind, his majesty's wish by the prime minister, who pointed out that it was unusual to confer these distinctions on a woman. But the young king's decision

"Those orders are granted for heroism," he said, "and the whole history that Miss Dallas has been in my house of my country possesses no nobler instance of bravery and self-abnegation than the way in which her majesty strove to protect my poor father and brother." And the prime ministed had to give way.

The great earthquake that devastated the district on the left side of the Dallas; let me take you back to your Tagus in April last must still be fresh in our readers' memories. King Manuel did much at that time to popularize himself with his subjects. One day he went to the scene of a particularly disastrous shock and personally assisted in ministering to the needs of the sufferers. An old baker who was ow," answered Jen, soothingly, and among a party engaged in making bread for the homeless people seized him by the hand as he was leaving, and said:

"Well, good-by, my boy! I shall

hope to see you again soon!" The remark pleased the young king more than many a courtly compli-

On the same occasion there was one man who, so the doctors said, could be saved only by the speedy administration of a certain drug. They, however, deplored the fact that they had not got it with them. King Manuel overheard this and exclaimed that he had, fortunately, brought some. He ran to his motor car, fetched the drug and helped to administer it himself.

The man recovered. King Manuel's friendliness toward

our country is well known. A party of Booth line tourists-all English-were at Pampilhosa station one day, when the saloon carriage of the young monarch was drawn up alongside the platform. There was a great crush and one of the lady tourists was forced practically on to the steps of the royal compartment. She had in her hand a picture postcard photograph of the king, and, observing this, his majesty drew a fountain pen from his pocket and smilingly

He afterward shook hands with the rest of the tourists.

國際在學學學學學學學學學學學 Wit of the Youngsters

~~~~~~ Small Boy-Mamma, did the animals go into the ark in pairs? Mamma-Yes, dear. Small Boy-Then who

went with auntie? 'My mamma got a hand-painted dinner set for Christmas," said little Lola, proudly. "Huh!" rejoined small Bessie, "that's nothing to boast of. Last year papa gave mamma a house that was hand painted."

"Well, Harry," said the minister who was making a call, 'do you think you will be a better boy this year than you were last?" "I hope so," replied Hotel Clerk (sizing him up)-Why the little fellow. "I was sick more

Humors of the City.

Since the introduction of the exitat-the-front cars it is customary for the conductor to notify the motor man of disembarking passengers by shouting "Coming out!"

The other day as a Troost car reached Campbell street the conductor shouted:

"Camel-coming-out!" A stranger looked up expecting to see a man with a hump on his back .-Kansas City Times.

A War Play.

Journal.

Said the manager: "You are supposed to be badly injured in the second act."

Said the star: "What about it?" "I won't have a wounded man come before the audience to make a speech." "But I must have my curtain call." "Then you'll have to come out on a stretcher, that's all."-Kansas City Trial Bottle Free By Mail

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Oldest Inns In England.

The Fighting Cocks Inn, on the river Ver, St. Albans, said to be "over 1,100 years old," claims to be the oldest inhabited house in the kingdom, but the Saracen's Head, Newark, memorable in the story of Jeanie Deans, can actually, it seems, show title deeds dating back to 1341. The oldest tavern bill extant is that of Richard de Insuia, bishop of Durham, at the Angel Inn, Blyth, Notts, anno 1274. The item "In Coquina, 27s, 51/2," is somewhat excessive, taking the relative value of money into consideration.-London Athenaeum.

Beautiful Wall Coatings for Homes In line with the progress of all other things in these modern days is the beautiful, perfect and sanitary wall coatings for our homes. Alabastine is the name of a rich, soft and velvety preparation for the decoration of walls and ceilings. It adheres to the walls of its own adhesive qualities. It is inexpensive, clean, artistic and so eas ily put on that any one can follow the printed directions on every package. Any shade or tint is easily produced. Alabastine is proof against insects or disease germs so prevalent in wall paper. It does not rub off and flake like kalsomine. A complete color plan for the walls of the home and stencils to help make the home beautiful, together with a book about home decorations and samples of color effects will all be sent free by the Alabastine Company, 482 Grandville avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich. The liberal offers of this company to home decorators in our advertising columns elsewhere in this paper

deserve careful perusal.

Disastrous. Doctor-Have you been taking an occasional cold plunge, as I advised? Dyspeptic Capitalist-Yes, I've been investing heavily in ice stocks-and I got nipped.-Chicago Tribune.

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Famous Cough and Cold Prescription Has Cured Hundreds Here.

"Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this mixture after each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle well each time." This is said to be the quickest cold and cough remedy known. It frequently cures the worst colds in twenty-four hours. But be sure to get only the genuine Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes put up in a tin screw-top case. Don't use the weaker pine preparations. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house.

In the Rough.

A man mixed some strychnine with

wheat, And fed it to the English sparrows. Said the cat: "What makes

The birds taste so queer?" And there wasn't a dry eye in the igloa Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Lock for the signature of E. W. GROVE: Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

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Thus the historic bird set an example that mankind has been proverbially reluctant to follow. It quit under fire.

breath. "Here's where I retire!"

BARKING, HACKING, RASPING COUGH This old, reliable remedy has been years. Ask your druggist about it.

Aloft and Alow. The traveler was taking his first view

of Chicago. "There are so many irregularities in your sky line," he said.

"Well, you'll hear the same thing about our tunnel lines," observed the native, with some hesitation.

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