

PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely.

Vegetable Compound sooner for I have tried so many remedies without help.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating, (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy.

Miss Nellie Holmes of 540 N. Davidson Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

ANTI-GRIPINE IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

\$16.00 an Acre of WESTERN CANADA is the amount many farmers will realize from their wheat crop this year.

SHILOH 25c per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

A GIANT LAID LOW. Crippled and Made Ill By Awful Kidney Disorders.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC FOR WOMEN

WHOOPING COUGH

Pompon, between his teeth. "If I ever get hold of him I can promise you I shall never let go until one or both of us are dead."

Tontil reluctantly consented. He ordered a succession of brush-heaps to be prepared between the fort and the barricade so that if the attack came at night, as it probably would, the light from them would aid the defenders.

The sounds of preparation had ceased. All was in readiness. Every eye of the defenders was strained through the gathering twilight to catch sight of the first signs of attack.

The speaker did not finish; the smirk upon his face suddenly faded away. During the conversation a small figure climbed noiselessly in through the window behind him.

John Knox in Chains. John Knox, the famous Scotch preacher, was a galley slave on French vessels.

Cervantes' Wedding Outfit. A biographer of Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," says: "With high ideals in his mind and but few pieces in his wallet, he married, on December 12, 1554, with Dona Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vosmediano.

Lady Warwick's Courtesy. When the beautiful countess of Warwick was keeping a shop in Bond street, London, she sold a large bill of goods to a big Australian.

ment at this speech. He muttered at the close. "Parbleu! I recollect. You killed the Comte de Miron!"

"Capitaine Tontil, you have shown me my fault," he said humbly. "I have a thousand pardons to beg of you for my conduct since my arrival.

"Let us rule here conjointly," continued Baugis, "you as the representative of La Salle and the active commander; I as the representative of the king, commander only in name, for I find I have much to learn before I can take over the full responsibility.

"You have been seen endeavoring to force distasteful attentions upon the young donee."

CHAPTER XXVI. CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK ON THE FORT, AND HOW POMPON REDEEMED HIS PLEDGE.

ALL WAS IN READINESS.



the rivalry and ill-feeling between Tontil and the chevalier, and the sense of security that seemed to fill the minds of all the allies.

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of Tontil and who worshipped the fair Renee from a distance. These two zealous allies watched carefully for several days without discovering any cause for interfering.

"That night the chevalier was sitting in his lodge, which was lighted by a pine knot. His scanty writing material lay on the table before him.

"Pardon my intrusion, chevalier," he began hurriedly but determinedly, "but I have a word of warning for you."

Baugis looked up in surprise. "What warning can one of the men whose commander I shall shortly be give to me?" he asked haughtily.

"This this," resumed De Boisrondet, quietly: "you have come here and are suffered to remain as the guest of our commander, the only commander we recognize, M. le Capitaine Tontil.

"Another such action and you will have to deal with Capitaine Tontil. I warn you it will not seem a small matter in his eyes."

"So, mon Dieu! this mighty capitaine of yours will interfere, will he? Pray tell me by what right he assumes to be my censor? Is he her brother? or husband? or—"

The man, although brave, could not repress a shudder at his predicament, and after a moment's hesitation wrote as commanded, and signed his name with a flourish.

Tontil, still more astonished, seeing the paper in the hands of Pompon, took it and read the contents. He flushed, and, raising his eyes to Baugis, said earnestly:

"I trust, chevalier, that you do not believe me to be a party to this proceeding. My misguided friends have taken far different measures than I should have done. But since the matter has been under discussion I will say that my desire as to the young donee is that you carry out the spirit of what you have written here.

OUR SERIAL.

SAD TALE OF NEVA MOORE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, (Seems I've heard that line before) While I pondered weak and weary— (Gets familiar more and more.)

Suddenly there came a tapping, (Certainly that can't be new?) As if some one gently rapping, (But I'd guess the rhyme will do.)

Quickly threw I back the portals, (That's the door, I s'pose you know?) And there stood a coal-black mortal With an apron white as snow.

"Who art thou?" I thundered boldly; "Who thus haunts my chamber door?" And she merely answered coldly: "If you please, I'm Neva Moore!"

"Neva Moore! Now, you are joshin'?" But she merely shook her head; "I for months have done your washin', An' I'd like some pay," she said.

In a week I told the stranger, I would surely raise the price; And, although I scented danger, I hoped the promise would suffice.

"True, you somewhat disconcert me, To remind me of this debt of care; But you will not now desert me, You will do my washing yet?"

Open wide I threw the casement, As I heard her slam the door; And a shrill voice from the basement Merely answered, "Neva Moore!" —Yonkers Statesman.

A ROSE OF NORMANDY

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED. "Monsieur le Chevalier de Baugis," he said, as he handed back the commission, "the Sieur de la Salle is already on his way to Quebec in ignorance of the events that have taken place there. He is therefore not here to receive the commands of the new governor.