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Owen Sound, Ont.—"I suffered for ten years with female organic trouble, neuralgia and indigestion, and was weak and had such bad pains I could hardly walk or stand up at times. When I would sweep I would have to go and lie down. I could not sleep at night, and would wander around the house half the time. I tried everything but nothing did me any good, and the last doctor I had told me he never expected me to be on my feet again or able to do a day's work. One day one of your little books was left at my door and my husband said I should try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I thank God I did, for it relieved me, and I am now well and strong. I think there is no remedy like the Vegetable Compound for anyone who has my troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. You can publish my letter for the benefit of those I can't reach."

—Mrs. HENRY A. MITCHELL, 1767 7th Ave., East, Owen Sound, Ont.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Wanted—A Husband

By KATE EDMONDS

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Had some good fairy suddenly inter-rogated Janice concerning what she wanted more than anything else in the whole world, the instantaneous answer would have been "a husband," which perhaps, is not so very surprising after all; for while the response would come on the heels of the question, it would lack the saving grace of being absolutely true. It was not so much a husband for which Janice yearned, as that which a husband usually represents.

Janice wanted a husband because she could not find a man to serve in the role of friend, whose reassuring arm would chase away all fear when the dark bridge had to be crossed at night after work; one who would sympathetically listen to the little tale of woe about the domineering forelady in the "department." Somehow it seemed to Janice if she could find a husband, he would be the pal for which she longed.

But in monotonous friendliness Janice continued to hemstitch her days away, until one day above the din of the machines electrically growling out the work, she had heard herself referred to as "the old maid."

In that moment an idea dawned and found expression; any plan seemed feasible to avoid the ridicule of her fellow-workers.

"I'll pretend there is some one. He lives far away, so I can't see him, but I must write him letters to inspire him in his work." She reassured herself. "Why shouldn't I?"

Then as the pretty pieces of organdy came out from beneath her needle in long rows of even hemstitching, the imagined husband of Janice was quite complete as to details, even to a name. "I think I would like the sound of Mrs. John Carpenter," and in her mind's eye she saw visiting cards bearing the words.

The day's work completed, she retreated her steps to the tiny room called home and sauntered into the "parlor" as nonchalantly as she was able, that no attention might be directed to her perusal of the almanac which comprised the sole extent of the rooming house library. Opening the book at "List of Towns in the United States," and turning to a page of that section at random, she placed her finger with blind faith and opened her eyes to find herself pointing to "Hay Ranch, Oklahoma."

In the safe seclusion of her room, the first letter was indited to the creation of a lonely girl's imagination. It was a sweet little letter, filled with the yearning for an understanding friendship.

When the missive, lacking other identification than "John Carpenter, Hay Ranch, Oklahoma" was deposited in the mail box, Janice felt happier. Though but the figment of her own mental creation, she had somebody to whom she "belonged." Nor was this the last letter composed, for whenever the ogre of loneliness pretended power, another would be dispatched telling "My darling husband John" all the details.

Some months had slipped by and early summer had merged into late fall. At the end of a trying day's work, Janice returned to the rooming house too despondent and depressed to care about the evening's meal. She walked slowly down the broad thoroughfare lined with its stores, restaurants and theaters, the loud billposters acclaiming the entertainment offered within. Amid the jostling of the unminding crowds, intent upon scurrying home, Janice was banded about, unnoticed in the motley assortment of humanity. In her hand she held, ready for posting, her letter to "John Carpenter, Hay Ranch, Oklahoma" in which she had written, "I long for a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city. It does not seem that I can stand the strain much longer."

Janice turned the corner onto a more secluded street, where some construction work was being conducted. A scaffolding, its false foundation failing, gave way with a rasping but too abrupt warning to permit Janice to escape the deluge of things the boards supported.

Then, save for the fact that she had been grabbed with precipitate speed, she was conscious of no more until the white walls of a hospital room became as apparent a reality as the pain in her body; and the small common to medical institutions forced itself upon her consciousness.

A nurse, stiffly starched in white-apron cleanliness, greeted her. "Better, I see. Would you like to see a visitor?"

JANICE CROOKED HER EYES. "A VISITOR?" This was a new world indeed. "Who would visit me?" The question came in a faint, far-away whisper of utter hopelessness.

The nurse smiled in professional fashion. "It is the man who snatched you actually from death. It was at great risk to his own life." She paused a moment and went on: "He comes every day to learn of your progress," and she added: "He sent you these roses."

Janice thought surely she was dreaming. She shut her eyes tightly—and opened them upon six feet of man, literally towering above the low cot.

She looked up at the friendly stranger as he held her hand lying so inert above the coverlet and smiled a wan, happy smile. "Thank you, Mr. Man, for the lovely roses."

Through long, tortuous months when fractured bones seemed difficult of mending, always he was there, radiating a protecting friendship which seemed to yield the strength her pain-racked body demanded.

But when the period of convalescence was nearly over and no doctor's time limit did and the delightful moments before the bay window overlooking the bend in the river where the water sluggishly drifted into the ocean beyond, intimate, hopeful words of future happiness hurried the ultimate day of complete recovery.

Each morning the bed-tray, laden with savory breakfast dainties to tempt the returning appetite of the convalescent, was abetted by a sprightly nosegay, charming, colorful, fragrant. And nestling in its heart, Janice would find a tiny note of good cheer; sometimes an original thought of the man's big heart; often a gem culled from the mighty work of an inspired poet or author.

It was a wonderful morning, the sun reflecting its rays within the room with many multi-colored beams. Janice fussed before the hand mirror, adjusting the furbelows on the pretty dressing sack the nurse had generously lent her. Reflected in the looking glass she held in her hand, she saw the door opened, and then two strong and gentle hands were laid upon her shoulders.

It did not seem possible that the lonely Janice, unloved until this, her twenty-sixth birthday, could be listening to these wonder-words. "I have come to take you to a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city."

Astonished, Janice heard this strange repetition of the wish confided to her "husband," and the man laughed delightedly at her consternation.

"I found this letter in your hand the day of the accident," he explained, "and opened it because it was addressed to me."

He paused a moment to withdraw a neatly tied packet from his pocket. "I came to the city from Hay Ranch, Oklahoma, to find my 'loving wife Janice' who wrote these wonderful letters."

Janice did the impossible. She laughed and cried at the same time. "And there really was a John Carpenter of Hay Ranch, Oklahoma?"

"Guilty. But won't you answer my question?"

"What question?" Janice naively asked.

"Will you come with me to a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city?"

And with the kiss he took from her lips, she gave him the answer.

LOOKING TO COKE FOR FUEL
With the Inevitable End of the Gasoline Supply, That Material May Supply Substitute.

Gasoline will continue to go up in price. A few years from now we shall have to use something else as fuel for automobiles. The question is, what? The United States government bureau of mines thinks that we shall get the requisite substitute from coal. In every city there will be "by-product coke ovens," which will extract from the coal a light oil available for the purpose. The coke can then be used in our furnaces and for other ordinary fuel purposes. Germany during part of the war was practically shut off from every supply of mineral oil. She depended for her motor fuel entirely on coal, putting the latter through by-product coking plants. Before long we shall be obliged to do the same in the United States. Part of the light oil in coal is toluol, which in time of war is needed for the manufacture of TNT. Modern warfare requires enormous quantities of the substance for making high-explosive shells. During the first part of the war the allies came near defeat for lack of it. Another by-product from the coking of one ton of soft coal is 5,000 cubic feet of gas, available for cooking and other household uses. The coke itself makes an admirable smokeless fuel for furnaces, if people could only be persuaded to use it.

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