

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Gardiner, Maine.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease and weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation but I could not bear to think of it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R.F.D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

So. West Harbor, Me.—"I suffered for years with painful periods, backache, headaches, nervousness, irregularities and inflammation. I consulted two physicians and one advised me to have an operation.

"I was completely discouraged when I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me a well woman. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, South West Harbor, Me.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



THEATRE MAGAZINE: "A mystic of the first rank. He reeled off my life, giving dates, incidents, describing the people and scenes; that which is puzzling me most is that some of the future which he predicted is actually happening."

CLIFTON BINGHAM, the well-known song writer, writes: "Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

DR. COOPER, M.D., M.R.C.S.: "The surprising accuracy with which he reads your past and future is startling. One fancies that if he had the advice of such a faithful guno in the early part of one's career, much of the disappointment might be avoided."

CAPTAIN A. R. WALKER, R.E., writes: "Things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on the paper; send with birth date, time (if known), and 50c. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and addressed envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE

from chart, to advertise my success.

PROP. E. E. EAZRA, 90 New Bond St., London, W., England

A Professional Man writes: **YOU**

ASTONISH & HELP

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Had Time Enough.

An innocent-looking little boy accosted a portly old gentleman in the street one day and asked:

"If you please, will you tell me the time?"

"The time, my son," answered the old gentleman, taking out his watch, "is just half-past one."

"Is it?" replied the urchin. "Well, when it's two o'clock, go and get your hair cut."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the exasperated gentleman gave chase after the boy. But unfortunately, on taking a corner at top speed, he came into violent collision with a laborer coming in the opposite direction.

"Who yer runnin' into, yer old fool?" exclaimed the man when he recovered from the shock.

"I'm sure I am very sorry," apologized the old gentleman, pointing to the grinning boy in the distance. "That young scoundrel asked me the time just now, and when I said it was half past one, he told me to get my hair cut at two o'clock."

"Well," said the man, "what's yer bloomin' hurry? You've got nearly half an hour yet."

Had Been Put Wise.

The wife of a worthy but henpecked gentleman was being carried to her last resting-place when the bearers accidentally knocked the coffin against the corner of the house. There was a movement inside, and on opening the coffin it was found that the woman was only in a trance, from which she recovered and lived for some years after. When eventually she did die, and once more the coffin was being borne from the house, the worthy husband, as he followed in the rear, called in a restrained and excited voice to the bearers: "Mind the corners!" They did.

Capacity.

They were travelling peacefully home in their lumbering market cart when from the shadowy hedge there leapt two unkempt forms.

Not much time was wasted in useless talking. The unkempt ones in an earnest and businesslike manner went through the pockets of farmer Williams and his daughter, turned them out of the market cart, and drove off in it themselves.

"Dear, oh, dear!" wailed the poor old man, "there's a nice to-do. Horse and cart and money too—all gone. Oh, dear—"

But his faithful daughter was there to comfort him.

"Not the money, father dear," she said. "I hid the purse in my mouth."

"In thy mouth, lass!" cried the old man. "Good for thee. But, oh, what a pity thy mother wasn't here. We might ha' saved the horse and cart!"

An Experience in Optimism.

Nothing stood in his way now. They had the parlor to themselves.

"It's curious about optimism and pessimism, isn't it?"

"In what way?" she asked.

"Why, for instance, if a man is an optimist things seem to come his way; whereas, if he is pessimistic everything turns against him. That is to say, the things we think are going to happen generally do happen."

"Oh, I don't believe in that theory. I've often thought things were going to happen when they didn't, and lots of other things have happened when I didn't believe they would."

"Yes, I know there are exceptions to the rule; but, generally speaking, I think optimism brings the things one is anxious to have. For instance, here we are, Miss Brooke—you and I. Now, I am a thorough-going optimist. I believe certain things are going to happen—certain things that will be profitable and pleasing to me."

"What have I to do with them, Mr. Darlington?"

"Well, perhaps nothing, as far as that is concerned. But here we are you and I. If I were, as I was saying, a pessimist, I would think the

things I have in mind couldn't happen. There, you see, is where the pessimist loses out."

"Yes."

"So we are bound to recognize the advantage of optimism, are we not?"

"I haven't noticed them as yet."

"But you will if you make it a practice to be optimistic."

"Just a moment. It may be that I don't quite understand this matter. Now, if—if, just for instance—if I were to think you would ask me to be your—your wife, that would be optimism, would it?"

"Er—yes."

And if I thought that there was no probability that you would propose to me, that would be pessimism?"

"You have grasped the idea."

"Or, to put it as you had it at first, what one thinks will happen does happen, and what one is afraid won't happen doesn't happen?"

"Of course there may be times when—"

She leaned forward and, whispering, said:

"Look at the curtain."

He turned and looked a little pale. At the bottom of the curtain he saw the toes of two shoes.

"Heaven!" he gasped. "Your father!"

"Sh-sh! Don't let him know that he is discovered."

"Miss Brooke," he said in unsteady tones, "may I have the honor of—will you become my wife?"

"If you are sure you never can do without me, I suppose I must say yes."

After he had departed she went to the curtain and carelessly kicked aside a pair of shoes which she had placed there so that the toes would protrude a little way into the parlor.

"Yes," she said to herself; "the things one thinks will happen sometimes do happen."

Was too Well Watched.

A little boy was heard swearing by his mother. She reproved him gently, telling him that God was with him and by him at all times and knew his very thoughts. Soon after he started down town on an errand and a dog followed him. Turning quickly around the boy told the dog to go back; it was bad enough to have God following him everywhere, let alone a dog.

The Puritan had a queer phrase whenever they saw the stern face of a comrade looking more discontented than ever. It was: "He has taken offense with the Almighty."

The fiancée of a New Yorker at the close of his nomination to an office, one evening during the election campaign season, hearing of the event, sent him a Smyrna date in its native sugar, and with it her card on which was written, "I love the candy date."

They have made a rude saying in the west of Ireland that kissing a cousin is like lamb with mint sauce, but, kissing a sister was like lamb without that sauce; while the ceremonial or perfunctory kiss was like tasting the mint sauce without any lamb.

Ambition—its rise, life and death—is admirably described in this quatrain by a correspondent:

"The Pyramids of old!

They lift their summits toward the sky;

But sleeping in their caverns lie

The bones of kingly mold."

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.