PERIL OF THE RUSH MEAL

One Phase of "Americanitis"—The Cause of Dyspepsia—Making Stomach Do the Work the Teeth Are Intended to Do.

It is one phase of what has been aptly named "Americanitis," this disease which may be defined as a feverish desire—amounting to a furore—"to get there."

"There" may signify one of a thousand goals. Be it what it may, it is always just-beyond our reach, and from the time we can run alone we are in full chase of it.

A southern planter of the old school once described to me the contagious effect of the breathless race upon his imagination:

"On the plantation where I was born and where I have lived ever since, we saunter leisurely when we walk at all. When I come north I notice that the people on the streets of Richmond walk faster than I do. In Baltimore I involuntarily quicken my speed more briskly than they do in Richmond. In Philadelphia I move faster still, and by the time I reach New York I am in the stride—racing as if my life depended upon getting there. No wonder foreigners say we have no leisure class! We have never, as a nation, learned the first letter of the word."

We sleep too little, we do not know how to rest, and, like our English forbears, we take our pleasures seriously. But the chief of our sins against ourselves and generations yet unborn, is the national habit of eating too fast. In no other country could the proverb have currency, "Eat now and chew by and by." It conveys, of course, the popular belief that mastication is a matter of minor importance compared with the business of getting food down and out of the way.

We tell, as one of the eccentricities of a great man, that Mr. Gladstone attributed his unimpaired digestion at his advanced age to the practice, steadfastly adhered to for fifty years and more, of chewing twenty times upon each morsel of meat he took into his mouth, and ten times upon bread and softer foods. I have heard sensible people refer sneeringly, and not without disgust, to the story as to a pretty trick unworthy of mention by so dignified a personage. When Fletcher sought to call popular attention to our national neglect of so vital a matter as masticating instead of "bolting" our food, there was not a paper in the land that did not class his theory with sensational "isms" that catch the eye of the public for an hour, a day, or a week, and are no more.

What is the notion exploited for a brief season as "Fletcherization?" (The name is enough to kill it!) Merely, that food should be ground to a pulp in the mouth before it passes into the stomach; that saliva should be made to do its full share towards lessening the work of the digestive juices and organs that are to prepare food to be assimilated into nourishment for the various parts of the body. In briefer phrase, that we have no right to impose upon the stomach that which the teeth should perform. Yet more briefly, that we ought to chew before we swallow.

This is not a physiological treatise or I would explain the processes through which each mouthful of food that is meant to be nutriment for brain, heart, muscle and blood should pass if we would have it accomplish the end for which we take it into the system.

We haven't time to think of it? That goes without saying. We are in too great a hurry to get there.

We begin the evil work with the gamins and helpless babes of the new day. Much is said and written of the regard for comfort and health manifested by this generation in seeking and making homes for the family outside of the city limits. Our papers teem with alluring advertisements of suburban freeholds, and rising rents in town emphasize the expediency of owning the house one lives in. I love the country! If I could have my wish I would inhabit a certain hill-girt cottage the year through. Yet I reflect sadly sometimes upon the probabilities that the growing custom of commuting is responsible for the increase of what nobody now hesitates to name "the national dyspepsia." Hundreds of families have adopted the sensible continental breakfast where one held to it twenty years ago. Thousands partake lightly of hot breads and viscid "buckwheats," acknowledging the superior healthfulness of cold bread and crisp, whose fathers ate hot cakes and fried potatoes and heavy meats in the morning, with no misgiving and without after repentings.

And the victims of dyspepsia and a dozen cognate diseases multiply every year. How can it be otherwise? Our pater familias bolts fruit, cereal and cream, boiled eggs and toasted bacon, muffins and toast, and washes them down an eager throat with a torrent of scalding coffee, inside of ten minutes after he drops into his chair at early breakfast time. One eye is upon the watch laid by his plate. (Did ever any man but an American time each mouthful—and this habitually?) He gulps all in silence. To talk one must have his tongue and jaws free for a minute, and he is eating by the job—not an hour His whole body is as tense as the foot tiptoed for the jump that will answer the distant whistle of train or trolley. His final gulp is in his throat as he runs down the avenue at the top of his speed. His head throbs madly and his heart thumps dangerously for ten minutes after he has caught the car. He never gives a thought to the fact that the outraged stomach is rising and beating against heart and lungs. When his head aches all day and an ugly purple flush suffuses his face if he stoops suddenly to pick up a fallen book or pen, he sets it down to nervous worry or a heated office or the pressure of business care; to anything and everything except to the violence he has done to the most valuable organ of his body and the least respected.

Within a month three prominent businessmen of New York City died suddenly after a breathless rush up the stairs of the elevated railway. One fell dead upon the platform, another as he was entering the station, a third after seating himself in the train. Of each it was said that he "seemed to be in his usual health and had eaten a hearty breakfast. "And then ran for the train." If the sentence had been added it would not have been necessary to summon a coroner. The story tells itself.

One exceptionally judicious mother, born fifty years ahead of her age, teaches her children from babyhood that every article of food taken into the mouth should be chewed. They masticate oatmeal and swallow the crumb of a roll with deliberation that amuses some people, and is a promising sign to others. I heard a playfellow declare that they "chew their milk." They assuredly have never been allowed to toss it down by the glassful.

"Because, you see," said the 10-year-old who was laughed at for taking his milk in sips, with a breath between, "mamma says that there are juices in the stomach that will turn a great big swallow into a hard curd, but they can take care of the little ones."

"Sensible woman!" breathed the unseen listener.

The school luncheon, devoured in onetenth of the intermission hour—choked down in hot haste as one would pitch coal into a furnace—is responsible for more childish ailments than parents suspect or than they would be willing to believe. Then, with the stomach surprised into inaction by the hunks and chunks thrust within the soft walls, the unconscious criminal tears off to the playground to complete the damage.

The humane practice prevails in a majority of large city schools of supplying a bowl of hot, nourishing soup to any child who can pay 5 cents for it. And mothers, who appreciate how much more easily warm food is digested than cold, see to it that their children shall get the broth daily. At least, there are no lumps in it to be tossed from side to side of the agonized organ in its futile attempt to reduce them to the pulpness which should have been their form when consigned to gastric juices.

The "quick lunch for businessmen" is another form of Americanitis. The sight of the vulgarly audacious placard in the window of an otherwise respectable eating-house moves me to wrath that may seem unreasoning, but certainly is not. It was interest in the unfortunates for whom the snare is set—and not idle curiosity—that led me one day to ask: "What would you say is the average time the shopgirl gives to her luncheon when she gets it here?"

I had already learned that two-thirds of the habitues of this cheery, neat dining-room were salespeople and business women.

The answer was prompt and uttered with modest pride in the fidelity of the "house" to the pledge displayed in the window:

"Not more than ten minutes at the outside, madam. It needn't be more than five. For, you see, everything is ready the instant they take a seat. Hot coffee and tea are boiling all the time."

"And what is the most popular dish?"

The reply was as ready as before: "Pork and beans for a solid. Pie of some kind as a dessert. Some few drink a glass of milk. Nine-tenths of them take tea, particularly the delicate ones. It's a good bracer."

Stewed tea! Which by the time it has "boiled" half an hour is a decoction of tannin as rank as the wash of the tanner's tables and troughs! After imbibing the "bracer" the delicate creature goes back to the afternoon work.

What remedy would I suggest for the train of evils I have touched upon all too lightly when one considers the extent and the peril of it all? Begin at home! Impress upon the children the impropriety and the risks of eating fast. Do not hurry family meals. Try to persuade the commuter to rise fifteen minutes earlier in the morning. If he shaves himself coax him to do it the night before, and if he will let you handle his clothing look to it that his studs are in place and clean linen laid out, even to a fresh handkerchief, by the time he rises.

And do you set the example of eating leisurely and masticating thoroughly. Example is more potent than precept.

CLEVER CANADIAN JOURNALISTS

Who Went to Great Britain to Write Up the Elections — Robinson, Lyon, Clark and Willison.

That even four Canadian papers should feel justified in sending special correspondents to the field of a political battle in Great Britain shows how the newspapers are prospering, and how practical, matter-of-fact publishers regard the growing interest in British affairs exhibited in Canada. A general election in the United States would not take a single correspondent over the line; a general election in Britain takes several. This is more than a straw which shows that the wind is blowing empireward.

Mr. John R. Robinson.

The Toronto Telegram was represented in London on this occasion by Mr. John R. Robinson, its editor. Of all the newspaper men in Canada, men trained in giving publicity to other men, Mr. Robinson is the one who hates publicity most. The writer, refrains from anticipating the cutting epigrams which the said John Robinson will use when he discovers this paragraph and the accompanying portrait. Epigrams are his favorite weapon for bumping a friend or crushing an enemy. Where others use oaths, John uses epigrams. When he returns from Lunnon, the editor of this paper will have some 'Ups and Downs.'

This man Robinson, like his employer and intellectual chief—Mr. John Ross Robinson—is a character. Like him again, he began as a practical printer. Those days are forgotten now, and for twenty years, perhaps longer, he has been wielding a pencil. In the latter years he has substituted his strong voice and a typist for the pencil, but the result is the same. When he opens the vials of wrath on a man or a movement, let the victim beware.

In private life he is retiring, modest, likeable. So gentle, indeed, is he, that a certain clergyman gave him his daughter in matrimony and the lady seems to have enjoyed his society as much as if he were an editor of a modest weekly who never said a harsh word of any man. Among his associates he is almost bashful, and certainly retiring. Occasionally he can be persuaded to make a speech, and he never delivered one that was unworthy of being printed. His cables each day have been marvellous, exhibiting the industry, the clear-cut views, the unflinching courage and the wisdom of the born journalist.

Mr. Joseph T. Clark.

Mr. Clark, who sent daily summaries to the Toronto Star, was also a practical printer. Many of our leading journalists have been printers—for in the old days, setting type was an education. Today setting tye is highly specialized mechanics. Mr. Clark was even a tramp printer—a species which was to the other comps as a poet to an ordinary litterateur. When he settled down to run a country weekly his fame began to grow. As it happened to be close to Toronto, the big magnet reached out and pulled him in. Mr. W. F. Maclean, of the World, discovered him and put him where nature intended him to be—writing pithy editorials. Mr. E. E. Sheppard got jealous and stole him away and made "Mack" a name to conjure with. Then Mr. J. E. Atkinson invited him over to the Star and he has been there for ten years, with a break back to Saturday Night. His cables and letters to the Star have borne the impression of his personality. They have color, are well phrased, occasionally illogical, never too deep, always delightful. To sum Joe Clark up in a word—he is bright. Judged by the glow of his countenance, the vivacity of his conversation, or the brilliancy of his writing, Clark is always bright.

Mr. Stewart Lyon.

A harness-maker with an enthusiasm for single tax, a young Scotchman with the knack of getting on, Stewart Lyon was but a half-dozen years in Canada before he was on the staff of the Toronto Globe. For over twenty years he has been there preaching radicalism and practicing hard work. The secrets of his success are sheer industry and enthusiasm for movements. Stewart Lyon is said to have been never discovered without an opinion. Interested in every public movement, he quickly mastered the details of every problem, and early ran it down to a solution satisfactory to himself. He has thus wasted little of his life in making up his mind and has devoted the most of it to preaching doctrines. As a member of one of the best, if not the best newspaper staff in Canada, he had ample opportunities for special work. What he was called upon to do he always did well. He is indeed a model newspaper man of undoubted ability.

Mr. J. S. Willison.

Fortunate, indeed, is the Toronto News in the fact that Mr. J. S. Willison, its talented editor, was able to go to England at the time of this campaign and to send back a series of letters. Mr. Willison is one of the most distinguished of Canadian journalists, and the man whom the London Times decided to honor by making him its chief correspondent and editorial adviser in Canada. Mr. Willison's history is well known. He came into light on the Globe staff and rose to be its managing editor. When he ceased to be quite in line with the Liberal tendencies of the day, he went over to the News where he has since remained. His "Life of Laurier and History of the Liberal Party" was a notable two-volume work. His paper on railway question [illegible] into permanent form. He has been honored above his fellows, and might have been a Dominion cabinet minister has he chosen. His ambitions lay elsewhere, and eventually he will probably be found occupying an editorial chair in a newspaper office in the same old London which he was now visiting.

This is not Mr. Willison's first visit to England. On his return from a trip in 1897, he wrote an able series of papers for the Globe, under the title "Lessons From the Old World." He knows British problems fairly well. He has always been a great student of history and economics, though he missed a university education. That defect he largely remedied by a patient and persistent course of study, taken after he had passed the days of young manhood. His study shows itself in his writings—he is more of an essayist than a newspaperman. People do not read Willison's writings for amusement; they read them for information. His style is somewhat scholarly, especially in his later years. He is at his best in an after-dinner speech.—Canadian Courier.

A Terrible Sufferer for Three Years

BUT HEALTH WAS COMPLETELY RESTORED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Extreme anguish; pains in the joints that all but drive one crazy—thus may inflammatory rheumatism be described. The victims are to be pitied—to them life is one long torture; they suffer by day and cannot sleep by night. Such was the condition of Miss Alida Mercier, of Ottawa, Ont. For three years she was a victim of this trouble, and found no relief till she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "For three years I was a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism. During that time I consulted and was treated by some of the best doctors in our city, but I found no relief in their treatment. I began to despair of ever being well again, when one day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured three boxes, and by the time these were used there was enough improvement in my condition to encourage me to continue their use. Three more boxes completely cured me, and today I am as well as ever I was. I always keep a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house, and would recommend all who suffer as I did to give them a trial."

It was the new blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually made that restored Miss Mercier to health and strength. There is no medicine to equal them in making new blood, and in this way they cure anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, and many other troubles. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

PROOF THAT NO ONE CAN DOUBT

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ALWAYS CURE RHEUMATISM.

Conclusive Evidence Given by Durham Brown, of Brantford, Ont.—How and Why the Cure Is Effected.

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 25.—(Special)—That Rheumatism is caused by diseased Kidneys, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure both the sick Kidneys and the Rheumatism is again proved in the case of Mr. Durham Brown, of No. 2 Spring street, this city.

"I was troubled with Backache and other well-known symptoms of Kidney-Disease," Mr. Brown states. "I also suffered from Rheumatism in my right side and hip to the extent that I was always while at my work in agonizing pain.

"After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found an improvement, and after taking six boxes I found both my Kidney Disease and Rheumatism entirely cured."

Mr. Brown is only one of many cases in which it has been proved beyond a doubt that the natural way to cure Rheumatism is to remove the cause. The cause of Rheumatism is uric acid in the blood, which crystallizes at the muscles and joints. Well Kidneys strain the uric acid out of the Kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism.

LADY H. SOMERSET'S COLONY

Means Found Most Effective in Combatting an Evil Prevalent Among English Women—Good Influences and Outdoor Life the Chief Remedies Used.

Not long ago an American woman passing through a London street saw a number of respectably-dressed, quiet-looking women entering a saloon.

"Are they going to hold an anti-liquor crusade meeting there?" she asked her companion, and was more than surprised to learn that they were merely going for their afternoon drink.

Her experience is that of many of her countrywomen. The sight of elderly matrons and slim young girls standing at a bar with men and ordering drinks freely has always surprised visitors from the United States.

Until recently these feminine tipplers were often accompanied by boys and girls and even babies, but the children's bill, which was passed several months ago, has made it unlawful to allow any child under 14 to enter a drinking resort. Now the mother leaves her children in the charge of a neighbor while she takes her "penn'orth" of gin.

In view of this practice of public drinking among women of the poorer classes the statement that there are more inebriate women in England than in any other country in the world should not cause surprise. Many men and women in England have sought to correct this evil and various institutions have been started and homes organized to aid the victims of the drink habit. The enterprise which is said to have had greatest success was started by a woman, Lady Henry Somerset.

Fifteen years ago Lady Henry became interested in the work Pastor von Bodelschwing carried on among the epileptics of Germany under the colony system and she believed that similar treatment might be applied to inebriate women. Through her efforts a colony was established at Duxhurst, about two hours from London. She believes that the results fully justify the enterprise.

Duxhurst is beautifully situated, for Lady Henry believes in the value of beautiful surroundings. Hills stretch as far as the eye can reach and flowers riot in their profusion. All the village homes are designed artistically and at the same time practically. Thatched roofs and latticed windows give an Old World look and the rooms are made attractive with snowy linen and gleaming old brass, well made furniture in quaint forms, pretty curtains and good pictures.

Every one works at Duxhurst. The little houses are kept in immaculate condition by their inmates. The cooking, laundry work, gardening and farming are all done by the women.

Lady Henry's pet theory is the helpfulness of outdoor work in cases of inebriety, so after a patient fresh from London has spent a few days in the village hospital she is put at work in the garden, where she will get plenty of sunshine and the fresh breezes from the hills. Sometimes her efforts are disastrous to the flower beds, but she is never told so. The mischief is repaired, and she is urged to continue.

After weeks of this outdoor life have done their work she can take up whatever labor she prefers. She can help in the laundry or the kitchen; she can learn to weave or embroider or to do plain sewing; she can make butter or attend to the chickens. In whatever direction her capacity lies it is developed and encouraged.

In each house are installed eight or ten women. They have separate rooms and are overlooked by a sister, who is a capable woman chosen by Lady Henry. These sisters do not belong to any religious order; they are simply known to the patients as Sister Annie, Sister Mary, etc. Some of them are ladies who are glad to do this work, some of them are paid and all are intelligent, public-spirited and tactful in dealing with the cases assigned to them. Lady Henry is also known as "sister," and wears the grey dress and snowy cap of her assistants.

No woman patient knows anything of any other patient's life story, so that all start on an equal basis. Some have been convicted of crime and under the first offenders' act have been sent to the colony by the Government in the hope that the cause of their misdeeds, drunkenness, may be cured. Others have come voluntarily at the request of their husbands or parents.

It is the sister's duty to win the confidence of all. She is there to help them mentally, not physically. A woman doctor and two trained nurses attend to the latter part of the work.

Women over 50 are not eligible for the village, and no patient can stay there more than three years. Any one may go at any time. Doors and gates are wide open, but in the last five years only one woman has voluntarily left the colony before her time was up.

Since the foundation of the colony 1,300 women have been treated. Of those dismissed a large proportion have been permanently benefited. Some have returned several times. A number have succumbed to their vice and died or gone insane.

In one corner of the village is a particularly charming cottage, slightly larger than the others, which is known as the Nest. Here are to be found the daughters of inebriates, cruel or neglectful parents, whom the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has sent down to Lady Henry's colony to be cared for and educated.

About 24 little girls are in the Nest at present. They range in age from 14 down to babies. All can stay in the colony till they are 15. They are educated to take their places in the working world and an effort is made to get good homes for them when they leave Duxhurst.

FATAL FAMILIARITY.

Familiarity with danger of a certain kind has the effect very frequently of making a person careless, and those who know the most about what is involved in their actions are frequently the victims of accidents that would be easily avoided by one who had less information on the subject, but more caution. The fact is illustrated frequently by accidents that happen to men who have spent all of their lives in railroading and who get in front of trains that they know are due, simply because their familiarity with the schedule makes them less apprehensive of trouble and they momentarily forget.

A resident of the Bronx was recently killed by a train of the New Haven road at a crossing which he had been using for a long time. For eighteen years he had crossed the tracks at that point twice a day, six days in the week. Under those circumstances he might be expected to know all about what to expect, but after making the crossing 11,000 times safely he got in front of a train and met his death.

No matter how much a person may know about any dangerous avocation there is never any time when he can be safely off his guard, for any slight change in the conditions is apt to produce complications that have very serious possibilities.—New London Day.

A Roast for the Atlantic

Joe Clarke Says It is a Great Big Bluff—A Blowhard and a Bully — Should Improve Scenery.

[By Joseph T. Clark.]

The Atlantic Ocean is a great big bluff. It is the greatest blow-hard in the world. It needs a roast; somebody should expose it, and here goes. I did not care to write anything about the Atlantic until I was over and done with it, but there is no longer any reason for concealing my views about it. There is nothing about it to admire but its size. Its character is despicable, for it bullies the weak and cringes the strong.

If, on board a ship, there is an invalid, the ocean roars and heaves and gets after this person's life. It torments women and children until they wish to die, while it leaves strong men free to play cards in the smokeroom. If a ship of two thousand or eight thousand tons sets out to cross the Atlantic the great poltroon works itself into a rage and pounds and hammers the vessel with seas from all quarters, and roars its threats through the rigging, but when a ship of fifteen or twenty thousand tons steams out of port, you would not believe it to be the same ocean, so gently does it flow and so respectful is it.

Only the Frailest.

Only the frailest passengers are made ill by it, and those who are well when they go on board are never made seasick. Whenever a pale and wobbly passenger makes his first appearance on deck and looks vengefully on the sea, you can pause in your walk, partly to express your sympathy for him, and partly to let him know that you haven't been ill a minute since you came aboard, and he will tell you with whitening gills and hands clutching the chair arm that he was far from well when he sailed, that he had meant to see a doctor anyway, but in the haste of departure was unable to do so; that ordinarily he is a good sailor, and doesn't really call the present passage rough in the least.

The trouble with him, he says, is that he was rundown and he is glad that he was run down and he is glad before his illness overtook him, as he would have a horror of dying ill in London without friends. In nearly every case that is the kind of man the ocean in its meanness attacks.

Should Improve Scenery.

The Atlantic is a good deal of a fraud as well, and it deceives little children shamefully. In Sunday school books children see pictures of the ocean with the tails of whales sticking up at various points on the horizon, or blowing water into the air somewhere off the weather bow. Or they see an iceberg with a polar bear standing on a ledge uncertain whether to swim off or continue passage toward the south. Or they look on a picture of sunset at sea.

There is nothing in all this. You see no sunset beams in winter, there is always a bank of cloud behind which the shivering sun retires; there is no sign of an iceberg anywhere, and if a single whale puts in an appearance you are always on the wrong side of the ship to see it.

If you go around to what you call the lucky side of the ship and stand in the cold for a couple of hours looking in vain for that whale, you learn on returning to your chair that for half an hour your friends have been enjoying the antics of half a dozen porpoises which have been racing with the ship. The entertainments the sea offers travellers are few and badly managed.

Get a Few Whales.

The C. P. R. has done so many things that we must hope that one of those days it will do something to improve the scenery along the five or six days' journey across the water. There should be more whales where there is so much room for them, and they look like creatures that would respond to encouragement.

A Contrast in Class.

"I have been in various parts of Europe during the past three months," said a Canadian to me on the Empress of Britain, "and nearly everywhere on the continent you may see the name of the C. P. R. It does a lonesome Canadian good to see it."

And a man needs to go away from home to learn what a world-organization this company is, with its boats on the Atlantic and Pacific and its extensive operations in the way of colonization.

The publisher of the best farmers' paper in the Maritime Provinces, in writing to us, states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARDI'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators.

A Popular Brand

People everywhere are using knives, forks, spoons, etc., stamped

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

The great popularity of this brand is due to unusual beauty of design and fine wearing quality.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped

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"Silver Plate that Wears"

Indigestion Cured

This disease from which so many suffer gives the average physician a great deal of trouble. The best medical men have endorsed PSYCHINE, and recommended it in scores of the most obstinate cases. It has never failed in a single instance to give prompt relief. When directions have been followed, a few doses will remove that tightness and weight on the stomach. Taken regularly it positively cures General Distress, Flatulency, Nervousness, Coated Tongue, Heart Burn and Palpitation. If you have never used PSYCHINE, don't hesitate a moment longer. Try PSYCHINE to-day.

PROOF

Mr. Arthur Tennisen, 88 London Street, Toronto, says: "For six or seven years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia. Too much acidity of the stomach the doctors said, originated the troubles. I tried scores of remedies without avail. Eventually I used PSYCHINE and this brought immediate relief and cure."

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT PSYCHINE

It prevents the children taking cold, wards off that terrible malady, La Grippe, and completely fortifies them against disease. It should always be used for colds weariness, loss of appetite, bronchitis and weak lungs.

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Extra Granulated Sugar, you secure the results of the latest process, of modern machinery and of years of experience.

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THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LTD.

Montreal, Quebec.

Attention Sick Women

If you had positive proof that a certain remedy for female ills had made many remarkable cures, would you not feel like trying it?

If during the last thirty years we have not succeeded in convincing every fair-minded woman that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands and thousands of women of the ills peculiar to their sex, then we long for an opportunity to do so by direct correspondence. Meanwhile read the following letters which we guarantee to be genuine and truthful.

Lindsay, Ont.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs, and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine."—Mrs. Frank Ensley, Lindsay, Ontario.

Melbourne, Ia.—"I am thankful for the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I suffered many years from chronic inflammation and bearing down pains. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health."—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. D. No. 1, Melbourne, Iowa.

There is absolutely no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to cure female diseases.

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.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

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