

## THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attend the making of this great medicine for woman's use.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

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Sleep is the great nourisher of infants, and without peaceful sleep the child will not thrive. This cannot be got if the infant be troubled with worms. Miller's Worm Powders will destroy worms and drive them from the system, and afterwards the child's rest will be undisturbed. The powders cannot injure the most delicate baby, and there is nothing so effective for restoring the health of a worm-worm infant.

## A Camp Honeymoon

By IZOLA FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Well, it's seven miles from Nowhere, sure enough," Dell declared with a sigh, after they had climbed the trail for three hours, and still the camp on Mirror lake lay far ahead of them. "I don't care, though. The farther the better, and I hope we'll never see a white man all the time we're here."

Wah-tonah, the guide, heard, and never changed his expression. If the white women who camped on the lake chose to think nobody else cared to camp there likewise, it was not his fault, nor his duty to instruct them. Two weeks before he had climbed the same trail with the three men who wanted to be where there were no women. One had been very ill. One was his brother and helped him over the rough places along the trail. The other sang much. His voice rang out in the wilds like some clear-toned bird call. The guide remembered, too, that he had been like the old hero hunters to look upon, tall and slim and strong, and he had laughed much and cheered the other two.

There was no fear that they would meet unless the curling smoke of the camp fires betrayed them to each other, but Wah-tonah felt his conscience was perfectly clear in the matter. They each had a whole side of the lake to themselves. If they would stay on their own sides there would be no trouble. And here he had a happy thought. Gravelly he looked at the three; the one too fat, the one too thin, the one with the hair like sunlight and eyes like deep water in shadow. He did not know their names, but this one he liked best, so he addressed her. "Too much bear on lake," he told her. "Not where you go. All good there. Too much bear other side lake." "We'll stay right on our own side, thanks, Wah-tonah," Beth said promptly. "Anyway, we're all pretty good shots."

But she remembered what he had said. After the second week at the camp one day she had swung out into the woods to pick berries, and there came a suspicious crackling in the underbrush. Watching keenly, she heard the slow, heavy movements of a body pushing its way through, and before she thought twice she had swung her rifle to her shoulder and sent a good shot straight at the moving bushes. Almost instantly there came a good, heavy broadside of strong language, and Beth sat tight on a log, longing to laugh and only glad the shot had not taken effect.

Out from the woods came her "big game," six feet two, dressed in khaki, and frankly furious. At sight of her he stopped short, stared and then laughed with her.

"Well, you did clip my hat," he said ruefully, showing the two neat holes through the peaked crown. "Do I look like a bear?"

"You acted just like one," said Beth. "How was I to know, Wah-tonah, our guide, told me there wasn't a soul up here but us, and there were bears on the other side of the lake."

"The cheerful liar!" exclaimed the intruder. "He took our whole outfit up there a month ago, and knew we were going to stay, and he's been up with supplies twice since, and never told us anybody was here but ourselves."

"We've got a dandy camp down on the shore in that little curve where the pine grove is. Probably he didn't tell us about you because—well, my aunt's with us, and Dell, that's her daughter; Dell's just had a really terrible experience. She is completely disillusioned, and the engagement's broken, and we came up here to try and make her forget. She had heard of the lake from him, and always wanted to come, I believe."

"Isn't that too bad?" Stanley settled himself beside her sympathetically. "May I help pick berries, too? Maybe we can fix up a truce whereby I'll trade fresh fish with you for huckleberry pies; how's that? I'm dying for a whole pie. We're not much on cooking, any of us. There's Frank Carter—maybe you've heard of him, awfully clever fellow, scientist at Columbia—and his brother, Hal. I roomed with Carter during our post-grade years and when he had to come up here with Hal, I told him I'd stand by. He's been pretty sick; nervous breakdown and worry."

"Halbert Carter?" queried Beth, eagerly. "Why, he's the man, you know."

"Yes, the one Dell was engaged to, and they were to be married this fall, and she went to visit a girl friend, Madeline Collier, and she found out he'd been engaged to her, too."

"Well?" Stanley tried to look serious. "But he had told Dell she was the only girl he had ever loved." "Didn't that prove it, when I found out the other was a mistake?" "I don't know," Beth looked away from him over at the waters of the lake. "I suppose to men engagements are just happenings, but perhaps they don't realize there are girls who are different, who really do believe in—"

"What?" "Why, in romance, don't you know," She flushed a little, but went on, feeling she was pleading Dell's cause against one who was an infidel in the faith of loving. "It was an awful shock to her to find out he had been all through a real engagement before. Madeline told her she had even started her trousseau."

"It may do her good to tell her"—his tone took on a quick sternness as he stood up—"that Hal's absolutely smashed up over her silly nonsense. He loved her completely. He made us bring him up here because it seemed they had planned to spend their honeymoon here in camp."

"That's what Dell told me, I must get back, or they'll miss me." "Let's try and tie up these ends of romance again, you and I," he said. "And don't think me an infidel. I believe, too, in love at first sight."

She ran back down the overgrown path to the camp with his words ringing in her ears and a guilty load on her conscience. But the secret of the other campers was as safe with her as with Wah-tonah, and when she coaxed Dell to take a long hike with her she never betrayed the plan Stanley had laid out. He was to bring Halbert halfway round the lake, up to the rocky point where the pines were and leave him there to rest just when Dell would find her way up the narrow trail.

The two conspirators waited down at the base of the cliff. They had known each other now for two whole weeks, and when Dell and Mrs. Cameron had marvelled at the fish Beth caught she only smiled happily. There was too much at stake to give the secret away.

"How long shall we leave them up there?" asked Beth, hopefully.

"Till they come down. If there had been any trouble she'd have come flying back the minute she saw him. It's all right. I'll bet a cooky they get married up here and chase us all away," he laughed up at her. "I've had a corking time, haven't you? I wonder if you still believe that?"

"What?" "Love at first sight." Above them there came a whistle, then a hail from Hal. "Don't answer yet," he began. "They won't miss us a bit. Didn't you know the first day we met that—"

"They're coming down," said Beth. "I know it's all right."

He took her two hands in his and forced her to turn to him. "I've never even asked a girl to marry me before," he said, "and here you won't even listen to me. I'll throw you over my shoulder and carry you back to camp if you don't answer me."

She laughed up at him teasingly as Dell and Halbert came in sight together.

"I'd love a honeymoon in camp, too," she said.

### BIRD SAVED LOST BATTALION

And for That Reason "President Wilson" Has Been Cited for the D. S. C.

The carrier pigeon that saved the "Lost Battalion" was a visitor here the other day with the third assistant secretary of war.

This winged messenger, named President Wilson, is the sole survivor of a basket of signal corps pigeons that attempted to carry messages from the "Lost Battalion" to headquarters. For this service the war department has cited it for the Distinguished Service cross. In action it had its left leg shot away.

The official citation of President Wilson follows: "During the operations of the tanks in the St. Mihiel offensive, one big blue bird, known to his trainer as President Wilson, working from the tanks, carried messages of importance with such rapidity of flight as to call forth commendations from the signal officer of the first corps. Transferred to the Meuse-Argonne sector, with station at Cuisy, President Wilson again proved his mettle. It was on the morning of November 5, the big blue, with his leg shot off, arrived at his loft. His flight, the second on this front, was made in 21 minutes, over a distance of 20 kilometers. Particularly creditable was the performance of President Wilson because of the fact that he homed in a heavy rain and fog. A powerful bird, of wonderful vitality, the big blue recovered quickly, and today graces the Hall of Honor of the American pigeon service. President Wilson is officially designated as U. S. A. 18, 16374, b. c."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### "Apostle Spoons."

These spoons, also called "gossip spoons," were gilt spoons given by the sponsors or "gossips" to a child at its christening. They were so called because each spoon had a figure of an apostle on the handle. Wealthy people gave the whole Twelve Apostles; those of less means and generosity gave the Four Evangelists; while poorer persons had to be contented with one, bearing generally the figure of the donor's or of the child's patron saint. There is a capital picture of a full set in Hone's "Everyday Book," copied from one in possession of the author. It is noticeable that each apostle seems to wear a broad-brimmed hat—the hat being in fact a plate of metal which was put on the head to preserve the features from injury, and which is to be seen on all genuine apostle spoons.—Family Herald.

### Building a Ship.

Sixty per cent. of the work on a ship is in constructing the hull, and he remaining 40 per cent. is installing mechanical parts, deck furnishings and other equipment that goes to make the finished vessel.

## Women of Canada Testify

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was run-down and so nervous that I could not even stay in the house alone in the day-time and tried every kind of medicine I heard of but got no result. One of my friends advised me to take "Favorite Prescription," said that it would cure me, and it did. After taking four bottles I felt like a new woman. It is also the very best medicine for a woman bringing up a family. I will recommend "Favorite Prescription" to any one suffering like I did.—MRS. JOSEPH BEAUDRY, R. R. 2.

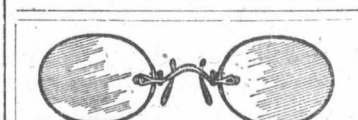
### WEAK AND NERVOUS

Tillsonburg, Ont.—"I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription an excellent medicine for the ailments of women. I had become very weak and nervous. I was just miserable when I began taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and it proved most beneficial. It so completely restored me to health that I have never had any return of this ailment. I do advise the use of 'Favorite Prescription' by women who suffer with womanly troubles.—MRS. GEO. WALKER, P. O. Box 490.

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## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE

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GOING WEST  
Accommodation, 75.....8 44 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 13.....12 34 p.m.  
Accommodation, .....6 44 p.m.  
GOING EAST  
Accommodation, 80.....7 38 a.m.  
New York Express, 6.....11 16 a.m.  
Accommodation, 112.....4 20 p.m.  
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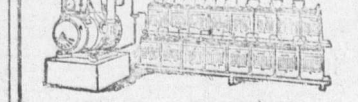
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